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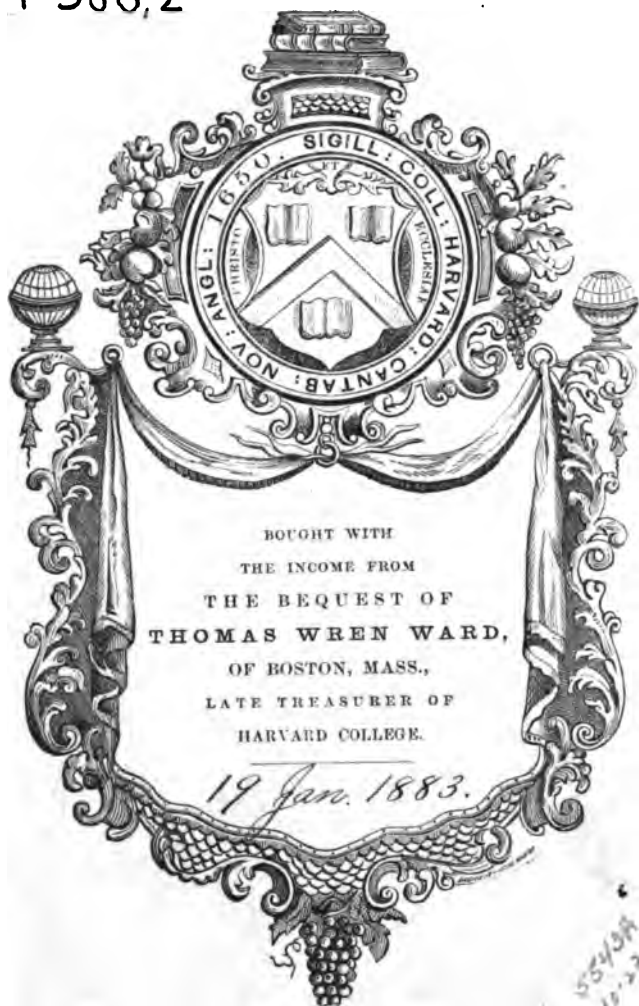
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THE  
O L I O ;

OR,

MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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—— "A just image of human nature, representing its humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind."—*DRYDEN.*

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VOL. IX.

JANUARY TO AUGUST.

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"I have song of war for knight,  
Lay of love for lady bright;  
Fairy tale to lull the bair,  
Goblin grim the maids to scare."—*SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE Ninth Volume of the OLIO awaits the judgment of its readers and subscribers. We believe it will be found to possess some claims to their favour and support; and, it is confidently hoped that it will, notwithstanding the host of competitors of every calibre, find favour in the eyes of many. Our purpose is not to decry any publication which has for its object the distribution of knowledge and amusement at a cheap rate; we have a lively recollection of my Uncle Toby's apostrophe to the fly :—there is room enough, we trust, for us all.

In the present volume, many original Tales of interest will be found; some from the pens of old and approved contributors; while the number of new names shews that the OLIO is not losing its popularity.

We have frequently pointed out to our readers the vast quantity of matter comprised in our volumes; each of which contains more than three ordinary octavos.



We have only to add that new arrangements have been, made with a view to the general improvement of the OLIO; and that, for the future, our best efforts shall be exerted to render it fully equal, in every respect, to the larger and more expensive publications.

*August 1, 1832.*

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. I—Vol. IX.

Saturday, Dec. 31, 1831.



See page 3

## Illustrated Article.

### TWO NIGHTS IN BEAUCHAMP TOWER; OR, THE CORONATION AND THE SCAFFOLD. *A Tale of the Times of Anne Boleyn.*

FOR THE OLIO.

Forget not yet thine own approved.  
The which so long hath thee so loved,  
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—  
Forget not his!

SIR T. WYATT.

"Go weigh against a grain of sand  
The glories of a throne!"

It was the night before the first of June 15—, and the gallantest lords and loveliest ladies of England (each vying with the other in the splendour of their habiliments, and the courteous mystery of their devices,) were assembled in Beauchamp Tower. In the midst of the

radiant circle sat the "cynosure" of all eyes, the charming Anne Boleyn, surpassing all around her by the playful grace of her smiles, and the sparkling wit of her discourse; her beauty was of that warm *enjoué* character which is so peculiarly fascinating: the large dark loving eyes, "half languor and half fire;" the ripe, rich, delicate lips; the slight and swan-like neck, shadowed only by the long and clustering ringlets of dark brown glossy hair; the clear *brunette* complexion (heightened by the rich roses of her cheek), and the nymph-like grace of her form,—all united to render her the most bewitching woman of her times. Triumph and gratified ambition gave brighter lustre to her eloquent eyes, and the smile on her lips repaid the homage of her surrounding courtiers. Her attire was

splendid: satin and silver and purple and ermine, arranged with a taste peculiar to herself, and displaying the graces of her figure with rather more latitude than the rigid costume of the ladies of her court. She appeared half occupied in examining the profusion of jewellery on a table near her, and half listening to the polished wit of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who stood behind her chair.

"How like you the crown, daughter?" said the Countess of Wiltshire, placing one of exquisite workmanship, composed almost entirely of the richest gems, before her.

"I thank Heaven well, lady mother," answered Anne; and turning to Wyatt she added, gaily, "How like you the crown, Sir Poet?"

"So well, lady, of all hearts—

That may the FALCON\* never rue  
The gallant height she won unto!"

"How now! an evil prophecy on the eve of our coronation? That is not well from our Knight and Minstrel!" and taking a lute from the hands of an attendant lady, she held it forth to Sir Thomas. "Here, Sir Poet, we command thee on thy allegiance instantly to supPLICATE the Muses, and do homage on Parnassus for thy fault."

Wyatt knelt with graceful ease, and receiving the lute, murmured some words, which brought a blush to her cheek and a casting down of her long fringed eyelids, as if to hide the language of her smiling eyes, as the poet, rising, accompanied his rich and powerful voice with the lute, and poured forth—

#### THE LAY OF THE FALCON.

There are crests in merry England  
On their banners fair and free,  
But the proudest and the gallantest  
Is the one that's dear to me!

It is the first in battle-field,  
The first in lordly hall,  
And shines out like a silver star,  
The brightest of them all!

It ever bore a stainless name  
In ancient chivalry;  
'Tis the gentlest and the courtliest—  
Oh the Falcon crest for me!

There's a bird sings sweet at sunset,  
And its music in that hour  
Seems whispering of the balmy south,  
And the silvery almond flower.

The soft low voice of fountains,  
In its own bright summer clime,  
Seems murmuring in the melody  
It pours at even time.

'Tis in the bower of Beauty,  
'Mid smiles and revelry,—  
But the bold and fearless Falcon  
In the cloudless sky for me!

There's a step heard on the forest leaves,  
As if a fawn were there,  
And white hands shod aside the boughs,  
And ringlets soft and fair

Are shaken from a brow of snow,  
As if they fear'd to hide  
The timid light of (his) blue eyes,  
My young and gentle bride.

I own their sweet and touching charm,  
My beautiful Marie,  
But the flash of summer lightning  
In the Falcon's glance for me!

It was the night before her coronation, and Anne Boleyn held a revel in Beauchamp Tower, herself leading the masque, and presiding at the banquet in all the pride of her beauty, her power, and her triumphant ambition. One alone in that gay assembly won not the smiles and ready words of the animated Queen. The lover of her youth, the forsaken Percy, whose heart she had sacrificed for a Crown, sat apart, gazing on the fair idol of the hour, his thoughts wandering to the sweet time when, as the Page and the Maid of Honour, they were the happiest and the gayest in the stately court of the now exiled Catharine.

"All earthly things have their change," murmured Percy to himself, "since thy heart could forget its early vows!—But that thy joyous smile may ne'er be darkened, or thy delicate brow withered by the crown thou hast chosen, is the true prayer of him thou hast deserted!"

Stowe, the gorgeous chronicler of England's glories, has, in his own quaint style, pictured the splendour of Queen Anne Boleyn's coronation, and the radiant triumph in which she moved from the Tower to Westminster—the proudest Peers of England bare-headed at her bridle-rein; the "marvellous rich and goodly" pageant of the heavenly Rose and the crowned Falcon at Leadenhall; the Tower of the Virtues at Ludgate; the "heavenly noyse" of the singing men at Temple-bar; and, above all, of the many conduits "running continually wine, both white and claret."—till the very imagination is fatigued with the overpowering magnificence which was the prevailing characteristic of the Court of Henry. Of a verity, *if all is true* which is there described of the costly dress of the peers and peeresses of those days, the goldsmiths must have possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone to furnish the profusion of wrought gold and 'powderings of diamonds and balass rubies,' which so lavishly mingle in his description of the splendour of Anne Bo-

\* The appropriate advice of Anne Boleyn.

leyn's coronation. History has largely dilated on the circumstances attending her short career, and on the glorious reform of which she was the principal instrument. The suddenness of her fall, and the bitter indignities which were cast upon her by the vicious courtiers of the time, have long held forth its lesson to posterity. Attired with the royal magnificence in which she had presided for the *last time* at the court pageant of May Day, at Greenwich, she was hurried away in a solitary barge, and treated with contumely and disdain by those who had the same morning bowed the knee and bared the brow before her. The passionate avowals of her innocence, which she protested on her knees, were disregarded; and of all who were the actors in this first part of her sad tragedy, Sir Thomas Audley was the only one whose attentions and respect showed her she was still a woman and a Queen. On entering the Tower, she turned to Kingston, the governor, and exclaimed, "Come, sir, lead me to my dungeon!" "Not so, madam," he replied, "I lead you to the same lodging in Beauchamp Tower which you had before your coronation."

And, opening the door as he spoke, Anne was left alone in the silent chamber. Alas! how many different thoughts rushed wildly to her heart! The last time she had been beneath that roof, how bright and glorious were all her dreams of days to come!—Lovely and beloved, she left it a Queen, to meet the admiring gaze of thousands—to have the proudest peers of England for her servitors, and to feel the crown of St. Edward on her delicate brow, she came again to Beauchamp Tower neglected and despised—insulted and abased—to leave it for a scaffold, and to exchange the jewels of a crown for the cold glitter of the headsman's steel.

"Oh, Beauchamp Tower!" said the weeping beauty, "could I but wear now the light heart with which I left thee! Oh, that bright day of triumph! oh, this sad night of worse than despair! Catharine! Catharine! thou art indeed avenged!" and she buried her face in her small clasped hands, as if to shut out the record traced by memory and conscience deeply on her heart.

She had wept long and unrestrained, for none were near to soothe or court the fallen, when a portion of the tapestry was cautiously removed, and a stranger, wrapped closely in a mantle, was in an instant at her feet. Anne

sprang wildly up, and casting back the long ringlets of her chesnut hair from her pale face, glistening with tears, she gazed upon the intruder, who, at the same time throwing away his disguise, discovered her once loved and still faithful Northumberland!

"Ah!" half shrieked Anne, "I thought—I hoped—it was!"

"Lady of my heart," said the still kneeling Percy, "he to whom thy thoughts glanced holds dalliance in a palace—he for whom the truest lover was forsaken has forgotten thee—has doomed thee. Oh, mistress of my soul, can that delicate beauty be abandoned to so harsh a fate?—Can the faithless tyrant?"

"Rise, my Lord of Northumberland. To whom do you hold this language!—to the wife of your King!—to your crowned Queen! How know you of the royal Henry's thoughts, or of my fancied doom!—how or why came you hither?" And as she spoke, Anne gathered her queenly robe around her slight and graceful form, and stood forth as proudly as when her smiles were a world's guerdon.

"How I came boots not now," said Percy, rising, "and I have but a few short moments to plead to that heart which should have been my own.—Anne, my beloved Anne! I can save thee from death—I can bear thee far away to a happier clime! Speak but the word, and thou art free! Gold can even unbar the prison of a Queen, and love can!"

"Hold, hold, my Lord Percy, I am not now that Anne Boleyn whose girlish heart listened to your fond love tales in Havering Bower!—I am the wife of your King! the mother of a Princess of England!—I hold no parley for flight or fear—Henry, the royal Henry, does this but to try my faith.\* I rest secure, even were the axe before me, that this is but an ordeal of the true constancy of his anointed Queen! Speak not, Percy—I can call help, and!"

"I have dared death for these words! Anne, my worshipped Anne! to-morrow they will condemn thee, and I must look on and see thee perish!—Let it not be thus—let the agony of thy lover!"

"Mary Talbot would not thank thee for this," said the Queen, sinking on her chair, as Percy grasped her robe, and, kneeling, wet with the truest tears the hand she suffered him to retain.

\* Anne Boleyn's own words during her imprisonment.

Percy looked up; there was reproach in the glance, and her heart felt it deeply; her pride and her ambition seemed to fade away, and the sweet dream of love in Havering Bower, when Percy knelt before her, and in the same voice of music wooed her for his bride, rose like a pleasant thought, to fade before the image of his despair and her own broken vows! Percy was again the lover of her youth, and the sweet eyes of Anne Boleyn looked sadly through their tears on him she had deserted; when the approach of footsteps roused her from that trance of a moment, and trying to withdraw her hands from his trembling clasp, she exclaimed—

“Fly, Percy, fly! let me not have thy death to answer for. I know thy generous purpose—I thank thee truly; but I have no fears for the issue of to-morrow. The Falcon has not yet flown its flight. Thy Queen shall yet reward thy faith. Nay—nay, linger not if thou hast ever loved Anne Boleyn!”

“If I ever loved thee!—My beautiful! my lost! I cannot save thee—but never shall word of mine aid their detested purpose. Farewell! farewell, my first and only love!—Oh, Anne Boleyn, would that thou hadst never entered Beauchamp Tower—would that”

Voices were now heard so near, that Percy, moved by the agony of Anne, who feared all things in the discovery of his presence, with a desperate effort released her hands, which he had already covered with passionate kisses, and disappeared behind the tapestry as the Lady Edward Boleyn and the attendant maidens of the Queen entered the apartment.

.....

History has recorded that fatal 15th of May (the peculiar month of her destiny), when the doom of Anne Boleyn was pronounced; and its records also show that Northumberland, who had gazed on the beautiful Queen (as she stood before her judges, calm in her innocence,) till his heart seemed breaking with agony, suddenly rose and left the hall, unable to hear the fatal verdict which doomed her to the block!—Years have gone by since the beautiful martyr yielded her spirit (in the pure faith of the reformed religion) to her Creator; but where can ambition find a truer lesson on the vanity of this world's hopes, than by remembering the contrast of the *first* and *last nights* spent by Anne Boleyn in Beauchamp Tower.

E. S. CRAVEN.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

*For the Olio.*

Oh! listen how the tempest blows—  
The thunder's deep and awful roar!  
In livid sheets the lightning glows;  
What crowds are thronging to the shore!

Why leave their homes on such a night!  
What can their terrors thus excite?  
What danger lurks unseen?  
Each visage pallid with affright,  
And wild emotion's seen.

Yon vessel, late the ocean's pride,  
Now seeking England's shore again,  
In sight of land, from side to side,  
Is rock'd upon the stormy main.

The billows high as mountains rise,  
No ray of light illumines the skies—  
Save when the forked lightning's flash;  
Death frowns in every dreadful form,  
Loud shrieks the demon of the storm,  
And awful is the tempest's crash!

And now with wild distracted gaze,  
The kindred of the hapless crew  
To heaven their supplications raise,  
For those they never more shall view

And see—the gaily swelling sail,  
(Erewhile fair spreading to the gale)  
In strips and tatters torn;  
The vessel now assunder flies,  
Ah! never shall its inmates' eyes  
Unclose to ball the morn!

See where the mother clasps her child,  
And rushes frantic to the shore;  
She stands distracted—hopeless—wild—  
The vessel sinks—to rise no more!

How deep—how awful is the pause!  
But near a dreadful moment draws,  
Which bids that solemn pause be o'er:—  
For high uplifted by the storm,  
Each billow bears some lifeless form,  
And casts it on the shore!

And there a son, a brother here,  
A lover, or a husband lie;  
Their welcome—many a bitter tear,  
Their greeting—sorrow's wailful cry!

Mrs. KENTON.

## TALES OF THE BUREAU DE POLICE.

*For the Olio.*

No. 1.

I used frequently, on a summer's evening, some few years ago, after putting in my pocket a volume of a favourite author, to stroll away to the Tulleries Gardens, intending to pass away an hour or two on one of the seats. It was that one on the Terrace, near the Palace, where I could see the craft passing along the Seine, and the bustle of the Quays from one side, and the crowd of loungers in the garden on the other; although I fully intended reading the work I had put in my pocket, yet it rarely happened I did so, for I had contracted the acquaintanceship of a gentleman, whom I used frequently to meet on the same bench. He was a

man far advanced in years, and who rather added in appearance to his age by wearing his hair, which was of a shade 'twixt grey and silver, combed back from off his forehead, and turned into a queue behind; but there was a lurking something in his eye I could not for the world describe; whenever I found his gaze fixed upon me, I shrunk from him as I would have done from a basilisk; he seemed to force the very secrets of my heart from me, by reading their imprint on my face; but he was a friend of never failing amusement, his conversation teemed with anecdotes of men and circumstances, with whom, and in which, he had borne part in many a deadly strife, and many an act of boldness and cunning, the recounting of which, I have sat and listened to, until the growing darkness of the evening, and the stillness of all around, have made me fancy that I sat listening to He of the other world, registering the deeds of wickedness of his children on earth. The old gentleman (I mean my friend of the seat) had been one of a most useful body of society, though but little esteemed in his own country, that of a Commissary of Police, in which capacity he had seen much of the varied ways of life; and some few of his adventures and narrations I have tried to remember as he told them, and as nearly as possible in his own words; one of the first things he related to me, was as follows:

At the time I first became Commissary, my *arrondissement* was that part which included the Rue St. Antoine, which you know has a great number of courts, alleys, and *culs de sac*, issuing from it in all directions, and from their proximity to a very great thoroughfare, gave me no inconsiderable deal of trouble. The houses in these alleys and courts are for the most part inhabited by wretches wavering betwixt the last shade of poverty and actual starvation, ready to take part in any disturbance, or assist in any act of rapine or violence. In one of these alleys, there lived at that time a man named Jean Monette, who was tolerably well stricken in years, but still a hearty man.—He was a widower, and with an only daughter, occupied a floor, "*au quatrieme*," in one of the courts; people said he had been in business, and grown rich, but that he had not the heart to spend his money, which year after year accumulated, and would make a splendid fortune for his daughter at his death. With this advantage, Em-

ma, who was really a handsome girl, did not want for suitors, and thought that being an heiress she might wait till she really felt a reciprocal passion for some one, and not throw herself away upon the first tolerable match (according to the sense of the word) that presented itself. It was on a Sunday, the first in the month of June, that Emma had, as an especial treat, obtained sufficient money from her father for an excursion with some friends, to see the water works at Versailles.

It was a beautiful day, and the basin was thronged around with thousands and thousands of persons, looking, from the variety of their dresses, more like the colours of a splendid rainbow, than aught beside; and when at four o'clock, Triton and his satellites threw up their immense volumes of water, all was wonder, astonishment, and delight, but none were more delighted than Emma, to whom the scene was quite new, and then it was so pleasant to have found a person who could explain every thing and every body; point out the Duke of this, and Count that, and the other lions of Paris; besides such an agreeable and well dressed man; it was really quite condescending in him to notice them; and then towards evening, he would insist they should all go home together in a *fiacre*, and that he alone should pay all the expenses, and when, with a gentle pressure of the hand and a low whisper, he begged her to say where he might come, and throw himself at her feet, she thought her feelings were different to what they had ever been before; but how could she give her address—tell so dashing a man that she lived in such a place—no, she could not do that, but she would meet him at the "*Jardin d'Ete*" next Sunday evening, and dance with no one else all night.

She met him on the Sunday, and again and again, until her father began to suspect, from her frequent absence of an evening, which was formerly an unusual circumstance with her, that something must be wrong; the old man loved his money, but he loved his daughter more. She was the only link in life that kept together the chain of his affections; he had been passionately fond of his wife, and when she died, had filled up the void in his heart, by placing in its stead his daughter; they were the only things, save his money, he had ever loved; the world had cried out against him as a hard-hearted rapacious man, and he, in return, despised

the world. He was, therefore, much grieved at her conduct, and questioned Emma as to where her frequent visits led her, but could only obtain for answer, that she was not aware she had been absent so much as to give him uneasiness. This was unsatisfactory, and so confirmed the old man in his suspicions, that he determined to have his daughter watched; this he got effected through the means of an *ancien ami*, then in the profession of what he called an inspector, though his enemies (and all men have such) called him a Mouchard; however, by what name he called himself, or others called him; he understood his business, and so effectually watched the young lady, that he discovered her frequent absence to be for the purpose of meeting a man, who, after walking some distance with her, managed, despite of the Inspector's boasted abilities, to give him the slip. This naturally puzzled him, and so it would any man in his situation; now, only fancy, gentle reader, the feelings of one of the chief government employee in the argus line of business, a man renowned for his success in almost all the arduous and intricate affairs that had been committed to his care, to find himself baffled in a paltry private intrigue, and one which he had merely undertaken for the sake of friendship. On the second time, he tried the plan of fancying himself to be well paid, thinking this would stimulate his dormant energies, knowing well a thing done for friendship's sake, is always badly done; but even here he failed, he watched them to a certain corner, but before he could get round it, they were no where to be seen;—this was not to be borne, it was setting him at defiance; should he call in the assistance of a brother in the line—no, that would be to acknowledge himself beaten, and the disgrace he could not bear,—his honour was concerned, and he would achieve it single-handed; but then it was very perplexing, the man, to his experienced eye, seemed not as he had done to Emma, a dashing gentleman, but more like a bird in fine feathers; something must be wrong, and he must find it out—but then again came that confounded question, how?—he would go and consult old Morette—he could, perhaps, suggest something; and, musing on the strangeness of the adventure, he walked slowly towards the house of the old man to hold a council with him on the occasion. On the road, his attention was

attracted by a disturbance in the street, and mingling with the crowd, in hopes of seizing some of his enemies exercising their illegal functions, on whom the whole weight of his official vengeance might fall, he for the time forgot his adventure; the crowd had been drawn together by a difference of opinion betwixt two gentlemen of the Vehicular profession, respecting some right of preference, and after all the usual kind and endearing expressions of esteem usual on such occasions, had been exhausted, one of them drove off, leaving the other, at least master of the field, if he had not got the expected job. The crowd began to disperse, and with them also was going our friend of the "Surveillance," when, on turning round, he came in contact with Mamselle Monette, leaning on the arm of the object of his inquietude; the light from a lamp above his head, shone immediately on the face of Emma and her admirer, shewing them both as clear as noonday, so that when his glance turned from the lady to the gentleman, and he obtained a full view of his face, he expressed his admiration of the discovery he had made by a loud whew, which, though a short sound and soon pronounced, meant a great deal; for first, it meant he had made a great discovery; secondly, that he was not astonished he had not succeeded before in his watchful endeavours; thirdly, that, but perhaps the two mentioned may be sufficient; for, turning sharp round, he made the greatest haste to reach Monette, and inform him this time of the result of his espionage;—which, after a long prelude, stating how fortunate he was to have such a friend as himself, a man who knew every body and every thing, proceeded to inform him of the pleasing intelligence, that his daughter was in the habit of meeting, and going to some place (he forgot to say where) with the most desperate and abandoned character in Paris; and one who was so extremely dexterous in all his schemes, that the Police, though perfectly aware of his kind intentions towards his Catholic Majesty's subjects, had not been able to fix upon him in the commission of any one of his kind acts, for he changed his appearance so often, as to set at nought all the assiduous exertions of the "Corps des Espions," whose industry and caution in their avocations have reached the acme of praise, viz: to be proverbial, and the unhappy father received from his friend at parting, the assurance that

they would catch him yet, and give him an invitation (those French people do use such polite words) to pass the rest of his days in seclusion.

On Emma's return, her father told her the information he had received, wisely withholding the means from which his knowledge came, saying, he knew she had that moment parted from the man who would lead her to the brink of destruction, and then cast her off like a child's broken plaything; he begged, nay, he besought her with tears in his eyes, to promise she would never again see him. Emma was thunderstruck, not only at the accuracy of her father's information, but at hearing such a character of one whom she had painted perfection's self, and calling to her aid those never failing woman's arguments, a copious flood of tears, fell on her father's neck, and promised never again to see him, but, if possible, to banish all thoughts of him from her mind.

"My child," said the old man, "I believe you from my heart—I believe you—I love you, but the world says I am rich—why, I know not; you know I live in a dangerous neighbourhood, and all my care will be necessary to prevent my losing either my child or my reputed wealth; therefore, to avoid all accidents, I will take care you do not leave this house for the next six months to come, and in that time your gallant will have forgotten you, or what will amount to the same thing, you will have forgotten him; but I am much mistaken if the man's intentions are not to rob me of my money, rather than my child."

The old man kept his word, and Emma was not allowed for several days to leave the rooms, "*au quatrieme*;" she tried during the time, if it were possible to forget the object of her affections, and thought if she could but see him once more to bid him a long and last farewell, she might in time wear out his remembrance from her heart; but in order to do that, she must see him once more; and having made up her mind that this interview would be an essential requisite to the desired consummation; she took counsel with herself how it was to be accomplished, and there was only one great obstacle presented itself to her view, which was "she couldn't get out." Now woman's invention (I mean of those who are in love, or fancy it, for its pretty much the same thing) never fails them, when they have set their hearts

upon any desired object, and it occurred to her, that although she could not get out, yet it was not quite so apparent that he could not get in; and this point being settled, it was no very difficult matter to persuade the old woman who occasionally assisted her in the household arrangements, to be the bearer of a short note, purporting that her father having been unwell for the last few days, usually retired early to rest, and that if her dear Despreau would come about eleven o'clock on the following evening, her father would be asleep, and she would be on the watch for a signal, which was to be three gentle taps on the door.

The old woman executed her commission so well, that she brought back an answer vowing eternal fidelity, and promising a punctual attendance at the rendezvous. Nor was it likely he meant to fail;—seeing it was the object he had for months in view, and he reasoned with himself that if he once got there, he would make such good use of his time, as to render a second visit perfectly unnecessary; therefore, it would be a pity to disappoint any one, and he immediately communicated his plans to two of his confederates, promising them an adequate share of the booty, and also the girl herself, if either of them felt that way inclined, as a reward for their assistance.

His plans were very well managed, and would have gone on exceedingly well, but for one small accident which happened through the officious interference of the Inspector, who, the moment he had discovered who the Lothario was, had taken all the steps he could to catch him, and gain the honour of having caught so accomplished a gentleman; rightly judging that it could not be long before he could pay a visit to Monette's rooms, and the letters previously to their being delivered by the old woman, had been read by him, and met with his full approbation.

I was much pleased on being informed by the Inspector, that he wanted my assistance one evening to apprehend the celebrated Despreau, who had planned the commission of a robbery near the Rue St. Antoine, and made me acquainted with nearly all the before mentioned circumstances; so about half past ten o'clock, I posted myself with the Inspector and four men, where I could see Despreau pass, and at eleven o'clock, punctual to the moment, he and his two associates began to ascend the stairs; the two confederates



were to wait until he had been admitted some time, when he was to come to the door on some pretext and let them in; after the lapse of half an hour, they were let in, when we ascended after them, and the Inspector having a duplicate key, we let ourselves gently in, standing in the passage, so as to prevent our being seen; in a few minutes, we heard a loud shriek from Emma, and old Monette's voice crying out murder and thieves most vociferously, and on entering the rooms, perceived that the poor girl was lying on the ground, while one of the men was endeavouring to stifle her cries by either gagging or suffocating her, though in the way he was doing it, the latter would have soon been the case; the old man had been dragged from his bed, and Despreau stood over him with a knife, swearing, that unless he shewed him the place where his money and valuables were deposited, it should be the last hour of his existence. Despreau, on seeing us, seemed inclined to have made a most desperate resistance, but not being seconded by his associates, submitted to be pinioned, expressing his regret that we had not come half an hour later, when we might have been saved the present trouble; I begged to assure him I did not think it so; but, on the contrary, we should be delighted with his company, which we hoped to have for many years to come, and begged to have the honour of escorting him to the lodgings provided in expectation of his visit.

Despreau was shortly after tried for the offence, which was too clearly proved to admit of any doubt. He was sentenced to the galleys for life, and is now at Brest, undergoing his sentence. Emma soon afterwards married a respectable man, and old Monette behaved on the occasion much more liberally than was expected. J.M.B.

TO —  
For the Ollio.

When conning o'er the books of olden time,  
I read of heav'nly forms in language terse,  
Descriptions glowing forth in thoughts sublime,

Conceived by love and fancy—born in verse.

I scan'd them over with a doubting glance,  
Saying—'if such perfections ever were combined,

The form must have been raised by warm romance.

In dreams of love-lorn poesy enshrined.'

Oh! wicked doubt, mistrust of nature's power,  
For which this only plea can mercy cite;  
That I had ne'er seen beauty 'till the hour  
Thy dazzling charms unclosed my sceptic sight.

W.

WINTER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Gawain Douglas, the celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld, has given the following most excellent sketch of winter, which Warton has rendered from antiquated Scotch verse into good modern English' prose. "The fern withered on the miry fallows, the brown moors assumed a barren mossy hue; banks, sides of hills, and bottoms, grew white and bare; the cattle looked hoary from the dank weather, the wind made the red reed waver on the dyke. From the crags, and the foreheads of the yellow rocks, hung great icicles, in length like a spear. The soil was dusky and grey, bereft of flowers, herbs, and grass. In every hold and forest the woods were stripped of their array; Boreas blew his bugle-horn so loud that the solitary deer withdrew to the dales; the small birds flocked to the thick briars, shunning the tempestuous blast, and changing their loud notes to chirping; the cataracts roared, and every linden tree whistled and brayed to the sounding of the wind. The poor labourers, wet and weary, draggled in the fen. The sheep and shepherds lurked under the hanging banks, or wild broom. Warm from the chimney-side, and refreshed with generous cheer, I stole to my bed and laid down to sleep, when I saw the moon shed through the window her twinkling glances and wintry light; I heard the horned bird, the night owl, shrieking horribly with crooked bill from her cavern; I heard the wild geese with screaming cries fly over the city, through the silent night. I was soon lulled to sleep, till the cock clapping his wing, crowed thrice, and the day peeped. I waked and saw the moon disappear, and heard the jackdaws cackle on the roof of the house. The cranes prognosticating tempests, in a firm phalanx, pierced the air with voices sounding like a trumpet. The kite perched on an old tree, just by my chamber, cried lamentably, a sign of the dawning day. I rose, and half opening my window, perceived the morning livid, wan, and hoary; the air overwhelmed with vapour and cloud; the ground stiff, grey, and rough; the branches rattling, the sides of the hills looking black and hard with the driving blasts; the dew-drops congealed on the stubble and rind of trees; the sharp hailstones, deadly cold, hopping on the thatch and the neighbouring causeway. We are now placed in the midst of

such wintry scenes as this. Nature is stripped of all her summer drapery: her verdure, her foliage, her flowers have all vanished. The sky is filled with clouds and gloom, or sparkles only with a frosty radiance. The earth is spongy with wet, rigid with frost, or buried in snows. The winds that in summer breathed gently over nodding blooms and undulating grass, swaying the leafy boughs with a pleasant murmur, and wafting perfumes all over the world, now hiss like serpents or howl like wild beasts of the desert, cold, piercing and cruel. Every thing has drawn us near as possible to the centre of warmth and comfort. The farmer has driven his flocks and cattle into sheltered home inclosures, where they may receive from his provident care that food which the earth now denies them, or into the farm-yard itself, where some honest Giles piles their cratches plentifully with fodder. The labourer has fled from the field to the barn, and the measured strokes of his flail are heard daily from morn till eve. It amazes us as we walk abroad, to conceive where can have concealed themselves, the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth, and waters of summer. Birds, insects, reptiles, whither are they all gone?—The birds that filled the air with their music, the rich blackbird—the loud and cheerful thrush, the linnet, lark and goldfinch, whither have they crept?—The squirrel that played his antics on the forest tree; and all the showy and varied tribes of butterflies, moths, dragonflies, beetles, wasps, and warrior-hornets, bees and cockchafers, whither have they fled?—Some, no doubt, have lived out their little term of being, and their bodies, lately so splendid, active, and alive to a thousand instincts, feelings and propensities, are become part and parcel of the dull and wintry soil; but the greater portion have shrunk into the hollow of trees and rocks, and into the bosom of their mother earth itself, where, with millions of seeds and roots, and buds, they live in the great treasury of nature, ready at the call of a more auspicious season, to people the world once more with beauty and delight."

#### HABITS AND PRACTICES OF THE MENDICANT FRIARS, DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

In a manuscript which once belonged to a learned Benedictine, and is now

in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is a drawing of four devils hugging four mendicant friars, one of each order, with great familiarity and affection. But other weapons, offensive and defensive, were used, besides ridicule. Thus the greater monasteries would occasionally rouse themselves, and found a small college or hall at the Universities for their own novices, that they might not resign to their antagonists, without a struggle, the entire possession of those ancient seats of learning. So, again, when their members proceeded to degrees, they would often do it with studious cost and popular display, turning the occasion into a holiday spectacle, which might be set in balance against the miracles, mysteries, and other theatrical attractions of the mendicants. These latter, however, might have long laughed at such artifices, had they continued true to one another; but the arrow which pierced them to the heart was feathered from their own wing. Their principles, like those of modern dissenters, propagated schism; they split amongst themselves; and the four orders tore the coat, which should be without seam, into as many parts. Mutual abuse, instead of cordial co-operation, was their maxim. The poor ploughman who sought instruction in his creed at the hands of the Friars Minors, was only told, as he valued his soul, to beware of the Carmelites; the Carmelites promoted his edification by denouncing the Dominicans; the Dominicans, in their turn, by condemning the Augustines. "Be true to us," was the language of each; "give us your money, and you shall be saved without a creed." Indeed the frailty of human nature soon found out the weak places of the mendicant system. Soon had the primitive zeal of its founders burnt itself out; and then its censor was no longer lighted with fire from the altar:—a living was to be made. The vows of voluntary poverty only led to jesuitical expedients for evading it; a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels. The populace were to be alarmed, or cajoled, or cajoled out of a subsistence. A death-bed was a friar's harvest; then were suggested the foundation of chantries, and the provision of masses and wax-lights. The confessional was his exchequer; there hints were dropped that the convent needed a new window, or that it owed 'fortie pound for stones.' Was the good man of the house refractory? The friar had the art of lead-

ing the women captive, and reaching the family purse by means of the wife. Was the piety of the public to be stimulated? Rival relics were set up, and impostures of all kinds multiplied without shame, to the impoverishment of the people, the disgrace of the church and the scandal of Christianity.

It is revolting to bear record of these villanies,—to see sordid advantage taken of the most sacred feelings of mankind, and religion itself subjected to suspicion through the hypocrisy of its professors. But, however humiliating may be the confession, experience has sanctioned it as a truth, that an indigent church makes a corrupt clergy; that in order to secure a priesthood which shall wear well, a permanent provision must be set aside for their maintenance,—such a provision as shall induce men duly qualified to enter the church: for it is visionary to suppose that temporal motives will not have their weight in this temporal state of things; and it is unreasonable to expect that persons who are excluded by the rules of society from the usual inlets to wealth, the courts, the camp, or the exchange, and who cannot but know or feel, when they are honestly doing their duty, that they are as good commonwealth's men, to put it upon no higher ground, as any others, and therefore have as good a right to its liberal regards as any others, should be content to waive this right:—such a provision as shall be enough to ensure recruits for the priesthood from all ranks, the highest as well as those below, and so to ensure their easy intercourse with all ranks; for the heaven should leaven the whole lump;—such a provision as should encourage them to speak with all boldness, crouching to no man for their morsel of bread, nor tempted to lick the hand that feeds them.

*Family Lib*

### ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE.

THE forest of Laye, occupying an area of nearly six thousand acres, is still one of the finest in France. In former times it was a favourite scene of royal sport, and Charles V. and Henry IV. successively built a chateau in the neighbourhood, to answer the purpose of a hunting-lodge. The latter of these edifices, which, in its day and generation, was called the New Palace, is now in ruins, while the elder-born still remains entire, an object of wonderment to the Parisian cockney, and a shrine for the English pilgrim, who may be

led, by historical recollections, to the tomb of James II.

Around the palace, there rose, in the usual course of affairs, a congregation of the dwellings of those who were ambitious of breathing the atmosphere of royalty, and the place—receiving the name of St. Germain en Laye, is now an opulent town of nine or ten thousand inhabitants, with wide, regular, and well-paved streets, and several handsome squares. It is built on the Seine, where the river is crossed by a wooden bridge, more picturesque than elegant, and near it rises the palace, a spacious and somewhat heavy structure of brick, with a terrace extending for two miles along the side of the river. This edifice, although built originally by Charles V. was subsequently altered and enlarged by Francis I. and Louis XIV., the latter of whom, together with Henry II. and Charles IX., was born at St. Germain en Laye. The view from the terrace is one of the finest imaginable, comprehending a circle of fifteen miles, embracing the windings of the Seine, with the city of Paris itself, only twelve miles to the south-east.

When James II. more fortunate than the first Charles, was permitted to leave quietly a throne for which he was unfit, he retired to France with his family, to crave the protection of Louis XIV. The Queen arriving first, was astonished at once by the magnificence and condescension of the French prince; he conducted her to the Chateau of St. Germain, where she found herself the mistress of an equipage that would not have disgraced the Queen of France. Among other valuable presents, she found lying on her toilet a purse of ten thousand louis-d'or. James himself, on arriving the next day, was received with the same ostentation of generosity. A revenue was assigned to him of six hundred thousand francs, for the yearly expences of his housekeeping, and officers and guards were marshalled round his sacred person. “*Jamais le roi ne parut si grand,*” says Voltaire, in his sneering way, “*mais Jacques parut petit.*” He occupied himself in entertaining the Jesuits, and touching for the king's evil; and received from Rome in return for all his sacrifices for conscience sake, sundry indulgences. An expedition to Ireland, and some conspiracies against the life of his successful rival, filled up the space of eleven years, during which he was the pensioner of Louis; and, in 1700, James II. died at St. Germain en Laye.

*The Keeper's.*

THE CHARACTER OF ROWLAND  
TAYLOR,  
THE EARLY REFORMER AND MARTYR.

Of the many beautiful histories in which Fox abounds, none is more beautiful than that of Rowland Taylor, rector of Hadley. Though a mere country parson, (for he had quitted the household of Cranmer, to whom he was chaplain, in order to reside upon his benefice,)—possessed, however, of a high spirit and popular talents,—he seems to have taken a lead in his own county; and following in the wake of Bilney, who had preached in the same quarters, contributed to render Suffolk what we have already described it—the soil in which the Reformation took the kindest root. The collateral effect of his influence and example may be thought, perhaps, to be discovered in a circumstance which comes out quite incidentally in the annals of that period; that one Dr. Drake, who was afterwards burnt at Smithfield, and one Yeomans at Norwich, had both, we find, been connected with Rowland Taylor; the former having been made deacon through his means, the latter having been his curate at Hadley. We will not enter into all the details of this thrice-told tale of sorrow;—his pastoral faithfulness;—his successful teaching, so that his parish was remarkable for its knowledge of the Word of God;—his efforts to introduce to each other rich and poor, by taking with him in his visits to the latter some of the more wealthy cloth-makers, that they might become acquainted with their neighbours' wants, and thus be led to minister to their relief;—his bold defiance of the Catholic priest whom he found in possession of his church, surrounded by armed men, and saying mass;—his reply to John Hull, the old servant who accompanied him to London when he was summoned there before Gardiner, and who would fain have persuaded him to fly;—his frank and fearless carriage before his judges;—his mirth at the ludicrous apprehensions he inspired into Bonner's chaplain, who cautioned the bishop, when performing the ceremony of his degradation, not to strike him on the breast with his crosing-staff, seeing that he would sure strike again;—his charge to his little boy, when he supped with him in prison before his removal to Hadley, not to forsake his mother when she waxed old, but to see that she lacked nothing; for which

God would bless him, and give him long life on earth and prosperity;—his coming forth by night to set out upon his last journey; his wife, daughter, and an orphan foster-child watching all night in St. Botolph's church-porch, to catch a sight of him as he passed;—their cries when they heard his company approach, it being very dark; his touching farewell to them, and his wife's promise to meet him again at Hadley;—his taking his boy before him on the horse on which he rode, John Hull lifting him up in his arms; his blessing the child, and delivering him again to John Hull, saying, "Farewell! John Hull, the faithfullest servant that man ever had;"—the pleasantries, partaking, indeed, of the homely simplicity of the times, with which he occasionally beguiled the way;—the joy he expressed at hearing that he was to pass through Hadley, and see yet once before he died the flock whom, God knew, he had most heartily loved and truly taught;—his encounter with the poor man who waited for him at the foot of the bridge with five small children, crying, "God help and succour thee! as thou hast many a time succoured me and mine;"—his enquiry, when he came to the last of the alms-houses, after the blind man and woman that dwelt there; and his throwing his glove through the window for them with what money in it he had left;—his calling one Soyce to him out of the crowd on Aldham Common, to pull off his boots and take them for his labour, seeing that "he had long looked for them;"—his exclaiming last of all with a loud voice, as though the moral of his life was conveyed in those parting words, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's Holy Word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood;"—these, and other incidents of the same story, combine so many touches of tenderness with so much firmness of purpose,—so many domestic charities with so much heroism,—such cheerfulness with such disaster, that if there is any character calculated to call forth all the sympathies of our nature, it is that of Rowland Taylor. God's blessing is still generally seen on the third and fourth generation of them that love him; and if Rowland could have beheld the illustrious descendant which Providence was preparing for him in Jeremy Taylor, the

antagonist of the Church of Rome, able after his own heart's content,—the first and best advocate of toleration,—the greatest promoter of practical piety that has ever, perhaps, lived amongst us,—he might have humbly imagined that God had not forgotten this his gracious dispensation in his own case; and had approved his martyrdom, by raising from his ashes a spirit more than worthy of his name.

*Fam. Lib.*

### **Snatches from Oblivion.**

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.  
SIR E. COKE.

### **JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.**

#### *A Lesson for Modern Parsons.*

[The following curious paper appeared in one of the daily Journals for 1777, and at the time was ascribed to the pen of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.]

**Monday.**—Received ten pounds from my rector, Dr. Snarl, being one half-year's salary. Obligated to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor, and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles. *Item.* The doctor hinted he could have the vacancy filled up for fifteen pounds a year.

**Tuesday.**—Paid nine pounds to several different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches, offered to me as a great bargain by Cabbage the tailor, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsey nor Polly having a shoe to go to church in.

**Wednesday.**—My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters, but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half-a-guinea through a hole which she had never before perceived in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half-a-crown. *Item.* Chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to rely on the goodness of God.

**Thursday.**—Received a note from the ale-house at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business;—went, and found it was an unfortunate member of our strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence half-penny: in a struggle what to do—the baker, though we had paid him on Tuesday, quarrelled with us, in order to avoid giving any more credit

in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do anything to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town—mortifying reflections these. But a want of humanity is, in my opinion, a want of justice; the Father of the Universe lends his blessings to us, with a view to relieve a brother in distress, and we consequently do no more than pay a debt when we perform an act of benevolence:—paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

**Friday.**—A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill; thus, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. *Mem.* Never to contradict her as long as I live, for the mind that can argue like her's, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable in its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

**Saturday.**—Wrote a sermon which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively wearied, and excessively hungry—no more than two-pence halfpenny in the house—but see the goodness of God! The strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

### **Illustrations of History.**

**THE GLADIATORS OF ROME.**—Gladiators were first exhibited at Rome, A. v. 488, by M. and D. Brutus, on occasion of the death of their father. This show consisted only of three pair. A. v. 537, the three sons of M. *Emilius* Lepidus the augur, entertained the peo-

ple in the Forum with eleven pair, and the show lasted three days. A. u. 552, the three sons of M. Valerius Lævinus exhibited twenty-five pairs; and thus these shows increased in number and frequency, and the taste for them strengthened with its gratification, until not only the heir of any rich or eminent person lately deceased, but all the principal magistrates, and the candidates for magistracies, presented the people with shows of this nature to gain their favour and support.

This taste was not without its inconveniences and dangers. Men of rank and political importance kept *families*, as they were called, of gladiators—desperadoes ready to execute any command of their master; and towards the fall of the republic, when party rage scrupled not to have recourse to open violence, questions of the highest import were debated in the streets of the city by the most despised of its slaves. In the conspiracy of Catiline so much danger was apprehended from them, that particular measures were taken to prevent their joining the disaffected party; an event the more to be feared, because of the desperate war in which they had engaged the republic a few years before, under the command of the celebrated Spartacus. At a much later period, at the triumph of Probus, A.D. 281, about fourscore gladiators exhibited a similar courage. Disdaining to shed their blood for the amusement of a cruel people, they killed their keepers, broke out from the place of their confinement, and filled the streets of Rome with blood and confusion. After an obstinate resistance, they were cut to pieces by the regular troops.

The oath which they took upon entering the service is preserved by Petronius, and is couched in these terms; “We swear after the dictation of Eumolpus to suffer death by fire, bonds, stripes, and the sword; and, whatever else Eumolpus may command, as true gladiators, we bind ourselves body and mind, to our master’s service.”

From slaves and freedmen the inhuman sport at length spread to persons of rank and fortune, insomuch that Augustus was obliged to issue an edict, that none of senatorial rank should become gladiators; and soon after he laid a similar restraint on the knights.—Succeeding emperors, according to their characters, encouraged or endeavoured to suppress this degrading taste. Nero is related to have brought upwards of four hundred senators and six hundred

knights upon the arena; and in some of his exhibitions, even women of quality contended publicly. The excellent Marcus Aurelius not only retrenched the enormous expenses of these amusements, but ordered that gladiators should contend only with blunt weapons. But they were not abolished until some time after the introduction of Christianity. Constantine published the first edict which condemned the shedding of human blood; and ordered that criminals condemned to death should rather be sent to the mines, than reserved for the service of the amphitheatre. In the reign of Honorius, when he was celebrating with magnificent games the retreat of the Goths and the deliverance of Rome, an Asiatic monk, by name Telemachus, had the boldness to descend into the arena to part the combatants. The Romans were provoked by this interruption of their pleasures, and the rash monk was overwhelmed under a shower of stones. But the madness of the people soon subsided; they respected the memory of Telemachus, who had deserved the honours of martyrdom, and they submitted without a murmur to the laws of Honorius, which abolished for ever the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre.” This occurred A.D. 404. It was not, however, until the year 500, that the practice was finally and completely abolished by Theodoric.

Some time before the day appointed for the spectacle, he who gave it (*editor*,) published bills containing the name and ensigns of the gladiators, for each of them had his own distinctive badge, and stating also how many were to fight, and how long the show would last. It appears, that like our itinerant showmen, they sometimes exhibited paintings of what the sports were to contain. On the appointed day, the gladiators marched in procession with much ceremony into the amphitheatre. They then separated into pairs, as they had been previously matched. At first, however, they contended only with staves called *rudee*, or with blunted weapons; but when warmed and inspirited by the pretence of battle, they changed their weapons, and advanced at the sound of trumpets to the real strife. The conquered looked to the people or to the Emperor for life; his antagonist had no power to grant or to refuse it; but if the spectators were dissatisfied and gave the signal of death, he was obliged to become the executioner of their will. This signal was the turning down the thumbs, as is

well known. If any showed signs of fear, their death was certain; if on the other hand, they waited the fatal stroke with intrepidity, the people generally relented. But fear and want of spirit were of very rare occurrence, inasmuch that Cicero more than once proposes the principle of honour which actuated gladiators, as an admirable model of constancy and courage, by which he intended to animate himself and others to suffer everything in defence of the commonwealth.

The bodies of the slain were dragged with a hook through a gate called Libitennis, the Gate of Death, to the spoliarium; the victor was rewarded with a sum of money contributed by the spectators, or bestowed from the treasury, or a palm-branch, or a garland of palm ornamented with coloured ribbons; ensigns of frequent occurrence in ancient monuments. Those who survived three years were released from this service, and sometimes one who had given great satisfaction was enfranchised on the spot. This was done by presenting the staff, *radix*, which was used in preluding to the combat; on receiving which, the gladiator, if a freeman, recovered his liberty; if a slave, he was not made free, but was released from the obligation of venturing his life any further in the arena.

Gladiators were divided, according to the fashion of their armour and offensive weapons, into classes, known by the names of Thrax, Samnis, Myrmillo, and many others, of which a mere catalogue would be tedious, and it would be the work of a treatise to ascertain and describe their distinctive marks.

*Lib. Enter. Know.*

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

*M. W. of Windsor*

**THE INVENTION OF PENS.**—Reeds cut in the same manner as our pens are of great antiquity. In India, the lower classes and children write with sharp pointed instruments, on the leaves of various plants. Both of these methods were common to the Romans. Pens made from quills are noticed by Isidore, who died in 636. Mabillon mentions a manuscript of the Gospels, written in the ninth century, in which the Evangelists were represented with quills in their hands, which quills were called by the ancient authors "*calami*;" and it is probable that this word was em-

ployed by older writers than Isidore to signify writing pens, where, for want of other proofs, we understand reeds.

**THE FIRST USE OF PERFUMES.**—The use of perfumes was common among the Hebrews, and the Orientals in general, before it was known to the Greeks and Romans, and seems to have been at first entirely devoted to sacred offices, as an incense to the gods, the anointing of the priests, or the embalming of the dead. Afterwards perfumes, such as musk, myrrh, and saffron, were carried in small boxes suspended from the neck; perfumed or scented boxes, called pounce boxes, are noticed by Shakespeare as being used by the fops in the time of Henry IV.

**THE BIRTH OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR.**—The birth and existence of this illustrious orator depended upon a chance circumstance, which will strike every one with wonder. The father of Lord Brougham, it is well known, was proprietor of Brougham Hall, and a fine estate in the north of England, which still form the patrimony of the family. He was about to be married to a lady in his own neighbourhood, to whom he was passionately attached, and every preparation had been made for their nuptials, when, to Mr. Brougham's great grief, his mistress died. To beguile himself of his sorrows, he determined on travelling, and came to Edinburgh; where, wandering about on the Castle hill, to view the city, he happened to inquire of a fellow idler where he could find respectable and convenient lodgings. By this person he was directed—not to the New Town, or to any of the fashionable hotels, for at that time no such thing existed in the Scottish capital—but to Mrs. Syme, sister of Principal Robertson, widow of the Rev. Mr. Syme, minister of Alloa, who then kept the largest and most genteel boarding and lodging establishment in town, in the second flat of M'Lellan's land, head of the Cowgate (marked No. 6), the front windows of which look straight up the Candlemaker Row.—Here Mr. Brougham forthwith proceeded to settle himself; and though he did not at first contemplate a permanent residence in this city, he soon found occasion to make that resolution; for, falling in love with Miss Eleanor Syme, who was a young lady of great merit and beauty, he abandoned his early sorrows, and espousing her, lived all the rest of his life in Edinburgh. He resided for some time after his marriage in Mrs. Syme's house, and thereafter

removed to No. 19, St. Andrew's-square, where Henry Brougham, who has since risen by the pure force of genius to a distinction equally honourable to himself and the country which gave him birth, first saw the light.

### ANECDOTES.

**THE LATE DUKE OF YORK AND THE SOLDIER'S GOOSE.**—The day after the battle of Alkmaer, his Royal Highness the late Duke of York, who had taken no sleep the preceding night, sat down upon the rising bank of a windmill to rest himself. He soon saw a soldier with a piece of provision in his hand, the smell of which had reached him. The Duke bid one of his attendants to see what the soldier had. The latter came, and it was a goose, about three parts plucked, and roasted at a camp fire. The Duke asked him if he could spare a bit! The man immediately proceeded to make apologies about the bad dressing. The Duke replied—"Prithee, my good fellow, don't make compliments to an hungry stomach," and he began eating eagerly, with a biscuit for his plate; some of the other commanders ate a bit also. The private ran back for some drink, and brought a firkin of Hollands. After the relish was finished, the Duke took a pull out of the firkin's mouth; the other officers also drank. "I hope, comrade, I have not spoiled your dinner?"—"No, your Honour, my five comrades in the mess are now eating another goose." "Then," said the Duke, "take a lous for yourself, and five others for your comrades."

**A FARE SUPPORT.**—An elderly farmer's wife, reading aloud the Scriptures to her little household, as was her wont, came to this passage, "bread is the staff of life," on which the housemaid remarked, that pudding was a good crutch.

E.B.S.—s.

**KILLING THE DEVIL.**—A Quaker took a protestant friend to the meeting house to which he belonged; after the service was over, (it had been a silent meeting) he inquired of his friend, who had been rather ennuye, his opinion of their meeting, "Why," replied the other, "I think it's enough to kill the devil."—"The very thing we wanted," was the quick reply.

E.B.S.—s.

**THE WAY TO BE ALONE.**—A farmer, having to sleep in a country town, at which a fair was to be held on the following day, endeavoured in vain to procure a bed to himself. After sup-

per he retired to rest, accompanied by the person with whom he was to share his bed, but still wishing to sleep alone, he thought of the following expedient to attain his object. Taking off his coat, he commenced scratching his arms and neck most violently, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh! this itch!—this itch!—this itch!" I need scarcely add that he had very soon the satisfaction to see his companion walk off.

E.B.S.—s.

**GOOD GENERALSHIP.**—Frederick the Great was wont to say, "No war was ever carried on without spies, and no administration without corruption," and he certainly evinced his faith in this doctrine by the measures he pursued. His favourite, General Swieten, who used to take considerable liberties on the strength of his favouritism, was bold enough to observe to the king one day, when the troops were in want of necessaries, and complaining that his Majesty spent more money in spies, than he did in bread and clothing for his army. "You are a fool," answered the king, "a downright fool. One piece of information of the worth of 500 rix-dollars, has saved me a million of money and 10,000 men. Don't talk to me of bread and clothing!—talk to me of advancing without bloodshed, and of saving my men. Their wants will be easily supplied when I know where the enemy's magazines are.—How did I take possession of Saxony? Not with my army, but with a gold cabinet key.

A NEW BATCH.

For the *Olio*.

Why are a gentleman's trousers like witty Anne?—Because they are Nan Keen.

Why is a hen sitting like a Committee of the House of Commons?—Because she reports progress and sits again.

Why is the hour between ten and twelve at long odds?—Because it is ten to one.

Why is William the ostler like an *ignis fatuus*?—Because he is a "Will o' the Wisp."

Why is a glow-worm like a chamber lamp?—Because it is a night light.

Why is a widow like a gardener?—Because she tries to get rid of her weeds.

Why is Wade the grocer, who paid five shillings in the pound, like a part of Scripture?—Because he was "weigh'd in the balance, and found wanting."



## Diary and Chronology.

Sunday, Jan. 1.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

*Lessons for the Day*.—37 chap. *Isaiah* 6. 1 *Morn.*—*Isaiah* 38 chap. 6. 2. *Evening.*

**NEW YEAR'S DAY.**—The Germans called this month *Janer*.—the French, in their revolutionary calendar, *Nivose*. A popular writer has characterised January in the subjoined strains:—

Stern Winter's icy breath, intensely keen,  
Now chills the blood, and withers every green:  
Bright shines the azure sky, serenely fair,  
Or driving snows secure the turbid air.

The beautiful constellation, Orion, recognised immediately by the three stars of his girdle, makes a conspicuous figure in the heavens on clear evenings during this month.

An Essay on New Year's Gifts, published as early as 1692, states that the Romans were great observers of the practice of presenting presents to-day; and the historian Tacitus makes mention of an order of Tiberius, forbidding the giving or demanding of New Year's Gifts, unless it were on the Calends of January, at which time as well the Senators, as the Knights and other great men, brought gifts to the Emperor, and, in his absence, to the Capitol.

Until the adoption of the New Style in 1752, the legal year in England commenced on the 25th of March. Before that period, the two concurring dates up to the 25th of March were often expressed in the form of a fraction in the unit's place of the number of the year. An instance of this may be seen in the first number of the *Spectator*, which bears the date of March 1, 1710-11.

A modern moralist declares, that the new year is an excellent period for reforming by degrees our besetting sins, and recommends—

"The *Drunkard* to begin with the denial of one glass a day, and to place the money it *could have cost* in a poor's box, or a purse for his child, at the year's end, when he will gaze upon it with delight, and lop off another glass the next year with renewed firmness.

"The *Spender* to lay by half-a-crown, a shilling, nay, a sixpence a week, and when he sees the aggregate at the year's close, it is twenty to one but he will double his savings the next year."

"The *Miser* to select an object of charity, and allow him or her a shilling a week, when the chances are, that the delight his heart will feel the last day of the year, will induce him to increase his benevolence two-fold."

"The *Sceatier* to employ some one to keep an account of one day's oaths, and to look at the list every night before he retires to rest.

"The *Practical Unbeliever*, who never enters a church, because those that do 'are no better than their neighbours,' to try it once a month, just to lift an hour, and it is not improbable the habit will grow on him, and he may rely on it, he will not find himself the worse for it."

Monday, Jan. 2.

*St. Macarius, Anchorite of Alexandria, A.D. 394.*  
*High Water, 27m after 1 Morn.—46m after 1 Aftern.*  
Old Tusser, in his "January's Husbandry," gives us the following advice:

When Christmas is ended, bid feasting adieu,  
Go play the good husband, thy stock to renew;  
Be mindful of rearing in hope of a gain,  
Dame Profit shall give thee reward for thy pain.

*The Title Page, Preface, and Index to Vol. 8 will be ready with our next.  
Part 26 is just published.*

Tuesday, Jan. 3.

*St. Genesius, Patroness of Paris, A.D. 422.*

*New Moon, 12m after 3 Morn.*

Jan. 3, 1582.—Death of Philip V., called the *Long*, of France, whose accession to the throne, in opposition to the pretensions of Jeanne, the daughter of Louis X., confirmed the right of succession according to the Salique law. It was this monarch who, on being urged by his courtiers to punish a refractory baron, said,—"It is pleasing to have vengeance in our power, and not to take it!"

Wednesday, Jan. 4.

*St. Titus, Disciple of St. Paul.*

*Sun rises 3m after 8—sets 57m after 3.*

The hazel is frequently found in blossom on this day; the pendent greenish blossoms hanging all the early Spring from its naked boughs. In the dedication of plants to different saints, a relic of ancient British piety, this shrub is styled the Bush of St. Titus.

Thursday, Jan. 5.

*End of the Epiphany.*

*High Water 22m after 3 Morn.—39m after 3 Aftern.*

In Herefordshire, on the Eve of the Epiphany, the Farmers collect together, and go into the wheatfields, and there light twelve small fires and one large one. The attendants, headed by the master of the family, pledge the company in old cyder, which circulates freely on these occasions. A circle is formed round the large fire, when a general shout and hallooing takes place, which you hear answered from all the adjacent villages and fields. Sometimes fifty or sixty of these fires may be all seen at once.

This being finished, the company return home, where the good housewife and her maids are preparing a good supper. A large cake is always provided, with a hole in the middle. After supper the company all attend the *baillif* (or head of the oxen) to the Wain-house, where the following particulars are observed:—The master, at the head of his friends, fills the cup, generally of strong ale, and stands opposite the first or finest of the oxen, addressing each by his name. This being finished, the large cake is produced, and, with much ceremony, put on the horn of the finest ox, through the hole above mentioned. The ox is then tickled, to make him toss his head. If he throw the cake behind, then it is the mistress's perquisite; if before, in what is termed the *boosy*, the *baillif* himself claims the prize. The company then return to the house, the doors of which they find locked; nor will they be opened, till some joyous songs are sung. On their gaining admittance, a scene of mirth and jollity ensues, and which lasts the greatest part of the night.

Friday, Jan. 6.

*Epiphany, or Twelfth Day.*

*Sun rises 2m after 8—sets 53m after 3.*

Jan. 6, 1718.—The famous Law appointed Comptroller General of the French Finances. He was the contriver of the memorable scheme called the *Mississippi Bubble*, which burst in 1720, and involved thousands in ruin, after having extended to 100,000,000*l.* sterling. Law was a native of a place called Lauriston, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

Barnaby Googe observes of this day:—

The Wise Men's day here followeth, who out of Persia farre,  
Brought gifts and presents unto Christ, conducted by a starre.



See page 17

## Illustrated Article.

### TALES OF THE BUREAU DE POLICE.—No. 2.

#### MURDER WILL OUT.

*For the Otto.*

THERE was a circumstance, (said my friend the Commissary to me one day, as we were sitting together,) which made some sensation at Paris at the time it took place, not only from the peculiar features of the case, but from the means by which the discovery of the real offender was made.

You know that long narrow street which runs close by where the Bastille used to stand. I cannot at present remember the name, but that is of little importance. It is now many years since, that the 'rez de chaussee' of one

of the houses in that street was inhabited by an elderly woman who had formerly been attendant on an infirm gentleman for a long period, and at his death, as a recompense for her assiduous attentions, had been left by him in comfortable circumstances. She was one of those old women who were ever fearing the instability of the institutions of her country, and could not be prevailed upon to put her money either in the funds or on mortgage, but kept dipping from time to time, as her necessities required, into her principal, which she always kept by her, quaintly remarking to those few of her friends who were in her secrets, that the sieur's chest, lock and key, were highly responsible bankers.

The old lady, whose name was Audran, had been for some time seriously

indisposed, and was attended by a highly respectable surgeon, a Monsieur D'Arsac, and under his care was fast recovering, and wanted, as the surgeon said, only a few days' quiet to effect her perfect restoration—poor woman! she was soon quiet enough, but her quietude was that of eternity!—for M. D'Arsac came to me one morning, and with wild and horror-stricken looks informed me, that on going as usual to visit his patient, he had found her brutally murdered.

I accompanied him to her rooms, and found, as he had stated, the poor old woman lying in her bed, with her throat cut so as almost to sever the head from the body. The room had been rifled of every valuable it contained, and the poor old lady's favourite bankers had stopped payment. There was no appearance of force in entering the rooms. It had been Madame Audran's habit during her illness to open her door by a pulley attached to her bedside, which lifted a strong iron bar, and had any attempt been made to force it, the neighbourhood must have been alarmed, as it was well known that she kept no servant, and was so excessively nervous on her bankers' account, that she never opened the door unless she was fully convinced by the sound of the person's voice that they were friends whom she might safely admit. There could therefore be no doubt that it was done by some person on intimate terms with their victim—but who, was the question; her acquaintances were few, very few, but they were all persons of irreproachable characters, and it would have been cruel in the highest degree to have attached the suspicion of the crime to any of them, unless there were some strong grounds for so doing.

All, therefore, that could be done on the occasion, was to draw up a "process" of the circumstance, attested by the surgeon and some of the neighbours—and it was left to time to point out some clue to the murderer. But, in the course of a few months, the circumstance seemed almost forgotten, or, if remembered, it was merely as a gossip's story, related because there hung some strange mystery, which all being unable to solve, they might safely hazard a conjecture, and appear marvellous wise.

"You are going, Commissary, to the wedding to-night, are you not?" said Madame Parguet, the wine-merchant's wife, one day, when she came to me to

make her pretty usual enquiry as to where her husband had slept out the night before, not giving implicit credence to the "little way out of town my dear."

"Mons. D'Arsac was kind enough to send me an invitation, and, as the day seems fine, I shall look in to see the festivities of the evening. He keeps his marriage at the 'Jardin Beaulieu,' I think—I must go, for I have not seen him since that affair of poor Madame Audran's."

"Ah! poor Madame Audran!" replied the wine-merchant's wife, with a long sigh; "she was a good woman, and a most particular friend of mine. I used to be there almost every day, and it makes me shudder to think of it—it was a sad business!"

"Who is D'Arsac to be married to?"

"Oh, to a beautiful creature—only eighteen! such a shape—so 'distingue'—you remember Emile de Lucevalle; she and D'Arsac have loved each other from childhood; they will be a happy pair."

"They ought to be. But I thought that match was off on account of D'Arsac not being rich enough to settle an equal sum with that brought by Emile. Do you know, Madame, how that has been arranged?"

"An uncle of his died in the Provinces, and left him the money."

"I never knew he had one."

"Nor I, until the other day; I never heard him mention a word about an uncle until it had been all settled about the marriage, and the money on each side paid into the trustees' hands. But I must wish you a good day, Mr. Commissary, and am much obliged to you for the information. I am an unhappy woman to have such a husband as Parguet—'going out of town,' indeed!—I'll out of town him with a vengeance," said Madame, and hastened out of the room to scold her husband,—dress for the wedding,—and afterwards appear with him so lovingly as to elicit the usual exclamation "if we were as happy as Monsieur and Madame Parguet, we should indeed be happy."

The evening was delightful, and the illuminations at the "Jardin Beaulieu" every body pronounced to be superior to any thing that had been seen for a long time; so charming—so happy every body looks—how beautifully the bride is dressed—what a very pleasant evening we shall have! were the expressions passing from one to

another. The dancing was kept up without cessation; first quadrilles—then waltzing—every body, in fact, seemed determined to be pleased.

"Oh, look," said some, "the bride is going to stand up to a quadrille; how elegantly she dances!"

"Happy man, D'Arsac!" sighed many an admiring swain. "Eh! why what is the matter?—the quadrille has stopped."

"Madame Parguet has fainted. Lead her away from the dancers into the open part of the garden," cried some one.

"It is nothing," said Madame Parguet; "merely a slight spasm. I shall be much better if you will let me walk a few minutes about the garden by myself. But here is the Commissary—he does not dance, and will allow me to lean on his arm." So saying, she took my arm, and the rest at her request, resumed their dancing.

"Oh, Mr. Commissary," said she, "I have had such a shock."

"What occasioned it, Madame?" said I.

"Are you sure nobody can overhear us?"

"They are all engaged dancing."

"You know I danced next the bride."

"Yes."

"And I was admiring the beautiful dress she had on when my eyes fell upon a brooch she wears upon her bosom, and I thought I should have fainted."

"What, because you saw a brooch?"

"Yes," said she, drawing close to me, and whispering in my ear; "that brooch was Madame Audran's."

"Madame Audran's!"

"Hush—speak low!"

"How do you know it? you may— you must be mistaken."

"No, no, I have seen it a thousand times; besides, it was so uncommon a pattern that I often asked her to sell it to me, but was always refused. She said she would part with it only at her death."

"This is very strange; I hardly know what to think! I do not wish to hurt her feelings, but can you learn from her how she became possessed of it?"

This Madame Parguet undertook to do under pretence of admiring it, and saying she wished to know where she might obtain a similar one. In a few minutes she returned, having gleaned from the gentle and ill-fated bride all that she knew concerning it: it had

been given to her that morning by her dear D'Arsac, and she would ask him where he got it, and let her know in the morning.

This information in some degree confirmed the suspicions I had previously entertained, that none but D'Arsac could be the murderer; but then his character had hitherto been unblemished, and he stood high in every man's report. It was not a thing to hesitate about; the conviction in my own mind was so strong, that I considered it my duty to arrest him without delay. I accordingly procured some of my agents, who were in the neighbourhood, and sent to him to say I wished a few moments' private conversation with him. As he entered the room, I heard the soft sweet voice of his bride, chiding him for leaving her, and exacting a promise he would not stay long—long! poor girl, she little thought how long the separation would be—that his promise of a quick return would be the last words to fall upon her ear.

As the door closed, I approached D'Arsac, and said, "Sir, you are my prisoner!" Looking at me at the same time, as if to read in my face the answer to what he dared not ask, at last, with a gasp for breath, he faltered out, "For what?"

"You are accused of the murder of Madame Audran!"

His colour fled in an instant, and he seemed as if he were about to fall, but covering his face with his hands, he remained a few moments in thought. His deep hard breathing betokened a suppressed sigh—one that tried for utterance, but was forced back; presently he sobbed out, "Oh, my poor Emile! this will be your death!" and dashing his hand across his forehead, and striving to recover the sudden shock he had sustained, said, "I am ready to follow you."

At the door he paused a moment saying, "Could not something be said to Emile that I am ill? something to console her for my absence? anything but the truth, though it must soon out. Oh, Heavens! but this is too much,"—and he dashed into the coach at the door, and was at once conveyed to prison.

The Tribunals being always sitting at Paris, his trial soon took place, and many things came out against him which he could not rebut; the sudden possession of a large sum of money, which he had accounted for by the death of an

uncle, was proved to be false, as he had never had one. The brooch, too, which was proved to have belonged to Madame Audran, he could not say where he had obtained; besides other minor circumstances, which left so little doubt in the minds of the majority of his jury, that he was found guilty. Murder, in all countries, is punished alike—by death—and such was his sentence. That he did not die by the hands of the executioner, was not the fault of the law. He had procured some strong poison, which he took the morning previous to his intended death on a scaffold, and left in disgrace a world wherein, by his talents, he might have shone one of its brightest ornaments.

A short time previous to his death, he confessed the crime, and how it had taken place. He had been for some long time striving to amass a sufficient sum of money to meet the views of Emile's friends; he had got together more than half the requisite amount, when he thought he might by one coup obtain the whole; in an evil hour, he tried for the first time in his life the gaming-table, and found himself in a few minutes, a beggar, and the hopes of possessing Emile farther than ever removed from him. Returning home, he chanced to pass by Madame Audran's, and the force of habit led him to enquire after his patient's health. He sat down in her room, musing on the waywardness of his fate for a few minutes, and on rising to go, perceived that Madame Audran had fallen into a slumber; his eye at that moment fell upon her chest of valuables, and the devil instigated him to that murder as the fulfilment of all his hopes, which a few moments consideration would have shown the fallacy of.

With all the pains which were taken the truth could not be concealed from Emile, it cast a fixed gloom upon her mind that could not be removed, she sickened at the sight, and thought of all her former pleasures and pursuits, and lived in the world as one who bore no part in the events of life—a stranger to all around. It was not of long duration, for a few months saw her a prey to those morbid feelings of the mind which nought on earth could allay.—J. M. B.

#### WAR SONG.

FOR THE ARMY TO BE SENT AGAINST THE  
EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Come, tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and  
your bow!  
Each proud virgin amazon, onward with  
me!

Come, rouse for the fight, all ye maids, who  
adore\*

The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bo-  
hea!

Come, clatter the tea-cups, and brandish each  
spoon,  
Beat loudly the tea-tray, the kettle, and  
urn!

No more for the lover or sweet honey-moon.  
But for Twankay and war, let your soft bo-  
soms burn!

Shall a petticoat savage—the horrible bore!  
Infringe on our rights, and deny us our tea?  
No, no! by the gown which my grandmother  
wore,

We'll smother the wretch in a chest of Bo-  
hea!

Come, launch, my brave maidens, each tea-  
chest canoe,  
And spread out your large Canton crapes to  
the air;

The kettle sings master-call—hark! the cat's  
mew!  
‘Young Hyson’ 's the word, ‘the delight of  
the fair!’

Great Twining a tea-wreath shall twine for us  
all—

The fairest of females looks far more divine  
at tea;

If we conquer, we'll drink twenty cups—if we  
fall

Why—‘*nec possum vivere cum te, nec sine  
te.*’

Twenty cups! think of Johnson, when kind  
Mrs Thrale  
Filled him fifty at least, and he wished they  
were bowls;

With ardour like his, which among ye can  
fall?

Come, Doctor, and kindle your thirst in our  
souls.

Then onward, brave maidens, push off from  
the coast,  
For such brogueless tyrants we care not a  
pin;

But do not forget, my fair tea-drinking host,  
A stout Wilney blanket, to toss the wretch  
in!

Oh! the plunder of Pekin! what silks and  
what shawls—

The Chinese, in spite of themselves shall  
be free;

For we'll bombard the city with hot force-  
meat balls,  
And blow up their warriors with gunpowder  
tea!

Then tie on your bonnet, your shawl, and  
your bow,

And with war-cry of ‘Hyson-dust!’ onward  
with me;

Come, brandish your tea-spoons, ye maids,  
who adore

The flavour of Twankay, Souchong, or Bo-  
hea!  
Non Mag.

#### THE CAMBRIDGE “FRESHMAN.”

SEE a stripling alighting from the  
Cambridge ‘Fly’ at Crisford's Hotel,  
Trumpington-street. It is a day or two  
before the commencement of the Octo-

\* We are aware that this rhyme is rather  
unusual; but we may parody the maxim of  
Sir Lucius—‘When patriotism guides the  
pen, he must be a brute that would find fault  
with the rhyme.’

her term, and a small cluster of gownsmen are gathered round to make their several recognitions of returning friends, in spite of shawls, cloaks, petershams, patent gambroons, and wrap-rascals, in which they are enveloped; while our fresh-comer's attention is divided between their sable "curtains" and solicitude for his bags and portmanteau. If his pale cheek and lack-lustre eye could speak but for a moment, like Balaam's ass, what painful truths would they describe! what weary watchings over the midnight taper would they describe! If those fingers which are now as white as Windsor-soap can make them, could complain of their wrongs, what contaminations with dusty Ainsworths and Scapulas would they enumerate! If his brain were to reveal its labours, what labyrinths of prose and verse, in which it has been bewildered when it had no clue of a friendly translation, or Clavis, to conduct it through the wanderings, would it disclose! what perambulations and combinations of commas, what elisions and additions of letters, what copious annotations on a word, an accent, or a stop, parallelizing a passage of Plato with one of Anacreon, one of Xenophon with one of Lycophron, or referring the juvenile reader to a manuscript in the Vatican,—what inexplicable explanations would it ana-thematize!

The youth calls on a friend, and if "gay" is inveigled into a "wet night" and rolls back to the hotel at two in the morning *Bacchi plenus*, whereas the "steady man" regales himself with sober Bohea, talks of Newton and Simeon, resolves to read mathematics with Burkitt, go to chapel fourteen times a week, and never miss Trinity Church on Thursday evenings. The next day he asks the porter of his college where the tutor lives; the key-bearing Peter laughs in his face, and tells him where he *keeps*; he reaches the tutor's rooms, finds the door *sported*, and knocks till his knuckles bleed. He talks of Newton to his tutor, and his tutor thinks him a fool. He sallies forth from Law's (the tailor's) for the first time in the academical toga and trencher, marches most majestically across the grass-plot in the quadrangle of his college, is summoned before the Master, who had caught sight of him from the lodge-windows, and reprimanded. His gown is a spick-and-span new one, of orthodox length, and without a single rent; he caps every Master

of Arts he meets; besides a few Bachelors, and gets into the gutter to give them the wall. He comes into chapel in his surplice, and sees it is not surplice-morning, runs back to his rooms for his gown, and on his return finds the second lesson over. He has a tremendous 'larum at his bed's-head, and turns out every day at five o'clock in imitation of Paley. He is in the lecture-room the very moment the clock has struck eight, and takes down every word the tutor says. He buys "Hints to Freshmen," reads it soft through, and resolves to eject his sofa from his rooms. He talks of the roof of King's chapel, walks through the market-place to look at Hobson's conduit, and quotes Milton's sonnet on that famous carrier. He proceeds to Peter House to see Gray's fire-escape, and to Christ's to steal a bit of Milton's Mulberry-tree. He borrows all the Mathematical MSS. he can procure, and stocks himself with scribbling paper enough for the whole college. He goes to a wine-party, toasts the university officers, sings sentiments, asks for tongs to sugar his coffee, finds his cap and gown stolen and old ones left in their place. He never misses St. Mary's (the University Church) on Sundays, is on his legs directly the psalmody begins, and is laughed at by the other gownsmen. He reads twelve or thirteen hours a-day, and talks of being a wrangler. He is never on the wrong side of the gates after ten, and his buttery bills are not wound up with a single penny of fines. He leaves the rooms of a friend in college rather late perhaps, and after ascending an Atlas-height of stairs, and hugging himself with the anticipation of crawling instantaneously to bed, finds his door broken down, his books in the coal-scuttle and grate, his papers covered with more curves than Newton or Descartes could determine, his bed in the middle of the room, and his surplice, on whose original purity he had so prided himself, drenched with ink. If he is matriculated he laughs at the *beasts* (those who are not matriculated), and mangles slang: *wranglers, fops, and medalists* become quite "household words" to him. He walks to Trumpington every day before half to get an appetite for dinner, and never misses grace. He speaks reverently of masters and tutors, and does not curse even the proctors; he is merciful to his wine-bin, which is chiefly saw-dust, pays his bills, and owes nobody a guinea—he is a Freshman!

Mon. Mag.

## SOLITUDE.

*For the Olio.*

"The love of solitude, when cultivated in the morn of life,  
Will elevate the mind to independence."

*Zimmermann.*

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."  
*Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 4.*

In no case does the cultivated mind,—the tree that bears good fruit, show so vast a superiority over the ungrafted stem, as in the hour of solitude.

Let us follow the superior mind in his solitary ramble. We find him in the church, when service is completed, employing that opportunity for inspection. Alone, and leaning against one of the many clustered columns, his eye surveys the sacred fane with awe-struck admiration, with that pleasing and refined feeling which is peculiar to the cultivated mind—a feeling which is utterly denied to the uncultivated.

Among the numerous monuments is one—the recumbent effigy of a knight, the servant of the Holy Temple, a crusader. His active mind presents to his imagination, the enthusiastic multitude, who, governed by a pious, yet mistaken zeal, devoted their fortunes and their lives to the recovery of the sacred city from the hands of the Paynim. From the venerable hermit, and Walter, the moneyless, he passes in succession to the Counts Fernandois, Toulouse and Blois, Godfrey of Bouillon, reminding him of Tasso's immortal song, is before him, with the careless and gallant Robert of Normandy—he beholds the sieges of Nice and Jerusalem, he sees the re-capture and re-taking of that last city. He runs through the crusade of the Emperor Conrade and Lewis VII. He shudders at the assassination of the brave Marquis of Montserrat. He despises the weak Austria and the envious Phillip, whilst his heart swells at the noble daring and great exploits of Cœur de Lion and of the Soldan, Salidan.

That kneeling figure, representing the soldier and the saint, whose blood has purpled the dark field of Marston, brings before him all the horrors of that unhappy war, which terminated so fatally to Charles. He fights over the battles of Edgehill, Stratton, Lansdown and Roundway Down—he drops a tear for the patriot Hampden. He besieges Bristol and Gloucester—laments the undecided field of Newbury, fatal to the virtuous Falkland, and finally beholds his hero fall by the side of Cromwell, at Long Marston Moor.

"————— mouldering arch  
With ivy all'd ———"

Let us from the church—passing the—He treads the sunny fields—the sheep are grazing. He thinks of Ajax, Telemon, when maddened at the unjust discussion of the arms of Achilles, he bared his angry blade, and having slaughtered the harmless flock, devoted his own body to its point. He thinks of the valiant Quixote, surrounded by the hostile forces of the Emperor Alifanfaron and King Pentapolin—and of Jason and the golden fleece. The shepherd tunes his rustic pipe. He beholds Melibæus and Tityrus reposing beneath a spreading beech tree, he hears Menalaus and Dæmetus contending before Palæmon for the heifer and "beachen cups."

"The labour'd work of fam'd Alcimedon,"

Mopsus, Corydon, Melibæus and Thyrsis are before you, with other piping keepers of the "fleece sheep," and "weanling kids," equally deserving of their place in Virgil's pastoral verse. He ascends the throne, with the shepherd Maximinus, extends his hand to Endymion and Faustus, nor does he forget the shepherd prince, the beautiful boy, who flying

"Soft Eusebe's charms"

deprived the royal Spartan of a wife, and devoted his country and his family to destruction.

The milk-maid crosses his path—what a train for meditation does this carry with it—"The fair and happy milk-maid" of the unfortunate Overbury, and the milk-maid in Walton's Angler, occurs immediately to his recollection. The murderers of Sir Thomas, the infamous "Carr, and his profligate Countess, present themselves, the amiable piscator, Kit Marlowe, and Sir Walter Raleigh.\*

The proud and extensive wood, bordering the high road, reminds him of the satyrs and fauns—the sylvan deity, on the wings of speed and love, hard pressing the hapless Syrxin of Apollo slaying the conceited Phrygian—Marsyas—of Feronia and the Dryads, who he finds are only surpassed in beauty by his mistress—"The empress of his heart"—if such he has. And now, having reached this point, let us away—his thoughts are no longer ours.

How different has been the tedious

\* Marlowe wrote the Milk-maid's song inserted in Walton's 'Angler.'—Sir W. Raleigh the answer.

journey of the *opposite* of our late companion. For him the church has no beauties—he cannot distinguish between a Gothic and a Corinthian column. He knows nothing of the history of his country. The sheep are frightened at his shouting—the shepherds expostulate with him. The milk-maid only, pleases his eye—he is hardly conscious of the neighbouring wood. Whistling and walking at an uneven pace, he refers frequently to his watch. He hurls his stick into the air, and with some little dexterity regains possession of it before falling—and he has always a stone for the unlucky sparrow.

"It is not that my lot is low  
That bids the silent tear to flow;  
It is not grief that bids me mourn:  
It is that I am all alone."

So sings the melancholy dreaming White,—

"The unhappy youth who perished in his pride."

—at a time, too, when the vulture of consumption was burying its talons in his youthful form, and feasting on his vitals, with all the greediness of that bird which gorges eternally at the liver of the undying Prometheus. This may be considered a solitary instance of a poet (for we scarcely know Dr. Johnson as such) who could find no beauties in solitude.

Zimmermann, 'all hail' with thee; I wander from Dan to Bethsheba—with thee I seek the unfurrowed fields—the woods and shady groves. Well is it with that man, who can exclaim with the Roman—*numquam minus solus, quam cum solus*. To him we say, 'all hail'—to the indulgent, *Vale*.

G. S. S.

#### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

BY JOSEPH JEKYLL†

Mr. J. having frequently witnessed with regret country gentlemen, in their country houses, reduced to the dulness of a domestic circle, and thereby led to attempt suicide, in the month of November, or, what is more melancholy, to invite the ancient and neighbouring families, of the Tags, the Rags, and the Bobtails—having also observed the facility with which job-horses, and the books of a circulating library, are supplied from London to any distance—has opened an office in Spring Gardens

for the purpose of furnishing country-gentlemen in their country houses with company and guests on the most moderate terms. An annual subscriber of thirty guineas will be entitled to receive four guests, changeable weekly, at the will of the country gentleman. An annual subscriber of fifteen guineas will be entitled to receive two guests, changeable once a fortnight. It will appear from the catalogue that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to set off at a moment's warning to any country gentleman at any country house; among whom will be found, three Scotch peers, several ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals on half-pay (who narrate the whole of the peninsular war) twenty-seven dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen, who play a little on the fiddle. Deaf and dumb people, sportsmen, and gentlemen who describe tours to Paris and Fonthill, at half price. All the above play at cards, and usually with success if partners; no objection to cards on Sunday evenings or rainy mornings. The country gentleman to allow the guests four feeds a day, as in the case of jobs, and to produce claret if a Scotch or Irish peer be present.

Should any guest be disapproved of the country gentleman is desired to write the word "Bore" against his name in the catalogue, or chalk it on his back as he leaves the country-house, and his place shall be immediately filled up, by the return of the stage-coach.

Society Office, Spring Garden,  
October 26, 1832.

#### Illustrations of History.

DISCOVERIES AND EXPERIMENTS OF PALISSY TO ENAMEL CHINA.—This branch of the potter's art is greatly indebted to the extraordinary perseverance of a singular man, Bernard de Palissy, a native of France, who was born in Agen at the close of the fifteenth century. His parents occupying a humble station in life, he was entirely indebted to his own unquenchable energy and perseverance for the success which crowned his industry.

The original occupation of Palissy was that of a draughtsman, to which pursuit he added land surveying.—Accident having thrown into his hands

† Keepsake.



an enamelled cup, he was immediately seized with the desire of improving the art, and thenceforward relinquishing all other occupations, gave up his whole time, mind, and substance, during several years, to the prosecution of experiments on the composition of enamel. He has himself given a narrative of his labours, sacrifices, and sufferings, during the progress of his pursuit, which is intensely interesting.

In this account, Palissy represents himself as alternately planning and building, demolishing and rebuilding his furnace, at every step buoyed up by hope, and as often met, but not subdued, by disappointment; the object of remonstrance and derision to his associates, subject to the expostulations of his wife, and witness to the silent but more eloquent reproaches of his children. In other respects Palissy proved himself an amiable as well as a highly gifted man; for, notwithstanding that his efforts were ultimately crowned by success,—that standard whereby the judgment of mankind is most easily and therefore most usually formed—one might hesitate to applaud a degree of perseverance which, for so long a time, materially interfered with the welfare of his family. Amidst all this scene of deprivation and disappointment, Palissy bore outwardly a cheerful countenance, and, throughout the lengthened trial, confined within the dungeon of his own breast, those feelings of bitterness which he has so forcibly described as being his portion.

The extremities to which he was at one time reduced were such, that to provide fuel for feeding the furnace, his furniture and afterwards even some of the woodwork of his dwelling were destroyed; and in order to silence the clamour of his assistant workman for the payment of wages, he stripped himself of a portion of his apparel. At length, however, these efforts were rewarded with complete success; and fame, honours and independence were thenceforward his attendants through a long career of useful occupation.

Palissy's after pursuits were of a more general character, embracing the sciences of agriculture, chemistry, and natural history, upon which subjects he wrote and lectured with ability and success.

Nor did the firmness of his character forsake him for a moment to the end of his life. Being a protestant, and having ventured, in some of his lectures, to promulgate facts which made against

the dogmas of the priests, he was, when in his ninetieth year, dragged by the infuriate zeal of these fanatics to the Bastille, and died, with consistent firmness, within its walls. His heroic reply, while thus imprisoned, to Henry III. is above all praise. 'My good man, said the king, 'if you cannot conform yourself on the matter of religion, I shall be compelled to leave you in the hands of my enemies.'—'Sire,' replied the intrepid old man, 'I was already willing to surrender my life, and could any regret have accompanied the action, it must assuredly have vanished upon hearing the great king of France say 'I am compelled.' This, sire, is a condition to which those who force you to act contrary to your own good disposition can never reduce me; because I am prepared for death, and because your whole people have not the power to compel a simple potter to bend his knee before images which he has made.'

Cab. Cyc.

### Notices of New Books.

*Gradations in Reading and Spelling, upon an entirely new and original plan, by which Dissyllables are rendered as easy as Monosyllables.* By Henry Butler.

*The Etymological Spelling Book and Expositor: being an Introduction to the Spelling, Pronunciation, and Derivation of the English Language; containing, besides several other important Improvements, above 3500 Words, deduced from their Greek and Latin Roots.* By the same.

Butler's "Gradations" are worthy of the attention of all who are engaged in the "delightful task" of teaching young children. The book, it is true, like others of its kind, consists of words; but the author has contrived to arrange them so that children can hardly fail of quickly learning to read with pleasure to themselves and to their teachers. The author's industry and good taste are equally conspicuous.

In the larger work, the Etymological Spelling Book and Expositor, Mr. Butler has introduced an abundance of useful novelty. He intends it not only for the use of schools, but also of adults and foreigners; and sure we are that very many adults, particularly those who have not had a classical education, would derive benefit from carefully studying his work.

Of the three parts into which the

book is divided, the *first* part is devoted to plain spelling; the *second*, to words with meanings; classified in such a manner as to promote correct pronunciation; and the *third* to the Greek and Latin derivatives, which are now so common in our language.

Our scientific terms likewise are almost exclusively of Greek and Latin extraction. The study of etymology, or the derivation of words, is too much neglected; and this neglect is a fruitful source of misunderstanding, and of lengthened controversy; and likewise has a tendency to retard the progress of accurate knowledge. Butler's Spelling Book, containing numerous lists of words placed under the roots from which they are respectively derived, will be found an efficient auxiliary in the cause of literature and science.

*Time's Telescope*, for 1832, pp. 388. London, Sherwood and Co.

We always hail with pleasure the appearance of this favourite *Annual*, and so vastly improved as it comes before us this year, both in matter and embellishments, it is doubly welcome. The contents are if possible more varied, instructive, and interesting, than heretofore; and when we mention the portion of the volume which embraces the *Astronomical Occurrences*, and *Natural History*, are from the pens of those able and distinguished labourers in the field of science, Mr. I. T. Barker, and professor Rennie, it can hardly be necessary for us to say another word in praise of "*Time's Telescope*."

The illustrations are very numerous and appropriate, and of a far higher character than might be expected in a volume published at a price so exceedingly moderate.

### The Naturalist.

**VARIETY OF COLOURS IN DOMESTIC ANIMALS.**—It is a mistaken opinion that the colours of wild animals are uniform, while those of domesticated animals are diversified, though in a wild state, the diversity is less striking. Much of this depends on the attention paid to the propagation of peculiar domestic breeds when any remarkable coloured variety has been accidentally produced. It is thus that the breed of white mice and flap-eared rabbits is continued, whereas in a wild state these peculiarities would probably soon be lost. I may mention two facts regard-

ing diversity of colour among innumerable others which have struck me. The common geometric spider of our gardens is so varied that scarcely two individuals, even of the same brood, are found alike, varying in shade from silver-grey to deep chocolate-brown, and from pale-yellow to brick-red. Again, the eggs of the sparrow vary so much that the boys in Kent imagine them to be of different species according as they find their nests in trees, in ivy, or under the tiles of a house. Sometimes these eggs are nearly uniform in colour, with no markings. While at other times they are thickly or sparsely streaked, and spotted with greyish black on a greenish or blueish white ground. It has been recorded by Mr. Young, that a blackbird, and also a linnet, have been observed to become white in consequence of fright, in the same way as the human hair has been known to become grey in a single night through grief. That food, however, will sometimes produce striking changes of colour, appears from the fact of madder tinging the bones of animals fed upon it of a red colour, and by alternating this with other food, from week to week, the bones will exhibit concentric circles of white and red.

*Time's Tel.* for 1832.

**PRESERVATION OF TREES IN WINTER.**—In iron foundries, such as the foundry for cannon at Munich, it is customary to stir the melted metal with a branch of green oak, and notwithstanding the great heat of the metal, the green wood is not affected deeper than about the twentieth part of an inch. This striking fact is explained from the non-conducting power of the sap, and upon the same principle it is that the bodies and branches of trees, not having the covering of snow which the roots have, are protected from the operation of cold, by their sap increasing in spissitude, and of course in non-conducting capacity, as the winter approaches. On similar principles, we may account for the preservation of various kinds of fruit.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

**FREE AND EASY MONARCHS.**—The French, a short time ago, were exceedingly proud of their King because he used to walk about Paris with an umbrella under his arm; this same king

is now said to be barricading the very Tuileries. It happens, however, that the most despotic monarchs are often most at ease among their subjects, and oftenest assume the manners of equality. Most certainly if William IV. were to attempt walking up and down Regent-street, he would be mobbed.—Yet the late King of Bavaria used to promenade alone every evening, in every quarter of Munich; he would, moreover, enter into conversation with strangers, and it made little difference whether he was known or not. He was a sort of Haroun al Raschid, except that he only learned by aid of his incognito to reward, and not to punish. Ferdinand of Spain walks about his capital, and lives in perfect security, while we imagine him a prey to superstition and afraid of every wind that blows. A late traveller compares him to Liston in the street. Don Pedro, the late Emperor of the Brazils, was still more open in his habits—he used to bathe in public. Another traveller describes him as he saw him buffeting the waves of the sea. Denmark, it seems, is happy in a monarch of popular habits—

“The present King of Denmark, by letters lately received from Copenhagen, has such perfect confidence in the love of his subjects, that he is never attended by a guard, and even sleeps with his chamber-door unfastened. A short time ago, his Majesty was suddenly roused, about two o'clock in the morning, by a youth employed in the gardens, who, having got by stealth into the palace, entered the King's room, and tapping him on the shoulder, presented a petition, saying, in the most familiar terms, “Father, I was determined to find an opportunity of speaking to you in private, and therefore chose this time to ask you a favour.” The King, though thus taken by surprise, was neither alarmed nor angry, but, with his usual good-nature, recommended the lad to have patience, and he would do all in his power to comply with his request, at the same time begged, that when he again wished to speak to him, he would choose a more seasonable hour. His Majesty was much amused by this nocturnal adventure.”

**BRITISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.**—In America, where newspapers are not taxed, 555,416 advertisements are inserted in eight newspapers in New York, while 400 English and Irish papers contained, in the same space of

time, only 1,105,000. The twelve New York daily papers contain more advertisements than all the newspapers of England and Ireland; and the number issued annually in America is 10,000,000, while in Great Britain it is less than one-tenth of that number. Advertisements which in England cost seventeen dollars, are inserted in America for about a dollar (fifty cents); and an article which costs annually for advertising in the United States twenty-eight dollars, is liable in England to a charge of 900 dollars.

**WONDERFUL TREE.**—A curious production of the ocean was washed up by the tide above low-water-mark, on the sea-beach, at Crosby, Liverpool, on November the 4th. It consists of the trunk of a tree, 39 feet in length, from which are appended millions of a singularly-strange shell-fish, sufficient to fill the bodies of two or three carts. The upper part sticks with the tenacity of a leech to the wood, and is a sort of a wormy substance, many of them being at least three feet in length, as thick as a piece of rope, terminating with a shell of a half-conical form, of a delicate light-blueish hue, which contains a black fish, having a slit or orifice edged with a bright yellow colour on the upper side, which the animal opens and shuts at pleasure, and by which it obtains its nutriment. They are all distinct in their formation, all alive, and as thick upon the wood as the leaves upon a tree, or clusters of grapes; indeed the point of a pin cannot be inserted between them, and from a small bit cut from the end of the wood, of only half an inch square, there hung no less than thirty of different lengths.

**ECLIPSES IN 1832.**—During the year 1832 there will be but two eclipses, both of the sun. The first will take place on February 1st, and will be invisible at Greenwich; the second takes place on July 17th, visible at Greenwich; begins 2 hours 3¼ min. p. m., ends 2 hours 28½ min., digits eclipsed, one-fifth. On the 5th of May the planet Mercury will appear, like a black spot to move over the sun's disc.

**RAILWAYS.**—These great commercial improvements are continually extending. During the last year acts have been passed relative to nine; for amending and enlarging the powers of that for the Liverpool and Manchester railway; for making a railway from Wigan to Preston, both in Lancashire; with certain collateral branches; to amend the acts relating to the Bolton

and Leigh railway: to alter the line of the Avon and Gloucester railway, and to make certain branches from the same; for making a rail-road from Dublin to Kingstown harbour; for making a railway from Manchester to Bolton and Bury; for enlarging the powers of the company for making a rail-road from Polloc and Gowan, to the river Clyde; for making a railway from Rutherglen to Wellshot, both in the county of Lanark; and for making a railway from Sheffield to Manchester.

*Newcastle and Carlisle Railway.*—The line of this great undertaking, which has been commenced from near Carlisle, is now being proceeded in with much spirit.

*Leicester and Swannington Railway.*—This undertaking is proceeding in a regular, steady way; about half a mile of the line is finished, and between two and three miles more are fenced in; and we believe it is intended to present bills to the House of Commons during the present session, to endeavour to obtain acts for making lines from Liverpool to Birmingham: from Birmingham to London; from Greenwich to London; and from Southampton to the metropolis.

**RECIPTS FOR DETECTING IMPOSTOR SAILORS.**—Scarcely a day passes but beggars are to be met with dressed like sailors. It may therefore be useful to our readers to be apprised of a method by which a true sailor may be distinguished from a false one. It is of no use to ask a man the name of his ship, his captain, his first lieutenant, and so forth, the Sally merchantman, or the Ajax frigate. Capt. Smith, and Mr. Williams second in command, throw you on your back at once. But there are questions which pose your regular landsman, and shew up the trickster. Ask him "what the mainsheet is made of," and before the last word is well out of your mouth the impostor replies, "canvas, your honour!" Now *sheets* mean *ropes* on board ship, but the mainsheet is not a *sail*, as the land-lubber supposes, but the *rope* that fixes the lower part of the main-sail. Ask him again the name of the ship's *kitchen*, and if the beggar does not at once tell you it is called "the galley," you may be quite certain he is no seaman. Another mode of detecting an impostor is to try him in his geography. Nine times out of ten your sailor beggar pretends to have been shipwrecked on his way from Newfoundland, or to have been paid off at Liverpool, on his arrival there from America. A fellow

pretending to be a sailor in deep distress met a gentleman the other day in this county and solicited alms. The man was nearly naked, having literally nothing but a pair of drawers and part of a shirt on his body, and no hat on his head. The following conversation took place respecting dates and distances:—*Gent.* Where are you coming from? *Sailor.* Liverpool, your honour. *G.* What took you to Liverpool? *S.* I arrived there, your honour, from Quebec, and was paid off last month. *G.* The voyage from Quebec is rather a long one, is it not? *S.* Yes, your honour, we were *four* months at sea. *G.* When did you leave Quebec? *S.* The first week in January. *G.* Were you paid off as soon as you arrived? *S.* Yes, your honour, and I am now on my way to London. Here ended the matter as to dates, the fellow having first fixed upon *November* and then upon *May* for being paid off. The questioning was then resumed as to distances thus:—*G.* Now, my lad, if you've been on a voyage from Quebec, and were near four months at sea, you must know a little about the places you touched at in your way. Tell me then where you performed quarantine? *S.* At Gibraltar, your honour. *G.* How long did you remain there? *S.* Two days. *G.* Well, and how long at Malta? *S.* A week. *G.* And you took in water after that at Naples? *S.* Yes, but we did not land. *G.* Well, and was Naples on your right or your left hand as you came towards Smyrna? *S.* On our right hand. *G.* And how long did you stop at Smyrna? *S.* Four days. *G.* And did you go on shore at Ceylon? *S.* Where's that? *G.* At the Cape of Good Hope. *S.* Oh yes, we stopped there a little while. *G.* Well, and you then went on to Madras? Yes, your honour, but we didn't stop, we only passed it. *G.* What! only passed it, but you saw the great monument? *S.* Oh yes, but it was at some distance off! nearly ten leagues, and a league is three miles, your honour. This was enough of distances. The whole of this conversation passed near a carriage, in which a lady had brought some linen as a gift to the sailor, in addition to a gift in money, which the fellow's miserable appearance had extorted from her. It is needless to say the linen was carried home again. From information subsequently received the impostor was apprehended, and committed with one of his companions to the county gaol as a rogue and vagabond.—If this account

places people on their guard against such lying scoundrels, it will be well for the community. Begging will then be less profitable, and consequently beggars less numerous. Perhaps we ought to add for the information of persons not well acquainted with geography, that the fellow's account of his voyage proved him to be an impostor, as according to the route he took, he went nearly all over the world in order to get from Quebec to Liverpool. It was as if setting out from Northampton to London, he had gone by Dublin, Paris, and the East Indies.

**RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY.**—Lieut.-Col. Galindo, Governor of Potén, in Central America, has discovered the ruins of an extensive city, called Palenque, which extends for more than twenty miles along the summit of the ridge which separates the country of wild Maya Indians (included in the district of Potén) from the state of Chiapas. These, in the words of the discoverer, "must anciently have embraced a city and its suburbs. The principal buildings are erected on the most prominent heights, and to several of them, if not to all, stairs were constructed. From the hollows beneath, the steps, as well as all the vestiges which time has left, are wholly of stone and plaster." The stones of which all the edifices are built, are about eighteen inches long, nine broad, and two thick, cemented by mortar, and gradually inclining when they form a roof, but always placed horizontally; the outside eaves are supported by large stones, which project about two feet. (These are precisely similar, from the description, to the stone-roofed chapels, three or four in number, at Cashel, Glendalough, St. Doolough's, near Dublin, and we believe one other, still existing in Ireland). The woodwork has all disappeared: the windows are many, subject to no particular arrangement, being merely small circular and square perforations. Human figures in *alto relievo* are frequent on small pillars; and flaggee work, imitating boughs and feathers, is perceptible in places. Some of the sculptured ornaments look very like the Corinthian foliage of the ancient architects. The ruins are buried in a thick forest, and the adjacent country, for leagues, contains remains of the ancient labours of the people—bridges, reservoirs, monumental inscriptions, &c. The natives say these edifices were built by "the devil."

**POSITIVENESS.**—Nothing can be

more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject, and even if excessive scepticism could be maintained, it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and inquiry. Where men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken.

**VIRTUE** is certainly the most noble and secure possession a man can have. Beauty is worn out by time, or impaired by sickness. Riches lead youth rather to destruction than welfare, and without prudence are soon lavished away—while virtue alone, the only good that is ever durable, always remains with the person who has once entertained her. She is preferable both to wealth and a noble extraction.

**ORIGIN OF THE ART OF GLASS CUTTING.**—The art of cutting glass is a much more modern invention than that of painting and staining it. It is generally believed, that Casper Lehmann, originally a cutter of iron and steel in the service of the emperor Rudolphus II., was the first person who attempted this mode of embellishing the material. It was about the year 1609, when, having procured from the emperor an exclusive patent for using the art, together with the appointment of lapidary and glass-cutter to the court, Lehmann prosecuted his invention with much success in the city of Prague.

Before that time, many artists had engraved figures upon glass, by means of the diamond; and their labours were greatly admired. Some glaziers had also discovered a mode of cutting glass by the employment of emery powder, and sharp-pointed instruments of hardened steel, as well as with heated irons; but these methods were greatly different in the manner of their performance, as well as inferior in their effect, to Lehmann's process, by which they were consequently, for the most part, superseded. It was, however, very long after the period already mentioned, that the art attained to any thing like the degree of perfection which it now exhibits.

At the end of the seventeenth century, glass-cutting was prosecuted to a great extent, and in a very improved style, at Nuremberg; the artist of that place having much simplified the tools employed, as well as the methods used for their employment.

**SWAN RIVER.**—The "Hobart Town Colonial Times," of the 6th of July describes the Swan River Settlement as in a distressed and discontented state.

Fresh meat was selling at two shillings per pound, and other provisions in proportion. Mr. Peel, who obtained a grant of 250,000 acres, and took out with him property to the amount of 40,000*l.* and 400 mechanics, farming men, and labourers, dared not move out of his house, for he was continually beset by numerous poor people, who execrate him for having induced them to go to a settlement where they have met with nothing but starvation and disappointment. All sorts of English goods are stated to be rather cheap at Swan River. The distress prevalent in their money market is also described as becoming daily more and more alarming. Private letters confirm the above unfavourable account. From Sydney, the advices are of a much more favourable nature. The Australian Fisheries were proving successful, and the number of ships increasing. The whalers belonging to Sydney, and worked by colonial capital, amounted in number to 18, and in tonnage to 3800; those belonging to London, with agents in Sydney to four, and the tonnage to 878; and those to London sailing from Sydney to four, and the tonnage to 1059; making a total of 5737 tons.

[A circular has been issued by the commissioners of Emigration, stating that an advance of 20*l.* will, under certain regulations, be made to any workman in the ordinary mechanical arts, desirous of emigrating to New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land, provided he be married, and intends to take his wife with him.]

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### NEW YEAR OBSERVANCES IN SCOTLAND.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Hogmanay is the universal popular name in Scotland for the last day of the year. It is a day of high festival among young and old—but particularly the young, who do not regard any of the rest of the Daft Days with half so much interest. In the town of Fife, which being quite secluded from other places, maintains old customs with considerable purity, the children of the poorer people—all of them, without exception of sex or age, if only able to walk—get themselves, at an early hour, tied into large aprons or sheets, the lower corners of which are turned up in front, so as to form each into a vast pocket or

refectory. Thus rigged out, they go in families or bands to the doors of all the better sort of people, to collect an alms of oaten bread, from time out of mind accustomed to be given on this day by the rich to the poor. Each child gets one quadrant section of oat-cake, (sometimes, in the case of particular favourites, improved by an addition of cheese,) and this is called their *hogmanay*. In expectation of the large demands thus made upon them, the housewives busy themselves, for several days beforehand, in preparing a suitable quantity of cakes. A particular individual, in my own knowledge, has frequently resolved two bolls of meal into hogmanay cakes. The children, on coming to the door, cry "Hogmanay!" which is in itself a sufficient announcement of their demands; but there are other exclamations, which either are or might be used for the same purpose. One of these is:

'Hogmanay,  
Trollolay,

Give us some of your white bread and some of your grey!'

What is precisely meant by the mysterious word *Hogmanay*, or by the still more inexplicable *Trollolay*, I shall not pretend to determine; but the reader will find, from the fourth volume of the *Archæologia Scotica*, that the subject has received due attention at the hands of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. Of the many other cries, appropriate to the morning of Hogmanay, I may chronicle two of the less puerile:

Get up gudewife, and shake your feathers,  
And danna thak that we are beggars;  
For we are bairns come out to play,  
Get up and gie's our Hogmanay!

Another is of a moralizing character, though a good deal of a truism:

'Get up, gudewife, and dinna swair,  
And deal your bread to them that's here;  
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,  
And then ye'll neither need ale nor bread.'

She is in a very peevish strain, but, as saith the sage, 'Blessed is he that expects little for he will not be disappointed.'

'My shoon are made of hoary hide;  
Behind the door I downa bide  
My tongue is sair I daurna sing—  
I fear I will get little thing.'

The most favourite of all, however, is much smarter, more laconic, and more to the point than any of the foregoing:

'My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin;  
Gie's a piece, and let's rin!'

It is no unpleasing scene, during the forenoon, to see the children going laden

home, each with his large apron bellying out before him, stuffed full of cakes, and perhaps scarcely able to waddle under the load. Such a mass of oaten alms is no inconsiderable addition to the comfort of the poor man's household, and tends to make the season still more worthy of its jocund title.

In the evening of this day, as on Christmas night, the guizards are all astride. Such of the boys as can pretend to any thing like a voice, have for weeks before been thumbing the collection of excellent new songs, which lies like a bunch of rags in the window sole, and being now able to screech up 'Barbara Allan,' or the 'Wee Col-house and the wee Kail-yarde,' they determine upon enacting the part of the guizards. For this purpose they don old shirts belonging to their fathers, and mount casques of brown paper, shaped so like a mitre, that I am tempted to believe them borrowed from the Abbot of Un-reason: attached to this is a sheet of the same paper, which, falling down in front, covers and conceals the whole face, except where holes are made to let through the point of the nose, and afford sight to the eyes and breath to the mouth. Each vocal guizard is, like a knight of old, attended by a kind of 'humble aquire,' who assumes the habiliments of a girl, with an old woman's cap, and a broomstick, and is styled 'Bessie.' Bessie is equal in no respect, except that she shares fairly in the proceeds of the enterprise. She goes before her principal; opens all the doors at which he pleases to exert his singing powers, and busies herself during the time of the song, in sweeping the floor with her broomstick, or in playing any other antics that she thinks may amuse the in-dwellers. The common reward of this entertainment is a halfpenny; but many churlish persons fall upon the unfortunate guizards, and beat them out of the house. Let such persons, however, keep a good watch upon their cabbage gardens next Halloween! Guizarding is proper to four nights in the year:—Christmas, Hogmanay, New-year's Day, and Hansel Monday. We observe it is tried in a small and unpretending way at Edinburgh.

It were unnecessary, in this place, to enter into an account of the practices at midnight between Hogmanay and the New-year's Day, which are already so minutely described in other works. Neither, for the same reason, is it worth while to particularize the customs of the first day of the year itself. I may

only mention, that the custom of New-Year gifts, still so rife in France, was formerly much more common in this country than it is at present. We find, for instance, from Mr. Pitcairn's great work, that James IV. would have a gift of ten angels presented to him in his bed on New-Year's morning; as also a *caudle*, which, by the way, must have been exactly the same thing which the modern people of Edinburgh know by the term of *hot-pint*. It is pleasant also to find that, on the 1st of January, 1490-1, the same monarch presented Blind Harry, the minstrel, author of the 'Life of Wallace,' with eighteen shillings. Still more delightful is it to know, that on the New-Year's Day of 1507, the monarch gave to diverse 'Menstrallis, schawmeris, trumpeteris, tabouraris, fithelaris, luteris, clarshaasis, and piparis,' the aggregate sum of forty-one pounds sixteen shillings. The custom of giving and receiving New-Year's gifts was still more common at the court of James VI., who was exactly the kind of man to give encouragement to at least one branch of the system. We find Elizabeth also a great receiver of New-Year's gifts. And after James went to England, the practice had reached such a height, and was so indispensable, that it is grievously complained of as a tax upon the pockets of the courtiers.

I shall conclude this rambling and imperfect article with an account of a very curious New-Year's-Day custom of the Highlands of Scotland. In many parts of this wild territory, young and old collect on the first night of the year, and perform the following strange ceremony. One of the stoutest of the party drags behind him a dried cow-hide, while all the rest follow, and beat it with sticks, singing the following rhyme:

Collin a Chullig,  
Bhuigh bhoichin,  
Buol in chraichin,  
Callich si chull,  
Callich si chiel,  
Callich cill in ceun im tennie,  
Bir na da Huil,  
Bir na Gillie,  
Chollin so.'

Translated literally thus:

'Hug man a',  
Yellow bag,  
Beat the skin,  
Carlin in neuk,  
Carlin in kirk,  
Carlin ben at the fire,  
Spit in her two eyes,  
Spit in her stomach,  
Hug man a'.'

After going round the house three times, they all halt at the door, and

each person utters an extempore rhyme, extolling the hospitality of the landlord and landlady; after which, they are plentifully regaled with bread, butter, cheese, and whisky. Before leaving the house, one of the party burns the breast part of the skin of a sheep, and puts it to the nose of every one, that all may smell it, as a charm against witchcraft and every infection.

*Edin. Lit. Jour.*

### ANECDOTES.

**A CURE FOR COLDNESS.**—As the unfortunate Louis XVI. one very sharp day, was riding in his carriage, and muffled up in furs, he observed a gentleman about his own age walking gaily along, exposed to the frosty breeze, in a light summer dress, and without the covering of a surtout. As the gentleman was very smart in his appearance, the king was surprised how he could keep himself so apparently warm, and ordered an attendant to ask him what method he adopted for that purpose. The gentleman, whom the king afterwards particularly noticed, replied that his majesty could not possibly feel any effect of the keen air, if he would condescend to follow the method of the person whom he honoured by his enquiries, and which was, *to put on at once his whole wardrobe.*

**AN ANECDOTE OF A LATE CHANCELLOR'S FATHER.**—After the death of his first lady, he rose one morning, with the whimsical resolution of marrying any one of his maids who should first appear upon his ringing the bell. He rang, and the chambermaid came up, to whom he abruptly said, "Get yourself ready, and go with me to be married." The silly girl, treating the affair as a joke, refused, and withdrew. He rung the bell a second time, when the cookmaid appeared, to whom he said, "Well, my girl, I intend this day to make you my wife; go and dress yourself in the best you have, and order the coach to be ready immediately." She took him at his word, dressed herself, and coming down stairs was met by the silly chambermaid, who asked her "Where she was going?" She answered, "Abroad—I have my master's leave." She had scarce uttered these words, when her master came down, and took her by the hand to the coach, which drove to St. Benet's church, where they were married. Whenever this gentleman was upbraided by his acquaintance and relations for his

weakness, his usual reply was, "There is not prudence below the girdle." The fruit of this marriage was a late Chancellor.

**COLLEY CIBBER**, who knew the world as well as most men now in it, made the following observation, which is very applicable to the present day, and indeed to all times. "Until the number of good places is equal to the number of those who think themselves qualified for them, there must ever be a cause of contention among us. While great men want great posts, the nation will never want real or seeming *Patriots*; and while great posts are filled with persons whose capacities are but *human*, such persons will never be allowed to be without errors."

**ABOUT** the time of the restoration, when, according to Mr. Baxter's account, 1800 clergymen were deprived for nonconformity, a fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, was representing to a friend the great difficulties of conformity in point of conscience, and concluded with these words: *but we must LIVE*; his friend replied in a like number of words, *but we must DIE.*

**THE WHIMS OF ROYALTY.**—Louis the Eleventh was a very arbitrary monarch, and as whimsical as tyrannical. The Abbot de Baignes, a man of great wit, having invented many things relating to musical instruments, was introduced to Louis, and retained by him in his service. One day the king imagining the thing as absolutely impossible, commanded the abbot to procure him harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs. The abbot, like a true courtier, did not seem surprised at the proposal, but said the matter was feasible, if a great deal of money was advanced to enable him to perform it. The king ordered the money demanded to be immediately paid him, and desired the abbot presently to set about it; he did so, and effected the most surprising and remarkable concert ever seen or heard. He got together a number of hogs of different ages, and placed them in a tent or pavilion, covered with velvet, before which was a wooden painted table, representing the front of a large organ. He then contrived an instrument behind it, with a certain number of stops, so artfully made, that when he touched the keys belonging to the stops, they answered to so many spikes, which pricking the hogs, who stood tied up behind, within the tent in due order, made them produce such "a concord of sweet sounds," that the king was extremely delighted, and liberally rewarded the inventor of this singular piece of music.



## Diary and Chronology

Saturday, Jan. 7.

*St. Lucian, priest and mart. A. D. 312.*

This being the day after Twelfth Day, is called by some people *St. Distaſſe's Day*, and Christmas holidays are said then to be at an end.

Sunday, Jan. 8.

**FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.**

*Lessons for the Day.—44 c. Isaiah, b. 1 Morn.—4 b. c. Isaiah, b. 2.*

From the middle to the end of this month, the thrush is seen under sunny hedges and southern walls in pursuit of snails, which he destroys in abundance, particularly in hard winters; he delights also in chrysalids and worms. Other birds now quit their retreats in search of food. The nuthatch is heard, and larks congregate and fly to the warm stubble for shelter. Sparrows, yellow hammers, chaffinches, crowd into farms, and attend the barn-door to pick their scanty fare from the chaff and straw. The red-breast ventures into the house.

Monday, Jan. 9.

*Plough Monday.*

*High Water 0m after 6 Morn.—22m after 6 After.*

The custom of opening the New Year with agricultural ceremonies, in which the plough was a chief agent, is of an extremely remote origin. The Chinese, the Persians, and the Greeks, observed them at the earliest periods to which their history has been traced; and in general they appear to have been connected with the sacred mysteries of religion. Sheridan, in his edition of *Persius*, mentions the "*Compitalia*" of the ancients, which were feasts instituted, some say by Tarquinus Priscus, in the months of January, and celebrated by servants alone, when their ploughing was over." Plutarch informs us that the Athenians were accustomed to celebrate "three sacred ploughings." Du Cange, in his *Glossary*, has a reference to some old laws which mention "the drawing a plough about;" and in a curious tract, printed by Pynson, in 1493, with the title "*A Compendious Treatise of Dices and Puns*," among the superstitious customs at the beginning of the year, is that of "Ledyng the ploughs about the firr, as for gode begynnyng of the yere, that they should farre the better all the yere following." It would seem also to have been once customary to perfume the ploughs with incense; for the learned Bale, in his very rare book, intitled, "*Yet a Course at Romyshe Foxe*," printed at Zurich in 1542, mentioning the "auncient rytes and laudable ceremonies of Holy Church," can only allude to this where he says—"then ought my lords," meaning Bishop Bonner "to suffer the same self-punishment for not sending the plowmen upon Plough Mondaye."—*Times Tel.* for 1832.

Tuesday, Jan. 10.

*William of Bourges, conf. A. D. 1209.*

*Sun rises 53m after 7—Sets 2m after 4.*

In January the mantle of buxant sadness somewhat dissipates, as if a new year had infused new hope and vigour into the earth; light is not only more plentifully diffused, but we soon perceive its longer daily abode with; yet in the words of the common adage—

As the day lengthens

The frost strengthens.

This is the month of abundant snows and all the itensity frost.

Wednesday, Jan. 11.

*St. Theodosius the Cenobiarich, A. D. 529.*

*Moon's First Quarter, 50m 04 Morning.*

The weather is usually remarkably cold about this time, and fieldfares and other hybernal birds, very numerous. The kingfisher has been seen on this day in the marshes about Lea-bridge, in Essex, of which instances are on record as early as the year 1780. If it should happen to be mild, the mole begins to work and to throw up those noted billocks which, if not levelled by the bush farrow, but let to get hard are such an obstruction to the cythe in mowing in the solstitial season. In digging into the ground, and in stabbing up the hollow roots of trees, we find at this time of the year the hybernacula of various permanent animals; several sorts of field-mice dwell in subterraneous caves during winter. Cockchafers, and other insects, bury themselves, and the larvae of sphinxes and moths are found concealed.

Thursday, Jan. 12.

*St. Aelred, abbot of Rievall, in Yorkshire, A. D. 1100*

*High Water 26m after 8 Morn—57m 8 After.*

Jan. 12, 1685.—A letter from Venia of this day's date, printed in the *London Gazette* of the Times relates, what perhaps is not generally known that the then Duke of Hanover employed a body of his own troops, in the service of the Venetian State.

"Venier, January 12.—The Duke of Hanover, being here, has composed the difference arisen among his troops, which now serve this Republic; concerning the distribution of the money of the Senate gave them as a present for their good services during the last campaign; and we are told, that his highness has made an agreement to assist this state with 4000 men."

Friday, Jan. 13

*St. Veronica, virgin of Milan, A. D. 1397.*

*Sun rises 55m after 8—Sets 2m after 4.*

This appears to have been the day when the Romans celebrated the Restoration of the Provinces, to which Virgil has been said, by some authors, to allude in the first *Eblogue*:—

Fortunate senex; ergo tua rura manebunt.

Saturday, Jan. 14.

*St. Hilary, Bishop, A. D. 361.*

*High Water, 36m after 10 Morn—10m after 11 After.*

14th Jan. 1831.—Expired Mr. Henry Mackenzie whose *Man of the World*, and excellent essays in the *Mirror* and *Lounger* are familiar to most of our readers. During the greater part of our author's life he enjoyed the situation of Comptroller of the Taxes for Scotland. In conversation he was full of the wit and playfulness that distinguish his essays; and he was wont to delight his friends with recollections of his earlier years, which were full of interest and amusement. It was no trivial praise when Sir Walter Scott, in dedicating *Waverley* to him, styled him the SCOTTISH ADDISON.

Sunday, Jan. 15.

**SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.**

*Lesson for the Day, 51 chap. Isaiah, b. 1 Morn—53 chap. Isaiah, b. 2, Even.*



## Illustrated Article.

### THE HISTORY OF THE ASSASSIN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ. AUTHOR OF  
"RICHELIEU."

WHEN I was at Grenoble, some ten or twelve years ago, I took up my abode at the Hotel des Ambassadeurs; and, having seen all that Grenoble has to see, wandered on the banks of the Isere, and stood gazing for many an hour on the tall Alps, I began to think, that as six days must still elapse prior to that on which I had appointed to meet some friends at Chambery, I might as well visit those objects which are most worthy of notice in the neighbourhood of Grenoble itself. Not having a guide-book with me—in the *rare show-box* of which I might see

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all the curiosities of the place magnified into miracles—I applied to the inn-keeper, who, after asking if I had visited the Prefecture, the *Palais des Justice*, the Four Statues, and the various *fabriques de Ganterie*, declared that he was sure Monsieur had not seen the "*Grande Chartreuse, la plus belle horreur de l'univers.*" I replied by telling him to have a horse and a guide at the door the next morning by sunrise; and, on the 19th June, 18—, I set out to visit the scenes where St. Bruno fed, or rather starved, his flock.

It is quite impossible—sitting down as I do at the end of a long autumn, and with nothing in prospect before my eyes but a long winter, dull, drear, and dripping—to describe the morning which shone on me as I trotted out of

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Grenoble. There is something in the very name of morning that is sweet to man's heart. There is a flushing innocence about the young and unpolluted day, when it bursts first into existence from the dark womb of night, that awakens all the better feelings—that associates itself with all the sweeter remembrances of man's nature, and man's memory—feelings and remembrances too soon lost and forgotten, amidst the noonday cares and the fervid passions of our being. However, it was then a June morning in the south of France; and every peculiar charm of the morning was there. The lark was in the sky, pealing his clear anthem to the gates of heaven: the perfumed voice of a thousand flowers was joining in his matin melody; the morning dew upon the grass shamed the midnight diamond of the brightest hall; and the coronet of sunbeams, that diademed the icy brow of the distant Alps, left the glory of a monarch's crown in shade indeed.

As we made our way onward to Voreppe, I let the guide talk at will, about all the wonders of the place, and rode hither and thither, up this hill and down that valley on either side, to gratify imagination, and see the world beyond. Often I was disappointed, and found that in galloping after greater beauties, I met with less than the beaten road presented; but at times, also, I caught one of those bright, bright glimpses of nature's loveliness, that are only to be seen by those who seek them; the long winding perspective of some deep sequestered valley, whose dim blue atmosphere seems consecrated by solemn solitude,—or the wide, sudden burst of some bright and laughing prospect, where all the busy splendour of life, and industry, and cultivation, sparkles forth in the glad sunshine, over the gay and glittering earth.

Such ramblings, however, somewhat tired our horses; and, by the time we reached Voreppe, the guide insisted upon it, that they would want half an hour's repose, and the mettle of half a peck of oats. Nothing could be done at Voreppe, that I knew of, to pass the time, but to graze upon the mountains that began here to tower up in mighty piles on the right bank of the Isère: and the very sight gave one a kind of thirst to plunge in amongst their dim recesses. Telling the guide, then, to fellow as soon as the horses had been fed, I walked on, on foot, along the road towards the Grande Chartreuse, which here

branches off from the high road, and runs onward between two high hills; the one rich and cultivated, and the other rude and bare, rugged with rocks and precipices, and crowned with a deep forest of pines, which shut out the day.

I walked on, and I walked on, and at length I began to perceive that I was tired, by the frequency of my halts to see whether the horses were coming up. At the same time the mountains grew higher, and the deep gorge, through which the road wound onward, more narrow. Torrent after torrent, swelled by some heavy rains that had fallen two days before, dashed fearfully through the ravines that every here and there broke across the path; and I found myself gradually plunging farther and farther amidst scenes, where the sublime reached the terrific. At length my eyes fell upon the little village of St. Laurent; and, resolving to wait there the arrival of the horses, I walked on towards the cabaret, through a street that showed but few inhabitants, while the tall mountains rising up around, looked over the houses whichever way my eyes were turned, seeming, like the last appearance of Kehama, to present the same mighty form on every side at once. At the door of the cottage, which by invariable signs announced itself as the auberge, sat a man of about sixty-five years of age, who instantly caught my attention, I know not why. I suppose every body has felt the same occasionally, and has had their fancy attracted by faces or appearances, without being at all able to assign a reason.

The old man of whom I speak had nothing particular, either in dress or in person, that would seem to merit much notice. He could never have been one of those very handsome men, who, like a fine building, remain magnificent even in decay. He was tall and well formed, it is true: his bald head, with the white locks that fell over his neck, was venerable and fine; and his eye, too, had in it a deep and restless fire, that even age, the quencher of all bright things, had hardly been able to dim. His dress was of brown cloth, simple and plain, but good, though somewhat travel-soiled; and in his hand he had a stout staff to help him on his way.

I walked up to the bench, intending to sit down and enter into conversation with him; but almost at the same moment he rose, and proceeded out of the village by the other side. Near half

an hour still passed before the horses came up; but during that time I could obtain no information as to who the old man was. He was a stranger, it seemed, and travelling to see the Chartreuse. Such an object, in travelling, excited my curiosity of course still more; for seldom, in the class to which he evidently belonged, could be found a person who had ever heard of such a place, much less one who would walk a single mile to see it.

When the horses came up, I resumed my journey; and through deep forests, over narrow shelves of rock, amidst the spray and roar of torrents falling from the hills above, we made our way up the wild and tremendous gorge, to the sort of portal, which the monks had built across the mouth of their own valley, to shut themselves out from the rest of the world. This portal consists of a mass of masonry, resting on one side against the rocky wall of the mountain, and on the other overhanging the precipice under which the river flows. The only entrance left was through an archway, closed by a double door; and having passed this barrier, we found ourselves in the valley of La Chartreuse.

Of course, I do not purpose giving you a description of the valley, or of the monastery. Suffice it, that we saw all that was to be seen; and, in going through the building, I found, standing in one of the eighty cells, the old man whom I had seen at St. Laurent. He did not offer a bad image of one of the old monks, but as I saw he was deeply buried in thought, I did not disturb his reveries. However, shortly after we met him again in another part of the building, and he entered into conversation with us with mild gravity, and pointed out several things as worthy of notice, with which the common *cicerone* seemed unacquainted. At length, as the day wore on, I took my leave of him, concluding, as he showed no intention of departing, that he was in some way attached to the building.

Speeding onward, we began to find the air growing very sultry; and about the time we reached the portal, the strange fantastic heads of some mighty lurid clouds began to tower above the mountains on our left, rolling their dull leaden volumes over the sky. An occasional faint flash of lightning, too, flickered across our path; and before we reached St. Laurent, some large drops of rain fell heavily amongst the dust. I had lived too long in southern

climates, not to know what all this portended; and, determining to pass the night at St. Laurent, I entered the little auberge, examined the best bedroom they could give me, ordered almost all, I believe, that the house contained for my dinner, and sat down to watch the progress of the coming storm.

It approached but slowly, however; and, being then past seven o'clock, it was dark before the conflict of the elements reached its height. But then, indeed, it became one of the most glorious thunderstorms I ever beheld. The rain came down in torrents; the thunder rolled round the sky in one incessant roar, echoed back to heaven by the rocks and the mountains and the forests; and fervid lightning and profound obscurity succeeded each other every instant, making the air, as it were, a battle-field between the ancient enemies, darkness and light. One moment all was black gloom, through which the keenest eye could distinguish no object on the earth; and the next every thing was full of blazing splendour, with the crags, the hills, and the jagged tops of the pines, clearly defined upon the flashing sky. As I sat and gazed upon it, I heard some one enter the door; and, in a minute after, the old man I had seen at the Chartreuse was ushered into the same little parlour. He was drenched and wearied; and as, by the time that he had hung his coat to the fire in the kitchen, my dinner was upon the table, I made him sit down and share it with me.

It were long to relate all our conversation; and it may be enough to say, that I found him a man of good education, and some learning. I know no situation in which a man's heart so much opens to his fellow, as in a solitary inn like that in which we sat, with comfort and plenty, and good Burgundy within the house, and the voice of the tempest roaring without. He talked of many countries, and of many scenes; and I thought I perceived that my companion spoke French, with an Italian accent. However, we at length began to speak of the building which had been the object of our morning's pilgrimage; and I was not much surprised to find that the old man had been for twenty years a monk in the Chartreuse. It was, of course, before the French Revolution, which had freed him from the cloister; and many an interesting anecdote he gave me of the place and its former inhabitants.

Amongst other things, we spoke of the causes which had induced men to embrace the monastic life; and, as we did so, the brow of my companion darkened, as if with some remembered cares; but, after a minute or two, he said, "I will tell you a story attached to one of the monks of that convent. It will, at all events, pass an hour.

"In a small city of Italy (the name matters not) there lived two lads, Carlo and Giuseppe, who, in their hours of instruction, and their hours of play, were inseparable friends. They were both noble by birth; but the one was the heir of fortune as well as rank, the other was the only son of a younger brother, who had squandered all he had himself, and lived upon the scanty pittance that his elder brother, who dwelt in Parma, doled out to him. Giuseppe had no mother living; and the lessons he heard from his father's mouth, as well as the example he received from his father's life, were not particularly profitable to him. Carlo, on the contrary, from his mother heard daily of great deeds and immaculate honour; and the dignity of virtue became the object of his life. Still the two remained great friends, and constant companions; for Giuseppe was not without good natural feelings, and his two greatest faults were reckless carelessness, or rather ignorance, of right and wrong, and a pliability to the will of others, which is the best handmaid to vice. While he was with Carlo, however, he was all virtue; and, though he never led the way to any good thing, he followed willingly. Carlo, therefore, loved him, and really esteemed him; but there was something more. Carlo loved Giuseppe's sister, Beatrice. The lads were at this time about sixteen years of age; and Beatrice was a year younger: but there was that in her face that few would look upon without loving. She was very beautiful; but perhaps that which made her so lovely, was more the shining out of a heart all soul and feeling and affection, than the symmetry of the lines or the delicacy of the colours.

"Carlo's mother did not know that Giuseppe had a sister—for that was the only concealment which her son had ever practised towards her; and she heard of his spending many an hour at the house of his young companion, without fear. But the passion sunk deep into the boy's heart, mingled with every feeling, absorbed every

thought, and shared in every remembrance; and the more intensely he loved, the more profoundly he hid it from every one but Beatrice; and she loved him in return.

"It was in the year 1770 that Carlo with his mother quitted their dwelling in the town of —, to return to their palace in Parma, which was their paternal city; and his departure was to the life of Giuseppe, as the small cloud, that in tropical climates announces the coming of the hurricane. He mingled with viler minds. His own father taught him to hurl the dice. He was withdrawn from the college where he had hitherto spent the greater part of his time; and began to live a life of excitement and excess. Three times during the following year, Carlo returned to visit her he loved, and assure her of his faith and his unaltered purpose; and when he did so, he marked with sorrow the altered demeanour of his companion.

"At length, one night in a house of no fair repute, in the midst of excited passions, and drunkenness, and avarice, and vice, the father of Giuseppe was killed in a gambling quarrel. His son on the spot avenged his death, and by the next morning was in the public prison, accused of murder. In those days, however, such things were of every-day occurrence in Italy. His innocence of premeditated guilt was made sufficiently clear; and on his liberation, he found that his uncle—more from family pride than real kindness—had taken his sister Beatrice to be an inmate of their noble dwelling in Parma. Of himself that uncle took no kind of notice.

"Warned by what had passed, Giuseppe formed some good resolutions. He determined to leave off gaming, to take his friend Carlo for his model; and making his way to Parma, to endeavour by his uncle's influence to obtain some command. Unhappily, however, before purposes could become deeds, he met with some of his old associates. He yielded to temptation. Women, wine, and gaming, banished every better feeling, and exhausted every honourable resource. He plunged deeper and deeper into vice; and became a gambler, a beggar, a villain, a desperado. We will follow him no more. Carlo was at Rome at the time that the father of her he loved was slain; and, on returning to Parma, what was his joy to find his Beatrice in the palace of one of the chief nobles of

the city, his niece, and his adopted daughter ! It were useless to describe the feelings of their hearts. If you have felt the like, you will easily conceive them. If you have not, you would never understand them.

"As Giuseppe, however, had not arrived in Parma—though he had written to his sister that he was coming—Carlo set off to seek for him, with a sort of misgiving in regard to his pursuits, which might arise from a knowledge of his weak facility. As he passed through Cremona, he saw a crowd of people in the market-place, hurrying on a man towards one of the public buildings, as if a prisoner newly arrested; and alighting from his carriage, he followed. In answer to his questions, the people who surrounded the court informed him, that it was a stranger from Milan who had taken the purse of one of their citizens during the preceding evening; but what was the surprise of the young nobleman when he entered and saw his friend Giuseppe in the prison. The evidence against him was by no means clear; and the worst feature in his case appeared that he could give no satisfactory account of himself, and knew no one in Cremona to substantiate any thing he said.

"The appearance of Carlo, however, changed the aspect of affairs. He was well known in the place—had relations dwelling in the city; and advancing at once to the prisoner, he took him by the hand, and gave such evidence in regard to his character as the enthusiasm of friendship—perhaps I might say the enthusiasm of love—suggested. Giuseppe was liberated at once. The citizen, who had suffered retired murmuring to his house; and the two friends proceeded to the inn. Before night, Giuseppe made an excuse to leave his companion for a short time, but he never returned; and four strangers were seen to ride out of Cremona, and take their way towards Venice.

"Giuseppe had quitted his friend at the inn with the best intentions—to quit his evil habits, to abandon his base associates; but they had twined round him a thousand serpent folds, and they suffered him not ever again to breathe the same atmosphere with any thing that was good.

"Carlo returned to Parma; and, concealing the fears and suspicions which his mind could not but entertain, he refrained from telling Beatrice that which had passed at Cremona. At

the same time, with the consent of all parties, he became an avowed suitor for her hand; and it is needless to say how his suit was received. A new world had opened upon poor Beatrice. From poverty and apprehension, and the painful spectacle of a father's vices, she was now removed to the rank she was fitted to adorn—honoured, admired, and loved; with present comfort and security, and the prospect of a speedy union with him whom her heart had chosen in the midst of its darkest days, and whom she would still have picked out from all the gay, the noble, and bright, that now surround her.

"Love spread its sunshine over all the world; and she would have been more happy had she been better assured of the fate of her brother.

"It was not, indeed, that occasional discomforts did not cross her path; but they were trifles. Several of the young gallants of the place would persist in suing for her hand; and one proud man, who thought himself insulted by her rejection, seemed resolved to punish her by urging his pretensions, and terrifying her continually by secret menaces both in regard to her lover and to herself. At first she deemed him insane; but, on enquiry, she found that he was noted for many vices, and suspected of many crimes; and she would have felt seriously alarmed, if she had not had strong proof that his heart was as timid as it was base, by the manner in which he shrunk away whenever Carlo himself appeared.

"Their marriage was appointed for the ensuing winter, when her lover would have attained his twentieth year; and one bright autumn evening, while it was still as warm as summer, her aunt, the Marchesa, took her out beyond the gates to the palace Giardino, and with a considerate kindness, which the old do not always show the young, left her to walk with her lover alone upon the terrace. There were a number of groups in the gardens, enjoying like themselves the wide prospect, with its splendid light and shade, as the declining sun each moment changed the shadows and varied the hues. But Carlo and Beatrice saw it through the bright medium of their own feelings; and the happiness of their own hearts poured over the scene a warmer sunshine and a richer glow. When the sun at length just rested on the far horizon, the lovers descended the steps to rejoin the Marchesa; and Carlo, as he led Beatrice towards the carriage,

poured forth those low fervent vows which were dear to her ear, though unnecessary to her confidence. He vowed to be her's till death—ay, and after death. She chided him for the name of death; but he only smiled, and having placed her in the carriage, he sprang upon his horse, and followed towards the city. At the corner of Pilota, near the palace square, he dismounted, gave his horse to a servant, added a few directions and a message to his mother, and walked on towards the dwelling of her he loved. He had but a few steps to go. Two servants were standing at the portal of the house waiting his coming, which they knew would not be long after the carriage they had just admitted. Though he seemed musing deeply, he walked fast, came up with two other men who were proceeding in the same direction, and was passing them, when, at that moment, the one exclaimed to the other, *Basta! Basta! Eccolo!*

"The two servants then saw one of the strangers who was nearest to the young nobleman raise his hand, something glittered in it like steel—it descended, and Carlo reeled and fell back upon the pavement. 'Giuseppe!' he exclaimed, as he fell. The other stooped down; and, gazing on his face, seemed turned into marble.

"At that moment the two servants rushed forward; and, while one raised the dying man, the other endeavoured to seize the assassin; but the grasp recalled him to thought; and, in a struggle which ensued, he escaped with only a cut upon his brow. Carlo was borne into the hall, and in an instant Beatrice was by his side. She called him by his name; but he was silent. They brought lights; but there was a veil over his eye which no light could pierce. Beatrice neither shrieked nor tore her hair—nor did she weep: and they removed her easily and in silence from the body. But the next morning she was not found in her room; and those who came to adorn the murdered man for the grave, discovered his promised bride kneeling by his side—his hand was clasped in her's—her head had fallen forward on his bosom, and she was ready to lie beside her husband in the grave."

"And what became of Giuseppe?" I exclaimed.

"He committed no more crimes," replied the old man; not even that of slaying himself. The horrors of all he had done seemed to rush upon him at

once. Then, for the first time in his existence, he appeared to feel and to reflect. Flying like lightning from the city, he sought the *Chartreuse*, which is about a mile distant from it. His birth, his crime, his despair, were all told. Much could then be done for gold; and his uncle would willingly have laid down any sum to bury the shame of his family in the cloister. The base wretch who, for the love of his sister, had hired the unhappy man, unknowingly, to murder his best friend, was forced, by the whisper of suspicion, to quit the city; and the wretched Giuseppe, abandoning the world for ever, was transferred from Parma to this valley, where, in the cells which you saw this morning, he wept for twenty years the errors and the crimes of his youth."

"I looked up to the brow of the old man, on which there was a deep scar. He remarked the motion of my eyes, and a quick flush came over his cheek, followed by a sigh. "You are told," he said, "that the mercy of God is sufficient for all who truly repent."—"Doubt it not," I replied, and the conversation dropped."

*Edin. Lit. Jour.*

## MINCE PIES.

*For the Olio.*

Hail Christmas! time of mirth and glee,  
Hail Christmas! time of jollity

And fun,—

Come thou, and feast my longing eyes  
With beef, plum pudding, and mince pies,  
Ere *Cholera* does me surprise,

And my sand's run;

Come thou before the dreadful storm  
Does break upon me of *Reform*,

Thou good old fellow;

Come as thou didst in days of yore,  
I pray thee, come to me once more,

And see me mellow.

"Is there a soul on earth so dead," who has not often thought with delight, and felt his heart warm within him at the recollection of the merry times and glorious feasting he enjoyed when a boy, at the arrival of good old Christmas;—how the months, weeks, and days were counted, until that happy season came, and what sublime anticipations and expectations were formed of the forthcoming pleasure. I remember it all, and the rumbling vehicle that used to take us a few days before the time from school to our homes, one of the old fashioned long coaches, shaped something like a hearse, in which people sat face to face in two lines, as

if preparing for a country dance; sure never was a coach so loaded with merry boys and mischief; but of all the delights of the Christmas holidays, none ever equalled the pleasure I derived from devouring (I can't say eating) the nice mince pies which used to be prepared for us. I do verily believe I have the taste of them now on my lips, and should I live to be a hundred (my grandmother was ninety-six when she died) never will their goodness be effaced from my memory. But mince pies, like every thing else, have degenerated since that time; we have them now, though what are they compared with those made by my grandmother—nothing, poor soul! could she only lift up her head from the grave, where it has so many years rested, and taste the mince pies of this age, she would not know them to be such, if some kind being did not inform her what they were intended for. I had often puzzled myself to account for this falling off, and resolved, if possible, to restore the mince pie to its original excellence. I caused every ingredient to be procured from the best market; the greatest care to be taken in mixing the quantities according to the directions contained in page 228 of my grandmother's "family receipt book," and the most experienced of all her pupils—my mother, made them—'twas to no purpose. How then was it, you will ask, that this affair was not accomplished, and a mince pie made to equal those of days of yore. I often asked the same question; at last, we recollected my grandmother always used to keep a bottle of good old Nantz—the genuine, pure, and un-mixed article; no exciseman's gauging rod ever defiled it, nor dealer adulterated its quality—'twas some of the best Moonshine that could be procured for love or money, and came direct from over the water; and its flavour—its flavour was as luscious as the grape from which it derived its quality and goodness.

Alas! the time for this is past, and so is the age for mince pies; but never can I forget the pleasure with which I used to make them vanish from the table when a boy;—no magician's wand could have caused a quicker disappearance; and the kind face that looked over me while I did the business—that too is gone, never more to glad the eyes of her friends.

Though this work of times gone by is still fresh in my memory, many who have not been so fortunate, may be

contented with mince pies as they now are made; truly, they are still very good, though truth obliges me to declare my grandmother's were better;—to those persons I wish all the pleasure I have derived from that source, and every other enjoyment peculiar to this season; and as I hate selfishness, let me beg of those who have not tasted this relic of the good old times, instantly to procure one, large as their pockets can afford; call in their friends, for

Those who joy would win,  
Must share it—happiness was born a twin

And when they have eaten it, if they do not exclaim, "there's nothing on earth like a good mince pie," put me down for a pretender, who knows nothing of the art of living well. J. S. C.

#### DO I REMEMBER IT?†

*For the Ollo.*

Do I remember it?—Oh, how could I  
Forget that time, the hour when first we met,  
Now in my heart is cherished—till I die  
That little moment I shall ne'er forget.

Do I remember it?—did not my joys  
From that dear moment have a double power;  
And when cares came, which oft-times peace  
destroys,  
Didst thou not solace then the gloomy hour?

Do I remember it?—could e'er a thought  
Of wrong to thee an instant near me stay;  
Would not that beaming eye, so full of love,  
Bring back old times, and chase it far away?

Yes, I remember it!—for, since that time,  
Come weal, come woe, thou didst not once  
depart;  
But ever proved thyself a faithful friend,  
While thy endearments bound thee to my  
heart  
By every tie which woman so well knows,  
To wind around the soul of him she loves.  
J. S. C.

#### TALES OF THE BUREAU DE POLICE.—No. 3. THE GAMESTER'S FATE.

*For the Ollo.*

"I AM almost frozen to death, and my limbs will soon refuse their office. Oh, Sir! for the love of heaven, bestow your charity, if it be the smallest pitance, in pity's sake, Sir, I beseech you."

There was something in the voice of the speaker so different from the husky half-cracked tone of the midnight mendicant that I turned to look at the object so imploring for charity. It was a poor half-clad female shiver-

† In reply to Miss Landon's piece in one of the annuals—'Do you remember it?'



ing in the blast of a cold February night, and who clearly shewed that much as poverty and wretchedness had striven to do their worst, they had not completely wrecked the symmetry of a once beautiful form, or driven away every trace of beauty from the careworn countenance of the suppliant. It was evident that the direst necessity could have alone driven her to the present employment, for she had scarce uttered her request, when she shrank back as if in dread of the sound of her own words; poor creature, thought I, you have known much misery, would to heaven it were in my power to alleviate it beyond the passing moment, I dropped something into her hand, and passed on; I had gone but a few steps when I heard her voice again, "Stay, Sir, but for an instant."

"Well, my good girl, what would you now?"

"You have made a mistake, Sir, these are five franc pieces."

"Indeed! I am not rich enough to be in the habit of giving such sums, but you are deserving of them, and may keep them as a reward for your honesty."

She looked at me for a moment, whilst her tongue essayed to utter the language of gratitude, but her heart was too full for utterance, and seizing my hand, she would have pressed it to her lips, but dropped it again in hesitation, as if in remembrance that she had overstepped the limits prescribed by her calling, I could hear a deep drawn sigh as she turned from me, that spoke so forcibly to my feelings that I felt I ought to follow her and see if anything could be done to remove her from this lowest depth of poverty; she turned up a narrow court, and entering a mean looking house, ascended the stairs, and went into the back garret, leaving the door open. The room was misery itself, two broken chairs, and a ragged coverlet, serving for a bed, was the whole of the furniture; on the coverlet a child about two years of age was sleeping, whilst rocking himself to and fro on one of the broken chairs was a man about six-and-twenty, whose clenched teeth and fixed vacant stare bespoke a mind ill at ease with itself; his face was one that still bore the remains of much manly beauty, and which, in brighter days, and better circumstances, must have made a deep impression in many a woman's heart. He seemed to take no notice of the woman's entrance, but still rocked him-

self to and fro as if ignorant of her presence. "Adolph, you are ill at ease."

"I am," was the only answer.—"Come, look cheerful."

"Cheerful!—cheerful, yes, when I look round me and see every thing responding to such a sensation—cheerful, indeed!"

"But I have brought you money."

"Then buy bread for yourself and the child, I am not hungry."

"But here is enough, with prudence, to last us sometime; look, ten francs."

"Ten francs, show them to me—how came you possessed of so much?—it matters not, give them to me, Adele, and I will buy something for our present wants."

"I will go with you, Adolph, or you will not spend them, you will —,"

"What?"

"Lose them at the gaming-table; oh, Adolph, consider the many hours I have waited and watched in the cold blast with scarce covering for a summer's evening, and the snares and reproaches of those who made refusal doubly bitter by their taunts; I cannot go again; consider, the poor child has not tasted food for many an hour; you used to love me once, and think the covering for a winter's day too slight to protect me from a breath of summer wind. How often have you said I could not bear the fatigue of a few hours journey in my own carriage, with all the aid that luxury could invent, and now you let me stand as an outcast, hour after hour, to beg a boon from those —, oh, Adolph! Adolph!"

"Why throw this in my face, your friends have offered again and again to allow you to live with them—you can then have all these luxuries you so covet."

"I cannot leave you, Adolph; I value your affections more than all the luxuries the world can bestow—I do not repine—I only ask you to give up this one passion, and your talents may yet support us; we have had a bitter lesson of how little dependance can be placed on the chances of the gaming-table; we have lost all, all—even your friends have cast you off, and left you to starvation, and yet you are still the same, wanting but the means."

"Well, my dearest Adele, I promise you this shall not share the fate of the rest."

"You promise me."

"I do."

Saying which he left the room, and hastened down stairs without perceiv-

"ing me, on account of the obscurity of the passage. I entered the room, she started on my entering, but when she perceived me, exclaimed—

"Oh, Sig, I am afraid you have heard how likely your kindness is to be thrown away, but do not blame me, if you have heard all I am sure you will not."

I assured her I did not, for an instant, impute the least degree of blame to her, and had followed her solely for the purpose of rendering further assistance, in case it had been in my power as commissary of the *arrondissement*, and was glad I had so done, since I had heard the sad recital of her sufferings. I left her something further to purchase a supply for her immediate necessities, making her promise to come to my office on the following day, in order that I might arrange something to enable her, at least, to better her present condition, if she still persisted in refusing the offers of her friends.

Adolph, on leaving the house, hastened with the intention of purchasing some food for his famishing wife and child; as it was late, and the shops were, for the most part, shut up, he had to go a short distance to find those in the great thoroughfares that were not so early in closing; in his way was a house, that in his latter days he had often frequented, and where the smallness of the stake had been consistent with his little means; the door was open, and the lights shone from within, announcing that the deadly work was still going on. He paused for an instant at the threshold; might he not be in luck, fortune, which had so long been his enemy, might for once stand his friend; should he but gain a small sum to relieve him from his present dreadful state, and enable him once more to struggle with the world, he would forswear the gaming-table for ever; but then the thoughts of his poor wife, the misery she had endured for his sake, the remembrance of their fond affection before adversity had laid his hand so strongly on him, and what she had undergone to gain this small sum, on the other hand, warned him from entering. "But I cannot lose—I must win—she will be so pleased to see a little hoard to set us once more afloat,"—and musing thus, he found himself at the door of the rooms, before he was aware that he had been mechanically ascending the stairs.

As he entered the room the last throw was just decided, and some one ex-

claimed with a loud voice rouge has gained three times, such a run cannot last, I'll go on, noir this time, I have previously lost almost every thing by rouge; Adolph followed his example, and put down five francs on noir; there was a dead silence for a few seconds, every one watching with breathless anxiety the result of the throw.

"Rouge has gained again," a thousand and maledictions, cried one, this is the fourth time; it cannot happen for ever. I will try noir once more, rouge cannot be thrown again. This time nearly all backed noir to the highest amount allowed by the laws of the table; the chances being so strong against rouge coming up once more, Adolph put down his last five franc piece, and rouge, to the mortification of all but the bankers came up for the fifth time.

"Try it once more," said one of his quoniam associates, "don't be disheartened at a little bad luck in the beginning, come play on noir again, there has been such an unusual run upon rouge."

"I have nothing left to play with," he said, "nor do I know where to look for sufficient to purchase a morsel of food for a starving wife and child—not a sou in the wide world, and none will lend or give,—oh, this cursed infatuation, what might I not have been, and what am I now?—his former 'friend' fancying this to be a prelude to the request of a loan, for granting it was quite out of the question, pretended to see an acquaintance at the other end of the room, and shuffled away with the greatest expedition."

In a few minutes Adolph found himself again in the street, but where to turn or go he knew not; could he return home to say he had again lost all—no, no, he could not return empty-handed; a few steps forward was a baker shutting up his shop, and a cabriolet coming by at the moment, slipped its wheel, the baker ran to give his assistance, and was soon busily employed with the cabriolet driver in searching for the lost linch-pin; nobody was passing by and those about the cabriolet were busily engaged. A loaf of bread would be to him, at that moment, almost as the treasures of the east, he crept towards the shop, and seized one of the loaves that was lying on the counter; in the next instant the cry of stop thief resounded in his ears, the baker's wife from within had seen him; he grasped the loaf, and ran, pursued, by many drawn together, by the cry of "stop

thief," expecting some amusement from the chance of a pilferer, his fears gave him speed, and he was fast distancing his pursuers, when he gained the pont de Notre Dame, the patrol was going over at that moment, and he saw he should not be allowed to pass, he stopped; his pursuers were fast approaching, what was to be done, should he be taken as a midnight robber, be condemned to pass the rest of his days as a galley-slave; there was no time for hesitation, the Seine was before him, and in he plunged; his pursuers reached the bridge only in time to see him throw himself off; there was a low hollow gurgle on the water, shewing where he fell, which soon subsided, and the stream resumed its quiet glassy look above, whilst below, death was fast working its way; it was sometime before the by-standers could procure the means of rescuing the body from the water, and when it was brought forth they soon perceived that their efforts for resuscitation would prove unavailing, and with a shrug of the shoulders, and an ejaculation of "poor man," left it in charge of the patrol, to be by them consigned to the Morgue.

I afterwards learned that Adolph was the only son of a rich merchant, who, at his death, had left him in the sole possession of all his wealth; he had married rather above his rank in life, a wife who loved him to excess; the world offered him all the pleasures that wealth and reciprocal affection could bestow, but it was not in his power to taste them; play was the reigning passion in his heart, and the result was his inevitable ruin; his own, and his wife's friends, had several times assisted him, and started him again and again in the world, with every prospect of success; but still the demon of gambling forced him from out of the path of rectitude, and he sunk deeper than ever, his friends refused again to assist him, and only offered an asylum to his wife, on condition that she lived apart from her husband. This, in all his distresses, she had refused to do, nor was it until death had separated them for ever, that she sought a refuge with her family. She now lives in a small house near St. Cloud, and her every hope is centered in her only child, a boy, whose outward form and face strongly resemble those that made so deep an impression on her heart, and her daily prayer is that heaven may warn him of those dangers which wrecked his father in life's uncertain course.

J. M. B.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ROBERT BURNS AND HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

BURNS came to the parish school of Dalrymple when about fourteen years of age. He somewhere, I think, describes himself as being then '*an ungainly, awkward boy*,'—a description of himself which is ratified by one of his schoolfellows yet alive, and whose recollections of Burns' appearance and behaviour remain as yet fresh and distinct. It is amusing to collect from a fellow-pupil the impression made by Burns on his first arrival at that school, which has received some celebrity from his brief attendance. That impression was, it seems, not favourable; it neither excited in his youthful associates any notions of superior capacity, nor did it beget any anticipation of his becoming in after life a person in any respect greater than they were themselves. His proficiency, doubtless, had been retarded by the almost constant manual labour to which he had been subjected on his father's farm; so that some allowance must be made for an unschooled, ungainly boy of fourteen, just escaped from the hoe and the spade, ranking himself with older scholars, who, when compared with him, were in the highest stage of parish-school learning. He was then reading the Bible, a class-book which at that time denoted the most advanced class of English readers. He was at the same time studying arithmetic. He is described by his fellow-pupil as being a quiet, rather unsocial, doltish-looking boy, yet not unpossessed of activity when he pleased, keeping generally aloof from his comrades, and seldom mixing in their games and amusements. It is a circumstance, curious certainly, when referred to his after celebrity that—whether from his ungainly unsociability—whether from the dubious contemplativeness of his character—whether from his supposed ineptitude, contrasted with a flattering title ludicrously applied—whether by accident merely, and from none of these causes at all—he was by his fellows designated and dubbed with the name of *Professor*! Neither did he discover any capabilities for poetry at a school where it appears poetry was somewhat cultivated. Three of the boys, who were rather older than Burns, were accustomed to amuse themselves with writing verses! Burns was aware that they did so, and must have heard some of their

schoolboy jingles; yet it is stated that he participated not with them in this verse-making sympathy, and showed not any desire to intermix with them in a field of exercise which was afterwards to become the arena of his peculiar glory. The names of the three poetical pupils of the parish-school of Dalrymple were, Samuel Walker, the minister's son; Hugh Wilson; and James Dick. To show what sort of rhymes were current at a seminary where Robert Burns the poet wrote no poetry, and where those who were not destined to be poets, wrote poetry, there are subjoined a few verses, composed by this trio of parish-school bards:

#### THE MILLER'S MARE.

For seven long years and more, I lived  
With him\* of Cassils-mill;  
He fed me weel, I wrocht to him  
With courage and goodwill.

But when w' these I did turn auld,  
W' age began to totter,  
He bade his men come out in haste,  
And throw me! the gutter,

I swamm'd w' ease down! the stream,  
Till I came to the Cruise;  
When I came to that fatal place  
My sides received a bruise.

My blessing on Drum-Jontherlie,†  
For he's a man weel bread;  
For first he lifted up my ramp,  
And set about my head.

Wherefore by this I do bequeath  
To him my good four shoon;  
Likewise my hide, for spangin'-ropes  
To his auld turning-loom!

#### ELLISTONIANA.

BY A DRAMATIST.

Or all the many managers and more actors, whose talents have made them deservedly popular, there was never any one who, "take him for all in all," so completely realized the *beau idéal* of both, as the late Robert William Elliston. The anecdotes of his peculiarities are as numerous as those of any, either of his predecessors or contemporaries, not excepting even the far-famed Garrick and the eccentric Tate Wilkinson; and though, to those who were unacquainted with him, it is almost impossible to depict him in "his habit as he lived," and with the habits he had contracted, at least with mere mortal pens and ink, yet the following sketch, however feebly executed, must

prove its hero to have been no common character. During his leaseholdship of Drury Lane, Elliston was once starring it at the Theatre Royal, B——, where he had created a prodigious sensation, when, on the arrival of "positively his last appearance this season," the country manager most earnestly entreated him to perform for one night more. His first application was made at the rehearsal, to which Elliston's reply was, "No, Sir! the thing's impossible! the public duty devolving upon me as proprietor of the National Theatre in London, will not allow me to remain here another hour!"

"But for only one night more, my dear Sir!"

"Sir, I repeat it, it is impossible!"

The rehearsal of "Hamlet" proceeded, and the manager's solicitations proceeded also; at the close of the tragedy he made his grand attack. "Now, Mr. Elliston, for one night more! for only one! Remember it's for my own benefit, my dear Sir! Besides, the whole town wishes it; Sir William Jackson and his lady wish it. Only one night more, Sir, pray do! The rector wishes it; the mayor wishes it; the major at the Battery wishes it; the family at the White House on the hill wish it; every body wishes it! you cannot refuse every body!"

Still the tragedian was inflexible, but still the manager persisted; and even during the night's performance still met him at the wing, on every exit, reiterating his entreaty for "one night more!"

Such was the state of affairs until the celebrated soliloquy scene in the third act, when the manager's horror may be conjectured—it certainly cannot be described—at seeing *Hamlet* advance to the footlights, and, handkerchief in hand, address the crowded audience as follows:—"To be, or not to be, that is the question!" To you, Sir William Jackson, and to your very excellent and amiable lady, I know not how to express the glowing gratitude that now swells my bosom, for your truly flattering request, conveyed to me by the worthy manager of this theatre. To you, Sir, the learned and venerated Theophilus Templeton, the pious rector of this peaceful parish, who has shown so marked a predilection for the legitimate drama, I am equally at a loss to give utterance to my ardent thanks. To the worshipful the Mayor of this flourishing and ancient city, I would also offer my deepest acknow-

\* The miller of Cassils-mill, a place in that neighbourhood.

† A turner of wooden ladles who lived at that place, and went by that name.

ledgements for the high honour of his condescending partiality. To the gallant commandant at the Battery, and to the family at the White House on the hill, whose name, alas! is unknown to me, but who occupy the two front rows of No. 5, in the dress circle,—a truly eligible situation—to each and all, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to proffer my most unfeigned and imperishable gratitude. Let me assure you, that your kindnesses can never be forgotten; they are engraved on my 'heart of hearts';—they are 'registered where every day I turn the leaf to read them!' My children's children shall be taught to lip:——"Why don't you go on with *Hamlet*?"—"Silence! finish your speech first; go it, Elliston!" Such were the interruptions of the impatient gods of the gallery, to whom, with one of his most graceful obeisances, the tragedian thus replied:—"I entreat pardon of the gentleman in the *one* shilling gallery, while I briefly address the gentleman in the *two*. Your remark, Sir, was a very excellent one, and does you honour, for it proves that you have deeply studied human nature.—Ladies and gentlemen, I shall now resume my professional duties, and no longer trespass on your truly valuable time; after simply announcing, that I am but too happy in yielding to your unanimous solicitations, and that to-morrow evening will be performed the comedy of 'Wild Oats,' the character of *Rover* by Mr. Elliston!"

That this anecdote may not be like Moore's "*Last Rose of Summer*, left blooming *alone*," another, equally characteristic, and equally well authenticated, by an intimate literary friend of its eccentric hero, shall be subjoined; and, as the good-boy story-books phrase it, "here it is."

While proprietor of the Surrey Theatre, and resident in its neighbourhood, Elliston was one day visited by the gentleman alluded to, who found the manager's levee attended by a very lengthy, author-like looking personage, bearing a huge and most portentous-appearing manuscript, and also by his *fidus Achates*, Fairbrother, his prompter, treasurer, and confidential secretary, seated at a table, preparing to commence operations in the latter department of his multifarious official functions. Having requested his friend to excuse him until he had dispatched the business then on the *tapis*, Elliston proceeded to attend to both his other

visitors. "Take a sheet of paper, Ben," said he to Fairbrother, "and write as I shall dictate: I must send to that fellow, Stubbs, about his potatoes; and, in the meantime, Mister Rush," addressing the long gentleman, who, it appeared, was an unfledged dramatist,—"I'll attend to your play, and give you my opinion of it.—"Sir, [*to the secretary*,] I have received the potatoes, and have boiled some of them,—I have read your '*Ferocious Brothers*,' Sir, [*to the poet*].—"they are considerably too small;—*your play is much too long*;—"I wanted four sacks;—*there are two acts too many*;—"I wished to have a meaty potato;—*I should liked it better if it had been more comic; there is not heart enough in it*;—"I wanted kidney potatoes;—*still, I do not discourage you*;—"If you have any of a better sort;—*You may succeed more perfectly, perhaps, in a second attempt*;—"Send me six sacks;—*But don't let it exceed three acts*;—"My price, for a good article, will be eighteenpence a bushel;—*If I approve of your play, I shall give you one guinea per night*;—"Send them whenever you choose;—*You may let me hear from you as soon as you like*;—"I am, Sir;—*Next week, if you're ready*;—"Your obedient servant;—*I'm always at home*;—"Robert William Elliston;—Seal it, and send it, Ben;—*Good morning, Sir!*"

### Snatches from Oblivion.

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.  
SIR E. COKE.

ALEXANDER POPE'S LETTER ABOUT NOTHING.—The life of Mr. Pope was wholly a state of inaction, and spent in conversation, study, and books: upon this subject he wrote in 1708, the following playful letter to Henry Cromwell, Esq.

"I have nothing to say to you in this letter; but I was resolved to write and tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples, of deep Divines, profound Casuists, grave Philosophers; who have written not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you will say the whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed

about: but, pray, Sir, cast up the account, put all these somethings together, and what is the sum total but just nothing? I have nothing more to say, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than  
DEAR SIR, &c."

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.

— M. W. of Windsor.

ORIGIN OF SAILORS' PRICKING THEIR

ARMS.

For the Ollo.

In the 'Canons of the Hebrews,' a custom is mentioned, which is in accordance with the usage of the ancients, viz. He that did cut *one gash* for the dead, was to be beaten; and, whether he were a priest or an (other) Israelite, if he cut one gash for *five* dead persons, or five, for one dead person, he was to be beaten five times.—In a milder point of view, however, was made a print, or a mark, or, as the Chaldees translated it,—“engraven marks,” and the Greeks,—“letters printed.” The method is thus explained,—“the print of a mark spoken of in the law, was, when one did cut upon his flesh, and filled the cut place with stibium,\* or ink, or some other colour. And this was the custom of the Heathens, that they marked themselves unto idolatry”. It appears then, that in those countries down to the present day, in which idolatry flourishes, marking, cutting, tattooing, and disfiguring, either for mourning or ornamenting, in approved and permitted superstition. But, it may not have occurred to many, that in a moderated degree, the custom prevails. For, it is well known, a sailor, no sooner enters the British Navy, than he submits to the operation of having his arm pricked and punctured with a needle, in various devices—‘a ship’—his ‘initials’—the ‘initials’ of his ‘Sue’ or ‘Sal’—sometimes, with a ‘heart and true love knot.’ And the punctures are usually filled with the ‘true blue’ ink, durable as life, and the ‘anchor’ accompanies it, as the emblem of a ‘sailor’s hope.’ Though this simple mode of establishing the feelings of a young seaman, may appear trivial, yet there is no doubt, but its *origin* is of the most ancient kind; and *derived*, with many others, from the mariners of the liquid deeps before the flood.

PYLADES.

\* Antimony.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.—Many individuals distinguished themselves in various ways in the course of the attack upon the Louvre, made on Thursday, July the 29th. A Captain Lancon, an old military man, is stated to have made his appearance about noon at the head of a small force of fifty men, whose shot told with great effect among the Swiss. He took his station with the band of assailants who came from the south side of the river. It was on the suggestion of a citizen named Rouvat that the towers and galleries of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois were occupied by a number of the popular sharpshooters, who were enabled from thence to harass their opponents with superior success. While the fighting went on, balls were cast for the use of the assailants at the house of a M. Duvaud Brayer, Several foreigners are honourably commemorated as having mingled their exertions and in some cases their blood in this fight with those of native Frenchmen. Among these is a Mr. Goldsmith, a dentist, an Englishman, who, resisting the entreaties of his wife and five children, joined the attack, and after having been wounded, was one of the first to penetrate into the palace. A Veronese of the name of Failoni conceived himself precluded from actually taking arms in a contest which did not concern his own country; but exposed himself to nearly as much danger as if he had engaged in the fight by the alacrity and fearlessness with which he hurried about from place to place rendering succour to the wounded and all who needed his services. An old man from Lyons, named Roza, or Rozet, mixed in the thickest of the combat, helped to load the muskets of his most vigorous but not more zealous juniors, and inflamed their courage by reminding them of the ancient warlike renown of their country. Levy Abraham, a Jew, residing in the Rue des Vieilles Audriettes Saint Martin, had, on the first sound of the artillery, rushed to the scene of action, although unprovided with arms; but he was not long in possessing himself of those of one of the Lancers, which he employed so successfully that he had the honour to be one of the first who entered the Louvre. On the termination of the affair he went to the Mairie of the seventh arrondissement, and there delivered up the lance with which he had done such good service. On some money being offered

to him, he said that it was not for that he had fought; and he could only be prevailed upon at last to accept of ten francs to meet his immediate necessities, on condition that he should, the moment he was able, repay it, to be employed for the relief of those whom the liberation of their country had left widows and orphans.

An anecdote which is told of one of the Polytechnic scholars, affords a noble example of the generosity which ever accompanies true courage, and forms its brightest ornament. He had advanced at the head of his company to one of the iron gates of the court; when, having asked to see the commander of the guard, a superior officer presented himself. Open your gates, Sir, said the young man, if you do not wish to be, every one of you, exterminated; might as well as right is with the people. To this demand the officer replied by retiring a step or two, and snapping a pistol at the young man. Fortunately it missed fire. But the act roused the people to irresistible fury; throwing themselves *en masse* upon the gate, they burst it open; when the officer immediately found himself held by the grasp and entirely in the power of his intended victim. Your life is in my hands, exclaimed the youth, but I will not shed your blood. Overcome by this magnanimity, the officer tore from his breast an order which he carried, and offered it to his gallant antagonist. Take it, he said; none can be more worthy to wear it. He besought him at the same time to let him know his name; but the youth merely replied that he was a pupil of the Polytechnic School, and retired among the crowd.

### Customs of Various Countries.

**CUSTOMS USED AT GREAT GRIMSBY.**  
*—Beating the Bounds.*—A contributor to the *Genl's Mag.* describes the following customs as observed by our forefathers, at the above place. The annual perambulation of the boundaries was a ceremony of great antiquity and importance in the borough of Grimsby; and in an old document amongst the Corporation records, it is stated to be a custom of ancient usage. The day was ushered in with appropriate solemnity. The mayor and his brethren, in their robes of state, attended by the commonalty of the town, assembled at the hos-

pital of St. John of Jerusalem, and heard Divine Service in the chapel of that house, performed by the chaplain thereof. After which, they "beat the boundaries" by perambulation; that is, they proceeded round the extremities of the parish in every direction; pausing at certain points to mark them by peculiar ceremonies. At some they offered up prayers; at others, they threw money for the people to scramble for; and at a few, they scourged sundry little boys, to imprint upon their minds a memory of particular places by means of painful associations. The perambulation concluded, the mayor formally claimed the whole space as belonging to the lordship of Grimsby; and by this practice, annually performed, litigation was prevented, and the rights of every adjoining parish, as far as they related to that of Grimsby, were accurately defined. In these perambulations, the jury levied fines for nuisances.

Grimesbie Magna, 11 Car. 1. The perambulation of Richard Fotherbie Major, taken the 21st day of Ap. anno sup' dic't. It is framed that the frontiers on both sides the fresh water haven from the Salt Ings bridge to the Milne, shall scower the haven, and make a sufficient drain for every man against his own ground. That the occupier of Goule Garthes shall sufficiently ditch and scower the ditches under the hedge before Whitsuntide, sub poen, 10s.†

These duties performed, the mayor and his brethren adjourned to the preceptory to partake of the procurator's good cheer, for it was one of the articles of his tenure to provide ample refreshment for his visitors on this occasion. The particulars of the progress were then recorded in the Boundary book, and the party disperse†.

**THE DUCKING STOOL.**—The second custom which I shall briefly notice as practised by our forefathers in Grimsby, is in the use of that instrument, so terrible in the eyes of scolding wives, the *Cucking Stool*. It was erected near the Stone Bridge, at a place, which is still called Ducking Stool Haven, and was used here from the earliest times. Madox has recorded an instance in the former part of King John's reign, where the community of the burgh were fined ten marks for consigning a poor woman unjustly to the Ducking-stool. In 1646,

† Corp. Rec. 11 Car. 1.

the machine was probably out of repair, for the Chamberlains *presented* it to the court on the 15th day of October in that year, and it was ordered to be renewed without delay, and thirty years afterwards it came into full operation. A woman named Jane Dutch about that time, was repeatedly subjected to the ordeal, without deriving the least benefit from the application. It is recorded of her that the frigidity of the wave, even in the depth of winter, was insufficient to cool the fervour of her tongue. Between every dip she favoured the spectators with abundant specimens of her exhaustless eloquence, and when the watery castigation was at an end, though dripping wet, she saluted her persecutors with such an overpowering volley of high sounding tropes and rhetorical flourishes, as convinced them that her *weapon of offence* was unconquerable. Indeed, her disorderly conduct was carried to such a length, without respect to persons, that the churchwardens were heavily fined for neglecting to present her in the Ecclesiastical Court. The last lady who occupied the exalted situation of chair-woman in the Trebucket, was Poll Wheldall, about the year 1780. She is represented as being possessed of great volubility of speech, and somewhat addicted to scandal withal. This latter quality acquired for her the distinguished title of Miss Meanwell. The Cucking Stool was ultimately removed in the year 1796.

### Encutlana.

**DEATH BLOW TO AN ARGUMENT.**—When that vacancy happened on the Exchequer Bench, which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in council, the king, George the Second, being present, and the dispute grew very warm, when his Majesty put an end to the contest by calling out in broken English, "I will have none of dese, give me de man wid *de dying speech*," meaning Adams, who was then recorder of London, and whose business it therefore was, to make the report to his Majesty of the convicts under sentence of death.

**KING'S STATUES.**—The characters of the monarchs of the race of Stuart are not very high in history, but they have better statues to their memories than

the sovereigns of any other house. That of Charles I., at Charing Cross, is unquestionably the first equestrian statue in the metropolis, and that of James II., behind Whitehall, though seldom seen, is indisputably superior to any that we have had before or since. The air and attitude are peculiarly fine, the manners free and easy, the expression inimitable; it displays the very soul of that ill-judging and ill-fated prince, and is therefore valuable as it commemorated a hero. Added to all this, the execution is in a highly finished and eminently spirited style.

**IRISH POLITENESS.**—A common servant girl at a little inn, in a very obscure part of Ireland, being asked how it happened that the house was so full, she answered, "I suppose I must not say it is the goodness of the house, therefore it must be the goodness of the gentlemen."

**UNCEREMONIOUS DEPARTURE.**—When Lord Thurlow was Chancellor, he was, at the commencement of the long vacation, quitting the court without taking the usual leave of the Bar. A young counsel perceiving this, when they were all standing up in expectation, said, "He might at least have said D— ye." Thurlow certainly heard it, and returned to make his bow.

**SIR THOMAS ROBINSON AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.**—The figure of Sir Thomas Robinson struck every one who saw him, as distinct from all other men;—so long, so lank, so lean, so bony, so out of all manner of proportion. When the late celebrated Lord Chesterfield was confined to his room by an illness, of which he felt a consciousness that he should never recover, a friend, who visited him in the character of one of Job's comforters, gravely said, he was sorry to tell his Lordship, that every body agreed in thinking he was dying, and that he was dying by inches, "Am I?" said the old peer, "am I indeed? why then, I rejoice from the bottom of my soul, that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson."

The following anecdote is recorded of a right worshipful mayor of Coventry, who wished to teach his horse good manners.—Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses to that city, was met, about a mile before she arrived there, by the mayor and aldermen, who, desirous of declaring the high honour which they felt she would thus confer upon their city, employed the mayor to be their speaker. The mayor was on



horseback, and (as the record saith) the queen was also on horseback, behind one of her courtiers. A little rivalet happening to run across the road where they stopped, the mayor's horse made several attempts to drink; which the queen observing, told his worship, that before he began his oration, she wished he would let his horse take his draught, "That, an please your majesty, he shall not," replied the mayor, "that he certainly shall not yet. I would have him to know, that it is proper your majesty's horse should drink first,—and then, he shall."

**MILITARY ARCHBISHOP.**—In the year 1745, when the Scotch rebellion threatened most formidably, Herring, then Archbishop of York, resolved, in

case of extremity, to take arms himself, and oppose the progress of the rebels. His avowing this intention, gave occasion to orator Henley to nickname him—a *red herring*.

**HIGHLAND SIMPLICITY.**—A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent to his room to inform him that it was on table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again; still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?"—"Please ye, madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

## Diary and Chronology.

Monday, Jan. 16.

*St. Marcellus, Pope and Mar. A. D. 310.*

*High Water, 04. 13m. Morn. 04. 45m. aft.*

This day seems to be called *Dies Electrica* in *Calendarium Naturale*, from the once great prevalence of northern lights or *Aurora Boreales*. In the year 1781, so remarkable for this phenomenon, brilliant northern lights were seen from this time of year to the end of the vernal season. On different occasions they varied in form and colour; an accurate register of them appears to have been kept in the weather journal of the late Edward Foster, Esq. of Walthamstow in Essex.

Tuesday, Jan. 17.

*St. Anthony, Patr. of Monks, A. D. 356.*

*Full Moon, 53m. aft. 3 Aftern.*

Our saint was particularly solicitous about animals, to which a whimsical picture, by Salvator Rosa, represents him as preaching. His whole life affords an excellent example to the mendicant friar and benevolent Jesuit, and passes a fatal censure on the lazy beneficed parson and idle sinecurist.

From his practices, perhaps, arose the custom of blessings, passed on animals, still practised at Rome. He regarded all God's creatures as worthy of protection; an opinion which lost ground in Europe after the Reformation, of which Spenser's catalogue of hateful animals, affords a sort of proof.

Even all the nation of unfortunate  
And fatal birds about them flocked, were,  
Such as by nature, men abhorre and hate,  
The ill-faced Owls, deaths dreadful messengers;  
The hoarse Night-raven, trump of doleful drere;  
The leather-winged Bat, dayes enemy;  
The rueful Stritch, still waiting on the bere;  
The Whistler shrill, that where hears doth die;  
The bellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

Wednesday, Jan. 18.

*St. Peter's Chair at Rome.*

*Sun rises 49m. aft. 7.—Sets 11m. aft. 4.*

The church celebrates to-day the establishment of the Episcopal Chair at Rome, by St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. The festival, as recorded in the Martyrology, is ascribed to Bede, and was, therefore kept prior to the year 780. St. Peter is said metaphorically to keep the key of Heaven. Hence many churches dedicated to this Saint have, the vane on their steeples surmounted with a key as St. Peter's in Cornhill, London, and others.

Lord Byron thus whimsically represents St. Peter, with the keys, at the Portal of Heaven:—

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate;

His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,  
So little trouble had been given of late.

Not that the place by any means was full,  
But since the Gallies "eighty-eight,"

The devils had taken a "longer, stronger pull,  
And a pull altogether," as they say

At sea—which drew most souls another way.

Thursday, Jan. 19.

*St. Canutus, King of Denmark, m. A. D. 1065.*

*High Water 3m. aft. 3 Mer.—29m. aft. 3 Aftern.*

Jan. 19, 1547.—Executed Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.—Son of Thomas, Third Duke of Norfolk. King Henry VIII, thinking that both father and son had views upon the throne, and intended to re-establish the Catholic religion, determined to sacrifice them. The Earl of Surrey was tried for high treason, and the principal charge against him was that of bearing the arms of King Edward: he was sentenced to death, and decapitated accordingly. He was the most gallant soldier, the most accomplished gentleman, and the best poet of his time.

# The Alto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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## Illustrated Article.

### THE SIEGE OF PRAGUE. AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE OF THE "THIRTY YEARS' WAR."

Arouse ye stout burghers—arouse ere too late,  
Your friends are far off and the foe's at the  
gate—

If ye grasp not your blades and be doing, I  
trow—

Ere the sun lights your meeples your heads  
shall lie low. MARTIN SACHS.

THE ancient seat of Bohemian royalty, as the traveller pauses when passing over its picturesque bridge, has a character of higher antiquity, of more regal and imposing grandeur, than any other metropolis or city in Germany and Flanders. To the admirer of the Gothic architecture of the middle ages,

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the aspect of Prague is more impressive than that of Rome itself.

This remarkable city, which rises from both sides of its broad and noble river, and covers the flanks and summits of several hills, occupies so large a surface, as to be indefensible except by an army.

On the right bank of the Moldau is the eminence called the Wissherad, on which once stood the castellated palace of the ancient kings and dukes of Bohemia, razed to the ground in the great rebellion, by the fierce disciples of John Huss. On this side, also, are the two large divisions of Prague, called the Old city and the New, both of considerable extent; and surmounted by the towers, domes, and spires of innumerable churches and convents.—

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The Hradchin or Castle Hill, and the contiguous hills of Strahow and Laurentins, are on the left bank of the Moldau, and that portion of Pragus called the Lesser city, covers the slopes of these hills down to the river, which is here spanned by the most picturesque bridge in Europe, strongly built of square-hewn stones, stained with the rich hues of antiquity, and adorned with eight-and-twenty large statues of saints, time-worn and rudely chiseled. These venerable-looking images stand upon the battlements, while a lofty crucifix rises in the centre of this truly majestic structure. At each end of the bridge, which connects the Lesser with the Old and New cities, is a strong tower with an arch, through which is the carriage entrance. These towers are adorned with the city arms, and with the elaborate carvings of the remote period when they were built, and are strongly fortified to defend or impede the passage over the broad waters of the Moldau. The Lesser city is distinguished by the vast and stately royal palace which rises on the summit of the Hradchin, but is overtopped by the tower and dome of the fine old Gothic cathedral of St. Veit.—Most of the huge and decaying edifices of the ancient Bohemian nobles are in the Lesser city, and amongst them the forsaken, but still magnificent palace of the ambitious and princely Wallenstein, who purchased and destroyed a hundred dwellings to obtain a site for his house and gardens. Here, within lofty walls which precluded all view of the grounds from the adjacent buildings, he erected, with royal taste and splendour, the garden-saloon; an immense hall, with one end resting upon a colonnade, and the other extremity opening to the garden. The walls are adorned with paintings in fresco. Here too he planned and completed an immense aviary, consisting of columns connected by iron network, and inclosing birds of all kinds, colours, and zones, attainable at the period. This aviary was planted with trees, refreshed by fountains, and the pillars and adjacent wall were adorned with artificial stalactites, in imitation of the grottos of Italy. The immense saloon in the palace occupies an elevation of two floors. Fresco-paintings, still wonderfully bright, enrich the lofty ceiling, and in the time of Wallenstein, the walls of this vast saloon glittered with gold. The ambitious Duke of Friedland was attend-

ed by sixty pages in state-apparel of blue and red, (the colours of Wallenstein,) superbly embroidered; countless attendants, numerous officers of his guard, and even chamberlains wearing golden keys like those of the German emperor, thronged the endless range of richly decorated apartments, through which visitors were ushered to the audience-chamber of the powerful and aspiring chieftain.

To return to the general view of this interesting city; such, as above described, is its present appearance; and such, in every prominent feature, was its aspect during the great war of the Reformation, which began in Bohemia, and desolated Germany for thirty years. This protracted and terrible contest had ceased to be a war of religious opinion long before its termination. It had degenerated into an ordinary struggle of mercenary chieftains for powder and plunder. The Swedes, who, under the immortal Gustavus, were esteemed the saviours of the purified religion of Luther, had become common robbers and oppressors under the reckless generals of Christina, who established military colonies in the heart of Germany, and enriched themselves by the systematic and barbarous spoliation of the unfortunate inhabitants. A considerable Swedish force had thus for a time taken root in Bavaria, under the command of General Wrangel, and a strong detachment from this corps had penetrated into Bohemia under the control of Count Konigsmark, who established himself at Eger, after having ravaged and plundered the adjacent country.

The thirtieth year of the war had commenced, when a disappointed and vindictive Bohemian nobleman, named Odowalsky, who had attained the rank of colonel in the Imperial service, and had been dismissed in consequence of a severe wound in his right arm, proposed to the Swedish generals to attempt the capture of Prague by a sudden attack during the night. He was a man of brilliant courage, of consummate address, well acquainted with the approaches, the localities, and resources of Prague. His descriptions of the palaces and the wealth of the Bohemian nobles tempted the cupidity of Konigsmark, who, after some distrustful consideration, entered into his views, and promised him high rank and reward should the plan to surprise the important capital of Bohemia succeed

through his agency. Odowalsky now assumed the German name of Streitberg, and appeared in the Swedish camp and in Swedish uniform, while from Eger he made excursions in various disguises to Prague, where he endeavoured to gain over to the Swedish party the Protestant malcontents, who were but imperfectly reconciled to the mild sway of the successor of Ferdinand II. While Odowalsky was thus employed in maturing plans for the capture and devastation of the metropolis of his native country, Konigsmark occupied the fortress of Pilsen, where he waited only the arrival of a reinforcement from Eger of two regiments of cavalry to make the proposed attempt.

It was a fine night in the last week of July. The aged Count Martinitz, High-Burg-Graf of Bohemia, gave a princely entertainment in the Hradschin palace to, all the nobility of Prague. A sumptuous banquet ushered in the festivities of the evening; then followed a splendid ball, and the grand old hall seemed to rejoice in the presence of the brave and the beautiful, whose elastic steps scarcely invaded the slumber of its echoes, and whose gay and many-coloured drapery imparted a picturesque relief to the solemn devices of Gothic architecture. The whole was terminated by a brilliant display of fire-works. The aristocracy of those days did not prolong their carousals to the matin hours of their modern representatives, and Count Martinitz and his guests separated about midnight; he, prodigal of thanks for the honour they had conferred, they all smiles and acknowledgments for the pleasure they had received; and amidst these parting salutations of the noble host and his friends, others were exchanged of a less formal character, the whispered adieus of young and ardent lovers, who lightened the regrets of separation by many and many a vow to meet upon the morrow.

But there were engines at work to produce within the walls of the sleeping city, scenes far different from those that had given so much contentment to the visitors of the High-Burg-Graf.—This was the night appointed by Konigsmark for the Swedish attack on Prague. He had been apprized of the intended festivities by Odowalsky, and concluded that, on such an occasion, the nobles and military were likely to revel in security, and to leave the fortified approaches in comparative defencelessness.

The music had ceased—the company had retired—the countless lamps and tapers were extinguished,—the pleasure-wearied inmates of the High-Burg-Graf's palace, as well as the inhabitants of the adjacent Lesser City, were all buried in profound repose—and it was advancing toward the first hour of the morning, when the Swedes, who had so timed their march, reached the environs of the Hradschin. Here the cavalry halted; while the infantry, under the command of Odowalsky and a Swedish colonel, silently approached a breach in the wall, which was guarded by a party of soldiers, previously corrupted by the traitorous Bohemian. Admitted through this opening, they gained, undetected, the Hradschin square, and hastened to obtain possession of the Strahow gate, for the purpose of admitting the cavalry. The guard at this important post were faithful to their trust, and fired on the Swedes, when they gave no answer to their challenge. But this slender band was soon cut to pieces by the assailants, with the exception of two persons; one of whom, an ensign, named Przichowsky, hurried toward the bridge as fast as a dangerous wound would permit, with a view to rouse the Old city to a sense of its imminent peril. In the meantime, the Strahow gate was hewn and battered into fragments; and Konigsmark, with his troopers, entered and drew up in the palace square. Hence he instantly despatched Odowalsky, and a body of picked troops, with orders to occupy the bridge, and secure a passage into the Old city for the soldiers then engaged in making a lodgement in the royal palace, and in firing at such of the alarmed population as ventured to show themselves even at a window.

Odowalsky and his men promptly obeyed these instructions, and pushed forward, dealing death on those terrified citizens who happened to appear on their course. Their career was arrested for a time, in the open place called the Ring of the Lesser city.—There, a party of Imperialists had rallied, and, although much inferior in numerical force, maintained an obstinate defence that seasonably favoured the object of Przichowsky, who continued to stagger onward, almost fainting from loss of blood. At length he gained the bridge-tower; but as he passed through the archway, he heard the Swedes marching in double quick time down the street of the Jesuits,

leading directly to the *tete-du-pont*.—With redoubled efforts, and a fervent invocation of the stone saints he passed upon the battlements, the brave and patriotic ensign attained the centre of the bridge just as the enemy arrived at the first tower. Bullets whistled around him—the tramp of the foe sounded nearer and nearer—feeling that in a single moment all would be lost or gained, he summoned his whole remaining energies—sprang forward—reached the archway—trottered into the guard-house—called out to the sentinels “Save the Old city—the Swedes are on the bridge!”—and fell senseless at their feet.

The city guards had heard the firing in the Hradschin and the Lesser city, but attributed the reports to the discharges of fire-works in the palace gardens. The tower gate was now closed, well manned, and so ably defended, that Odowalsky was obliged to retreat; nor during a siege of many months could the Swedes, though superior in artillery, discipline, and numbers, prevail against the heroic resolution displayed by the nobles, garrison, and citizens of Prague, in defence of their ancient metropolis.

The gallant High-Burg-Graf, though a veteran of seventy years, fought with youthful courage against an overwhelming force. He was wounded and taken prisoner in the Hradschin palace. The Lesser city and the royal and other palaces on that side the river were ransacked and plundered. The Swedish leaders occupied the most distinguished houses during the term of several months, employed in besieging the Old and New cities, which sustained and repulsed various trying assaults. Affairs at last began to look unfavourably for the besiegers. Odowalsky was shot in leading a storming party. The Imperial troops were approaching in considerable strength to raise the siege, and the Swedes, wearied and harassed by the indefatigable hardihood of the citizens, and disheartened by this intelligence, withdrew during the night. The Imperialists appeared shortly afterwards, and in a few months, a war, which for thirty years had made Germany a field of ruin and blood, was finally brought to a close.

The gallant man to whom Prague owed so much, recovered of his wounds, to be rewarded by the merited honour and admiration of his sovereign and his country. He rose to distinction

in his profession, and those who may choose to consult the annals of a subsequent period, will find that the name of Przychowsky ranks among the brightest in the historical records of Bohemia.

## EDWIN AND ELGIVA. A FRAGMENT.

### CHARACTERS.

*Elgiva, Queen of Edwin. King of England.  
Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

[We have selected from one of Mr. Pennie's *National Tragedies*, the following portion as best suited to convey the felicitous manner in which he has embodied and illustrated several periods of our early history. It is unnecessary for us to detail the principal features of the reign of Edwy, or, the persecutions his beautiful Queen endured at the hands of a barbarous clergy, as the sufferings of both must be familiar to the minds of all our readers.]

SCENE.—*A Judgment-hall in the Episcopal Palace at Winchester; at the upper end a Tribunal, with a Chair of State, in which Odo appears seated. The Hall is crowded with Chiefs, Officers, and Soldiers.*

### ODO.

CHIEFTAINS of England, now assembled here,  
Around our judgment-seat, ye know that Edwin  
To mitres and to lands hath barred the right  
Of Dunstan, that meek, pious, holy saint,  
And banished him the kingdom, for performing  
His duty and your wishes—Ye are bound,  
I tell you, by the laws of God and man,  
To do him justice, and support his cause  
Against a wicked tyrant, who hath wronged  
A heaven-illuminated pillar of the church,  
To indulge his lewd desires, and gratify  
The vengeance of a base, ambitious harlot,  
Who in her wantonness hath urged him on,  
Like Jezebel of old, to slay God's priests,  
And bring the wrath of heaven upon our land.  
From this tribunal we shall now pronounce  
On her the righteous judgment of the church.  
Let her be brought before us.—

*Enter Elgiva, led by Eric, and followed by Guards.*

We have sent,  
Woman of guilt, by virtue of our office,

As heaven's vicegerent o'er the Saxon church,  
Her guard from all impurity and vice,  
To take thee from the king, with whom  
thou livest  
In foul adultery, to the great disgrace  
And glaring scandal of the English court.

ELGIVA.

'Tis false, injurious priest!

ODO.

Woman, beware  
How thou insult'st the minister of heaven,  
Or on thy head the church's awful ban  
Will from this dread tribunal be pronounced.

ELGIVA.

Yes, thou may'st launch the thunder of thy curse  
On my devoted head, but innocence  
And virtue will enshield me—The bright saints  
Are witness to the purity which rules  
My thoughts and actions, and heaven will return  
That curse on him whose lips shall dare pronounce it!

ODO.

Dare! haughty strumpet!—

ELGIVA.

Peace, thou insolent!  
I am a wife, a queen, and should command  
Decent respect from thee, the least which thou  
Couldst to a woman pay.—I will not stand  
Tamely and hear such hell-black infamy  
Cast on my stainless virtue.—Ill doth it  
Become thy reverend years and priestly function,  
Thy sacred pall, thy seat, and lofty state,  
To use such vile opprobrious terms of speech,  
Which would, my lord, disgrace thy meanest slave.  
I am, alas! 'tis true,  
A poor, weak, helpless woman, in your power,  
Dragged hither by that ruffian and his band;  
Yet here I boldly stand before you all,  
Fearless in conscious virtue!—Here I stand,  
Your sovereign's wedded wife, and dare defy  
The malice of my bitterest foes to cast  
A shade of guilt on my unsullied honour.  
ODO.  
Pernicious woman! thou art not the wife

Of England's sovereign;—for allied are ye  
By blood, within prohibited degrees;  
Therefore our holy statutes do forbid  
A union so disgraceful; deeming it—  
Mark, thanes and chieftains, mark—  
concubinage!

ELGIVA.

Where slept this law till now, thou stern-browed judge!

Why was it not proclaimed when, at the altar,

With holy vow and solemn rite, I gave  
My virgin hand in marriage to the king,  
And the good bishop b'essed us as we knelt

Before our Lady's shrine!—This is a trick

To blacken me i' th' opinion of the world,

And render Edwin odious to his subjects;—

'Tis crafty, deep revenge!—

ODO.

I will not hear

Such language uttered from thy guilty lips,

Thou Jezebel! Thy tongue is fraught with malice;—

Hear thou, in silence, that decree which shall

Go forth against thee:—By the authority  
Of canon law, vested in me, I now,  
Our sometime queen, pronounce thy marriage void!

It is annulled, and thou art from the king

Divorced for ever!

ELGIVA.

O, no, no, no!

Eternal mercy! not divorced for ever!  
Say not for ever, stern, unfeeling judge!—

Thou canst not sunder those whom Heaven has joined  
In holy wedlock.—

ODO.

Woman, it is done!—

The solemn doom is from my lips gone forth,

Which nothing can revoke; and, for thy penance,

Thou shalt be banished to a distant isle,  
Nor ever tread again on England's shores!

ELGIVA.

Hia! then the bolts of your terrific vengeance

Are fallen, indeed, upon me: they have pierced

Through my distracted heart! Shall I no more

Behold my Edwin, my loved, wedded lord!—

ODO.

No, never!—

ELGIVA.

Cruel, cruel!—Grant me one, One little boon—I beg it on my knees— O, let me see him but for one short moment—

Let me, if thou hast any mercy left, That I may take a last, a sad farewell, Ere, broken-hearted, I from hence depart.

ODO.

Silence thy brawling tongue! And thou, fair harlot, hear thy further doom—

We do decree, That for thy wanton deeds, and those vile arts,

Given wholly to the devil! by which thou'st caused

A cruel persecution to be raised Against that humble saint, the holy Dunstan,

A martyr to thy lewdness,—thou shalt now,

On that fair forehead, with a burning iron,

Be branded with the infamous name of WHORE!

(*Elgiva shrieks, and falls on the ground.*)

### MOUSTACHES.

*For the Olio.*

Odi profanum vulgus.—*Hon.*

I do love a beard,

A brave and curly beard!

HEYWOOD.

Is the beard be still held sacred among certain nations, moustaches were revered long ago in Europe, especially among the Portuguese and Spaniards. Upon this subject history has furnished us with many curious particulars, from amongst which the following are selected. Under the reign of Catherine of Portugal, the Admiral Don Juan de Castro had been fortunate enough to recover, by his own personal bravery, a fortress, situated on the coast, in a province belonging to the West Indies. Notwithstanding this successful achievement, the admiral found himself in great straits for want of money. Pressed by an urgent necessity, he asked 10,000 pistoles from the inhabitants of Goa, by way of loan; and as a security for the money, he presented them (O, magnanimous sacrifice!) with one of his own

moustaches, at the same time addressing them in these terms:—"Receive" (said he) "this glorious ornament, by way of pledge, given to me by nature, which all the treasures of the east and west—nay, of the whole globe itself—could not have purchased from me." This chivalrous trait was the signal for the most generous devotion throughout the city. The moustache became at once the object of respect and admiration by all ranks. Women, with one accord, sold their rich and valuable jewels, or for a time disposed of them in pledge. In a few days the loan was raised. The sum, accompanied by the glorious moustache, was sent back with all due honours, to the gallant admiral. The word only of a warrior capable of making such a sacrifice, was looked upon more binding than all the oaths and bonds sworn to in Christendom.

Burke has somewhere said, "The age of chivalry is gone;"—*a la bon-heur*—but as it regards moustaches, the present age, one might fairly think, can hardly be exceeded. What say the ladies? F.E.

### TALES OF THE BUREAU DE POLICE.—No. 4.

#### THE SEDUCER.

*For the Olio.*

PIERRE MARCEL was the cultivator of a small but profitable vineyard, on the banks of the Garonne, a few leagues from Toulouse, where the principal part of his life had been passed in the almost daily occupation of tending his vines, and rendering his little plot of ground the fairest for many a mile around. In early life his wife, whom he had passionately adored, had fallen the victim of a lingering illness, leaving him an only child, a daughter, whom he cherished both for its own and mother's sake, with unusual tenderness. The little Louise was the solace of his days, and the prattle of her infant tongue sounded to him the sweetest music nature could invent; but when her growing years gave token of equalling her mother's beauty and symmetry of form, his satisfaction was unbounded to think that he alone, without a mother's fostering hand, had reared a flower so lovely. Oft, when working in his vineyard, would he pause as his daughter tript by with fawn-like step, and gaze with true affection on his heart's dearest object, whilst

in his mind he conjured up bright dreams of the future, and tried to trace her coming years.

A short distance from Marcel's house was the chateau of the Marquis de St. Brie, who was usually resident there with his daughter. The family of the Marquis consisted only of his daughter and a son, an officer in a light cavalry regiment. A friendship more strong than those usually subsisting between persons of different stations in life, had grown up betwixt Louise and Emile de St. Brie, and it had been one of the chief amusements of the latter to instruct Louise in those accomplishments she herself so much excelled in, often remarking, that her pupil was so apt that she should soon have little left to teach her.

The notice taken of his daughter by Mam'selle St. Brie, was most gratifying to the feelings of Marcel, who daily saw her gaining those accomplishments he so much coveted for her, but which he had feared he should be unable to obtain. But few pleasures are unalloyed, and however great might have been the satisfaction he felt at the notice taken of Emily, yet there was but little in the reported attentions of Henri St. Brie, who was staying at the chateau.

Henri was by nature formed for woman's admiration. He was of that manly dashing cast which so often takes the heart by storm, ere reason has time to bring its tardy succours, and shew that the advantages of a handsome person and fascinating manners are totally eclipsed by the blackness of a heart formed in total contrast to the rest. He had been but a few days at the chateau before Louise was marked as the victim of his seductive arts.—He foresaw that her simple and confiding disposition would render the acquirement of her affections an easy task; but with all her simplicity, she entertained such high notions of honour, as to make his success rather doubtful; but still he thought that one who had seen but the fairest side of life, could but ill combat against the wiles of one versed in all its deadliest ways.

He sought every opportunity of being in her company, and by a thousand assiduous attentions won his way, imperceptibly, in her affections. He pretended his passion was of that fervent kind which drove every object but respect from his imagination; and vowed, could he but gain her reluctant consent, to make her the future Marchioness

de St. Brie. There was but one thing he stipulated; and that was, for the marriage to be performed in private, since he feared his father's anger, unless he could, by degrees, break the circumstance to him. There was so much plausibility in this, that she could not believe he spoke other than the language of truth. The cloven foot had in no one instance as yet shewn itself, and she felt convinced his affections were as pure, and as fervent, as her own. She yielded her consent to a private marriage.

Henri protested she had made him the happiest of men, by her consent, but still there was one thing more, the marriage could not be performed with that secrecy which was so necessary, elsewhere than in Paris. Would she go there. To this she demurred; that the absence from her father, without any reasonable excuse, would be the cause of so much anguish to him, that she would not for the world he should feel; but even this scruple was overcome by the promise of Henri, that on their return her father should be informed of all that had taken place, when the few hours of uneasiness would be more than compensated by the pleasure he would receive on hearing of her happy marriage.

Paris, with all its charms, had less attraction for Louise than her simple home on the Garonne's banks. She lived in the most studied seclusion; passing her melancholy hours in thinking of her father, and what must be his feelings concerning her long-continued absence. She felt she had made but a poor return for all the care and solicitude bestowed upon her. Henri, it was true, had been unremitting in his attentions, and his love appeared still as fervent as ever; but he always evaded the conversation when she pressed him concerning their marriage, and she found herself in a fair way to be a mother, ere she was a wife.

"Henri," said she, one day, "will you fix the day for our marriage? When you consider my situation, your delay is cruel in the extreme."

"Yes, yes, dearest, next week. By-the-bye, has Madame Girau sent home the beautiful shawl I ordered for you?"

"Some time ago; but I have not looked at it; I have been thinking of something else."

"Of what, dearest?"

"Of the time when you mean to fulfil your promise."

"Just look out of the window, dear-



est, and tell me what you think of the horse I purchased yesterday?"

"Oh, Henri! if you love me, I beseech you name the day; I have been unhappy, very unhappy."

"Now you are beginning to tease me again."

"Nay, do not say I tease you; I ask you but to keep your faith with me."

"Really you are more pertinacious than ever; but I cannot stop now, I have an appointment with ——."

"Henri, answer me! Am I to be your wife or no?"

"My wife! why are you not my wife as firmly as you can be such. What are the cold formalities of the world that would give you the right of being called my wife? Would they bring affection? No; they would rather bring abhorrence and disgust, as, Louise Marcel, you will ever be to me the dearest object of my heart; but as my wife I could not love you, and will not do that which would make me hate you for ever."

Louise was almost motionless with surprise; it was so different from all he had ever said. These then were his true feelings.

"I thank you, Sir," she at length replied, "at least for your frankness. I will be equally so; and since I am not to be the wife, I will not submit to the dishonour of remaining another day as the mistress of Monsieur de St. Brie. We part, Sir, this instant for ever."

"Stay, Louise, where are you going?" but ere he had time to stop her, she descended the stairs, and reaching the street, contrived to evade his pursuit.

"Psha!" he exclaimed, "what a fool the girl is; but she'll soon come to her senses, so I'll leave her to herself."

Marcel would not at first give any credence to the report that his daughter had gone with Henri St. Brie. No, no; he was convinced some accident had happened which prevented her return. She was too amiable—too good to listen to such a villain. Bad, even, as St. Brie was, he would not rob him of such a daughter, the only hope of his declining years. Could he have the heart to dishonour one so beautiful, so fair. No, no; it was not in human nature to be so black. But months rolled on, and his dear Louise came not; every search and every endeavour to obtain tidings of her had proved fruitless; but amidst all his complaints he never uttered one word of reproach against her. He became altogether an altered man; neg-

lectful of every thing, avoiding the society of his former friends and associates, and scarcely ever going beyond the limits of his own dwelling. It was a cold and bitter morning, in the middle of an unusually severe winter, that he went, more by the force of habit than otherwise, to look after the inmates of his stable. He had his hand upon the stable-door, and was entering, when he thought he heard a low moan; he turned round to look from whence it proceeded, and a few steps before him saw a woman lying on the ground, partly covered by the falling snow.

"Poor creature," said he, "hast thou lain here during this bitter night; had'st thou been my worst enemy I could not have refused you shelter. Here let me lift you in my arms, and carry you into the house. Eh! what do I see! Merciful heavens! it is my poor Louise. She is dying fast, and there is no help at hand. Oh! speak to me, Louise! for heaven's sake, speak! Not a look! not a word!"

The distracted father carried her into the house, and by the aid of some warm cordials brought her to herself; it was but to hear the recital of her sufferings and her prayers for forgiveness. She had arrived at her father's house on the preceding evening, but had not dared to enter, and overcome by fatigue and cold, she had fallen where he found her. Her delicate frame was unable to withstand the shock she had sustained, and after lingering a few days, closed her eyes for ever on the world, happy in the assurance of her father's true forgiveness.

Marcel had attended his daughter day and night, indulging to the last in the vain hope of her recovery; and even when life was no more, watched her cold corpse with the utmost anxiety to see if it were not death's semblance. But when the last worldly offices were performed, and he found that he was then alone in the world, for weeks he shut himself up in the chamber where she died, refusing to see or speak with any one.

It was some months after the death of Louise that I was sitting in the Tuilleries Gardens, watching the crowd of loungers passing to and fro along the principal avenue; amongst those who seemed to attract most attention was Henri St. Brie, upon whose arm was leaning a lady of most exquisite beauty, whom I could not fail to recognise as his wife, to whom he had been married only a few days. He appeared to be

relating something which seemed the source of much amusement to both, when suddenly the smile forsook his face, his countenance assumed an air of confusion, and he seemed striving to avoid the sight of something which flashed across him. I turned in the direction in which he had been looking, and perceived nothing but a poor haggard and emaciated-looking man, whose dress bespoke him a native of one of the distant provinces, leaning against one of the trees. His gaze seemed fixed on St. Brie; but though there was a wildness in his look, I could not at the moment divine why St. Brie seemed so agitated by it.

In a short time the man moved away, and I had forgotten the circumstance, when my attention was attracted to another part of the gardens, by a confused noise and gathering crowd. I hastened towards the spot, and perceived St. Brie lying on the ground, covered with blood, and near him stood the man I had before remarked; he had been seized by the bystanders, one of whom had wrenched from his hand a bloody knife. He appeared the most unmoved of all around, gazing with pleasure on the dying agonies of his victim. St. Brie was raised from the ground, but it was clear that a few moments were all that remained to him of life.

"Marcel," faltered out the dying man, "you have indeed avenged your daughter's wrongs. 'Tis true I deeply wronged her, but this—"

The throes of death prevented the completion of the sentence; but ere life was quite extinct, the loud mad laugh of the man rang in his ears.

"Ah! ah! ah! I have avenged her! Look! look! he sleeps now with my poor Louise. No, no, 'tis false; for she's in heaven, and he—he has gone to join his master."

It would have been a mockery of justice to have tried Marcel for the murder, for it was clear the light of reason had for ever been shut out from him. In his confinement his incoherent ravings were ever of his daughter, whom he fancied near him, but was prevented by the attendants from saving, and were only ended by death removing him from all his worldly sufferings.

J. M. B.

#### TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the walls, or purple, that defends  
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends.

#### FAKE.

'Tis still observed, that Fame ne'er sings  
The order, but the sum of things.

ROBERT HERRICK. ♀

## SELECTIONS FROM A LATELY PUBLISHED VOLUME.

"ON THE PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH  
AUTHORS ON GARDENING."

PHILIP MILLER, who died at the age of eighty, was emphatically styled by foreigners *hortulanorum princeps*.—Switzer bears testimony to his "usual generosity, openness, and freedom."—Professor Martyn says, "he accumulated no wealth from his respectable connection with the great, or from the numerous editions of his works. He was of a disposition too generous, and too careless of money, to become rich, and in all his transactions observed more attention to integrity and honest fame, than to any pecuniary advantages." Mr. Loudon thus remarks:—"Miller, during his long career, had no considerable competitor, until he approached the end of it, when several writers took the advantage of his unwearied labours of near half a century, and fixed themselves upon him, as various marine insects do upon a decayed shell-fish."

John Abercrombie's manly and expressive countenance is best given in the portrait prefixed to Debreit's edition, 2 vols. 8vo. This honest, unassuming man, persevered through a long course of scarcely interrupted health, in the ardent pursuit of his favourite science. The tenor of his life exemplified how much a garden calms the mind, and tranquilly sets at rest its turbulent passions. Mr. Loudon's Encyclopædia, after giving some interesting points of his history, thus concludes:—"In the spring of 1806, being in his eightieth year, he met with a severe fall, by which he broke the upper part of his thigh-bone. This accident, which happened to him on the 15th of April, terminated in his death. After lying during the interval in a very weak exhausted state, without much pain, he expired in the night, between April and May, at St. Paul's church struck twelve. He was lamented by all who knew him, as cheerful, harmless, and upright."—One of his biographers thus relates of him: "Abercrombie from a fall down stairs in the dark, died at the age of eighty, and was buried at St. Pancras. He was present at the famous battle of Preston Pans, which was fought close to his father's garden walls. For the last twenty years of his life he lived chiefly on tea, using it three times a-day; his pipe was his first compa-

nion in the morning, and last at night. He never remembered to have taken a dose of physic in his life, prior to his last fatal accident, nor of having a day's illness but once."

Mr. Bates, the celebrated and ancient horticulturist of High Wickham, who died there about twenty years ago, at the great age of 89.

James Dickson, who established the well-known seed and herb shop in Covent-garden, and died at the age of 86, a few years ago, and who appears to have been very much esteemed.\*

### CHANGES IN THE ATHENIAN STATE APPLICABLE TO THE PRESENT TIMES AND THEIR MUTABILITY.

TYRANTS—OLIGARCHS—DEMOCRATS.

*For the Olio.*

In the present perturbed state of feeling, now scarcely two kings, or two governments, are united in the opinion of directing the views of the people; or the people are quite agreed upon the plan of their being governed: it may not be unworthy of consideration to describe a few particulars connected with ancient Greece. The ancients had but three forms of government: the *tyrannic*, the *democratic*, and the *oligarchic*. In old time all kings were called tyrants, as Servius or Virgil has observed. A word taken up by the Grecians about the time of Archilochus, which neither Homer nor Hesiod knew, and, therefore, are the poets noted for calling the kings before the Trojan wars, tyrants. *Basileia* or a *kingdom*, is where obeisance is free, yielded rather out of a good advice, than for fear or might. *Aristocrateia*, an *aristocracy*, when most wise and just men are fitly chosen to sit at the helm of public weal. *Democrateia*, when the laws and cus-

oms of the country in matters belonging both to gods and men are truly observed and approved by the majority, agreeing with Polybius, as that may be said at a banquet to please all which relishes well with the most. But the grave historian has observed changes in such governments as they used to be, inclining to the worst monarchies being turned into tyrannies, as when the people are led away by the persuasions of some pleasing popular man, and are, as it were, willingly constrained to take the yoke that his usurping authority shall lay on them. A tyrant, indeed, said, (who gets it by violence), that all are accounted and called tyrants who have perpetual authority in that city which formerly has enjoyed liberty; the deprivation of which, causing murmuring and rebellion, brings forth an aristocracy, or government of the best men, such as are well brought up and exercised in virtue. The end of an aristocracy being, as Aristotle says, "*Virtue*," which of no long continuance, soon degenerates, naturally inclining to an *oligarchy*, or *rule of few*; these few being chosen according to their riches; and because that many in a state cannot be wealthy, therefore the number of them cannot be great. There are *great* Lords and *little* Kings, whose *power* sways all, and *not* the *laws*; who unjustly favour those that are partially theirs, and oppress them that would defend their liberty against them." "All things being administered by their presidents," as says *Æschines*, "such dominion is taken away by the people set on a rage not bearing the injuries of their rulers. Hence, comes in a *democracy*, which *Sophocles* calls the power of a multitude, whose end is freedom, when all can equally partake of the same privileges and immunities, who are true citizens:" whence *Terence* styles it, "*equal liberty*," for which the Greek orators used the word *politeia*, as *Ulpian* observed in *Demosthenes*. But the vulgar, for the most part, strangely insolent, prone to wrong and ready to trespass against the laws, being in a miserable proceeding, the worst kind of government, an *ochlocracy*, 'the rule of rascality.' All these the Athenians felt in their times, for they were governed by kings 487 years; the last of which was *Codrus*, who in a fight between the Dorians and Athenians, offered himself willingly to be slain, it being foretold by the Oracle of Apollo, that the Dorians should be conquerors

\* Reflecting on the great age of these last persons, who were devoted to their art, reminds me of what a 'Journal Encyclopedique' said of Lestiboudois, another horticulturist and botanist, who died at Lille at the age of 90, and who (for even almost in our ashes live their wonted fires) gave lectures in the very last year of his life. When he had (says an ancient friend of his) but few hours more to live, he ordered snow-drops, violets, and crocuses to be brought to his bed, and compared them with the figures in Tournefort. His whole existence had been consecrated to the good of the public, and to the alleviation of misery; thus he looked forward to his dissolution with a tranquillity of soul that can only result from a life of rectitude; he never acquired a fortune; and left no other inheritance to his children, but integrity and virtue.'

unless the Athenian King were killed; he, therefore, clothing himself, as Cicero says, with a servant's habit, lest he should be known, put himself among the enemies, by one of which in a brawl, he was murdered. After whom, none enjoyed the name of king, which was done in memory to his name. For, after that, archontes, or judges, ruled; in the title archontes, but in power, kings, whose authority was for term of life. These continued 350 years. These being ended, it pleased the state to choose a man whose office should continue but 10 years; seven succeeded each other, and made up the number of 70 years; who, because they abused their power, were made but for one year, called therefore, yearly magistrates. These continued till Pisistratus, for a feigned fear of the seditious, begged a guard of the people for his safety; for, when the faction sprung up, he, cutting himself with the lashes, and the mules which drew his chariot, went into the place of meeting and beseeching the people to afford him some defence against their violence, procured a company of chosen citizens, who, armed with clubs, (not weapons), possessed the castle; and so tyranny came in, which Heraclides says, Pisistratus enjoyed 30 years, and deceased, leaving behind him two sons, Hipparchus and Hippias, whom Heraclides calls Thessalus. Hipparchus was slain by Aristogiton, after whose death the Athenians lived under a tyranny four years, from which they were delivered by the help of the Lacedemonians, the offspring of Alcæon corrupting the Oracle to the end that whosoever they came for counsel he should wish them to free the Athenians of that servitude. The *democracy* came in 868 years after Cecrops established by Solon, who excluded the 5th rank of plebeity from office or honour, by a law afterwards abrogated by Aristides. After this, Pericles brought in an *ochlocraty*, by weakening the power of the Areopagites. Then, after the overthrow in Sicily, the 400 took upon them state, *deceiving the people*, as Aristotle and Thucydides affirm; for, persuading them that they should reconcile Tissaphernes and Alcibiades to themselves by that means, and that the Persian monarch would afford supply for the war, they most willingly condescended to this motion in the 21st year of the Peloponnesian war. These princes were called 5,000, though not exceeding 400. The reason is, because they

boasted that none should be rewarded but who bore arms, nor any admitted to public power but 5,000; such as with person and estate could be beneficial to the republic. Their authority was granted by an act of the people, to which Theramenes was very forward; but after they were inducted, none more ready to drive out, whereupon they termed him, Cothurnum, from a kind of start up which fitted both feet, or a jack of both sides. These were constrained for fear of Alcibiades, to resign the right to the people, and to go into wilful banishment. But when Lysander had overcome Athens, (the Lacedemonians ever affecting an *oligarchy*, as the Athenians a *democracy*), he ordained 80 to be chief. "These began to put to death the most abhorred," says Sallust, "without trial of law; but afterwards the good and bad alike, some for envy, others for riches." These, to make their party firm, chose about 3,000, to whom alone they permitted to have weapons, disarming all the rest, to the end they might easily command their lives. But, by their laws, none were to suffer who were registered in the list of 3,000. So cruel were they that the people fled into Phyle, a castle in the Athenian borders, and making a head under the conduct of Thrasylus, at last shook off this yoke, and remained free till the death of Alexander, even 80 years; whom Antipater succeeded, who in the battle at the city Lamia, gave the Athenians an overthrow, with quarters on these terms, that they should submit to a few *peers*, whose revenues amounted to 2,000 drs., the chief of whom was D. Phalereus; that they should likewise receive a garrison into Munychia, for the allaying discontent. But four years after, Antipater dying, the city fell into Cassander's power, of whom they often strove to acquit themselves, but in vain; for, he brought them to such an exigency, that they were glad to come to composition, and, indeed, he dealt fairly with them, giving them their city, territories, tributes, and all other things, so that they would be confederate to him; that none whose revenues come *not to 10l.* should undergo any function in the common weal, and he should be their overseer whom he would be pleased to nominate. D. Phalereus was appointed, who made the city shine in her full lustre, insomuch that they erected to his memory 300 statues. He wrote a "Treatise of the Athenian Republic." After he, in trouble and

vexation, had spent 14 years, he was put out by Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, who restored their ancient customs to them. To him they ascribed such worship, as also to his father, yet they changed the name of their judge to that of the priest of the gods that saved them, calling the year after his name, and adding two tribes to the ten when the senate consisted of six hundred; before, only 500. But when Cassander had overthrown the son and the father, such were the ingratitude and levity of the Athenians, that they forbade Demetrius to approach near the city. After this, Lacharis played the tyrant, and was expelled by Demetrius, whom they utterly cast off, re-assuming the title *archon*, a judge. Gonatus succeeded to his death, who in the 19th year of his reign, put in presidary soldiers to the city, which 10 years after he took out. The Macedonians still kept some of the Athenians' forces in this space. Aratus rescued the city out of the hands of Gonatus and Doson, and made it stand till Philip shook its foundation; but he was expelled by the Romans, who took the Athenians into league with a maintaining of their ancient right; so they remained till the war between Mithridates and the Romans. After the siege by Sylla, the city was ransacked by the Goths, who when they had heaped innumerable books to burn, were deborted by this reason, "That the Greeks spending their time in reading them, might be made more unfit for war." Constantine held the city in such high esteem as to take upon himself the title of the *Grand Duke*,—hence, subsequently, the *Duke of Athens*.

J. R. P.

### Notices of New Books.

*An Outline of English History*, pp. III. By H. Ince. London: James Gilbert; and Batcheller, Dover.

An extremely cheap, clever, and valuable compendium of our annals from the earliest period to the present time, arranged upon a plan remarkable for novelty and perspicuity. This is one of those works, although avowedly designed for the rising generation, which must prove equally serviceable to the adult; especially to those who lack leisure to consult the mass of voluminous works, from which the vast body of condensed information here given has been obtained.

We observe by an advertisement,

that the ingenious author is preparing a second work for the use of schools. The field is open to him; for, notwithstanding the many improvements that have lately been effected in school literature, much remains to be done. Mr. Ince has displayed considerable tact in the arrangement of his materials, and we heartily wish him success.

*Britain's Historical Drama; a Series of National Tragedies, descriptive of the Manners, Customs, and Religious Institutions of early eras in Britain.* By J. F. Pennie, 8vo. pp. 547. London: S. Maunders.

The talented author of these dramas, had prepared us in his Epic Poems of the Royal Minstrel and Rogvald, to expect a work of considerable merit and research, but he has exceeded our expectations. The tragedies which compose this volume are four in number, being the first of a series, which, if continued down the stream of history, will not only be a collection of unique illustrations of the annals of our country, but also form such a production in its nature and designs, as no other country has ever yet produced; and, consequently, well worthy to be entitled a truly national work. At the same time, we would apprise our numerous readers, that though the volume before us is only a portion of an intended series, it is a work perfect in itself, and each tragedy might have been published in a separate part.

Our limits will not permit us to analyze this work; we shall, therefore, merely state the names of the pieces as placed in the volume. The first is entitled "Arixina," the era that of the second invasion of Britain by Cæsar. The second, "Edwin and Elgiva," whose barbarous treatment by Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, is forcibly portrayed. The third, "The Imperial Pirate," a portion of our history highly interesting, and new to general readers. The fourth and last, "The Dragon King," the subject of which is the triumph of Cerdic over Arthur, and the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon empire in this island.

The subjects are, most of them, new in poetry and the drama. There is an intense interest running through all of them, which never flags from the first scene to the denouement.

We shall not notice minor defects, as it is much more pleasant to praise than to condemn. Indeed, it would

be impossible, with any degree of justice, not to applaud as a *whole*, this meritorious volume. The diction, in general, is highly poetical, and often sublime, as the selection given in another part of our sheet will fully prove.

But there is a charm about these pieces even beyond all this which we admire. It is the racy and faithful picture of the age and people in which the scenes are placed. In this, the author, as a *Dramatist*, has no rival. The manners and customs of antiquity pass as in a moving diorama before us, and we see the great actors of other ages in the drama of their day, embodied as in a glass, with all the truth and research of a Sir Walter Scott.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

**FIGHTING FOR FRIENDSHIP.**—The laws of honour are so imperative as to render them in many cases extremely painful. We think there are few of our readers, on perusing the following anecdote, but will coincide with us in our opinion, in this instance at least:—The *Tiger* frigate, commanded by Captain Harman, lying in the port of Cadiz, at the same time that a Dutch squadron was there, De Witte, a captain of one of the Dutch frigates, was particularly intimate with Captain Harman, which made the Spaniards insinuate that he dared not fight the English frigate. Evertzen, the Dutch admiral, on hearing this report, told De Witte that he must challenge the English captain to go to sea and fight him with sixty seamen and seventy soldiers. Captain Harman readily accepted his proposal; and on a day fixed both ships stood to sea, and began to engage within pistol shot of each other. In a short time the Dutch ship's mainmast was shot away. Capt. Harman availed himself of the confusion into which this disaster had thrown the enemy, boarded, and compelled him to surrender, with the loss of one hundred and forty men. The English had nine men killed, and fifteen wounded; among this number was Captain Harman, who received a shot which went in at his left eye, and came out between the ear and jaw-bone. He was perfectly cured of this wound, and lived several years after.

**THE CORRECT LIKENESS.**—The following anecdote of difference of opinion, between a lady and her husband,

may not be unamusing to our readers:—“Mr. Jervas (the friend of Pope) once drew a picture of a lady of quality, who returned it on his hands, as not thinking it so handsome as she herself was, and he painted another portrait for her, with which she was exceedingly pleased, for it was very beautiful. Mr. Jervas confessed, that except the colour of the hair, and a few reiterations (that there might be, though ever so distant, some resemblance) he had taken it from one of his own pictures of the Duchess of Bridgewater, one of the Duke of Marlborough's daughters, and esteemed at that time a finished beauty. A little while after, the first-mentioned lady dying, her husband being desirous to have a true likeness, purchased that first painted by Jervas, and gave him ten guineas more than the Countess was to have given him.”

### ACT FOR SAVING FLESH VICTUAL.—

In the fifth of Queen Elizabeth (1563) an act was passed “for the better saving flesh victual, by ordering every Wednesday to be a fish day, unless in cases of sickness.” In the parish register of Eynesbury, a village in Huntingdonshire, there is an entry illustrating this curious act of Elizabeth:—“John Burton, being very sycke, was licensed to eat flesh for the tyme of his sickness, so that he enjoying the benefit of the licence, and his sickness continuing eight dayes, do cause the same to be registered into the register-book; and this licence noe longer to endure than his sickness doth last, by me, William Samuell, parson of Eynesbury.” This entry occurs under the date of 1563, five years after the passing of the act.

**A FATAL INFECTION.**—The parish register of Ramsey records, that Major William Cromwell (a cousin of the Protector) died of the plague, on the 23d of February, 1660, and that he caught the infection by wearing a coat, the cloth of which came from London. It adds, “the tailor that made the coat, with all his family, died of the same terrible disorder, as did no less than four hundred people, in Ramsey, and all owing to this fatal coat.”

**RICHARD CROMWELL.**—In his first speech to his Parliament, Richard Cromwell thus beautifully touches upon his father's death:—“He died full of days, spent in sore and great travel, yet his eyes were not waxed dim, neither was his natural strength abated; as it was said of Moses, he was serviceable even unto the last. As to these nations

he left them in great honour abroad, and in full peace at home; all England, Scotland, and Ireland, dwelling safely, every man under his vine and his fig-tree, from Dan, even to Beer-sheba." The whole of this speech, in composition and natural pathos, wants little but the irresistible eloquence of truth, to render it equal to the funeral orations of antiquity. Richard Cromwell was an amiable man, but wholly destitute of force or energy of character. His last words were highly characteristic. When dying, he said to his daughters, "Live in love, I am going to the God of love."

**LAST EXECUTION FOR WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.**—Sir Walter Scott has fallen into an error in his "Letters on Demonology," in representing the last execution for witchcraft, in England, under form of judicial sentence, to have been in 1682. So late as 1716, two persons, Mrs. Mary Hickes and her daughter, the latter only nine years of age, were tried at the assizes at Huntingdon, and executed there on Saturday, July 28th, of that year. The case is thus characterised by Gough:—"A substantial farmer apprehends his wife and favourite child; the latter for some silly illusions practised on his weakness; the former, for the antiquated folly of killing her neighbours in effigy; and Judge Powell suffers them to be hanged, on their own confession, four years after his wiser brother had ventured his own life to save that of an old woman at Hertford." And this in an age which could boast the names of Newton and Boyle, Locke and Addison, Bentley and Arbuthnot, Pope and Swift!

### Customs of Various Countries.

#### BARLEY BUTT.

#### AN ANCIENT WEST COUNTRY SPORT.

For the Ollio.

When I was a boy, the sport of 'Barley Butt' was very prevalent at Nettle-ton; Wraxall, Castle Combe, Long Ford, and their vicinities in the West of England. My not having seen it noticed in 'Strutt,' or any of the writers in his line of observation, induces me to say a word or two respecting it. The sport of 'Barley Butt' is practised frequently after a village wake, and invariably after the closing in of the 'Barley Break.' It commences in the dusk of evening, by the party of the farm-

house, young and old, servants and mistress, going, blindfold, into the hen-roost, and driving the poultry *pole male* into the yard, cackling, half frightened to death. Should any of the male party be able to catch either of the fowls he is called the 'Fox' till the ensuing 'Barley Break;' but should any of the females get into the dirt, or water, she is called the 'goose' till the ensuing season. When the poultry shall be returned into their quarters, which mostly happens by the instinctive sagacity of the sympathising lord of the roost—chanticler, the 'fox' throws the blind aside and fastens them safely in their berth, by first scattering a plentiful supply of barley as the reward of their persecution. All the others of the party are released of their bandage, except the 'goose,' who is exposed in doors to the general laughter of the assembly, butting against the 'poor unfortunate' in high glee. Lest, however, this should assume too serious an aspect, the sport is ended by the introduction of a jack of the strongest beer in the cellar, which is drunk with a health to the 'fox,' and a valediction to the 'goose.' My grandfather used to say, that 'Barley Butt' originated between a 'ram and a fox;' the latter of which that went, once upon a time, to rob a hen of her pullets, was prevented by a pet black ram interfering with master reynard, and keeping him at bay so long with his horns, that a thatcher coming hither at an unexpected hour, so far crippled him with the barley-fork as to take him captive, after which, for very joy, he disturbed the whole roost, and set the farm-yard in an uproar, to the great amusement (and at first alarm) of the farmer and his family; and I should mention, that the 'fowl,' which is caught in the sport by the bibed 'fox,' is selected to be thrown at as an example of duplicity on 'Shrove-Tuesday.'

J. R. P.

**DRUIDICAL CUSTOMS.**—Beside the sacrifice of beasts, which was common to the Druids, they had a custom which, in point of cruelty and detestation, surpasses all that we have hitherto surveyed. This consisted in the offering of human victims at the polluted shrines of their imaginary gods. At these altars their enemies were sacrificed, and their friends offered. Sometimes the vigorous youth and the comely virgin were immolated on these sanguinary altars, and sometimes the smiling in-

fant was carried, from the bosom of its mother, to the flames, which terminated its life. While they were performing these horrid rites, the drums and trumpets sounded without intermission, that the cries of the miserable victims might not be heard, or distinguished by their friends; it being accounted very ominous if the lamentations of either children or parents were distinctly heard while the victim was burning.

*Note to Pennie's National Tragedies.*

### ANECDOTIANA.

**ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.**—A certain lady, celebrated for her virtue and rectitude of manners, and who was considered in her youth one of the handsomest women of quality, took Mr. Pope to task about his "Epistle on the Characters of Women," pointing out several places satirical enough, about which he excused himself with saying, that there were women (though happily unknown to her Ladyship) of such characters, and by that means thought to get off from a rebuke he knew she would give him, if she could fix any thing on him. At last, she said, "Mr. Pope, you say here,—

'Men some to business, some to pleasure take,  
But every woman is at heart a rake.'

Do you think, Sir, that I am, or ever have been, a rake in my heart? If not, you will find I make no question you have abused a great many women more besides me; this accusation is quite general, therefore I now acquit myself, and prove the guilt of falsehood upon you." To this Mr. Pope immediately replied, "I should think very ill of myself if I had in thought abused your Ladyship. No, Madam, I must entreat of you to observe, that I only say—

'But every woman is at heart a rake.'

This no ways affects your Ladyship, who were an *angel* when you were young, and now, advancing in life, are almost already become a *saint*."

### HEROISM OF GENERAL WOLFE.

When the brave Wolfe received his death-wound on the heights of Quebec, his principal care was that he should not be seen to fall. "Support me," said he, to such as were near him, "let not my brave soldiers see me drop; the day is ours. Oh! keep it," and with these words he expired.

**CÆSAR'S FEARLESSNESS.**—When the mighty conqueror was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the secu-

rity of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or any one to defend him, he always replied to these admonitions: "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures; I will die but once."

**NAT LEE.**—This dramatist was so pathetic a reader of dramatic poetry, that while he was reciting one of his own plays in the green-room, to Major Mohun, the latter, in the warmth of his admiration, threw away the part, and exclaimed,—"To what purpose can I undertake this character, if I am not able to play it as well as you read it?"

**WHIG AND TORY.**—Jacob Tonson, Dryden's bookseller, was a whig, while the poet was a Jacobite. When Dryden had nearly completed his translation of Virgil, it was the bookseller's wish, and that of several of Dryden's friends, that the book should be dedicated to King William. This, however, the poet strenuously refused. The bookseller, however, who had as much veneration for William, as Dryden had for James, finding he could not have the dedication he wished, contrived, on re-touching the plate, to have Æneas delineated with a hooked nose, that he might resemble his favourite prince. This ingenious device of Tonson's, occasioned Dryden to insert the following epigram in the next edition of his Virgil:—

"Old Jacob, by deep judgment sway'd  
To please the wise beholders,  
Has plac'd old Naassu's hook-nose'd head  
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel tack,  
Methinks there's little lacking,  
One took his father pick-a-back,  
And t'other sent him packing."

**FIRE FROM HEAVEN.**—Pliny speaks of a process by which Persenna caused fire from the heavens to fall upon a monster who ravaged the country. He mentions also, that Numa Pompilius and Tullius Hostilius, practised certain mysterious rites to call down the fire from heaven. What these mysterious rites were, it is not worth inquiring; the simple fact which was concealed under them is sufficiently manifest.—Tullius, because he omitted some prescribed ceremonies, is said to have been struck with thunder.

**CURIOUS SERMON.**—To a sermon published for Buckland, Paternoster Row, 1783, there is some poetry appended, of which the following is a specimen—

How then shall infant tongues record  
Thy mighty dying, O, my Lord;  
And that thou, who on the cross hungest dead,  
Art God, which heaven and earth hast made?



**CATHOLIC DOG.**—The following anecdote is related by Mr. Southey, the truth of it having fallen within his own knowledge. A dog, which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a

morsel of food on a Friday. The Irishman had made him as good a Catholic as himself. This dog never forsok the sick bed of his master, and when he was dead, refused to eat, and died also.

## Diary and Chronology.

Friday, Jan. 20.

*Vigil of St. Agnes.*

*High Water, 53m. aft. 3m.*

Formerly, to young maidens, Agnes's Eve was a night of the utmost importance. A popular poet alludes to some precautions necessary to be observed to attain the end desired, viz., that of knowing who should be their husbands:—

Upon St. Agnes' Eve,

Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the bonied middle of the night;  
If ceremonies due they did aright;  
As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine;  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of heaven, with upward eyes, for all that they  
desire.

Saturday, Jan. 21.

*St. Agnes Virgin and Mar. A.D. 301.*

*Sun rises 45m. aft. 7—Sets 15m. aft. 4.*

Our saint was a Roman virgin, who suffered martyrdom in the tenth persecution of the Emperor Dioclesian, in the year 306. The images of this saint are represented with a lamb, in consequence of the appearance of a white lamb by her side, in the vision of her, which was presented to her parents after her death.

In the "Missale ad usum sacrum," we find the following notice of St. Agnes:—*Haec est Virgo sapientem quam Dominus vigiliantem invenit.*

**VERSES ON ST. AGNES'S SHRINE.**

Where each pretty Balam most gayly appears,  
With ribands stuck round on its tail and its ears,  
On gold-fringed cushions they're stretched out to eat,

And piously ba, and to church musick bleat;  
Yet to me they seem crying, alas, and alas!  
What's all this white damask to daisies and grass!  
Then they're brought to the Pope, and with transport they're kissed,

And receive consecration from sanctity's fist;  
To chaste nuns he consigns them, instead of their dams,

And orders the friars to keep them from rams.

Sunday, Jan. 22.

**THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.**

*Lessons for the Day, 25 chap. Isaiah, Mat. 26 chap. Isaiah, Evens.*

"During the mild weather of winter slugs are in constant motion, preying on plants and green wheat. Their coverings of slime prevents the escape of animal heat, and hence they are enabled to ravage, when their brethren of the shell are obliged to lie dormant. Earth-worms likewise appear about this time; but let not the man

of nice order be too precipitate in destroying them—they are the under-gardeners that loosen the sub-soil, and have their uses in conveying away superfluous moisture, and admitting a supply of air to the roots of plants.

Monday, Jan. 23.

*St. Clement of Anagyr.*

*High Water 17m. aft. 6 Mar.—40m. aft. 6 aftern.*

1506, Jan. 23. Origin of Lotteries in England.—The first lottery was drawn in England; it consisted of 40,000 lots, at ten shillings each lot; the prizes were plate, and the profits were to go towards repairing the several havens of the kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral; the drawing began on the 23d of January, 1569, and continued drawing till the 15th of May following. There were only three lottery-offices in London. The proposals for this lottery were published in the years 1567 and 1568.

In the reign of Queen Anne, it was thought necessary to suppress lotteries, as a great nuisance to the public.

Tuesday, Jan. 24.

*The Eve of St. Paul.*

*Men's Last Quarter, 3m. aft. 5 Morn.*

The following lines relate to the sort of scenes and weather which sometimes prevail on the Vigil of St. Paul:—

**ON ST. PAUL'S EVE.**

Winter's white shroud doth cover all the grounds,  
And Caecias blows his bitter blasts of woe;  
The poodles, and pooles, and streams, in ice are bounde,

And famished birds are shivering in the snow.  
Still round about the house they flitting goe,

And at the windows seek for scraps of food,  
Which Charity with hand profuse doth throw,  
Right weating that in need of it they stooode,

For charity is shewn by working creatures' good.

The Sparrow peet, the Chaffinche gay and cleane,

The Redbreast welcome to the cotter's house,

The livelie blue Toxitt, the Oxepe green,

The Dingie Dunnock, and swart Colemouse;

The Titmouse of the marsh, the nimble Wrenne,

The Bullfinch and the Goldspink, with the king

Of birds, the Goldcrest. The Thrush, now and then,

The Blackbird, wont to whistle in the Spring,  
Like Christians seek the heavenly food St. Paul  
doth bring.

Jan. 24, 476.—Death of Genseric, King of the Vandals, who conquered Africa from the Romans, and pillaged the City of Rome.

"The Strange Discovery," illustrated, being No. 5 of the Tales of the Bureau de Police will appear in our next.

We are fearful that the "Characteristic Essays" are not sufficiently interesting for our pages. The writer has our best thanks for the offer of them. The MSS. are left with the Publisher.

# The Otto;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 7.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, Jan. 26, 1893.



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## Illustrated Article.

### TALES OF THE BUREAU DE POLICE.—No. 5. THE STRANGE DISCOVERY.

*For the Otto.*

THERE was, some few years ago, in one of the streets leading from the rue St. Honore, an hotel known by the name of the Renard d'Or. It does not exist at the present day, but at the time I am speaking of was much frequented by persons from the south of France, who came to Paris with the intention of stopping a few days. Amongst the persons who were in the habit of residing there, during their stay in our metropolis, was a Madame Launay, the widow of a rich banker of Bordeaux, Vol. IX.

who came every year for the purpose of receiving her dividends, and transacting such other business as circumstances might require. On her arrival late one evening from Bordeaux, she was informed, by the landlady of the Renard d'Or, with a profusion of apologies, that unless Madame would for once put up with a small room, containing two beds, she should be unable to accommodate her. To this Madame Launay replied, she had no objection for a few days, as Julie, her waiting-woman, could sleep in the same room, and when opportunity offered they might be better accommodated. The hostess curtsied assent, and Madame Launay was shewn to her apartment, where, after partaking of some slight refreshment, she, with her maid, very

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soon retired to their separate beds, and in profound sleep forgot the fatigues of their journey, and the comparative inconvenience of their lodgings.

In the middle of the night Julie awoke, and finding her mouth parched from the still feverish excitement of the journey, got out of bed to obtain a draught of water from the dressing-table. As Madame Launay always slept with a candle in her room, she had no difficulty in finding the water, and was returning into bed when her eye fell upon a handsome travelling cloak, which was lying by the bedside of her mistress. This Julie had admired during the whole of the journey, and as it had been sent home but a few hours previous to their leaving Bordeaux, had escaped the fate of the rest of her mistress's wardrobe, which was usually tried on by her previous to being delivered. The opportunity was not to be resisted; the candle burnt opposite a long glass, so that she could try it on to the best advantage. "Ah! really I do look extremely well in it," said she, standing first on one side and then on the other, to see herself to more advantage, "and this bonnet, too, is very becoming. I really wonder the men are so devoid of taste as to suffer me to continue still unmarried;" and with a sigh she dropped the cloak and bonnet, tript into bed, and in a few minutes was dreaming of some favoured swain throwing himself at her feet, and with most becoming importunity pressing her to name the happy day.

Her dreams were so delightful, that she would have willingly continued them much longer had not the sun, which shone with all the brightness of a clear summer's day, warned her it was time to get up and prepare for her mistress's rising. She could not refrain from glancing towards the object which had been the source of such pleasing reveries, but much to her astonishment the cloak was no where to be seen. She searched all over the room without success. Could her mistress have been awake, and meant this as a hint for her vanity. She looked towards her bed to see if she were then awake, and enjoying her surprise. Her mistress seemed to be asleep. She must then have hid the cloak in the bed. She gently turned down the clothes to see if her suspicions were confirmed, and to her horror beheld the bed deluged with blood. Her mistress had been murdered, during the night, by some one who had struck her to the

heart; and so truly had the blow been given, that she had expired without making noise sufficient to awake even her fellow-lodger. Julie, by her screams brought several persons to the room to ascertain the cause, amongst whom was the landlady, who was so alarmed for the respectability of her establishment, that she declared none but Julie could have committed the atrocious act; and despite of her repeated protestations of innocence, called in the police, who barely gave the poor girl time to dress before they hurried her off to prison—to contemplate alone on the misfortune that had befallen herself and mistress.

Julie found her situation far from an enviable one; to be looked upon by the world as the murderess of her mistress was revolting enough by itself—besides which, there appeared but little hope that she should escape being found so, by those who were to decide her fate; since she could not but confess to herself, that suspicions were strongly against her. It was strange! very strange! she thought; the more so, as she could not even hazard a conjecture as to the real offender, who had, without doubt, so contrived, as to throw the whole suspicion upon her.

Circumstances, though strongly against her, were not so conclusive as she herself imagined; for in her numerous examinations before the Juge d'Instruction, she had in no one instance prevaricated; and on her trial there was much in her favour to counterbalance the suspicions of her guilt. It was proved that she had been high in her mistress's confidence, having free access to her money and valuables, so that she might have executed any robbery she had meditated, without adding to it the crime of murder, which would have brought on instant detection. Madame Launay's friends, too, with one accord, expressed their belief in her strict integrity, and declared they were themselves convinced of her innocence, from her often proved affection towards her mistress, which would alone have rendered her incapable of such an act. All this had due weight with the Jury, who stated their unanimous opinion of her perfect innocence of the imputed crime.

Though absolved from all participation in the murder by the laws of her country, Julie was a girl of too much spirit to suffer the least shadow of guilt to hang around her, if by her unceasing endeavours she could bring the truth to light; and day after day, and

month after month, she lingered in Paris, in hopes of finding some clue to trace out the murderer. But time wore fast away, and she had been nearly a year pursuing her endeavours, without having advanced a single step towards success, and began to fear she must give up all hopes of successfully clearing herself from the suspicions still entertained by many, and leave it to the action of time, which she felt convinced must eventually bring the offender to justice.

Having occasion one day to go a short distance from Paris, she went to the Champs Elysees, with the intention of going by one of the Cuckoo which generally start from there, and are more moderate in their charges than the regular coaches. She was much importuned by two men to go by their conveyance, which was ready to start as soon as the last place was occupied; but not liking either the appearance of the men, or their carriage, she refused, and gave the preference to the second in the rank, not being so much pressed for time as to mind a few minutes' delay. This gave great offence to the men, who immediately began to play off the artillery of their small wit against her, no less to their own than their passengers' amusement, who were rather nettled at the delay.

"Guillaume," said one, "the lady thinks you don't look sufficiently like a gentleman to be honoured with her company; why don't you brush up your hair, and place your hat in a more elegant style, and then when she comes this way next time, perhaps she'll go with you."

"Why," replied the other, "I think I am sufficiently elegant to have the honour of escorting a waiting-woman in a cuckoo—a waiting-woman, indeed, to give herself such airs."

"Aye, Guillaume, but pretty women sometimes fancy themselves greater persons than they are."

"Pretty! yes, *Mam'selle* is pretty to be sure," said the other, and assuming a mincing tone of voice, added, "I wonder the men are so devoid of taste as to suffer her to continue still unmarried."

This seemed to please them both beyond measure; for they burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which was only finished by some one coming up to take the vacant place; and as they drove off they seemed repeating the silly, in order to a re-enjoyment of their mirth.

Strange, indeed, thought Julie to herself, they were the very words I used when admiring myself in the glass, on that fatal night. How could they have known them! I have never mentioned them to any one! Never—and she tried to remember if she had so done, but could not bring to mind that they had ever escaped her lips. I will go and mention the circumstance to the Commissary, who has hitherto so kindly assisted me in my endeavours; and on pretence of finding herself too unwell to continue her journey as she had intended, left the cuckoo, and came instantly to me, in order to ask my opinion concerning the men's conversation. I thought as she had done—that it was strange they should repeat her very words, and that they must know something more of the business than they ought; at any rate I would secure the men, and see if any thing could be elicited from them.

I went with Julie and some of my men, to await at the Champs Elysees the return of the cuckoo. It was not long before it came back, and out jumped the two men, ready for another excursion. They did not at first perceive the company who were waiting their arrival; but on seeing Julie, seemed rather surprised at her being still there. Afterwards, when they beheld me, both turned as pale as death, and stammered out something about "they hoped they had not offended the young lady by any thing they had said, and were very sorry if they had done so."

I told them, on the contrary, that the lady was pleased with their conversation; that she wished to enjoy it more at leisure; and as I had heard so flattering an account of their abilities in that way, I should feel much pleasure, at a future time, in enjoying a *le-tote* with them myself; and, in the mean time, would see that they had proper accommodation and attendance in their new lodgings, to which my assistants would feel proud to conduct them.

I went afterwards with Julie to their lodgings and found several things which were identified by her as having belonged to Madame Launay, and which, on their examination, they were unable to account for the possession of. But to be brief, there were many circumstances came out against them which left but little doubt of their being the guilty parties. The words they had made use of, the things belonging to Madame Launay, and their being unable to account in any way

for themselves on the night in question, were strong proofs against them. They were found guilty, and condemned to expiate their crime at the Place de Greve. Previous to their execution they confessed that one of them had, before Madame Launay's arrival, got unperceived into the hotel, and hidden himself under one of the beds in the room where she had slept, and that it was there he had seen Julie admiring herself in the glass, and heard the expressions she had made use of. He further confessed having, after she had retired to bed, risen very gently, and let in his companion, their intention being only to rob the room of as much as they could conveniently carry away with them; but Madame Launay having awoke during their operations, and fearing she might give the alarm, they had murdered her in self-defence.

There is but little doubt that had they been wise enough to have kept their own secret, they would have succeeded in eluding detection; for they had prudence sufficient, when they found the murder had created a great sensation in Paris, to abstain from selling any of the stolen things, and had destroyed those they thought most likely to be recognised; but the desire of shewing off a little supposed wit, threw them off their guard, and was the means of bringing them to that justice they had so outrageously offended.

J. M. B.

SONG OF THE MATRONS OF AN  
INDIAN TRIBE, ON THE EVE OF  
SACRIFICING A CAPTIVE.

*For the Olio.*

Vainly captive! would'st thou fly—  
We laugh thy useless cares to scorn;  
Our twining bonds thy flight deny!  
In vain thy mate with wailful cry—  
Thy long delay shall mourn,

The song of death  
Sounds o'er the heath,

Thou never shalt return!

Oh! had'st thou been the vagrant bird,  
Who pillaging our fruits and flowers,  
Had'st entered softly and unheard—  
To banquet midst our verdant bowers,  
Well might thy wanton pinions then  
Have borne thee far through vale and glen;  
This camp is now thy utmost bound,  
Where all our chiefs keep watch around.

Thine arm is strong—thy heart is brave—  
Thine arrow has laid many low!  
Our kindred's blood—a sanguine wave—  
Thy spear has taught to flow;  
Hark!—hark!—in every whispering gale  
Their shrieks our ears assail—  
And bid our warriors strike the deathful  
blow!

*Mrs. Kentish.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF LADY  
LOVAT.

THE last lady of the rebellious Lord Lovat, was the fifth daughter of the Honourable John Campbell of Marmore, who was second son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, and brother of the first duke. She was born, as she herself used to tell her friends, in the year ten, that is, 1710; consequently, at the period of her death, in 1796, she was eighty-six years of age. Like many other Scottish ladies of quality in her time, she received a very imperfect education, and what will appear very strange to the accomplished ladies of the present age, actually could not write till advanced in life, when she acquired the art at her own hands, without the assistance of a master. In her youth, she had frequently been in London with her noble relations, and yet had received no instruction in this common and familiar branch of education. She afterwards attained to have a neat hand, but could never spell properly. She was residing at Barnbougle Castle, with her sister Lady Roseberry, when Lord Lovat first paid his addresses to her.—Knowing his bad character) his lordship in his first connexion had not been particularly uxorious) and disliking his person, she rejected him with abhorrence. But his suit being, it is supposed, favoured by the young lady's relations, he did not give up his point: and it is said, he finally laid a scheme for the accomplishment of his desires, which, if our tale be true in all its circumstances, adds another crime to the dark list already arrayed against him.

He addressed a letter to Miss Campbell, as from her mother, informing her that she was just come to town, and was then lying dangerously ill in a lodging, in the Lawnmarket, which was particularly described, and the letter concluded, with an earnest request, that Primrose would immediately come to see and attend her. Lady Roseberry ordered the carriage to be instantly got ready, and urged her sister to hasten to her mother. On arriving in the Lawnmarket, at the house described, which was down a close, a servant made his appearance, received the young lady's luggage, and showed the way up stairs; meanwhile the carriage was dismissed.

On entering the house, what, was Miss Campbell's surprise, when, instead of her mother, she was introduced

to the presence of the detested Lovat, who immediately proceeded to entreat her love! She declared, with tears and protestations, her aversion to his hand, but he only persisted the more earnestly; and, to increase her distress, told her that she was now in a house of bad fame, from which, after it should be known in whose company she had been, it would be impossible again to go forth into decent society. She, however, continued to resist his solicitations, till a hopeless confinement of several days reduced her to despair, when she at last consented to the match. After the nuptials Lord Lovat took her to the north, and proceeded to treat her with all the cruelty which he had exercised towards his former spouse. She was locked up in a room by herself, from which she was not permitted to come forth, even at meal times. He would not permit her to sit at table with himself, but sent her a scanty supply of coarse food, which she was obliged to devour in solitary confinement. When pregnant of her son, Archibald, his Lordship sometimes came into the room, and told her sternly, that if she should give birth to a female child, he would "put it on the back of the fire!"

Lord Lovat's son, by his first wife, who was not much older than Archibald, was a very sickly child, and when his Lordship went to the lowlands, he usually told his unhappy spouse, that if he found either of the boys dead when he returned, he would shoot her through the head. The result was, that she made their health her only care and study, and by dint of good nursing, recovered her pining step-son, who ever after acknowledged her kindness as the means of saving his life, and looked up to her with all the filial reverence due to a real parent. Lady Lovat at that period acquired habits which she never afterwards lost; and to the end of her long life was noted, among her friends and dependants, for her skill "as an old lady of the faculty." The means by which she escaped from the cruel jurisdiction of her husband, were, we believe, rather singular. Getting possession of writing materials, she addressed a letter to her friends, informing them of her dreadful situation; rolled it up in a clue of yarn, and dropped it over the window to a confidential person, who conveyed it to its proper destination. Upon the interference of her own family, a separation soon after took place. Lord Lovat

seems to have sunk into a sort of despondency, after she left him, for we have heard that he lay two years in bed, previous to the Rebellion. When the news of the Prince's landing was communicated to him, he started up, and cried, "Lassie, bring me my brogues, I'll rise noo!" Lord Lovat was one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared in public life. He was crafty and politic to an astonishing degree; cruel, rapacious; had great natural abilities, much wit, and prodigious talent for business; but an utter destitution of principle, spoiled in him the parts which might have composed a distinguished statesman. Any new anecdotes of so wonderful a man must interest the public, and we willingly give place to the two following, which have been contributed by a gentleman, who took them from the mouths of the persons concerned—the late Mr. Alexander Baillie, of Dochfour, and the Hon. Archibald Frazer, of Lovat.

Previous to 1745, when Mr. Baillie was a student at the school of Inverness, cock-fights were very common amongst the boys. This detestable sport was, in many parts of Scotland, encouraged by the school-masters, who derived a profit from the beaten cocks, or as they were called, *fugies*, which became, at the end of every game, their appropriated perquisite. In the pursuit of cocks, Mr. Baillie went to visit his friend, in the Aird, and, in the course of his researches, was introduced to Lord Lovat, whose policy it was to shew great attention to his neighbours and their children. The situation in which his Lordship was found by the school-boy, must amuse our readers. He was stretched out in bed, between two buxom highland lasses, who being naked, affected, out of modesty, to hide their faces under the bed-clothes; and the old lord accounted for this strange scene by saying, that his blood become cold, and he was obliged to supply the want of heat by the application of animal warmth.

The Honourable Mr. Frazer was at the school of Pitty, in 1745, and was sometimes invited to dine with President Forbes. It will appear, from the following *trait*, that this celebrated man, with more virtue than Lovat, was almost his equal in political genius. One day at dinner, the President pulled out some foreign gold pieces, and said, "Pray, my young friend, have you ever seen such before?" By this, he no doubt meant to discover if Lord Lovat

received any remittances of money from the court of St. Germain's.

Lord Lovat used to send one of his numerous retainers to Loch Neas, a distance of eight miles, every day for the water he drank.

When Lord Lovat was confined to the Tower, previous to his trial, his lady, forgetting all her injuries, and thinking only of her duty as a wife, proposed to come to London and attend him in person. But he returned an answer, in which, though he expressed gratitude and affection, he positively rejected her offer; which, he said, he could not take advantage of, after what had happened. This, her ladyship afterwards said, was the only occasion of his ever addressing her in language appropriate to the conjugal relation which she bore to him.

After his death there arose some demur about her jointure, which was only 190*l.* per annum. It was not paid to her for several years, during which time, being destitute of other resources, she lived with one of her sisters. Some of her numerous friends—among the rest, Lord Strichen, offered her the loan of money to purchase a house, and suffice for present maintenance. But she did not choose to encumber herself with debts, which she had no certain prospect of repaying. At length the dispute about her jointure was settled in a favourable manner, and her ladyship received, in a lump, the whole amount of past dues; out of which she expended 500*l.* in purchasing a house at the head of Blackfriars Wynd, and a further sum upon a suit of plain substantial furniture for the same. Her ladyship was charitable in the highest degree; and it would astonish a modern dowager to know how much good she contrived to do with her small jointure. With 190*l.*, it is said, she was much more generally admired for her benevolence, than the succeeding lady of Lovat, who had a jointure of 4,000*l.* Had not the necessities of life been much cheaper in those days than in ours, it is impossible to imagine the means by which she contrived to be so universally liberal. She kept a waiting-maid, a cook, and a footboy, and gave protection to all the destitute ladies of rank, who pleased to come about her. Scarcely a day passed without its guest; and she, in a manner, kept open house for all sizes, sexes, and descriptions of Highland cousins, even unto the tenth generation, who happened to visit Edinburgh. All were sure of a good homely

dinner at Lady Lovat's; and not only was her ten-table accessible to every stupid old crone about town, but whenever her ladyship heard of any respectable gentlewoman who had the misfortune to be left unprovided for by her relations, she would seek them out, offer her house as their future home, and treat them quite as her equals or friends. Lady Lovat's character was strongly marked by enthusiastic piety, and a reliance upon the doctrine of predestination, amounting almost to fatalism. Under the severe and manifold afflictions which it had been her lot to experience, she did not seem to feel much annoyed; and it is said that this did not arise, as many supposed, from stoical indifference or physical want of sensibility, but from a notion she entertained of all her calamities being sent by heaven as trials or tests; in which light she considered that they ought to be received with patience and resignation.

When a tenement nearly opposite to her's, in Blackfriars Wynd, took fire, in 1791, and threatened destruction to all around, her ladyship did not think it incumbent upon her to make any attempt to save either herself or her dwelling, but sat at a window, in her usual quiet manner, knitting a stocking, and watching the progress of the flames. The magistrates and ministers came in person, with a sedan, and beseeched her to remove; but she said, "that if her hour was come, it would be vain to think of eluding her fate; and if it was not come, she was quite safe where she was." All that they were permitted to do for her, was to get wet blankets hung over her windows, by which means the house was protected from the sparks.

She attended the Tron kirk, in which she had a seat for many years. She always went to the preachings throughout the week; and if ever by any chance she was kept from church, she was sure to put a penny, instead of her customary half-penny, into the *brod*, next time she went. Her ladyship never once varied from this practice for fifty years!

## THE ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY.

BY J. F. PENNIE.

The military diversions of tournaments are not as they have generally been imagined to be, the invention of these later ages. They were customary among the Britons, as they remained

among their descendants of Ireland and Caledonia, to the third century. Such schools of war, therefore, King Arthur found already instituted in the provinces; and he seems to have particularly encouraged them. After the great victory which he obtained over the Saxons in the Caledonian forest, he seems to have celebrated a triumphant tournament in the field. And the small entrenchment which has ditches within the rampart, and is popularly denominated *Arthur's Round Table*, still remains upon the spot, a probable memorial of the fact.

Who can be so weak as to believe, with de St. Palaye, that chivalry cannot be traced further back than the 11th century, or that such a system should spring up all at once, among so many nations of Europe, if they will but attend to what Tacitus says of the customs of the Germans? "As noble youths advance in age, and acquire esteem, other young warriors attach themselves to them, and swell their retinue."

Nor does any one blush to be seen among these attendants and followers. Palaye, in his *Memoirs of Chivalry*, says, "To be thus attached to some illustrious knight had nothing in it degrading." Again, Tacitus says, "There is great emulation among the followers, who shall stand highest in the prince's or chief's favour, and among the chiefs who shall have the most numerous and valiant attendants." This was exactly the case among the barons of the middle ages. It is also as plain "that vassalage and feudal tenure were established among the Goths, as among the Romans, their descendants; for if the Gothic chiefs gave not their retainers lands, they gave the war-horses every kind of arms and 'money-gifts,' and always feasted them at their plentiful tables." It is therefore as silly to suppose chivalry a comparatively modern institution, as it is to believe that armorial bearings were never used previously to the crusades.

We are indebted for the above highly valuable information to the notes to the *National Tragedies*, noticed by us in our last.

### ZOOLOGY.

NOTICES OF BIRDS, BY PROFESSOR  
RENNIE.  
For the *Olio*.

So many superstitions have, in times past, been interwoven in the histories

of Birds, that it requires laborious investigation to separate error from truth. Nature is infallible in her operations—the genus has its peculiar and instinctive faculty—differing in specific instances, so as to determine to which the bird belongs, and the result of diligent inquiry, generally, proves satisfactory. In the laudable pursuit of Zoology, Professor Rennie has recently delivered a course of Lectures at the King's College, in the interim of the vacation, on the subject of 'Birds.' This course is intended to form a volume for the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' shortly to be published. The Professor is, evidently, a 'Bird Fancier,' in heart and mind, and acquainted with the 'habits,' the 'languages,' the origins of the 'fabulous,' and the purposes of the 'singing birds,' whether the gregarious, or those of simple, lonely, song. Naturalists, from Aristotle down to Buffon and others, have asserted many erroneous opinions respecting the fear—the sympathy—the calls and the causes of joy and pain—the objects of the songs which the feathered choirs express. For instance, the fall of a leaf will create fear, by an imparted sympathy, from the parent to its young, though the same feeling is not communicable by the hen to the ducklings she vainly strives to educate, or she would not cluck and pace the margin of a pond by way of caution, while the young truants dive in ecstasies and bathe their forms in the waves, unconscious they are acting disobediently, and search after the food their parents indulged in, to satisfy their hunger. The caution a 'cock' communicates to all his subservient race, is strictly attended to.\* A hawk, hovering in the air, or any common foe, will draw forth an utterance from the throat of the 'lord and master,' as

\* It occurred to us during our visit, the reason boys fail in rearing their pet birds to stature and perfection, like as when reared by their parents, arises from their cramming the young, who open their bills at sight, with worms and maggots, fearing they would starve—not considering that it is necessary they should *first be killed* and prepared for eating, an operation which is done effectually by those whom instinct has taught. Only imagine a dozen of garden worms, or slugs, writhing in the stomach of a young black bird, and cease to wonder it dies. Observe a hen, when she leads forth her chickens, and she comes in contact with a worm in her path, how she cries to her young 'take care.' They stop and gaze at the reptile—she clips it in her beak—destroys its power, and then permits them to enjoy the repast, by dividing it between them.



is so well understood, that all those of his kind prepare for the worst. It appears, by the Professor's observations, that the 'butcher bird' does not possess more than ordinary powers of imitation; or, does the 'robin,' or wren, confine its song to the amatory season. While he confesses the 'humming bird' to possess curious propensities, he thinks the notes of the 'nightingale' and most of the 'birds of song,' use their chaunts in love and joy. The peculiarities of the 'cuckoo,' the persecuting and united spirit of a gregarious flight, particularly exerted towards the 'owl,' and the nice distinctions to be drawn by an observer of nature, are all component portions of the grand scheme, and will afford gratification and instruction in the volume anticipated, by so eminent a man and diligent a naturalist, as the worthy professor.

P.

SONNET TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE  
ON HIS GAME BILL.<sup>†</sup>  
BY THOMAS MOOD.

I'm fond of partridges—I'm fond of snipes,  
I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good  
cocks—  
I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of wood-  
cocks,—  
And grouse that keep up such strange moorish  
pipes:  
I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid  
stripes—  
I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or  
Tory—  
I'm fond of caper-calvies in their glory,—  
Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their  
types:  
All these are in your care, law-giving Peer;  
And when you next address your Lordly  
Babel,  
Some clause put in your Bill, precise and  
clear,  
With due and fit provision to enable  
A man that holds all kinds of game so dear,  
To keep like Crockford—a good Gaming  
Table.

BUONAMICO CRISTOFANO.

THE facetious feats of this celebrated artist, with those of his contemporaries Bruno and Calandrino, have often afforded a topic for the wit of Boccaccio. Buffalmacco was not a bad painter, but he was not attached, it appears, to very early rising in his youth. His master, Andrea Tafi, made a rule of rousing up his pupils, even during the longest nights, at a most unreasonable morning hour. So much was Buonamico annoyed by it, that he resolved to find some remedy for the evil, and happening to find in an old vault a number of

large *scarafaggi* or *beetles*, to the back of each of these he appended, by means of fine threads, a lighted taper, and exactly at the hour when Tafi used to be stirring, he contrived to introduce them through an aperture into his room.—Seeing these strange lights, the aged Tafi, seized with a panic, conceived his hour was come, and commending his soul to God, he hid his head under the bed-clothes, in which state he remained trembling until it was fair day-light and Buonamico had enjoyed a good sleep. Next morning he inquired of his pupil "whether his room had been haunted like his own, by a thousand fiery demons." "No," replied Buffalmacco, "but we all wondered that you failed to call us as usual." "Call you! I was thinking of other things, not about painting. God help me! I am going to leave this house Buonamico." The ensuing night the compassionate pupil introduced only three devils to his master, but they were enough to keep him quiet till morning. Buonamico rose very comfortably at eight o'clock, and his master hearing some one stirring, followed him down stairs and walked—straight out of the house. It was with difficulty he was prevailed on to return, and then he begged Buonamico not to go to work, but to go and bring him the parish priest. To his consolations his pupil added, "You say well holy father, I have always heard that these demons are the sworn enemies of our Lord, and consequently that they are equally bitter and spiteful against us painters, the reason of which doubtless is, that we make them so horribly like, so brutally ugly. while [we every where draw the saints in the most beautiful and attractive forms. No doubt they hate you, my excellent master, for rising so early to fulfil this task." In this reasoning the priest perfectly agreed, and persuaded the painter that he would infallibly be lost one time or other if he rose to paint before day-light. After a bitter struggle between fear and avarice the latter gave way, and Tafi's example of sleeping till day-light was followed by all the masters and pupils in the city. On setting up for himself our friend Buonamico found he was annoyed by a certain noisy neighbour, the consort of Messer Capo d'Oca. Mr. Goosehead, who began to ply his wheel even earlier than his ancient master, had done his brush. It was close against Buffalmacco's bed-head, and clitter, clatter, it began at three o'clock every morning. This

<sup>†</sup> The Comic Annual.

also he resolved to remedy, and forthwith boring a hole through the partition wall, he introduced a long hollow cane, by which he could reach the cooking apparatus, and in the absence of the good housewife, down this pipe he sent such a superabundance of salt into her dinner pots. that poor Capo d'Oca on his return, could touch neither soup, fish, flesh, nor pudding, so horribly were they salted. Again and again he entreated she would not put so much salt in *his* provisions, and finding the evil only grow worse, in a fit of passion he one day gave her a sound beating. The neighbours hearing her cries ran to the place, and Buonamico was among them. On hearing the merits of the case the cunning painter exclaimed, "My good Sir, you have no right to complain, it is only a wonder how your wife can do anything like another woman when I can witness she does not get a single hour's rest of a night. It is enough to make any one's head light spinning as she does from three in the morning till night-fall. Pray let her have her natural rest and she will no longer make these strange blunders I will be bound for her, you see how pale and wild she looks!" The whole company cried out shame on Messer Goose-head. "She may be in bed till noon for me," cried the indignant husband, "provided she will not salt me till I am nearly pickled and preserved—nay, ready for hanging. Buonamico and the neighbours laughing heartily took themselves off, and when any undue repetition of the spinning-jenny perplexed him a new prescription of salt remedied the evil, for Messer Capo d'Oca then insisted on his wife's keeping her bed.

Bishop Guido, lord of Arezzo, employed Buffalmacco to paint one of his churches. During the progress he frequently came, accompanied, not by a courtier, but by a tame baboon, a very intelligent animal, who, perceiving the interest his master took in the pictures, evinced much the same sort of admiration. Intent upon the whole process, the ape would often remain watching the painter after the bishop departed, and one Saturday evening, Buffalmacco having concluded his work retired, when Messer Jacko instantly seized the brush. With a daring hand he first made a union of all the colours he could find, which he applied to the canvas with so much energy and rapidity, using all the strangest gestures and grimaces, that in a few minutes not a piece of the original was to be seen.

What was the horror of Buffalmacco, who had so often passed his jests upon others, when he came on the Monday morning and witnessed the catastrophe. Secretly determined to discover the author of so atrocious an act, he hid himself in the chapel, nor did he wait long, before Messer Jacko, tripping into the place, ran up the ladder, and recommenced his labours on the scaffold. Buffalmacco went forthwith to the bishop and tendered his resignation: "Your reverence I find is already provided with a court painter and one I cannot pretend to compete with," and after presenting the bishop with a painting of the lion tearing an eagle, instead as he had been told with that of an eagle on the back of a lion, he hastily left Arezzo.

His friend Bruno one day complaining that he could not throw sufficient expression into his faces, "put it into their mouths, then" replied Buffalmacco, "label your saints and they will speak like Cimabue's." The next exploit of Buffalmacco shews how far credulity could be carried in a Catholic country, and during the fourteenth century, Calandrino was a man more distinguished at Florence for his excessive *bonhomie* than for his skill as an artist. Such a character offered too strong a temptation to his friends Bruno and Buffalmacco, to try their favourite art of playing upon the weak points of their companions. Accordingly they gave our hero to understand that at a certain spot near Florence a species of enchanted stones was to be found which gave their possessor the power of making himself invisible. Instances they declared had already occurred, in which the invisibles had pocketed a large sum from the bankers without a cheque and entertained themselves in the first style at a public hotel, without paying the waiters. The simple Calandrino was in raptures and by the promise of a dinner and half-a-dozen of *lacrymæ Christi* on their return induced Bruno and our painter to accompany him.

On reaching the spot, Calandrino having filled his pockets as directed, reproached his friends for their indolence; and, converting his mantle into a bag, he began to fill it also with the precious stones. When he had gathered enough to load an ass, they helped him with it on his shoulders, and, toiling and panting, the poor Calandrino retraced his steps back to Florence. On their way, Bruno, accosting Buffalmacco, suddenly called out, "What has become

of Calandrino!" The other, looking round in great surprise, replied that he was certainly gone. "I lay you what you please," exclaimed Buffal-macco in an angry tone, "that he has gone home and has made fools of us for our pains." Calandrino hearing this assurance of his invisibility, resolved indeed to go home without saying another word to his friends. "He is a great villain," exclaimed Bruno, "for acting in such a way; I have long known him; he has more of the knave than the fool!" "Were he only here," returned Buffal-macco, "I would make him feel"—at the same time hitting the invisible a severe rap on the legs with a stone,—“And so would I,” said Bruno, launching another, which hit Calandrino on the small of the back, who consoled himself, however, for all, with the consciousness of his invisibility. The sufferings of a painter named Spinello Aretino, from the effect of terror on the imagination, were still more remarkable than Calandrino's. He painted the Fall of the Angels, in which picture Lucifer appeared in such hideous colours as even to affect the artist's mind and haunt his sleep. One night he awoke in an agony of terror, exclaiming that the demon had appeared to him, and demanded how he had dared to paint him in such a horrible shape. This vision repeatedly returned, until the wretched artist, deprived at once of his peace and his reason, fell into a lingering atrophy, and in that state died.

### Illustrations of History.

**THE INVENTION AND HISTORY OF GLASS.**—Many authorities concur in assigning the merit of the invention to the Phœnicians; and the assertion of Pliny is often repeated, which attributes the discovery to accident. Some storm-driven mariners were boiling their food on the sands at the mouth of the river Belus—a small stream running from the foot of Mount Carmel in Galilee—where the herb kali was growing abundantly, and are said to have perceived that the sand, when incorporated with the ashes of this plant, melted and ran into a vitreous substance. It is certain that the sand about this spot was well adapted to the manufacture of glass, and probably the glass-houses of Tyre and Sidon were supplied thence with this material, which may have given rise to the tradition.

That the ancient Egyptians were well acquainted with the method of making glass cannot be doubted. The beads wherewith some nummies are adorned, although composed of earthenware, have an external covering of glaze, which is true glass, coloured with a metallic oxide; and recent searchers have discovered among the tombs at Thebes some pieces of glass of a blue colour, similar in their composition to the glazing on the beads just mentioned.

The glass-houses of Alexandria were long famed for the skill and ingenuity displayed by their workmen. The Romans were, at one time, supplied with a great part of their glass ware from that city. A coarse and impure manufacture of drinking vessels had been prosecuted at Rome from the time of Nero; but the art could have made only a slow progress notwithstanding the encouragement offered by the high prices at which glass wares of foreign make were sold in the imperial city.—The emperor Hadrian, while at Alexandria, received from a priest some glass cups of various colours, which had been used in the worship of the temple, and transmitted them to Rome as objects of great value and curiosity, with an injunction that they should be used on festivals and other great occasions.

Utensils of glass have been found among the ruins of Herculaneum, which city was destroyed in the reign of the emperor Titus, by the same eruption of Mount Vesuvius which cost the elder Pliny his life. It does not appear that glass was used for admitting light to dwellings in Herculaneum, the largest houses having windows made with a species of transparent talc.

In the British Museum are four large cinerary urns made of green glass, which have been pronounced by a very competent authority favourable specimens of the proficiency of the ancients in the art of glass-blowing. These are round vases of an elegant form, furnished with covers and two double handles. The formation of these handles is, it is said, "such as must convince any person capable of appreciating the difficulties which even the modern glass-maker would have to surmount in their execution, that the ancients were well acquainted with certain branches of the manufacture."\*

\* *Memoir on Glass Incrustations*, by A. Feltet, Esq.

Several ancient authors (*Dion Cassius*, *Patronius Arbiter*, and *Isidorus*) relate, that in the reign of Tiberius, an architect, who had been banished from Rome on account of his great popularity, having, in his retirement, discovered the means of so far altering the nature of glass as to render it malleable, ventured to return to Rome, in the hope of securing both a remission of his sentence and a reward for his invention. This discovery not agreeing, however, with the supposed interests of the tyrant, who feared lest the value of gold might be lowered by its means, the architect was beheaded, and his secret died with him. This is, probably, only another version of the story related by Pliny, of the same important discovery having been made by an artist in Rome, when such of the populace as imagined that their interests would be injuriously affected thereby conspired together and destroyed his dwelling.

A similar discovery, attended by results as unsatisfactory, and which is said to have occurred in France in the more modern times of Louis XIII., is recorded by Blancourt. He says, that the inventor having presented a bust formed of malleable glass to the cardinal Richlieu, was rewarded for his ingenuity by perpetual imprisonment, lest the "vested interests" of French glass manufacturers might be injured by the discovery.

Without venturing altogether to deny the truth of these stories, it would be hard to subject to the charge of presumption those persons who entertain doubts upon the matter. It does not, certainly, prove the incorrectness of the statements, that no subsequent examiner into the arcana of nature has been equally fortunate; and it is assuredly *possible* that some successful investigator may yet be the means of revealing that which has already been thus ascribed to more than one experimenter.

Improbable as the achievement of this would seem, it would be scarcely more extraordinary than the transformation of linen rags into sugar, or the conversion of saw-dust into "wholesome, palatable, and nutritious food." The purposes both of use and of ornament to which glass would in such a case be applied are almost endless, and their importance can hardly be overrated; nor should we in these days have occasion to fear, lest the insensate instructions of some modern Tiberius

or Richlieu should stop between the discoverer and the promulgation of his secret.

According to our present amount of knowledge, the chance of realising such a discovery is, however, limited within the barest possibility. The quality of malleability is in direct contradiction to that of vitrification; the existence of the one state seems to be incompatible with that of the other. Some metallic substances when greatly urged by fire are made to approach towards the state of glass, and then lose their malleability; a fact which almost implies the impossibility of imparting the latter property to glass. Kunkel has indeed observed, that it is possible to produce a composition having an external glassy appearance, which should be pliant and capable of being wrought under the hammer; and Neumann tells us, that in the fusion of muriate of silver a ductile kind of glass is formed, which may be moulded or turned into different figures, and which may be pronounced in some measure malleable; facts to which Henckel has referred in order to account for the traditional stories of the ancients.

The Latin writers of the Augustan age make frequent mention of glass.—Virgil compares to it the clearness of the water in the Fucine Lake; and Horace speaks of the lustre and transparency of glass in a way which shows that it could then be made with a considerable degree of perfection. In the year 220 a tax was laid by Alexander Severus upon the glass manufacturers in Rome, who at this time existed in such numbers, that a principal quarter was assigned to them in that city, wherein they might carry on their processes. This tax was still levied in the reign of Aurelian.

The most celebrated specimen of antique glass is the vase, which during more than two centuries ornamented the Barberini palace, and which, having been subsequently purchased by the late Duchess of Portland, is better known in this country as the Portland vase. This much-admired production was found about the middle of the sixteenth century, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, and deposited within the tomb of Alexander Severus, who died in the year 235. The body of this vase, which for a long time was erroneously supposed to be formed of porcelain, is made of deep blue glass, and is ornamented with white opaque figures in bas-relief, which are designed

and sculptured in the style of cameos with a degree of skill which is truly admirable.

Glass melted and cast into plates, is said by St. Jerome to have been used in his time (A. D. 422) to form windows. About a century later, Paulus Silentiarius mentions the windows of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople which were covered with glass; and from this period frequent allusions to the similar use of glass are met with in various authors.

Long before the establishment of the manufacture within this island, glass was known and used in England. The Venetians who traded with this country in very remote times furnished this among other articles of commerce in exchange for tin. The erudite Pennant is of opinion, that glass-making in Britain dates prior to the Roman invasion. The Druids were accustomed to impose upon their more ignorant followers by means of clumsily formed beads of coloured glass, which they pretended were endued with the quality of guarding their possessors from evil.

The venerable Bede, who lived very near the time, and who therefore had good opportunities for ascertaining the fact, has asserted in his History of Weremouth, that in the year 674 the abbot Benedict sent for artists from beyond seas to glaze the windows of the church and monastery of Weremouth in Durham, and that these men were our first instructors in the art of making window glass. This art, however, took root but slowly among us; and it was not until the eleventh century that glass windows were at all commonly used, either in private dwellings or in public and religious edifices. Previously to this time, light was imperfectly transmitted through linen cloths or wooden lattices. The houses of the commoner people were not, indeed, furnished with this luxury until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in which respect our ancestors were greatly behind the inhabitants of Italy and France.

*Cab. Cyc.*

### The Naturalist.

**INGENUITY OF MOLES.**—We may remark, that in districts where moles abound, some of the mole-hills are greatly larger than others. When a hill, of large dimensions, is thus discovered, we may almost be certain of find-

ing the nest or den of the mole, or near it, by digging to a sufficient depth. The fur of the mole is admirably adapted, from its softness and short close texture, for defending the animal from subterranean damp, which is always injurious, more or less, to non-amphibious animals; and in this climate no choice of situation could entirely guard against it. It is a singular fact, not generally known, we believe, that there are no moles in Ireland. May not the great dampness of the climate account for their not thriving there? Moles, indeed, are partial to fields within the reach of water; they like to have their galleries in dry banks, or the more elevated parts of fields, where they are not in danger of being flooded. An instance, in proof of this, fell under our observation during winter. In the woods adjoining Shooters' Hill, there are considerable patches of swampy ground, which are particularly flooded in rainy weather. On passing near one of these swamps, we were struck with the unusual size of a mole-hill, which we at first imagined to be an ant's nest. It was, indeed, rather a singular locality for a mole-hill, moles being seldom found in woods, and much seldomer in swamps; but though it was as large as six ordinary mole-hills, there can be no doubt that it was one. Upon removing a portion of the upper layer of the mould, the reason of its extraordinary elevation was at once explained; a circular gallery having been constructed on the highest part of the mound, and covered only by about two inches depth of mould. As this gallery was, at least, two feet above the level of the swamp, it was out of the reach of any common inundation. The mole begins to be busy in working his subterranean galleries in pursuit of earth-worms, from which, before he eats them, he ingeniously strips off their skins, by making an opening, and through this, squeezing out the contents of the body, which alone he selects for a *bonne bouche*. This earth-worm, it may be remarked, is so instinctively afraid of the mole, that any motion of the earth, similar to that caused by the burrowing of the mole, causes it to make all haste above ground; a circumstance well known to fishers, who procure the earth-worms for bait, by moving a spade or stake too and fro in the ground.

*Times' Tel. for 1839.*

**Snatches from Oblivion.**

Out of the old fields cometh the new corn.  
SIR E. COKE.

The date of the following quaint piece of poetry by an anonymous bard, is supposed to be that of the Eighth Henry's reign.

**THE ATTENTIVE SPOUSE.**

Twelve sortes of mete my wyfe provides,  
And bates me not a dyshe;  
Foure are of fische, of frute are foure,  
The other foure of fyshe.

For the fyrste corse shee stores my borde  
Wythe birdes that daynties are,  
And first a quayle,† and next a rayle,  
A bytter‡ and a jarre §

Myse appetyte when cloyede with these,  
Wythe fyshe she makes yt sharpe,  
And brynges me next a lumps, a poute, ¶  
A gugeon and a carpe.

The second corse of frute well serv'd,  
Fittyngs wel the secon;  
A medlar and a hartichoke,  
A crab and a smale rezen.

What's hee that having soche a wyfe,  
Upon hie sholde not dote;  
Who ev'ry day provides him fare,  
That comes hym never a grote?

**The Gate Book.**

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

**THE WAY TO QUELL A MUTINY.**—In the volume of the Annual Biography and Obituary, just published, we find, in the sketch of the life of that distinguished and intrepid naval commander, Sir Joseph Yorke, the following characteristic anecdote:—"At a period when a very alarming disposition prevailed among a great part of his ship's company, and the old mutineer's toast of 'A dark night, a sharp knife, and a bloody blanket,' had been revived among the disorderlies; that about six bells of the first watch, the lieutenant flew into the cabin, and announced to Yorke, that the men had formed two lines on the main-deck, and that some of them were even brandishing their knives as ready for action. Yorke, with the natural intrepidity of his character, flew to the scene of danger; and I never shall forget his large figure boldly and rapidly advancing, and seen only dimly by the two or three lanterns that were burning. Coming totally unarmed to the head of this double line of ruffians, he uttered, with his sonorous full voice, a few of his usually im-

perative and almost wild sentences, and instantly knocked two men down, on the right and left, with his double fists. Seizing the two next (men of very large stature), he drove their (as he called them) lubberlyheads together, with a force that rolled them stunned and stupefied on the deck. He then collared two others, and passed them aft to the officers, who by this time were assembling with side-arms; and having thus secured about a dozen, he walked fearlessly through the long line of the remainder, abusing them with every epithet, and ending his abuse by exclaiming, 'Have you the impudence to suppose that I would hang such a set of — as you are! No, by —! I will flog every ring-leader like —, and not put the fleet to the disgrace of a court-martial to try such a set of —.' The men were awed by the mastery of his manner; and in two or three cases, where one, 'the bravest of the brave,' showed a desire to impede his steps, he knocked him down, and kicked him soundly as he lay on the deck. Thus did he pass forward between the line of the sanguinary lawless ruffians; and by dint of his physical powers, his presence of mind, and dauntless intrepidity, he quelled, at the expense of a few dozen at the gangway, a mutiny which might have occasioned many executions and floggings round the fleet. The mutiny existed only among a large body of the Irish pressed-men; and several of the old seamen, when they saw the success of suppressing it, enjoyed most heartily the humorous heroism of the captain. This humour, of which no idea could be conveyed, except by a knowledge of the individual, never forsook him."

**CARDS**, which were invented at the close of the fourteenth century, as they were drawn and painted by the hand, were proportionably dear, and were not in general use until the reign of Edward the Fourth. The price of a single pack was 18s. 8d. a very considerable sum in those days. They were originally very different from those in use at present. In shape they were square; and instead of suits of spades, clubs, hearts, and diamonds, their marks were rabbits, pinks, roses, and flowers of columbine. The figured cards were very prettily devised; a queen riding on horseback with a rabbit beside her, marked the queen of rabbits, or of clubs. A rustic looking man, grotesquely dressed, and standing in a strange attitude, with a pink be-

† Quale—for quarrel or quell.

‡ A bittern.

§ A jarre, synonymous with ruff and rec.

¶ A whiting pout.

side him, signified the knave of pinks, or diamonds. *Ince's Outline of History.*

**THE DEATH OF HAROLD.**—A story has been transmitted to us, that Harold escaped at the battle of Hastings, and though the tale is romantic, it is not incredible. His friends obtained permission from the Conqueror to seek for the body of the Saxon King, but Harold could not possibly be discovered—no trace of him was to be found—but at length a mutilated corpse was selected and buried in Waltham Abbey.

Years after, when the Norman yoke pressed heavily upon the English, and the Battle of Hastings had become a tale of sorrow, there was a decrepid anchorite, who inhabited a cell near the Abbey of St. John, Chester. This recluse, deeply scarred and blinded in his left eye, lived in strict penitence and seclusion. Henry the First visited him, and with his dying breath he declared he was Harold the second. If this tradition is admitted, it is probable he was secretly conveyed from the field to some castle, perhaps Dover, where he continued concealed until he had the means of reaching the sanctuary where he expired. Or did his friends discover him on the field of battle at the last gasp, restore him to animation by their care, and have recourse to the artifice related to lull suspicion. *Id.*

There is much curious matter worth possessing in the little tract from which we take the following:

"There are in England, Ireland, and Scotland, not including Roman Catholics, about 9000 congregations of dissenters; who build their own chapels; maintain their own ministers; and support their own colleges, to the number of about twenty. They educate about 800,000 children in their Sunday schools, and expend nearly 160,000 per annum in promoting Christianity among the Heathens.

*The Poor Man's Book of the Church, &c.*

The following extract is from the "Boke of Kervinge," a treatise printed by Wynken de Worde, which goes far to prove that the pleasures of the table must have been highly valued; when we pointed an attention was paid to their minutiae.

The terms of a Kerver be as here followeth:—Broke that deer. Lesche that browne. Here that goose. Lyste that swanne. Sauce that capon. Spoyle

that hen. Fruche that chekyn. Unbrace that mallard. Unlace that conye. Dismembre that heron. Display that crane. Dysfigure that peccocke. Unjoint that byttere. Untache that curlew. Alay that fessende. Wynges that partryche. Affynge that quail. Mynce that plover. Thyne that pygion. Border that pastie. Thyne that woodcocke. Thyne all maner smalle byrdes. Tymbre that fyer. Tyere that egge. Chynne that samon. Strynge that lampreye. Splat that pyke. Sauce that plaice. Sauce that tench. Splay that creme. Syde that haddock. Taske that berbell. Culpon that troute.—Fyne that cheven. Trussene that ele. Trance that sturgeon. Undertrouth that porpus. Tayme that crable.—Barbe that lopster. Here endeth the goodlye terms of Kervynge.

**KNIGHTHOOD AND KNIGHT'S SERVICES.**—A knight, even in the full chivalric meaning, was a military servant of somebody, either of the king, the queen, a favourite lady, or some person of dignity. In a state very similar to this are the *cnihtas* in the Saxon wills. They appear to us, in like manner, in a rank far above a servant in the Saxon gild-scribes. Of these fraternities, cnihts constituted a part, and are distinctly mentioned, though with a reference to some lord to whom they were subordinate. A situation which seems best explained by supposing them free and respectable dependants.—"If a cniht draw a sword, the lord shall pay a pound, and let the lord get it when he may."

*Hist. Ang. Sax.*

### Customs of Various Countries.

**RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE RUSSIANS.**—The most solemn and magnificent ceremonies of the Greek church may be witnessed at St. Petersburg, with every preparatory and attendant circumstance that can add to their effect. Fasting is so prominent and essential a doctrine of this church, as to have given rise to the satirical remark, *Que les Russes ne savent prendre le coill par fawine*. At Lent, they fast seven weeks; the same period from the Pentecost to St. John the Baptist; then again, fourteen days before the Assumption; and forty days before Christmas. At Easter, a ceremony is performed peculiar to this church, which is certainly not surpassed by the most striking and imposing spectacles ever invented. A representation of the sacred tomb is ex-

posed to the people during the evening; and at night, the resurrection is announced in all the churches throughout the empire. Mr. James, who witnessed this extraordinary spectacle in 1814, gives the following account of it:—"We entered the Casan church at a late hour. The nave, the aisles, in short, every part was crowded to suffocation with a host of devotees; thousands of lighted tapers (for each bore one in his hand) glittered over the whole area, spreading an illumination as bright as noon. As the early hour of twelve approached, all eyes were earnestly bent on the sanctuary, and a dead silence reigned throughout. At length the door opened, when there issued forth a long train of banners, crosses, &c., with archimandrites, protopopes, and priests of all ranks, dressed in their sumptuous robes of embroidered silks, and covered with gold and silver, and jewels: they moved slowly through the crowd, and went out from the doors of the church, as if to search for the body of our Lord. In a few minutes the insignia were again seen on their return, floating above the heads of the mob, along the nave; and when the archbishop had regained the altar, he pronounced with a loud voice, *Christos volestis*—Christ is risen. At that instant the hymn of praise commenced, and a peal of ordinance from the fortress re-echoed the joyful tidings through the city. The mob now saluted and congratulated one another in turn, for the days of fasting were at an end. Tables, spread with provisions, in a short time made their appearance in the church; the forbidden meats were tasted with eager appetite; and a feast of gluttony, that annually proves fatal to some of the followers of this religion, took place of penance and prayer.

#### ANECDOTES.

**HOW TO SELL A BOOK.**—One of the last attempts of Dr. Anderson, was a pamphlet against the principles of the French Revolution. This being not only written in his usual heavy style, but adverse to the popular sentiments, met with so little sale, that it could scarcely be said to have been ever published. However, the doctor was not discouraged, adopting rather the maxim—"contra audentior ito," he wrote a ponderous addition or appendix to the work, which he brought with him to Edinburgh, in order to put it to the press. Calling first upon his

friend, Principal Robertson, he related the whole design, which, as might be expected, elicited the misanthropic surprise of the venerable historian. "Really," said Dr. Robertson, "this is the maddest of all your schemes. What! a small pamphlet is found heavy, and you propose to lighten it by making it ten times heavier! Never was such madness heard of!"—"Why, why," answered Dr. Anderson, "did you never see a kite raised by boys?"—"I have," answered the Principal.—"Then you must have remarked, that when you try to raise the kite by itself, there is no getting it up; but only add a long string of papers to its tail, and up it goes like a laverock!" The reverend Principal was completely overcome by this argument, which scarcely left him breath to reply, so heartily did he laugh at the ingenuity of the resolute author. However, we believe, he eventually dissuaded Dr. Anderson from his design. It is narrated of the same learned Theban, that his continuous efforts were not drawn forth by the encouragement of the public; they were solely owing to the desperate *cacoethes* of the worthy writer, which would take no hint from the world—no refusal from fame. It is said that he was solely enabled to support the expense of his unrequited labour by a set of houses belonging to himself in Dunse (too appropriate locality!) one of which was sold for every successive quarto, till at last something like a street of good habitable tenements in that thriving town was converted into a row of unreadable volumes in his library.

**CHARLES THE SECOND AND DRYDEN.**—Dryden received the hint which induced him to write his poem called "The Medal," from that merry monarch, Charles the Second, in the following manner:—As Charles was one day walking in the Mall, and talking with Dryden, he said, "If I were a poet, and I am sure I am poor enough for one, I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner:" The King then stated the plan of the poem. Dryden took the hint, and when the poem was finished he presented it to his Majesty, who made him a present of a hundred broad pieces for it.

**THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—Sir Mr Wright of Cartrett Street Westminster Wold be a blige to Mr Cowell if he Wold send him a Barel of ber Derietley and the Bill I have Anopetin of selen a Grate quantity of Ber at the Cosenaton as I have gott the offer o'



Good situation near the Abey if it Would  
sute you to 2 haf Barrels of All and  
Wate For youre Money For the ale til  
monday I should be Gad.

**PLEASE TO RING THE BELL.**—In the  
days of John, King of Atri, there was a  
bell put up, which any one that had  
received an injury, went and rang, and  
the King assembled the wise men ap-  
pointed for the purpose, that justice  
might be done. It happened that, after  
the bell had been up a long time, the  
rope was worn out, and a piece of wild  
vine was tied to it to lengthen it. Now  
there was a knight of Atri, who had a

noble charger which had become un-  
serviceable through age, so that to  
avoid the expense of feeding him, he  
turned him loose upon the town; the  
horse, driven by hunger, raised its  
mouth to the vine to munch it, and,  
pulling it, the bell rang. The judges  
assembled to hear the horse's petition,  
which appeared to demand justice.  
They decreed—"that the knight, whom  
he had served in his youth, should feed  
him in his old age;"—a sentence which  
the King confirmed, under a heavy pe-  
nalty.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.

*St. Paul.*

*High Water 41m. aft. 7 Mor.—4m. aft. 8 aftern.*  
The sudden conversion of St. Paul by means of  
the Vision of a Blaze of Light, may, perhaps,  
have contributed to make the vulgar and supersti-  
tious ascribe to this Feast wonderful powers  
prognosticative of the future influence of the  
Sun, but Gay advises the rejection of such notions  
as superstitious.

All superstition from thy breast repel :  
Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell,  
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,  
Plenty from liberal horn shall strew the year;  
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,  
The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;  
But, if the threatening winds in tempests roar,  
Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in  
 gore.

Thursday, Jan. 26.

*St. Polycarp.*

*Sun rises 38m. aft. 7.—Sets 22m. aft. 4.*

Jan. 26, 1667.—Signature of the Peace of Breda.  
At this peace, which was concluded under the  
mediation of the King of Sweden, three separate  
treaties were signed. The first between Eng-  
land and France; the second between England  
and Denmark; and the third between England  
and Holland.

Friday, Jan. 27.

*Duke of Susses born, 1773.*

*High Water, 27m. aft. 9 mor 1m aft 10 After.*

Jan. 27, 1501.—Ferdinand, King of Spain, and  
Louis the Twelfth of France, made a partition of  
the kingdom of Naples, which they had conquer-  
ed. Within a year after this treaty was signed,  
the French were driven out of Naples by the  
Spaniards, under the command of the celebrated  
Gonsalo de Cordova, called the Great Captain,  
whose victories raised the military character of  
him to the highest pitch.

Saturday, Jan. 28.

*St. Margaret, of Hungary in 1271.*

*Sun rises 35m aft 7.—Sets 25m aft 4.*

Jan. 29, 1596.—The great Admiral Drake, the  
first English commander, who circumnavigated  
the globe, died at this date. He commenced his  
memorable voyage in 1577, and completed it in  
ten hundred and fifty-six days. He died at sea,

and that element which had been the theatre of  
his exploits, became his tomb. In fact, Drake  
seems to have had what is ever the wish of the  
true mariner.

Sunday, Jan. 29.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

*Lessons for the Day, 57 chap. Isaiah, Morn.  
38 chap. Isaiah, Even.*

29th Jan. 1571.—Queen Elizabeth gave the name  
of Royal to the Exchange of London, which was  
first built in 1566. In the great fire in 1666, it  
was burnt. In 1670 it was rebuilt, and in 1769  
was repaired and beautified; and within these  
few years it has received many judicious altera-  
tions and improvements.

Monday, Jan. 30.

*St. Martina virg. mar. 3rd cent.*

*High Water, 04. 8m. Morn. 04. 38m aft. :*

About this time are observable the first evi-  
dences of the revivifying principle of the new-  
born year. Now the golden and blue crocuses  
peep up their pointed coronals from amidst their  
garden palisades of green and gray leaves, that  
they may be ready to come forth at the call of  
the 1st February sun that looks warmly upon  
them, and perchance one here and there, bolder  
than the rest, has started fairly out of the earth  
already, and half opened her trim form, pretend-  
ing to have mistaken the true time, as a forward  
school-miss will occasionally be seen coquetting  
with a smart cornet, before she has been regu-  
larly produced, as if she did not know that there  
was "any harm in it."

Tuesday, Jan. 31.

*Dies Penatibus, Rom. Cal.*

*Sun rises 30m. aft. 7.—Sets 30m. aft. 4.*

The Penates were certain inferior deities among  
the Romans, who presided over houses and the  
domestic affairs of families. They were called  
Penates, because they were generally placed in  
the innermost and most secret parts of the house,  
"in penetralibus adium parts quod," as Cicero  
says, "penitus incident." The place where they  
stood was afterwards called *Penetralia*, and they  
themselves received the name of Penetralia. It  
was in the option of every master of a family to  
choose his Penates, and therefore Jupiter and  
some of the superior gods are often invoked as  
patrons of domestic affairs.

**TO OUR READERS.**—The Editor laments, that notwithstanding his having procured beautiful  
designs to illustrate the volume in progress, he has been unable to get them engraved to his  
satisfaction, although several artists have been employed upon them, regardless of expense; but he trusts that the illustration to the present number, will more than compensate for all  
defects; and he assures his friends and supporters, that every exertion is making to render  
the Engravings superior to any that have yet appeared in the OLIO.

# The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VI—Vol. IX.

Saturday, Feb. 4, 1844



See p. 55

## Illustrated Article.

### THE GOLD-SEEKER.

To render the following story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the Valley of Anzasca. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the *minerali* offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich, and at another starving; and in short they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical,

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which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour; ranking in this respect with gamblers, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the *minerali* sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and, although they seldom possess the hand, they occasionally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful, there are comrades

still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They change the scene, and betake themselves to the highways when nights are dark and travellers unwary; or they enlist under the banners of those regular banditti, who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild. It is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames leant back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca.

Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than one thousand Austrian livres,\* she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection; but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *petite*, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman. The "heiress of old Niccoli" was the designation made use of, when parents would endeavour to awaken the ambition of their sons, as they looked forward to what *might be* some years hence: but Lelia, in her own person, was a nonentity.

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described by the expression "not unwell," rather than in perfect health; although

the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals, by this peculiarity of her situation, she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry.

That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco, was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian *minerali* inspired her; and, in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear, of the young gold-seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon.

The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles from her father's house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion, she

\* The Austrian lira is equal to about eightpence halfpenny English.

listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it.

Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed.

The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her.

If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks tingle as she wondered how long the young man had gazed at her through the trees, and why he had floated away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention.—There was *delicacy* in his little contrivance, to save her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in such a situation; there was *modesty* in the confusion with which he turned away his head; and what, perhaps, was as valuable as either, even to the gentle Lelia, there was *admiration*, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quailed beneath her's. The youth was as beautiful as a dream; and his voice—it was so clear, and yet so soft—so powerful, yet so melodious! it haunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination.

It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own; but what of that!—the writings of God were around and within them; and these, if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and the timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at her feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon!

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall; and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret—if secret it was—at the next meeting.

"My name!" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough."

"But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night!"

"Because a young, rich, and handsome suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and, therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while

she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle.

He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—

"To-morrow night, then."

"Here!"

"No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival."

The morrow night arrived; and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness:—what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a figment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment!—and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which, perhaps, at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment? His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude; and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening, and

his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's-length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her.

"My child," said he, smiling gaily through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world: but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young ladies will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold: and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part, is obedience—aye, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God. After this is over, let the old man stand aside, or pass away, when it pleases heaven; he has left his child happy, and his child's children will bless his memory. He has drank of the cup of life—sweet and bitter—bitter and sweet—even to the bottom; but with honey, Lelia,—thanks to his blessed darling!—with honey in the dregs!"

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing, that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordaglia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the bystanders; and the words "poor thing!—still so delicate—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter.

"It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor!—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence.—"Sirs," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance."

"The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold, cautious voice among the relations of the suitor.

"Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting

an angry and disdainful look at the formalist,—“it is but a word—a sound. Speak!” Lelia’s dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into the midst of the circle.

“Speak *not*!” he shouted, “I forbid!” Lelia sprung towards him with a stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father.

“What is this?” demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; “ruffian—drunkard—madman!—what would you here?”

“You *cannot* provoke me, Niccoli,” said the intruder, “were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage.”

“You!” shouted the enraged father.

“You!” repeated the relations, in tones of wonder, scorn, rage, or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual.

“There needeth no more of this,” said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; “a wedding begun in a brawl will never end in a bedding. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered even by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace.”

“He hath spoken well,” said the more cautious among the old men; “speak, daughter; answer, and let the man be gone!” Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbbings that disturbed her reason.

“Girl,” said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, “do you know that man?—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?”

“No!”

“No!—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave *me* to clear my doorway of vagabonds!” She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shriek, and staggered towards the intruder.

“Hold—hold!” cried the relations, “you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the mineralo!”

She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back the father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot.—Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him.

“I can bear those names,” said he, “from you. Some of them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn, is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles—at best they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter’s hand.”

“It is well put,” replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. “A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel’s marriage. If the young man, before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden’s whim—*provided it continues so long*—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father’s

judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livres!" A laugh of scorn and derision arose among the relations.

"Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand livres, and he shall have his bride. Neighbour Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!"

"Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livres—" He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision.

"It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!"

"I agree," said Niccoli, disdainfully.

"It is agreed!" said Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

*To be continued.*

## DREAMS OF THE ARTS.—No. 1.

### THE STATUE OF THE GRECIAN HUNTER.

*For the Olio.*

It is a lovely shape!  
A boy God musing? Young Apollo ere  
He left the floating isle? Endymion  
Wrapt in bright visions of the Olympian  
Queen?  
Or Cythera's Hunter love? to each  
Thou bear'st resemblance with the fresh—the  
bright  
Undying glow of youthful beauty shed  
O'er all thy graceful form. Idly he bends  
Upon his bow, whose string half slackened,  
seems  
To show the chase has lost all charms for  
him;  
The sandal, and the fillet, and the flow  
Of the light vest—all tell us of thy clime—  
But who imagined such a form as thine,  
And left thee nameless—we can find no trace  
To image forth thy story; wert thou he  
That had no pity for the laurel browed  
The poetess of Love; for whom, in vain,  
The glowing Sappho pour'd her burning soul  
In words as fervent as her passion; or  
Fresh Hyacinthus in his youthful prime—  
The sun God's well beloved—the ever  
monarch'd—  
As long as flowers shall bloom or young hearts'  
love  
Songs of the olden days—unchanged thou art  
Beautiful shape! and life like even now,  
In the immortal freshness of thy youth,  
Though centuries perchance have darken'd  
o'er  
Thy lone earth prison, thou art hallowed  
By thy own loveliness, and time has not  
The power to dim thy glory! I will frame  
A history for thee, bright one! this shall be  
The legend of the Grecian Hunter Boy.

She was beautiful!  
The Sculptor maid, who from the servant  
deep,  
And passionate musings of her own fond  
heart,  
Imaged thy bright divinity! Thou wert

A PRINCE amid the Grecian Isles! and she,  
Who dared to look on thee with love, had  
but

The fatal gift of genius for her dower;  
She knew her love was vain, and yet alone,  
And by the midnight lamp, she sought to  
form

This image of her heart's idolatry,  
And pour the secret worship of her soul  
Even at its feet. One bright and balmy  
eve,

(A festal Grecian eve!) a joyous band  
Sought her to join them in the vintage dance,  
They found her in her studio's solitude—  
The chisel in her hand—her head reclined  
Upon the statue's pedestal;—her face  
Was veil'd amid her hyacinthine hair—  
'Hail to our vintage Queen!' the youngest  
nymph

Bent down to place the rose crown on her  
brow,  
But *Death had long been there!*—the last  
fine touch

Had given perfection to her work of love,  
And with a thrill—half rapture—half despair,  
She gazed upon its fatal beauty, till  
Her young life past away in homage!

Time  
Has scatter'd even thy dust, Euphrosyne!  
But love has given immortality  
To this thy dying offering at its shrine!  
E. S. CRAVEN.

## ELLISTON AND THE ASS'S HEAD.

ELLISTON was, in his day, the Napoleon of Drury-lane, but, like the conqueror of Austerlitz, he suffered his declensions, and the Surrey became to him a St. Helena. However, once an eagle always an eagle; and Robert William was no less an aquiline in the day of adversity than in his palmy time of patent prosperity. He was born to carry things with a high hand, and he but fulfilled his destiny. The anecdote which we are about to relate, is one of the ten thousand instances of his lordly bearing. When, the season before last, "no effects" was written over the treasury-door of Covent-garden theatre, it will be remembered that several actors proffered their services *gratis*, in aid of the then humble, but now, arrogant and persecuting establishment. Among these patriots was Mr. T. P. Cooke—(it was just after his promotion to the honorary rank of Admiral of the Blue). The Covent-garden managers jumped at the offer of the actor, who was in due time announced as having, in the true play-bill style, "most generously volunteered his services for six nights!" Cooke was advertised for *William*; Elliston having "most generously lent [N.B. this was not put in the bill] his musical scoff of *Black-Eyed Susan*, together with the identical captains' coats, worn at a hundred and fifty courts-martial at the Surrey Theatre!" Cooke—the score

—the coats, were all accepted, and made the most of by the now prosecuting managers of Covent-garden, who cleared out of the said Cooke, score, and coats, one thousand pounds at half-price on the first six nights of their exhibition. This is a fact; nay, we lately heard it stated, that all the sum was specially banked, to be used in a future war against the minors. Cooke was then engaged for twelve more nights, at ten pounds per night—a hackney-coach bringing him each night, hot from the Surrey stage, where he had previously made bargemen weep, and thrown nursery-maids into convulsions. Well, time drove on, and Cooke drove into the country. Elliston, who was always classical, having a due veneration for that divine “creature” Shakspeare, announced, on the anniversary of the poet’s birth-day, a representation of the Stratford Jubilee. The wardrobe was ransacked, the property-man was on the alert; and, after much preparation, every thing was in readiness for the imposing spectacle.—No! There was one thing forgotten—one important “property!” *Bottom* must be a “feature” in the procession, and there was no ass’s head! It would not do for the acting manager to apologize for the absence of the head—no, *he* could not have the face to do it. A head must be procured! Every one was in doubt and trepidation, when hope sounded in the clarion-like voice of Robert William. “Ben!” exclaimed Elliston, “take pen, ink, and paper, and write as follow!” Ben (Mr. Benjamin Fairbrother, the late manager’s most trusty secretary) sat, “all ear,” and Elliston, with finger on nether lip, proceeded:—

“My dear Charles,

“I am about to represent, ‘with entirely new dresses, scenery, and decorations,’ the Stratford Jubilee, in honour of the sweet swan of Avon. My scene-painter is the finest artist (except your Grieve) in Europe—my tailor is no less a genius, and I lately raised the salary of my property-man. This will give you some idea of the capabilities of the Surrey Theatre. However, in the hurry of ‘getting up,’ we have forgotten one property—every thing is well with us but our *Bottom*, and he wants a head. As it is too late to manufacture, not but that my property-man is the cleverest in the world (except the property-man of Covent-

garden), can you lend me an ass’s head, and believe me, my dear Charles,

“Your’s ever truly,

“R. W. ELLISTON.”

“P.S. I had forgotten to acknowledge the return of the *Black-Eyed Swan* score, and coats. You were most welcome to them.”

The letter was dispatched to Covent-garden Theatre, and in a brief time the bearer returned with the following answer:—

“My dear Robert,

“It is with the most acute pain that I am compelled to refuse your trifling request. You are aware, my dear Sir, of the unfortunate situation of Covent-garden Theatre; it being at the present moment, with all the ‘dresses, scenery, and decorations,’ in the Court of Chancery, I cannot exercise that power which my friendship would dictate. I have spoken to Bartley, and he agrees with me (indeed, he always does), that I cannot lend you an ass’s head—he is an authority on such a subject—without risking a reprimand from the Lord High Chancellor. Trusting to your generosity, and to your liberal construction of my refusal—and hoping that it will in no way interrupt that mutually cordial friendship that has ever subsisted between us,

“Believe me, ever your’s,

“CHARLES KEMBLE.”

“P.S. When I next see you advertised for *Rover*, I intend to leave myself out of the bill to come and see it.”

Of course this letter did not remain long unanswered. Ben was again in requisition, and the following was the result of his labours:—

“Dear Charles,

“I regret the situation of Covent-garden Theatre—I also, for your sake, deeply regret that the law does not permit you to send me the ‘property’ in question. I knew that law alone could prevent you; for were it not for the vigilance of Equity, such is my opinion of the management of Covent-garden, that I am convinced, if left to the dictates of its own judgment, it would be enabled to spare asses’ heads, not to the Surrey alone, but to every theatre in Christendom.

“Your’s ever truly,

“R. W. ELLISTON.”

“P.S. My wardrobe-keeper informs me that there are no less than seven buttons missing from the captains’ coats. However, I have ordered their



places to be instantaneously filled by others."

We entreat our readers not to receive the above as a squib of invention. We will not pledge ourselves that the letters are *verbatim* from the originals; but the loan of the Surrey music and coats to Covent-garden, with the refusal of Covent-garden's ass's head to the Surrey, is "true as holy writ."

*Cal. Cyc.*

### MY FIRST RHYME.

*For the Olio.*

Time itself had a commencement; the world had a beginning; every one of us had an infancy; we all delighted our mammas or nurses with our first steps. Poets of all calibres, from Homer downwards, rhymed for the *first time*; and so, kind reader, did I.

In order that the importance of this era in my life may be fully appreciated, it is necessary to be known, that I was debarred from my earliest infancy from intermingling with scenes that might create a poetic vein of feeling within me. The green fields—the balmy air—the meandering rivulet—the shady forest—the spreading ocean—the bounding cascade, and the extended plain—these, and a thousand other beauties which Nature lavishes upon us, with their innumerable associations of pure enjoyment, were out of my reach. I was born within the sound of Bow-bell, and seldom indeed was I permitted beyond its range. Some half-dozen visits, of a week's continuance, to one or other relative in the country did fall to my lot, and, "few and far between" as they were, they sufficed to realize in my bosom a love of the grand and the beautiful in Nature, which the mud and smoke of London has never eradicated. Books too—those magicians of the closet—that will raise before you the most distant prospects, and the most remote events—that can almost thrill the soul with extacy, or make the heart burst with sympathy—were not for me! All the poetry that came before me, while attending for seven long years an academy in Aldersgate-street, were "Pope's Translation of Homer," "Milton's Paradise Lost," and "Tomkins' Selection from the English Poets;" of the two former it is sufficient to state, that, beautiful as they are, their beauty is not of a nature to reach the heart of a *child*, and it certainly did not then

reach mine; the latter was my favourite school-book, and my tasks in it were "a pleasant toil;" and often have I longed to wander amid scenes therein described, and as often repined at my fate—a prisoner in London—that masterpiece of man's manufacture\*.

If it were to my purpose, I could declaim at great length against this "first city in the world," and against all other cities too. Give to me the quiet village, with God's undisguised creation around it, where every operation of Nature partakes of the beautiful or the sublime, and leads the mind involuntarily to gaze upon the mysteries of existence, and to adore their great First Cause! But in London, brick-bounded London, where, if the sun shines, it shines but upon one side of the way, and does not smile upon you with that full refulgence that glows over the corn-field and the lake; and where, in a storm, you might almost imagine the lightning to be ejected from the house-tops, and the thunder to be the rumbling of some heavily laden waggon, instead of being awe-struck with the solemnity of the one, and having your mind as well as eye-sight dazzled with the brilliancy of the other—in London, Nature herself seems to be in an ill-humour; or, if she smiles, it is with the ghastly smile of sickness, such as a fond and dying mother might bestow upon a wayward child.

Well,—here I found myself at fourteen years of age, a fixture for seven years more in a stationer's shop: whether it was the constant presence of pen, ink, and paper, that engendered in my heart a desire to put them to their legitimate employment, I know not; but, it was then that the thought of becoming an author first occurred to me. Poetry seemed to be the most difficult branch of the art of composition, and therefore it was that I chose in preference to prose: the reasons which influenced my choice may not appear very obvious, but they were such as, I doubt not, would influence nineteen lads out of twenty, who might form similar resolutions of aspiring to the laurel of literary fame—the greatest geniuses had been poets, and poetry had immortalized their names—and how could I doubt that I was a great genius, and that poetry would immortalize me! its composition might be difficult to the multi-

\* God made the country, and man made the town.—COWPER.

tude, but to me a mere exercise of the fancy. In short, I believed that I was capable of rivalling Homer, and to rival him I was therefore resolved.

But there was one small difficulty I had yet to overcome, and that was, the want of a subject upon which to employ my rhyming propensities: innumerable were the objects, both animate and inanimate, which I endeavoured to glorify, in what I could not but consider was to be my "immortal verse;" but I could not satisfy myself. I tried a "Sonnet to the Moon," but stuck fast in the fourth line: I then began a "Hymn to Silence," but something, I suppose it was the subject, stopped my eloquence: my next attempt was, an "Heroic Ode," subject—the Battle of Waterloo! but I could not at all manage to keep 'o the rhyme; I contrived to end one line with "roar," and the next with "door," and the word "rattle" came to my assistance just as I was going to dash the pen through "battle;" but I presently had a line ending with "trumpet," and, as I could not find any words to sound similarly except "strumpet" and "crumpet," neither of which appeared to me to have any thing heroic about them, I was obliged to consider the "trumpet" line as *hors combat*; this spoilt my ode: I was then fain to fancy myself in love, and wrote "Lines to Mary;" the four first of which I considered to have but one fault, which was, that they had no apparent connection with each other.—All my attempts were abortions, and I almost began to despair of success.

But Death was kind enough to step in to my relief. Belonging to the family with whom I was domesticated, was a tame squirrel, which happened, most opportunely, to die one day when I was most lamenting my unsuccessful attempts; the Muse immediately inspired me; and my "First Rhyme," consisting of six stanzas, was an 'elegy' upon the poor animal's death. Of the worth of my composition, it will be sufficient to mention, that it was consigned to the flames by my own hands, within one year after its birth, and I could now, no more present the reader with two lines of it from memory, than with the whole of that chapter of hard names—the first of St. Matthew's Gospel; but, I can recollect, that I was so extremely liberal in calling upon rocks, woods, and ocean; sun, moon, and stars; comets, cauliflowers, cabbages, and the whole paraphernalia of nature; that if I did not reach the sub-

lime, I, at least, went a step beyond it, for I certainly (I confess it honestly) got into the ridiculous.† But I had loftier notions of my "First Rhyme" then.

My 'poem,' as I called it, was speedily handed round the little circle of my acquaintance, in the hope of obtaining that applause which it appeared to me to deserve; but, our most reasonable expectations are but too often disappointed, and mine, upon this point, were doomed to the same fate. Every one could point out what he termed the 'bad' parts of my verse, and only one, single, solitary voice, said any thing in its favour; true it is, that single approval was limited enough, being merely an admission that it certainly *was* rhyme, — but still, it was, in its degree, praise, and it emboldened me to set my censurers at defiance. I doubted not, in my heart, that they were envious of my poetical talents, and jealous of the fame I was likely to acquire; and I resolved that my 'Elegy' should go forth to the world, and obtain that distinction which I conceived was its due.

It happened, fortunately enough, for my purpose, that at the time of which I am writing, there were published in London, some fifteen or sixteen weekly publications, ostensibly, at least, devoted to literature; each of which had one corner set apart for 'Original Poetry;' and to the editors of each of them, I, one Monday morning, sent a copy of my 'poem,' with 'Elegy on the death of a Squirrel,' written in text hand at top, and a single letter of the alphabet as my signature at the bottom; each copy was accompanied by a request, that it might be inserted in the ensuing number of the work, to whose editors it was addressed; and, in anxious expectation, I awaited the result.

Truly, in the whole course of my existence, I never imagined time to pass so slowly as during the four following days; at length, Saturday morning arrived, and with it the expected periodicals; more swiftly than thought did my eye glance over each of them, in search of the expected 'Elegy,' but no elegy was to be seen. I turned to the 'Notices to Correspondents,' fully anticipating a multitude of respectful acknowledgments, but I was again woefully disappointed; far different, in-

† A writer of considerable tact, has observed that 'one step beyond the sublime is the ridiculous, and one step beyond that is the sublime again.'

deed, was the tone of the notifications, which referred to my multifarious signatures; in one 'E.'s *elegy*' was 'not considered *eligible*;' in another, 'C' was advised to 'content himself with *reading* poetry, and allowing others to *write* it;' in a third, 'B' was reminded, that 'rhyme and poetry are different things;' in a fourth, 'A' was instructed where 'a cheap edition of Murray's grammar' could be purchased; a fifth considered that 'D' was a good signature, being the initial of *Dunce*;' a sixth kindly remarked, that 'Z' was a 'Zany;' while a seventh advised 'T.'s friends' to take care of him, he being 'evidently insane;' although I cannot call the remainder to mind. I can remember they were equally complimentary, and quite as gratifying to my vanity and literary pride.

The reader may, perhaps, be able to judge of my feelings: instead of finding myself, as I expected, praised to the very echo by sixteen literary papers, I could not avoid seeing that I was an outcast from all of them—the butt for their amusement—the target for their wit. Instead of finding my poetry welcomed with congratulations, I found that my effusions were treated with marked contempt, and considered vastly below even the very mediocre productions with which some of the aforesaid papers abounded: in place of being raised to the top of the class, I was turned out of the school: instead of being received with the honours due to a valuable volunteer, I was drummed out of the regiment. My situation was any thing but enviable,—but greater tribulation was yet in store.

I had, cunningly enough, contrived to keep myself and my real name quite *incog.*, so far as the unpoetical editors and the generality of their readers were concerned; and had I acted with the same prudent precaution with regard to my private connections, the invisible veil I had raised for myself would have afforded me a sanctuary, through which no profane eye could have pierced. But, fully expecting to see my verses "in print," I had, in the pride of my heart, informed one of my young friends, who had been most liberal of his censures, of their intended public appearance; he had obtained from me, in an unguarded moment, the signatures under cover of which I had purposed to "come out," and the names of some of the intended *chaperons*: as it happened, these were the most biting

in their jokes and banter; and the consequences appeared before me in more than their native ugliness. My friend, as a matter of course, read the unlucky "notices" almost as soon as I did myself; and with the innate spirit of fun, so natural to young people, lost no time in making our common acquaintances as well informed upon the subject as himself. To attempt to describe the merriment which followed, at my expence, would be absurd; the reader may, if he pleases, imagine it.

I decided, and so I told my tormentors, upon making one bold stroke. I had very soon come to the conclusion, that the sixteen weekly papers were mere dabblers in literature, and not imbued with the spirit to discern and encourage genius when it presented itself before them: the monthly magazines I considered were of a higher grade, and to one of them I sent a copy of my ill-fated "Elegy," and, at the same time, in order to insure a lenient judgment, I informed the editors, that it was written by a stationer's apprentice. One number of the magazine appeared, and I found myself passed over in silence; the jokes which had been passed upon me were evidently subsiding, and I began to hope that I should hear no more of the matter, when the next number completed the catastrophe of my mortifications, with the following notice:—

"If the 'Stationer's Apprentice,' who sent us some trashy verses, occupies much of his time in rhyming, he will certainly contribute something towards his master's stock of waste paper."

I will not tire the reader with an account of the persecutions I underwent after the above appeared: suffice it to say, that it became a standing joke against me, every body who knew any thing of the matter, taking all opportunities of inquiring if we were likely to be out of waste paper! I could almost have cursed, in my heart, poetry, and all appertaining to it. Strange, as it may seem, the rough usage my writing then met with, was the beginning of future improvement: my whole energies were directed to the deserving of better treatment. If I have ever succeeded in my attempts—if I have, at any time, written anything calculated to instruct or amuse my fellow-creatures, I may refer, in a great degree, for the cause to the failure of my first RHYME.

R JARMAN.

## MY MOTHER'S VERSION.

*To the Editor of the Oilio.*

SIR,—In the perusal of the 'Strange Discovery,' as the 'Leading Article' of your last number, I was struck by the similarity of a story told by my mother five and thirty years ago to her servants, no doubt to caution them against the improper intercourse which they might thoughtlessly form with plausible strangers. My mother's version, which I perfectly remember, ran thus: "There was a young woman left in the care of the house, her master and mistress being in the country. One night on her going to bed when she was undressing herself she looked in the glass, and said, as she smiled before it in self-complacency, 'How handsome I look in my nightcap!' When she rose in the morning she found the house robbed. She was taken into custody on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery, but tried and acquitted. Some time afterwards as she was walking in company with another female, a man in passing her, said softly so her, 'How handsome I look in my night-cap!' This expression so forcibly struck her mind that he was the man that robbed the house, she seized hold of him with the utmost intrepidity, and held him fast, assisted by her companion, till he was given into custody; at which time he confessed that when he was under the bed he heard her use the expression previously to his robbing the house,—and he suffered accordingly." This is my mother's version of a simple fact, which may serve as an illustration of vanity on the one hand, and burglar hardihood on the other.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,  
MARIA.

## THE POSTSCRIPT.

'You dare not go down in your chemise.'

While I am writing and the subject is fresh in my memory, I cannot forbear relating another little circumstance connected with robberies, which, though it varies in detail, corroborates the utility of faithful domestics. Two female servants were undressing themselves, and in the act of retiring to rest. One of them, perceiving the legs of a man under the bed, said to the other, 'There are no matches: you dare not go down in your chemise to fetch them.' 'I know that,' said she, 'but I dare,' the first replied. She immediately left her fellow-servant, unconscious of her perilous

situation, and giving the alarm to her master and mistress, assisted in dragging the recreant burglar from his hiding-place in sufficient time to prevent the consequences which might have succeeded, had he not been thus prematurely discovered.

MARIA.

## Historic Memoranda.

## TOPOGRAPHICAL SNATCHES; OR, SUPERSTITIOUS ASCRIPTION.

*For the Oilio.*

*Rippon.*—Is a very considerable town and ancient borough, governed in and after the Saxon times by a chief magistrate, called *vigilarius*, *wakeman*, or *watchman*. It was anciently noted for its wealthy monastery, and *St. Wilfred's Needle*, a narrow passage in a vaulted room under the church, through which (it is said) any woman, if chaste, might pass with ease, if otherwise, she was detained and stopped after a very extraordinary manner.

*Brotherton.*—At this place, Margaret, Queen to Edward I., fell in labour as she was hunting, and was brought to bed of a son, who was christened Thomas, because his mother, in the extremity of her pain, cried to *St. Thomas* of Canterbury for ease; and surnamed *de Brotherton* from this place. He was afterwards made Earl of Norfolk, and Marshal of England. It is said of him, that he could not endure the milk of a French woman who was designed for his nurse; but an English woman being brought, he liked her's very well.

*Whitby.*—This place was anciently famous for its abbey, as it has been of later times for spiral stones resembling serpents, by naturalists called *cornua ammonis*, frequently found here, which according to a superstitious tradition, were originally serpents, mortified and transformed by the prayers of *Hilda*, the first Abbess; but are more truly observed by a judicious naturalist, *Dr. Nicholson*, to be merely spiral petrifications produced in the earth by a sort of fermentation peculiar to alum mines, wherefore they are plentifully found in the allom pits at *Rome*, *Rochel*, *Luneburgh*, &c., as well as here. The sudden and remarkable falling down of wild geese, whenever they fly over certain grounds hereabouts, (because nature has not let us into all her secrets), are likewise religiously ascribed to the influence of the female saint.

*Pontefract*, or Broken Bridge, com-

monly called *Pont-freit*, but in the Saxon times its name was *Kirkby*, the occasion of changing that name was, (as it is related), when William, Archbishop of York, and sister's son to King Stephen, returned from Rome, he was welcomed here with a crowd of people, that the bridge broke and they fell into the river; but the Archbishop prayed and wept so fervently, that none of them were lost. Here Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was beheaded by Edward II., and was afterwards sainted by the people. Here also Richard II., deposed by Henry IV., was barbarously destroyed with hunger, cold, and other unheard of torments. And, here Anthony Earl Rivers and Sir Richard Grey, were both murdered.

*Dunmali-Ratse Stones*.—Are supposed to have been erected by Dun-mail, King of Cumberland, for the bounds of his kingdom.

*Mal-wood Castle*.—Has on the north side of it an oak, which it is imagined, very remarkably buds on Christmas-day, and withers again before night. There is a vulgar tradition that this is the tree on which Sir W. Tyrrel's arrow glanced that killed W. Rufus. Charles II. ordered it to be paled in, whether out of respect to the tree, or the said King, is uncertain.

*Hungerford*.—Gave both name and title to the Barons of Hungerford, a noble family raised by the merit of Walter Hungerford, who was Speaker to the House of Commons in the reign of Edward III., (which was the first Parliament in which a Speaker sat.) John of Gaunt gave this town a horn, which is shewn to this day; and the grant of Riall fishing in the river, affording trout and crawfish.

*Riddergory*.—Near this town, Llewellyn, last Prince of Wales, being betrayed, ended his life anno 1282. Hither Vortigern, King of the Britons, who called in the Saxons and incestuously married his own daughter, retired and built him a city of refuge on a mountain hard by, called after him, Kaer-Gwortigern, but was himself and it destroyed by lightning.

*A-u*.—Near this place, the River Mole has a subterraneous passage, burying itself; and so running almost two miles under ground, and rises again near *Lethe-read*, vulgarly called, for what reason I know not, *Leather-head*.

*Nonruch*.—At this place was a stately house, built by Henry VIII. A vein of earth was here discovered fit for making crucibles.

P.

## FINE ARTS.

*For the Olio.*

*Fisher's Drawing room Scrap-Book; with Poetical Illustrations. By L. E. L. London: Fisher, Son, and Jackson, 38, Newgate-street. 4to. 1832.*

THE OLLIO, we may humbly assume, is entitled to no small praise, for having so assiduously noticed from time to time, the efforts of the pencil and the graver, duly assigning to each competitor his true meed of praise; and constituting their little work, at the same time, the repository of many a critique which else had not met the public eye. We refer our readers to our last volume, as a little cabinet collection of such critical notices, and now proceed to the task immediately in hand.

"The Drawing-room Scrap-Book," contains thirty-five engravings, including four or six of the Royal Family, admirably executed. The list of artists presents a galaxy of talent far outshining that which many of our other annuals can boast. Amongst their names, that of Stanfield stands conspicuous. The first landscape engraving is, "Pile of Fouldrey Castle, Lancashire," a dark and somewhat terrific scene, the old black castle throwing around it an air of wildness in unison with the surrounding objects. "Carrick-a-Rede, Ireland," a desolate amalgamation of rock and stormy sea; softened, nevertheless, by some ships riding safely in the still and stormless distance. "Palace of the Seven Stories, Beejapore," from one of the indefatigable Captain Elliott's sketches, is truly a lovely scene; all the softness of evening throwing around its rays on church and ruin, on palace and tower, seems to render it a scene of fairy land. "St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall," is finely characteristic of that stormy region: the engraving is beautiful. "The Old Blind Schoolmaster," is a fine effort of the Meyers. "Tiger Island," sketched by Captain Elliott, and transferred by that master-hand, Stanfield. "Hurdwar, a place of Hindoo Pilgrimage;" "Grass Rope Bridge, at Tere, Gurwall;" "The Wuisht, Red Seas;" "The Water Palace, Mandoo;" "Skeleton Group in the Rameswur, Caves of Ellora;" "Benares;" "Jumma Musjid, Agra;" "Delhi;" these nine splendid scenes, for grandeur of oriental delineation, may challenge competition

with any work of art ever executed in this country.

But return we to comment a little on some of the scenes more adjacent to our own land, which we omitted purposely to select the sketches of Captain Elliott. On the rough seas, and surf-beaten rocks of Cornwall, we need not dwell. But to one view, the "Lake of Killarney, Ireland," we must not forget to give our due meed of praise; we could gaze upon it till admiration might fancy it to be the identical lake. There are some admirably executed views of the most striking ruins of our English abbeys; a feature to be much applauded. We have also some sweet glimpses of our home valleys; and, to complete the interesting medley, portraits of several illustrious personages,—thus rendering this superb group of engravings one of the most beautiful and fascinating collections ever presented to the public, since the era of "The Annuals."

Of the poetry it is superfluous to speak. It is what might have been expected from so talented and famed a poetess. The volume is got up in the most handsome style, and is truly a cheap work. We wish its sale every success; and thus we take our leave of "The Drawing-room Scrap-Book."

### The Note Book.

I will make a priaf of it in my Note book.  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

**PURIFYING DWELLINGS.**—We extract from that scientific work, the "Repertory," Dr. J. C. Smith's recipe for purifying houses where contagion is supposed to exist, for the discovery of which that gentleman received a Parliamentary grant:—"Take 6 dr. of powdered nitre, 6 dr. of oil of vitriol, mix them in a tea-cup, by adding to the nitre 1 dr. of the vitriol at a time; the cup to be placed, during the preparation, on a hot hearth or plate of heated iron, and the mixture stirred with a tobacco-pipe or glass rod: the cup to be placed in different parts of the contaminated chamber.

**THE NEW COAL ACT.**—The new coal act came into operation on the 1st of January. It is enacted after that day that no quantity less than 560lbs. of coals are to be sold without being weighed by the vendor, under the penalty of any sum not exceeding £5.—A weighing machine is to be kept at all the station-houses and watch-houses, provided by the overseers of the differ-

ent parishes, who are to keep them in proper repair, under a penalty of any sum not exceeding £10. Dealers selling one sort of coal for another are liable to a penalty of £10. Carmen are to weigh coals if required. If there is a deficiency in the weight, the penalty is any sum not exceeding £10. If the difference of weight should exceed 224lbs., then the penalty is any sum not exceeding £50. A weighing-machine is to be carried in all carts or waggons. If any carman drive the coals away without weighing them, if required by the purchaser, the penalty is £20, and not less than £5. Penalties incurred by carmen may be recovered of their employers. Magistrates may proceed by summons for the recovery of penalties. Magistrates may summon witnesses to give evidence, if thought necessary, and they are liable to a penalty of £25 for non-attendance. Magistrates have the power, on conviction, to give any of the penalty to the informer, not exceeding one-half, as they may think fit. Parties convicted before any magistrate have the right of appeal to the quarter sessions.

**INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.**—As one of the most remarkable instances of longevity may be cited—John Chiossick, who died at the advanced age of 117 years, in the receptacle for invalids, at Murano, near Venice, May 22nd, 1820. He was born at Vienna, and when only eight years of age entered as a sifer in the Austrian regiment of Stahrenberg. He fought under the Emperor Charles IV. against the Turks, in Hungary, during the reign of Maria Theresa, in 1741, against Prussia, against the French, in Bohemia, in 1742, and served, in 1744, in the wars of the Low Countries. At this period he quitted the Austrian army to enter into the service of the Republic of Venice, and was engaged in several naval expeditions, particularly in that against the Turks, commanded by General Emo. On the 1st May, 1797, he was admitted into the Receptacle for Invalids, at Murano, where he continued till his death. According to this account, John Chiossick continued for eighty-seven years in effective service; and if to these be added the twenty-three years spent in his last retreat, 110 years of his life will be found to have been spent in the capacity of a common soldier. This instance is unique in military history. The severe privations and fatigues which he necessarily experienced during his nu-

merous services by sea and land, in no respect altered his good constitution, and he preserved to the last the cheerfulness of his disposition. Exempt from the influence of every violent passion, he was distinguished for great simplicity of manners and remarkable temperance. The father of this veteran reached his 105th year, and his paternal uncle lived to the age of 107.

**CRIME IN FRANCE.**—Out of every 100 persons accused, sixty-one are regularly condemned. Out of the whole population, one in every 4,460 inhabitants is accused. In every 100 crimes, twenty-five are against the person, seventy-five against property. Experience shows that the number of murders is annually nearly the same; and what is still more singular, that the instruments, or means employed, are also in the same proportion. The inclination to crime is at its *maximum* in *man* about the age of twenty-five; in *woman*, five years later. The proportion of men and women accused is four to one.

**SHAH ABBAS**, Sophi of Persia, having conquered Armenia, transported a number of the inhabitants to Giulfa. Many of them escaped into Poland, and there became graziers. At this day they are still a distinct race, and preserve their language and physiognomy, with their olive tint and black hair, although they have existed for more than two centuries in a country that produces fair complexions. They are principally found in Austrian Galicia, but they rent lands in the neighboring principality of Moldavia, for the purpose of rearing their oxen and horses. The tyrannical nature of the Moldavian government has proved injurious to their commerce; but the Austrian agent has secured to them some important privileges, and since his intercession, their condition is more easy, and their business less disturbed.

*Voyage en Valachie et en Moldavie, Paris, 1832.*

The *Zigany*, or Gypsies of Moldavia and Wallachia, are the most expert persons at catching bears and teaching them to dance. *Ibid.*

Among the original laws of Portugal, passed at the accession of Alfonso I., is a remarkable clause, that such nobles as were convicted of disguising the truth from the king, should be degraded from their rank. In theory this approaches very near to the perfection of government; in practice it is impossible to be realised.

Mons. Duval, the present curate of Pleurtuit, near St. Malo in France, had formerly been both soldier and sailor. The parish is full of seamen, and as he is well acquainted with their peculiar style of conversation, he generally uses it. When, for instance, he is exhorting any of them to come to confession, he says, "you have arrived from a place where it was *bad weather*; you let yourself *drive before the wind*; let me help you to *tack about*." The following is part of a sermon preached by him on the accession of Louis Philip. "My good friends, while you were fishing at Newfoundland, many things have happened here.—The state ship *went badly*; one was always obliged to be crying, '*take care!*' for every minute they incurred some *damage*. Faith! one day the crew being quite tired out threw the *captain* and *principal officers overboard*. But with all their skill the *sailors* did not know how to steer, and so they nominated a new *captain*, whom they call Louis Philip. He has been written about to Rome, and is approved of. I have asked the *alters* at St. Malo about him, and they say he is very good. And now my lads we are going to pray for him, and you shall answer me with your fine Newfoundland voices." Having said this, the curate gave out the *Domine salvum fac Regem*, and a chorus of seven hundred sailors replied to it in their loudest tone.

There are few epigrams more severe than that addressed by Jean Baptiste Rousseau to the Journalistes de Tre-voux: of which the following is a translation:—

Ye darning authors of a vile Review,  
Who think yourselves Apollo's priests and  
sages,  
Try to improve your style a little, do,  
Or cease to criticise another's pages.  
To trace a fault you sift our books for ever,  
But cannot find a passage to decry;  
We traverse yours with kinder endeavour  
To praise, and nothing laudable can spy.

The equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, by Falconnet, is a model of ingenuity; the hind feet only of the horse are fixed on a rock, from which the animal seems to be springing.

**SINGULAR RECIPE.**—Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, in her curious and diverting work, "On the Mussulmauns of India," states that "the usual application to a fresh wound, is that of slackened lime. A man in our employ was breaking wood, the head of the hatchet

came off, and the sharp edge fell with considerable force on the poor creature's foot; he bled profusely and fainted, lime was unsparingly applied to the wound, the foot carefully wrapped up, and the man conveyed to his hut on a charpoy (bedstead,) where he was kept quiet without disturbing the wound; at the end of a fortnight he walked about, and in another week returned to his labour." The above mode of cure, we think, is quite novel in the practice of surgery.

**WAX FROM POPIAR FLOWERS.**—A land-owner in Flanders, is said to have succeeded in obtaining a considerable quantity of wax, by putting the flowers of the poplar-tree into bags, and submitting them to preserve. The wax is of good quality, and has an agreeable perfume.

### Anecdotes.

**A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.**—An Italian priest, some years ago, preaching at Rome, spoke in strong terms against Voltaire and Rousseau. In the middle of his argument he threw his cap into the choir, and began abusing it as the representation of Rousseau. After some time, he said, "Well, philosopher of Geneva, what have you to object to my arguments?" There being no answer, he turned to his congregation, saying, "You see I have so dumb-founded this philosopher, that he has not a word to say for himself."

J. M. B.

**TURNING THE TABLES.**—A gentleman, dining at a friend's house, found himself placed between two young men, who amused themselves by turning him into ridicule. After some time, he said to them, "It seems, gentlemen, you take me either for a fool or an ass; but I can assure you, you are mistaken, for I am only betwixt the two."

J. M. B.

**A FASHIONABLE ECLIPSE.**—A lady of fashion was one day reading an almanack, to see at what time an eclipse was to take place; "Ah," said she, "when they say seven o'clock, of course it means half-past."

J. M. B.

**A LONG-EARED REFORMER.**—A colonel of an Austrian regiment was one day boasting, that before he joined his regiment the band was detestable; but he had made it the best in the service. "How was it done?" asked

some one. "Merely by putting on the wooden ass," (an instrument of punishment in the Austrian service) said he. "Indeed!" replied another; "then the band was reformed by an ass."

J. M. B.

**LOVE OF ADMIRATION.**—A handsome woman once asked Frederick the Great, "Why, after so many victories, he was desirous of gaining more?" "For the same reason, Madame, that such a pretty woman as yourself puts on rouge."

J. M. B.

**ELLISTONIANA.**—Elliston and Fairbrother were one day sitting in a coffee-shop, when an acquaintance of the latter came in, muffled in a cloak, which so disguised his features, that at the first glimpse Fairbrother did not recognise him, while the other, extending his hand, exclaimed, "Don't you know me?" "Excellent well," said Ben, seeing who it was, "Y'are a fishmonger." "I never knew that," said Elliston, who happened to be a little acquainted with the gentleman's liberality; but I knew him to be a d——d scaly fellow."

S. B.

**ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE, AULD REEKIE.**—This highly appropriate popular *sobriquet* cannot be traced beyond the reign of Charles the Second. A curious and recondite tradition assigns the following as the origin of the phrase:—An old patriarchal gentleman in Fife, designated Darham of Largo, was in the habit, at the period mentioned, of regulating the time of evening worship by the appearance of the smoke of Edinburgh, which he could easily see, through the clear summer twilight, from his own door. When he saw the smoke increase in density, in consequence of the good folks of the city preparing their supper, he would call all the family into the house, saying—"It's time noo, bairns, to tak the beuks, and gang to our beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie, I see, putting on her nicht cap!"

**A PIOUS WISH.**—Archbishop Laud was a man of very short stature. Charles the First and the Archbishop were one day sat down to dinner, when it was agreed that Archer, the King's jester, should say grace for them, which he did in this fashion:—"Great praise be given to God, but little Laud to the devil!"

**EPITAPH BY A HUSBAND ON HIS FIRST WIFE.**

I've lost my melancholy,  
Now thou art buried Dolly,  
For, I've just married Polly. P.



## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Feb. 1.

*St. Kinima, Virg. of Ireland.*  
*New Moon 16m. after 10 After.*

The snow-drop often peeps out of the ground on 'Candlemas-Eve,' or even earlier, and is hence called *our Lady of February*, and afterwards, *Maid of February*, or *Purification Flower*. The French call it *La Pierre Nieve*, *La Cloche Blanche*, *La Galantine* *Bagueardis d'Hyver*. The Italians call it *Galanto*.

In the "Florilegium," it is said, "Even as the snow drop is whiter and clearer than all other flowers, so is the spotless purity of *Our Lady* fairer than that of all other virgins." The following lines of *Mrs. Barbauld* are very expressive:—

Already now the snow-drop dares appear,  
The first pale blossom of the unripened year;  
As *Flora's* breath, by some transforming power,  
Hath changed an icicle into a flower;  
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,  
And *Winter* lingers in its icy veins.

Thursday, Feb. 2.

*Purification of our Lady.*

*High Water 31m. aft. 2 Mor.—49m. aft. 2 after.*

Herrick, among many other sweet pictures of old English practices, gives us one of the ceremonies to be observed on *Candlemas-day*. His directions for this day are as follows:—

Down with rosemary and bayes,

Down with the mistleto,

Instead of holly, now up-raise

The greener box, for snow.

The holly hitherto did sway;

Let box now domineers,

Untill the dancing *Easter-day*,

Or *Easter's* eve appear.

Then youthful box, which now hath grace

Your houses to renew,

Grown old, surrender must his place

Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,

And many flowers beside,

Both of a fresh and fragrant kilme,

To honour *Whitsonide*.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,

With cooler oken boughs

Come in for comely ornaments,

To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's hold;

New things succeed as former things grow old.

Friday, Feb. 3.

*St. Margaret of England.*

*Sun rises 25m aft 7—Sets 35m aft 4.*

Candles were lighted upon this day, as well as on *Candlemas-day*, in former times, and their power over the coming weather was acknowledged by the superstitious, who co-founded a particular physical fact with an imagined miraculous influence. Great light, as great noise, is known to break super-impending clouds, and a great blaze of light may exercise an influence on impending storms.

Saturday, Feb. 4.

*St. Mador of Scotland.*

*High Water, 43m. aft. 3 Morn. 1m. aft. 4 Afterm.*

A few lines upon the month, that we have now fairly entered, cannot be out of place here:—

We thank *J. M. B.* for his candour, and feel confident that he will see far superior engravings in our work than that which has elicited his praise. No. 6 of the 'Tales of a Bureau,' entitled *Woman's Love*, will appear illustrated in our next. *Hans Swatzen* is in the hands of our artist.

On the Month of February.

Now shifting gales with milder influence blow,  
Cloud o'er the skies and melt the falling snow;  
The softened earth with fertile moisture teems,  
And, freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams.

Sunday, Feb. 5.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

*Lessons for the Day, 59 chap. Isaiah, Morn.*

61 chap. Isaiah, Even.

Feb. 5.—45 B. C. To day, *Cato*, the celebrated Roman patriot and stoic philosopher, who considered Freedom as that which alone "sustains the name and dignity of man," unable to survive the independency of his country, stabbed himself at *Utica*, near *Tunis* in *Africa*. By this rash act of suicide, independent of all moral or religious considerations, *Cato* carried his patriotism to the highest degree of political phrency; for *Cato*, dead, could be of no use to his country; but had he preserved his life, his counsels might have moderated *Cæsar's* ambition, and have given a different turn to public affairs.

Monday, Feb. 6.

*St. Barnamiphine, anchorit.*

Sun rises 20m. aft. 7—Sets 20m. aft. 4.

Feb. 6, 1831. Expired at *Genova* *Rodolphe Kreutzer*, the celebrated violin player, *ETAT* 66. Until an accident which deprived Mr. Kreutzer in 1817, of the use of his arm, he was justly considered the most accomplished violinist in Europe. His method is the best that is known. Besides being for many years director of the *Academia Royale* in Paris, Mr. Kreutzer was also principal violin professor at the Conservatoire. Most of the young violin professors of eminence in France were, therefore, his pupils, and take great credit in calling themselves such. As a composer, Mr. Kreutzer has also greatly distinguished himself. Besides an immense number of violin concertos, quartets, duets, &c. he has written several operas, among which are the well known *Lodoiska*, *Paul et Virginie*, *La Mort d'Abel*, and *Aristippe*. Mr. Kreutzer enjoyed the personal friendship of *Napoleon*, who often conversed with him in a familiar manner, appointed him his *Maître de Chappelle*, and conferred on him the gold cross (officer) of the Legion of Honour. *Napoleon* used to say that time was too precious to be employed in listening to instrumental music, excepting when Kreutzer was playing a concerto on the Violin.

Tuesday, Feb. 7.

*St. Angulus, Bishop in England, m.*

*High Water, 31m. aft. 5 morn. 50m. aft. 5 after.*

In early seasons the raven is now employed About the reparation of her nest:  
On antient oak or elm, whose topmast boughs Begin to fail, the raven's twig-formed house Is built; and many a year the self-same tree The aged solitary pair frequent.  
But distant is their range; for oft at morn They take their flight, and not till twilight grey Their slow returning cry hoarse meets the ear.

# The Ollo;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VII.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, Feb. 11, 1899.



See p. 99

## Illustrated Article.

### TALES OF THE BUREAU DE POLICE.—No. 6. WOMAN'S LOVE;

### OR, AFFECTION AND DEPRAVITY.

*For the Ollo.*

It was a matter of surprise to every one, how so amiable and well-disposed a girl as Maria Dupin could ever become the wife of such a worthless man as Antoine Laurent. He had nothing to recommend him save his outward form; for his disposition and propensities were of the worst and lowest kind; and none of those persons in his native village, who stood fair with the world, were ever desirous of asso-

ciating with him; and the small property his father left him, consisting only of a few acres of land, was fast dwindling away, to meet his frequent necessities.

But the truth was, Marie loved him with sincere affection in early years; they had been much together, their parents having been neighbours; and long ere the vices of the man had shewn themselves, she had learnt to call him her own Antoine, whilst he, in return, called her his dearest Marie. So often had they dwelt on the future that was to see them united, that it became too firmly fixed in her imagination ever to be removed. She could not, indeed, remain ignorant of the character he acquired as he grew in years, or that when any act of violence

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or daring was mentioned, he was sure to be named as the leader; but she thought the world was harsh—too quick in its condemnation, and wrong in attributing those acts as the offspring of a bad heart, which were but the outbreaks of an ardent youthful disposition. She had often heard that a reformed rake makes the best husband; but she did not look further to see what a confirmed reprobate would be likely to make. She was all confidence in the success of her plans for his reformation, and being an orphan and without control, she gave herself and her little property to the free possession of him who already had her heart.

The few first weeks of their union no one could be more attentive than Antoine; and Marie became confirmed in her opinion, that his acts had been too harshly construed by the world, and his youthful errors would soon merge in the fond husband. Poor Marie! she saw not in the calm the forerunner of the storm which was impending over her. He soon gave way to the true bent of his disposition; joined his former lawless associates; made long and frequent absences from home, and returned, generally, in a savage and discontented humour, to find fault with every thing, and would sit for hours wrapped up in his meditations, scarce noticing the anxious attentions of his wife.

In a few months time she found that poverty was fast gaining upon them. Antoine had sold all their property, and spent all the proceeds in riot and debauchery; and, to crown her unhappiness, her husband, joining some of his associates, left for ever the place of his birth, bearing with him the ill wishes of all who knew him, save one, his forsaken wife, who, 'midst all his unkindness and unrequited affection, still fondly loved him, and wished him well where'er his course might lead him.

Marie was too much a favourite in the village, to have any doubts as to her being able to maintain herself by her industry, and gladly accepted the offer of a Madame Germain to become her own immediate attendant.

Madame Germain was the wife of a private gentleman, of some considerable property, who had resided many years in the midst of his estates, passing his time in endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of his tenantry, and enhance the value of his property by his

own superintendence. Marie was much esteemed by all, and would have lived truly happy had not her mind been clouded with evil forebodings of her husband's fate.

Years passed on and found Marie still with Madame Germain, who had removed to Paris, for the benefit of her children's education. She still remained ignorant of what had befallen her husband, or even of his existence, and had gradually brought herself to the belief that they had parted for ever.

She was one day witnessing a review in the Champ de Mars, and paying deep attention to the manoeuvres of the troops, when suddenly she felt her reticule snatched from her hand; she turned round to see who had robbed her, but every body seemed attending to the scene before them. It was clear the bag was gone, but as there was little of consequence in it, she was too much of a Frenchwoman to be annoyed, and in admiration of a charge of cavalry, which was then taking place, quite forgot her loss.

"Bless my soul!" cried some one; "well, I declare, it is the oddest thing in the world! What! Marie, my girl! you hav'nt forgot me, have you?"

Hearing her name, she turned to see the speaker. There were three ill-dressed looking men standing together, one of whom she recognised as her husband.

"Ah! Antoine! is that you?"

"Yes, my dear, it is indeed me. I suppose you thought me dead!"

"I had feared as much, Antoine."

"Aye, so many thought; I got through it though; but bless my politeness; here Le Coq and Petit Singe, allow me to introduce you to my wife."

His friends lifted up their red night-caps, and professed themselves much honoured in being introduced to the wife of such a "brave enfant as Antoine Laurent."

Much as Marie had wished to see her husband, she could not but feel that their meeting would be the source of much pain to her. His appearance, and that of his companions, was strongly indicative of their profession, and she had little doubt, in her own mind, that one of the gentlemen had taken her bag. It was with feelings of sadness she accompanied Antoine and the Sieurs Le Coq and Petit Singe to a cabaret in the neighbourhood.

Antoine's story was short. Accord-

ing to his own account he had been in the army, and left it, because he found a military life too irksome for a man of spirit like himself; and *Le Coq* had been a brother in arms. *Petit Singe*, to be sure, had not been in the army, but then he had a wish to go there, and that was the same thing. After he had told *Marie* all he had to say concerning himself and friends, he was very desirous to hear how she had done since misfortune, as he called it, forced him from a wife he loved more than all the world; and drew such a picture of the anguish he had felt in leaving her, that it moved *Petit Singe* even to tears, or at least to the occasional pressing the tassel of his night-cap, first to one eye and then to the other, as if he were much moved at his friend's sufferings.

When *Marie* had stated the truth, her husband became extremely anxious in his enquiries, as to whether *Monsieur Germain* was rich, kept many servants, and was regular in his hours. The answers, he said, were very satisfactory; because, though he had led a roving kind of life himself, yet he should have been extremely unhappy to think his wife was living in any other than a respectable family; and as *Le Coq* knew that he had often expressed himself most anxious that his dear wife might not be prejudiced in the good opinion of others, by his own follies. At the beginning of this speech *Petit Singe* had caught hold of his tassel, but not finding anything sufficiently sad for a tear, contented himself with a long drawn ah, and declared that he had heard him say so at least a thousand times; and *Le Coq*, who was a man of taciturn habits, bobbed his head in token of assent.

The result of this interview was a promise, on the part of *Antoine*, to see his wife on the following day, who engaged to supply him with money to enable him to look more respectable; and if he would reform, she did not doubt being able, through *Monsieur Germain's* kindness, to procure him some situation, by which he might obtain an honest livelihood.

He did not fail to see his wife on the following day, and became very assiduous in his attentions, vowed his affection was undiminished, and scarcely allowing a day to pass that he did not look in at *Monsieur Germain's* to see her. He repeatedly declared, too, he had suffered so much in his wild way of life, that his only wish now was to settle down quietly with his dear

*Marie*, and support themselves by honest industry.

One night, as I was going my rounds with some of my men, I perceived, loitering about at the corner of one of the streets, an old acquaintance of mine, the *Sieur Petit Singe*, and it was very evident that he could not be waiting about so late at night for any good purpose, and as he had not perceived me, I determined to watch him unobserved. In a few minutes he was joined by another acquaintance of mine, the *Sieur Le Coq*, when they walked together some way up the street, until they came to a large house, and *Petit Singe*, looking round to see if any persons were near, gave a gentle tap at the door, which, to my surprise, was instantly opened to him. This was strange! The house belonged to *Monsieur Germain*, and I could not believe that the two gentlemen, who had just gone in, were carrying on an intrigue with any of the servants, since nature had not moulded either of them in one of her most favourable moods. *Le Coq* was a most desperate character—and *Petit Singe* a most consummate villain, deficient only in one thing—courage, but which he generally contrived to make up for, by a quickness of invention, which rendered him a valuable ally to those who planned the commission of any desperate deeds.

On entering they had left the door ajar, for the purpose of facilitating their escape, in case they should find it expedient to depart in a hurry. I availed myself, therefore, of the opportunity to follow after them, with my men, and perceived them ascending the stairs, in company with *Antoine Laurent*; this soon explained how they had so easily obtained their admission. They had no sooner reached the first landing-place than they heard some one coming down stairs: this seemed to perplex them extremely, and *Petit Singe*, after hiding the light he was carrying, began to descend the stairs, three steps at a time, perhaps judging that a general always fights best in the rear. The person who had alarmed them was no other than *Marie*, who was coming down stairs with a light in her hand. She had no sooner reached the landing-place, than *Le Coq* and *Laurent* darted forwards and seized her, one by each hand, whilst *Le Coq* pressed his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming. When she had in some degree recovered from her alarm, *Le Coq* allowed her to speak. Her eye fell

upon her husband, and she exclaimed—

"Oh, Antoine! how, in the name of heaven, did you get here? What is your purpose? And this man, too. Oh, let me beseech you to leave the house instantly; you will ruin me for ever."

"No; on the contrary," replied he; "I mean to make your fortune."

"Nay, Antoine, you shall not pass a step further; pray leave the house; some one may awake, and if you are discovered, I shall be accused of having let you in."

"I am not quite such a fool, after hiding in the log-house 'till I am so stiff I can hardly move, to walk out at a woman's bidding; let me pass, and don't be so absurd."

"Not a step."

"Are you mad!"

"Mad or not, you shall not pass. If you attempt it I'll alarm the house by my screams."

They, however, tried to go on; Laurent telling Petit Singe to look to the woman, and if she made the least noise, to cut the matter as short as possible. Marie, faithful to her word, the moment she saw them advancing, uttered a piercing scream and cry for assistance, but was effectually silenced by a blow from the butt-end of Laurent's pistol. She fell instantly on the stairs, deprived of all motion, and, as I dreaded, at the instant, even of life. So thought Petit Singe, for he declared it would be a good night's work for Laurent to make himself a widower and a rich man at the same time. They went on to Monsieur Germain's private-room, the situation of which they seemed to be well acquainted with, and forced open his *escritoire*, in which was lying a large quantity of notes, which I afterwards ascertained had been paid only a day or two before to Monsieur Germain, for an estate of some value he had disposed of. These Petit Singe lost no time in appropriating to himself, and was about to leave the room, when I thought it time to shew myself.

"The Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed Petit Singe, the moment he saw me, at the same time running behind Le Coq for protection.

"Not exactly," I said, "Monsieur Petit Singe, but another friend of yours."

"The devil!" exclaimed Le Coq.

"No," said I, "there again you are mistaken."

The booty was too rich to be given up without a struggle, and Laurent swore he would blow out the brains of the first man who attempted to stop him, calling on Le Coq to assist him in making a dash for it.

I attempted to seize him, and he kept his word by firing at me; the ball went through my hat, and fractured a large glass which was behind. He then drew a dagger, with which he would have attacked me, had he not been at that moment shot by one of my men. Le Coq was soon disarmed, and Petit Singe pulled out from under the table, where he had crept the moment he saw Laurent was about to make resistance, and with the politest bow in the world, presented me with the money, expressing a hope that I did not feel any inconvenience from Laurent's precipitation.

The firing soon awoke the inmates of the house, who were not a little surprised at the scene which presented itself; and attention being paid to poor Marie, it was found that although she had received a severe blow across the face, which had completely stunned her, yet there was nothing to fear for her life.

Some months after this I heard that Marie, who had continued to live with Madame Germain, had yielded to the solicitations of one of her former admirers, and again become a wife. Experience having taught her that reformation was not so easy a task as she had imagined, she took the precaution of ascertaining that there would be little chance of having to try the success of her schemes in the present instance.

With regard to Le Coq and Petit Singe, they are at present on a visit to the "Bains de Rochefort," which is likely to last until the end of their careers. Petit Singe complains most grievously, that at the other end of his chain is attached a gentleman of most powerful make, and withal so arbitrary in his movements, that he cannot enjoy a moment's peace, night or day.

J. M. B.

#### ECCLESIA SCOTIA; OR, THE SCOTCH CHURCH TRANSLATED.

Two persons gazing up at the church of the Rev. Mr. Irving, Regent-square, one of them asked the other the meaning of the inscription *Eccllesia Scottu*, in ancient characters? "The meaning? why the *unknown tongue*, to be sure," was the reply.

PYLA.

## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's Anchor forg'd; 'tis at a white heat now;  
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow,  
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;  
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below;  
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every thro';  
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!  
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright; the high sun shines not so!  
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;  
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row  
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;  
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow  
Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery grow—  
'Hurrah!' they shout—'leap out—leap out;'—bang, bang, the sledges go;  
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;  
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;  
The leathern mail rebounds the hail: the rattling cinders strow  
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;  
And thick and loud, the swinging crowd, at every stroke, pant 'ho!'

Leap out, leap out my masters; leap out and lay on load!  
Let's forge a goodly Anchor; a Bower, thick and broad;  
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;  
And I see the good Ship riding, all in a perilous road,  
The low reef roaring on her lee; the roll of ocean pour'd  
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the maelstrom by the board;  
The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the boats stove at the chains;  
But courage still, brave mariners—the Bower yet remains,  
And not an inch he deigns save when ye pitch sky high,  
Then moves his head, as though he said, 'Fear nothing—here am I!'

Swing in your strokes in order; let foot and hand keep time,  
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;  
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the barthen be,  
The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we!  
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;  
Our hammers ring with sharper din—our work will soon be sped;  
Our Anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,  
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;  
Our Anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,  
For the 'Yee-heave-o,' and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;  
When weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;  
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;  
A shapely one he is, and strong, as o'er from east was cast.—  
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,  
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!  
O deep Sea-diver! who might then behold such sights as thou?  
The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now  
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,  
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!  
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,  
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;  
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;  
And for the ghastly grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn:  
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles  
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;  
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;  
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals  
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,  
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,  
To find the long-hair'd mermaids; or har' by icy lands,  
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon coru'can sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the Deep, whose sports can equal thine?  
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tug thy cable line;  
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,  
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—  
But shamer of our little sports! for, live the name I gave—  
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand  
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,  
Slow away in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,  
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—  
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,  
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,  
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-land—  
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,  
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—  
Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,  
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

*Blackwood's Mag.*

### TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

The only other midshipman on board the cutter beside young Malcolm, whose miserable death we had witnessed, was a slight delicate little fellow, about fourteen years old, of the name of Duncan; he was the smallest boy of his age I ever saw, and had been badly hurt in repelling the attack of the pirate. His wound was a lacerated puncture in the left shoulder from a boarding-pike, but it appeared to be healing kindly, and for some days we thought he was doing well. However, about five o'clock in the afternoon, before we made Jamaica, the surgeon accosted Mr. Douglas as we were walking the deck together. "I fear little Duncan is going to slip through my fingers, Sir."—"No! I thought he had been better." "So he was till about noon, when a twitching of the muscles came on, which I fear betokens lock jaw; he wavers, too, now and then, a bad sign of itself where there is a fretting wound." We went below, where, notwithstanding the wind-sail that was let down close to where his hammock was slung, the heat of the small vessel was suffocating. The large coarse tallow candle in the purser's lantern, that hung beside his shoulder, around which the loathsome cockroaches fluttered like moths in a summer evening, filled the between decks with a rancid oily smell, and with smoke as from a torch, while it ran down and melted like fat before a fire. It cast a dull sickly gleam on the pale face of the brown-haired, girlish-looking lad, as he lay in his narrow hammock. When we entered, an old quarter-master was rubbing his legs, which were jerking about like the limbs of a galvanized frog, while two of the boys held his arms, also violently convulsed. The poor little fellow was crying and sobbing most piteously, but made a strong effort to compose himself and "be a man," when he saw us. "This is so good of you, Mr. Cringle! you will take charge of my letter to my sister, I know you will!"—"I say, Anson," to the quarter-master, "do lift me up a little till I try and

finish it. It will be a sore heart to poor Sarah; she has no mother now, nor father, and aunt is not over kind," and again he wept bitterly. "Confound this jumping hand, it won't keep steady, all I can do. I say, Doctor, I sha'n't die this time, shall I?"—"I hope not, my fine little fellow." "I don't think I shall; I shall live to be a man yet, in spite of that bloody buccaneer's pike, I know I shall." God help me, the death-rattle was already in his throat, and the flame was flickering in the socket; even as he spoke, the muscles of his neck stiffened to such a degree that I thought he was choked, but the violence of the convulsion quickly subsided. "I am done for, Doctor!" he could no longer open his mouth, but spoke through his clenched teeth—"I feel it now! God Almighty receive my soul, and protect my poor sister!" The arch-enemy was, indeed, advancing to the final struggle, for he now gave a sudden and sharp cry, and stretched out his legs and arms, which instantly became as rigid as marble, and in his agony he turned his face to the side I stood on, but he was no longer sensible. "Sister," he said with difficulty—"Don't let them throw me overboard; there are sharks here." "Land on the lee-bow," sung out the man at the mast-head. The common life sound would not have moved any of us in the routine of duty, but bursting in, under such circumstances, it made us all start, as if it had been something unusual; the dying midshipman heard it, and said, calmly, "Land—I will never see it. But how blue all your lips look. It is cold, piercing cold, and dark, dark." Something seemed to rise in his throat, his features sharpened still more, and he tried to gasp, but his clenched teeth prevented him—he was gone.

I went on deck with a heavy heart, and, on looking in the direction indicated, I beheld the towering Blue Mountain peak rising high above the horizon, even at the distance of fifty miles, with its outline clear and distinct against the splendid western sky, now gloriously illumined by the light of the set sun. We stood on under

easy sail for the night, and next morning, when the day broke, we were off the east end of the magnificent Island of Jamaica. The stupendous peak now appeared to rise close aboard of us, with a large solitary star sparkling on his forehead, and reared his forest-crowned summit high into the cold blue sky, impending over us in frowning magnificence, while the long dark range of the Blue Mountains, with their outlines hard and clear in the grey light, sloped away on each side of him as if they had been the Giant's shoulders. Great masses of white mist hung on their sides about half way down, but all the valleys and coast as yet slept in the darkness. We could see that the land-wind was blowing strong in shore, from the darker colour of the water, and the speed with which the coasters, only distinguishable by their white sails, slid along; while astern of us, out at sea, yet within a cable's length, for we had only shot beyond its influence, the prevailing trade-wind blew a smart breeze, coming up strong to a defined line, beyond which and between it, and the influence of the land-wind, there was a belt of dull lead-coloured sea, about half-a-mile broad, with a long heavy ground-swell rolling, but smooth as glass, and without even a ripple on the surface, in the midst of which we lay dead becalmed.

The heavy dew was shaken in large drops out of the wet flapping sails, against which the reef points pattered like hail as the vessel rolled. The decks were wet and slippery, and our jackets saturated with moisture; but we enjoyed the luxury of cold to a degree that made the sea-water when dashed upon the decks, as they were being holystoned, appear absolutely warm. Presently all nature awoke in its freshness so suddenly, that it looked like a change of scene in a theatre. The sun, as yet set to us, rose to the huge peak, glanced like lightning on his summit, making it gleam like an amethyst. The clouds on his shaggy ribs rolled upwards, and enveloped his head and shoulders, and were replaced by the thin blue mists which ascended from the valleys, forming a fleecy canopy, beneath which appeared hill and dale, woods and cultivated lands, where all had been undistinguishable a minute before, and gushing streams burst from the mountain sides like gout of froth, marking their course in the level grounds by the vapours they sent up. Then Breere mill-towers, burst into

light, and cattle mills, with their cone-shaped roofs, and overseers' houses, and water-mills, with the white spray falling from the wheels, and sugar-works, with long pennants of white smoke, streaming from the boiling-house chimneys in the morning wind. Immediately after, gangs of negroes were seen at work; loaded waggons, with enormous teams of fourteen to twenty oxen dragging them, rolled along the roads; long strings of mules, loaded with canes, were threading the fields; dragging vessels were seen to shove out from every cove; the morning song of the black fishermen was heard, while their tiny canoes, like black specks, started up suddenly on all sides of us, as if they had floated from the bottom of the sea; and the smiling scene burst at once, and as if by magic, on us, in all its coolness and beauty, under the cheering influence of the rapidly rising sun. We fired a gun, and made the signal for a pilot; upon which a canoe, with three negroes in it, shoved off from a small schooner lying-to about a mile to leeward. They were soon alongside, when one of the three jumped on board. This was the pilot, a slave, as I knew, and, in my innocence, I expected to see something very squalid and miserable, but there was nothing of the kind; for I never in my life saw a more spruce salt water dandy, in a small way. He was well dressed, according to a seaman's notion—clean white trousers, check shirt, with white lapels, neatly fastened at the throat with a black ribbon, smart straw hat; and, altogether, he carried an appearance of comfort—I was going to write independence—about him, that I was by no means prepared for. He moved about with a swaggering roll, grinning and laughing with the seamen. "I say, Blackie," said Mr. Douglas. "John Lodge, Massa, if you please, Massa; Blackie is not politeful, Sir," whereupon he shewed his white teeth again. "Well, well, John Lodge, you are running us too close surely;" and the remark seemed seasonable enough to a stranger, for the rocks on the bold shore were now within half pistol-shot. "Mind your eye," shouted old Amon, "you will have us ashore, you black rascal!" "You, Sir, what water have you here!" sung out Mr. Splinter. "Salt water, Massa," rapped out Lodge, fairly dumbfounded by such a volley of questions,—"You hab six fathom good here, Massa; but suspecting he had gone too far—" I take de Ton-



nant, big ship as him is. close to dat reef, Sir, you might have jump ashore, so you need not frighten for your leetle dish of a hooker; beside, Massa, my character is at take, you know"—then another grin and bow. There was no use in being angry with the poor fellow, so he was allowed to have his own way until he anchored in the evening at Port-Royal. The morning after we arrived, I went ashore with a boat's crew to perform the magnanimous operation of cutting brooms; we pulled ashore for Green Bay, under the guns of the Twelve Apostles—a heavy battery of twelve cannon, where there is a tombstone with an inscription, setting forth that the party over whom it was erected, had been actually swallowed up in the great earthquake that destroyed the opposite town, but subsequently disgorged again; being, perchance, an unseemly morsel.

*To be concluded in our next.*

#### BREVITIES.

Public men cannot not always go direct to their object, as the crow flies. It is but fair to make allowances for the thick medium in which they act, and the courtly windings they are often compelled to follow.

A wise and benevolent man may reasonably wish for children, if able to maintain them; but perhaps he is neither very wise nor very benevolent if he suffers his deprivation to make him unhappy. What is it we admire or find interesting in children? Their beauty, innocence, helplessness, cheerfulness, simplicity; but he is a selfish sot who, cannot appreciate those qualities in the offspring of others as well as in his own; and who, having the power, wants the inclination to cherish and attract them to him.

"Former," latter," and "namely," are three verbal dowdies—the anti-graces of diction, who still, by prescriptive right, are sometimes found in good society.

We feel astonished that torture should ever have been used by rational beings, as the means of getting at truth: but, no doubt, when it was abolished, many admirers of the good old times thought the innovation exceedingly dangerous. In like manner our posterity will scarcely believe that persons were allowed to vote away the public money, as representatives of the people, who literally had no consti-

tuents at all, and purchased their seats in Parliament as regularly as their chairs for domestic purposes.

The anger of a generous man is effectually disarmed by a little gentleness on the part of its object—as a bread and milk poultice is sufficient to allay a casual inflammation in a healthy frame.

#### ON THE GENUIS OF POPE.

*For the Olio.*

— facunde nepos Atlantis,  
Qui feros cultus hominum rocantum  
Voce formasti catus.—HON.

THE writings of Pope are so generally known and justly appreciated, that any attempt to deprecate the talents of that illustrious bard would now be considered futile; the age which has succeeded him has been remarkable for the great and varied talents of the writers of poetry and romance, yet nothing has been produced which has excelled the splendour and melody of his verse. Pope succeeded a host of writers, who were remarkable for their classic lore, and their general ignorance of the beauties of English literature; they selected few subjects which were not classical, and thus the mythology of Greece and Rome was ever associated with what was passing around them; the reigning monarch was addressed as though he were Jupiter Ammon, and the Noblesse received no less a tribute, than that which had been paid to a long line of heathen deities, and every circumstance which transpired, found its representative in some mythological fable, no ambassador repaired to a foreign court in the execution of his office, but he became a Hermes on some heaven-born mission, and the flirtations of Lord A. with Lady B., were as important as the loves of Paris and Helen.

So great has been the veneration for the classic writings in all ages, that the inherent beauties of the English language were for a long time neglected, and although the literary labours of Pope were generally confined to the imitation of other writers, yet he gave to his own language a melody and an expression few thought it capable of; had he not like many of his contemporaries, devoted so much time in the interpretation of writers inferior to himself, he would have been far above all competition, but he appears to have thought with Dryden, that his future

fame depended upon the production of some masterpiece of his art; therefore, after many years of labour, he gave to the world his translation of the *Iliad* of Homér, a poem which in itself can only be considered the legend of a barbarous, but impassioned people; and although it may contain all the elements of poetry, yet, when its beauties are represented in another language by a different idiom, it loses its native force—the eloquence of Apollo scarce claims our attention, and the threat of Jove excites no terror.

It cannot be said, however, that Pope has not done all that the most fastidious critic might expect; there are few versions which have given more satisfaction; the original, being in many parts imperfect, he had every difficulty to contend with, and in many places, he has done more for Homer, than Homer had done for him; he has pruned that which was exuberant, and supplied that which was wanting; yet is the utility of translations by no means apparent, and we can only attribute their production to a want of invention on the part of the writers of a past age, who having imbibed a large stock of Greek and Latin in their youth, they thought they were entitled to make some display of their learning; perhaps few have more misapplied their talents to attain this object than Dryden, there exists no comparison between the poet and the translator of the *Æneid*, and he who has not read Virgil in his native tongue cannot hold him in great estimation from a perusal of Dryden's version, the adulation of Dante must be to him totally expulsive.

Or se 'tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte,  
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume.

The character of *Æneas* as depicted by the Mantuan bard must be generally admired; few have portrayed the grandeur of the elements, or described the conflicts of heroes with more effect, or greater success; but when the fine imaginings of the poet are *done into English* by Mr. John Dryden, we are something surprised that Augustus should ever have entertained such a poet, his battle field has no terrors, the shout of the victor and the moanings of the dying are alike unheeded. *Æneas* himself disgusts and Dido is unlovely.

The genius of Pope, like that of Horace, was imitative; he excelled most where invention was less required than improvement; he left others to suggest ideas and he expressed them, for none

had a more complete mastery of those delicacies of expression, which have placed him in competition with the Sabine bard, and obtained for him not less homage than that which has been paid to Anacreon himself.

Whether we review his vast acquirements as a poet or a satirist, our admiration must be the same, for he who can both delight and instruct, demands no common praise; for we know not whether there exists an individual more deserving our universal regard than he who improves our taste, while he corrects our vices and who can excite our admiration while he commands our esteem.

G. M. B.

### THE GOLD-SEEKER.

Continued from page 86.

A VERY remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet, in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words, and the weakness of her constitution; but on his all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week

by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms without uttering a word, when she ventured an enquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind. Lelia's health had received a shock from the circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the *higher* her spirits rose, as if to quell and control their fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in proportion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy.

The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people! Saints and martyrs were by turns invoked; vows were offered up and pilgrimages and religious watchings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens, and auguries. *Sortes* were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and commands translated from the mystic writings of the sky—

"The stars, which are the poetry of heaven."

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far—very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced

him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress, and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted.

To work, however, was difficult, and to work long impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face, and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side, he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark: but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot.

"Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young fair mistress.

"Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, and half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour.

"Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered any thing resembling a complaint—"It is so cold!" said she, "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By and

bye she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again.

"Make haste—make haste!" said she, "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I am wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone!—aware, as she must have been, that *his* remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground but for the support of a rock against which he staggered. When he recovered, he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's

house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood.

"Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:

"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice, "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man. "No matter—my word is plighted—farewell.—Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing!

"She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices calling out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face.

"Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the Blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak!—will you not speak? A single word? Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant.

"Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he

sought ; and by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leant her back against the rock ; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold ; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket.

Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time, the childless old man went to seek ; out the object of his daughter's love ; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the miner seeking his mistress among the rocks ; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.

### MECHANICS.

#### TERRESTRIAL GRAVITY AND ATMOSPHERIC INFLUENCE.

*For the Olio.*

How many of us walk abroad in this wide world, nor once give it a thought why a stone reaches the bottom of a well, or why a bird keeps its equipoise in the air. Yet, if we only take the pains to enquire into the cause, we shall find the reason satisfactory. The phenomenon of 'Terrestrial Gravity,' is quite sufficient to induce us into an examination of its principles ; and which, by a simple experiment, will prove to our senses the resistance a body receives in its descent from any given height in proportion to atmospheric pressure and intervention—For instance, a nail will fall quicker to the earth than a cork, or a piece of tissue paper—and why ? The nail, we say, is heavier than the cork, and the cork heavier than the paper. This is true. But is there no other reason than its specific gravity !—apparently not.

To prove that there is an obvious error in this : let us put a magnet to the proper concentric situation of the nail, and it will not only follow the direction, but even cling to it ; while in the same position, the cork will remain stationary, and the paper, though buoyant, be equally unaffected by magnetic influence. A more or less quan-

tity of matter is always in possession of space in proportion to the changes of the season ; and, as this matter floats, so will the difference be manifest, in connection with the force given to the bodies, which act under the impetus, as to the time or distance they will be performing their result of attraction. But, if we fix a receiver over an air-pump, put a piece of paper and a piece of gold into the top of it, we shall find, when the air is exhausted, the paper will reach the bottom as soon as the gold ;—so that, in fact, it is the atmospheric interposition which prevents a light substance falling to the earth so soon as a heavy one. Hence the motion of the earth produces the most important purposes of attraction, inasmuch as the floating particles are constantly agitated in practical results ; and bodies are interested as they are affected in their revolutions by varying causes. Could we place a scale from the top of a given height to the floor, and divide it into sections by the assistance of a weight, and a clock, for ocular demonstration, we should discover to a pleasing certainty, that the weight would gain in its descent every trial from its first setting off upon every second of the clock more and more, the nearer it would be approaching the earth. At first, it would increase from one second, one fifth ; from two, two fifths ; from three seconds, three fifths, and so on ; till its increasing velocity would reach the bottom.

Thus mechanic powers are ascertained ; and, in proportion to their specific gravity, magnetic attraction, and atmospheric pressure, are men enabled to appreciate the advantages arising from their studies in the science of mechanism, and capable of adopting the results of their discoveries for the improvement of society. To the furtherance of these objects, Dr Lardner is devoting his time and talent in the Metropolitan 'Institute.' PYLADES.

### Illustrations of History.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST.—The following letter, written by a gentleman named William Williams, a native of Denton, Lincolnshire, though it may not furnish any new historical facts, is extremely curious, from its giving an account of a very important event in the annals of this country, penned on the very day of its occurrence. Although the writer does not mention the

audible murmur of lamentation around the scaffold of the unfortunate Charles, which is recorded by some other writers, yet he uses an expression of equivalent import, that the execution 'much discontented the citizens.' The original letter was found with others, in a box containing many old family deeds and documents at Denton.

Most Lovinge Brother!

The experience I have of your greates kindneses and favoures, doth by ye often thinkinge on their deservings, deeply embosome themselves in my grateful affection, that neither tyme, nor absence can extenuate; and though the requitall of such invaluable curtesies lye not in my poore power, yett ye willingness of my desires this letter will testifie in promisinge my uttermost power in all servicable endeavours. Sir, in answer to your letter, such books as you write for, I cannot possibly gett in toune; I have been att divers shoppes, and cannot gett ye ordinances for presbiterian government, neither can helpe you to ym as yett. All the newes I can send you is yt ye Kinge was behended this daye before Whitehall gate, itt much discontented ye citizens. Ye manner of his deportment was verely resolutely, with some smiling countenances intimating his willingness to be out of his troubles; be made noe speech to ye people, but to those upon ye stage with him, expressing yt they murdered him; ye Bishop of London was with him upon ye stage. When he made himselfe ready for the blocke, he first pulled of his hatt, and gave itt to ye Bishop. yn his cloak and his doublett to 2 others, and his George he gave to ye Bishop, wh ye parliament hath sent for; and after his death proclamation was made yt none shd be proclaimed Kinge butt with ye Parliament's consent. Br, I desire you to excuse my rudenesse by reason of ye want of tyme, yt I cannot enlarge myself for expressions of my gratefullnesse. I pray give my humble duty, with many thanks to my mother, with my best love to yourselfe, with my br and sister's. Yr faithful Br,

Will. Williams.

To Mr. Wm. Welby, at his house of Denton, near Grantham.

Jan. 30.

These presents.

### Londoniana.

THE INCREASE OF LONDON.—In the days of Queen Bess, the village of Holborn or Oldbourn, was first joined

to London properly so called, and a great part of High Holborn was not then in existence. St. Giles's also was at that time the site of a village, but it was not considered even contiguous to London; and as for Westminster, it was merely a small town on the southwest and south sides of St. James's Park. There were gardens upon each side of the Strand, while the Haymarket had a hedge on one side, and a rugged thicket of underwood on the other. The bills of mortality were first printed in 1606, and it appears from them, that there was very little increase in the city during the twenty-six following years; for, in 1606 and 1607, there died between six and seven thousand annually, a number which rose only to eight and nine thousand in 1632 and 1633. This of course was the natural consequence of the general outcry against the encroachments of brick and mortar then so prevalent, that the legislature passed a law in the thirty-eighth year of the reign of Elizabeth, prohibiting the erection of any further buildings within the precincts of the city. The act, it is true, was merely probationary, as it was to expire at the close of the next session of Parliament; but its effects were not so transitory as its nominal duration, for it discouraged the builders, and materially obstructed the future progress of the city.

During the whole of King James's reign, no houses were erected without the Royal license, and the people therefore, as they increased, gradually emigrated to other parts of the world. Thus, the restriction upon London was, in fact, one of the indirect causes to which we may ascribe the plantation of New England, Virginia, Maryland, and the Bermudas, all of which originated at the time of its operation.—Nevertheless, as the population could not be draughted off to the Trans-Atlantic settlements in the full proportion of its increase, the want of houses began to be so severely felt, that the people petitioned to take off a restraint so inconvenient to the public. His Majesty acceded to their desire, and the increase of London, accordingly, within the next seven-and-twenty years, so much surpassed that of any former period, as to produce from twelve to thirteen thousand burials in 1656 and 1657, although rebellion and civil wars had occurred within the interval. No sooner, however, did these results become manifest, than the former

clamour against the builders was renewed; and Oliver Cromwell, glad of the opportunity of a popular impost, laid a tax on the new foundations, from which, as appears by the records of the Exchequer, not more than £30,000 were derived, clear of all the charges incidental to its collection. At the same time it necessarily retarded the growth of the metropolis, and the people, for want of houses, again emigrated as before, and began to plant the flourishing colony of Jamaica.

The burials after the Restoration, we find, amounted to near 23,000 yearly, so that the city, under all circumstances, seems to have increased one-third.

### The Note Book.

I will make a brief of it in my Note book.  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDESEN.

THE ORIGIN OF VENICE.—From the invasion by Attila in 452, the marshes called *Lagune*, formed at the extremity of the Adriatic by the slime, deposited by seven or eight great rivers, amidst which arose innumerable islands, had been the refuge of all the rich inhabitants of Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Treviso, and other great cities of Venetia, who fled from the sabres of the Huns. The Roman empire of the west survived this great calamity twenty-four years, but it was only a period of expiring agony; during which, fresh disasters continually forced new refugees to establish themselves in the *Lagune*. A numerous population was at length formed there; supported by fishing, the making of salt, some other manufactures, and the commerce carried on by means of these many rivers. Beyond the reach of the barbarians, who had no vessels, forgotten by the Romans, and their successors the Ostrogoths, they maintained their independence under the administration of tribunes, named by an assembly of the people, in each of the separate isles. The Venetians looked upon the Ostrogoths and their successors, the Lombards, as heretics; so that religious zeal strengthened their aversion to the dominant powers of Italy. On the other hand, the population of each island forming a little separate republic, jealousies arose; their tribunes disagreed.

To put an end to these factions, the citizens of every island met in a single assembly at Heraclea, in 697, and elected a chief of maritime Venetia, whom they called Doge or duke. This title

borne by the Greek governors of the provinces of Italy, seems to indicate that the doge was considered a lieutenant of the emperor of Constantinople.—The Venetians, in fact, persisted in regarding themselves as members of the eastern empire, never acknowledging the pretensions of Charlemagne and his successors to the dominion of all Italy. It was in 809, in a war against Pepin, son of Charlemagne, that the Venetians made choice of the island of the Rialto, near which they assembled their fleet, with their wealth collected on board, and built the city of Venice, the capital of their republic. Twenty years afterwards, they transported thither from Alexandria, the body of St. Mark the Evangelist. They chose him patron of their state. His lion figured in their arms, and his name in their language, whenever they would designate with peculiar affection their country and government.

JACK MITFORD.—There is so much truth in the following, that we cannot resist copying it:—"We have had the loves of the flowers,—we shall shortly be edited by the "lives of the caterpillars;" for the newspapers of the past month, have, with scarcely an exception, treated the world with a biography of the worthy whose name commences this paragraph. Jack Mitford was the prime manufacturer of sixpenny infamy, in the shape of lying lives of actresses, &c., and, consequently, his memory deserves to be embalmed in the columns of the best public instructors. He was the Jack Ketch to the Court of Scandal, and would execute any one for less than hangman's fees. He was one of those filthy satyrs, who drag on a life of dirt and drunkenness, by poisoning the minds of the young, and pandering to the impotence of the old. It was therefore fitting that his departure from this world should be reported with due emphasis, by our daily and weekly contemporaries, who, in the plenitude of their charity, sank the iniquity of their hero, and touched with graceful regret upon his incidental weaknesses. However, it cannot be disguised, that the booksellers will have a heavy loss in Jack. He was the Sir Walter Scott of a crim. con. case,—and for the illustrating a seduction, —the colours of Charles Phillips were dull and leaden compared to the rainbow tints of this literary *Bishop*. He *burked* a reputation with the readiest dispatch, and on the most moderate terms: one glass per character was his usual price; and any

advance on this, his general fee, would purchase the worldly perdition of a whole family. Jack's appearance was in unison with his *no* character: the shell was worthy of the pearl. He looked the offspring of crime and misery. We never saw a human creature bearing more indelible marks of the filthiness of his craft. He looked as though, a moral ogre, he lived upon murdered reputations. The dirty means by which he gained his "daily gin," seemed to corrode even his outward man: active depravity had anticipated the marks of age, and stamped him prematurely old."

*Old Monthly.*

**THE GREENWICH RAIL-ROAD.**—The world seems never at a loss for projects. One rail-way makes many, and the frog Greenwich is puffing itself into the ox Manchester. A company has been formed, with a capital of the usual number of hundreds of thousands, or millions, for the purpose of establishing a rail-road communication between the metropolis and Greenwich. We like new projects, if for no other reason than to shew a spirit of resistance to those who hate innovations of all kinds; but we confess that we are romantic enough to like them the better when they happen to be based upon some object of utility. But we are as yet at a loss to discern the peculiar desirableness of this new rail-road from the Green-park to Greenwich-park, and from Greenwich-park to Guy's Hospital. Such a communication would, no doubt, tend greatly to facilitate the progress of the flies, caravans, and stages, on Easter and Whit-mondays; and the tumbles down One-tree-hill might be rendered much more regular by means of a rail-way; but we can see little other good that it is likely to effect—unless, indeed, it should tend to the comfort and convenience of the old pensioners, in their occasional peregrinations to town. They might pay their visits to their shipmates in Wapping, and be dispatched back to their quarters with the velocity of a cannon-ball. Something might be thus saved to the country in the article of wooden-legs; but still we are a little sceptical as to the advantages that are to result from the Greenwich Rail-road Association.—*Id.*

**ANECDOTIANA.**

**A SHARP RETORT.**—The accomplished Lucius Cray, Lord Falkland, in

Charles the First's reign, was admitted very young a member of the House of Commons, where he distinguished himself greatly by his eloquence. But being proposed as a member of a committee, he was opposed by some of the old senators, who observed, that he had not yet sown his wild oats. To this he answered, "Then it will be best to sow them here, where there are so many geese to pick them up." H. S.

**ROBERT LE DIABLE.**—While Robert and his Normans were at Constantinople, in their way to Palestine, the emperor who looked on them as gross and ignorant barbarians, diverted himself in as gross a style, by inviting them to dinner and allowing them no seats to repose on. Robert and his comrades, no way disconcerted, extended their cloaks on the floor, sat down on them, and completed their meal. When they retired the emperor sent to tell them that "they had forgotten their cloaks." "Go and tell your master," (said Robert haughtily,) "that the Normans never carry away with them, the seats they have used." J. R. J.

**A NOVEL OPINION.**—A Portuguese minister was deputed some years ago, to examine a manufactory recently established at Lisbon, and reported to his colleagues his opinion in the following words: "God created man, and afterwards distributed to each nation what he thought best suited for them; to the French he gave industry; to the Germans, iron-works; to the English, ships; to the Dutch, cheese; and to the Spaniards and Portuguese, gold and silver, to buy the industry of the one; the iron-works of the other; the ships of this one; and the cheese of that; therefore, I conceive, a manufactory to be perfectly useless in Portugal." J. M. B.

**ALL FOR THE BEST.**—A celebrated French surgeon used to say there was nothing happened but for some good purpose, and instanced it thus:—A young man was attacked with a slight illness—I attended him—he died—what of that—I dissected him."

J. M. B.

**THE QUACK'S LOTTERY.**—A certain Quack used always to carry with him a large box full of medicines; and whenever he was consulted by a patient, put his hand into the box, and drew out the first that came, exclaiming at the same time, "May heaven be pleased to send the right one"

J. M. B.



## CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a clergyman's horse like a king? He is guided by a minister.

Why is a cautious tradesman like a student in divinity? Because he studies the prophets (profits).

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, Feb. 8.

*St. John of Malthe, found. of Trinitarians,*  
A.D. 1213.

*High Water 15m. aft. 6 Mar.—24m. aft. 6 after.*

In mild seasons the Roman Narcissus flowers at this period, even in the open border, in warm situations, and under shelter; at all events both varieties of it may be made to blow in houses. They are brought over, together with the 'Narcissus Italicus, from Italy, by the Italian warehouseman. They should be planted in pots, with sand and mould mixed, before Christmas, and they will blow by this time, and will soon be succeeded by 'Narcissus Tassetta' and 'Narcissus Orientalis,' and by other bulbous roots, which flower at this season in the house. It seems doubtful whether the Narcissus of the Antients was this flower or not. According to fable, the Naiades lamenting the death of Narcissus—

—Instead of him a yellow flower was found  
With tufts of white about the button crown'd.

TRANS. OF OVID.

Thursday, Feb. 9.

*St. Apollonia, Vir. Mar. A. D. 249.*

*Moon's 1st Quarter, 13m. after 11 Morn.*

The Romans regarded the Spring as now beginning. Of a clear frosty day, often experienced in February, the following beautiful picture is drawn by the poet Grubbe:—

From seaward rocks the icicles faint drop,  
By lonely river side, is heard at times  
To break the silence deep; for now the stream  
Is mute, or faintly gurgles far below  
Its frozen ceiling; silent stands the mill,  
The wheel immovable, and shod with ice,  
The babbling rivulet, at each little slope,  
Flows scantly beneath a leaden veil,  
And seems a pearly current liquified;  
While, at the shelvy side, in thousand shapes  
Fantastical, the frost work domes uprear  
Their tiny fabrics, gorgeously superb,  
With ornaments beyond the reach of art;  
Here vestibules of state, and colonnades;  
There Gothic castles, grottoes, beathar fanes,  
Rises in review, and quickly disappear;  
Or through some fairy palace fancy roves,  
And studs with ruby lamps, the fretted roof;  
Or paints with every colour of the bow  
Spotless parterres, all freaked with snow white  
flowers.

Flowers that no archer type in nature own.

Friday, Feb. 10.

*St. Eurlaph, bishop, mar.*

*Sun rises 15m aft 7—Sets 45m aft 4.*

Feb. 10, 1430.—Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, instituted the order of the Golden Fleece, in honour of a lady of Bruges, to whom he was attached. In consequence of certain pleasantries, in which some courtiers had indulged with respect to the colour of the lady's hair, he contrived to render the subject of their rally an object of the highest distinction, by the establishment of this order. The number of members was at first thirty-one; namely, thirty knights and Grand Master—at present it is unlimited. The statutes of the Order require, that each member shall, on his admission, prove four generations of

nobility, both on the maternal and the paternal side. On the extinction of the male line of Burgundy, Mary, the only daughter of Charles the Bold, removed the Grand Mastership into the house of Austria. At first the knights were elected in a general chapter, by a majority of votes; but now the King of Spain has the appointment of them at his pleasure.

Saturday, Feb. 11.

*St. Theodora, empress, A. D. 807.*

*High Water, 20m. aft. 8 Morn. 7m. aft. 9 after.*

11th Feb. 1831. TURKISH TOLERATION ESTABLISHED.—The "march of intellect" must be making rapid strides, when the following benevolent Imperial decree is issued in Turkey by the Sultan Mahmoud:—Greeks, Armenians, Armenian Catholics, and Jews, shall, from henceforth, in common with the Turks and Mussulmen, be equal before the law. No Mussulman shall, in future, have any preference, or enjoy any superior rights in consequence of his being a Mussulman; for, according to the opinion of the Sultan, all form but one family—but one body, whatever may be the private creed of each of his subjects, which is a matter that only concerns the conscience of man, who cannot be called to account for his religion to any but God. As to the Government of the Sultan, it will not, under any circumstances, consider what is the religion of the person who may present himself before it.

Sunday, Feb. 12.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

*Lessons for the Day, 65 chap. Isaiah, Morn.*

*66 chap. Isaiah, Even.*

Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble; partridges begin to pair; the house-pigeon has young; field-cricket open their homes; and wood-owls hoot; gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the close-curtain clamours; and frogs croak. By the end of February, the raven has generally laid its eggs, and begun to sit. About this time the green-woodpecker is heard in the woods, making a loud noise. The elder-trees disclose their flower-buds. The catkins of the hazel become very conspicuous in the hedges. Young leaves are budding on the gooseberries and currants about the end of the month.

Monday, Feb. 13.

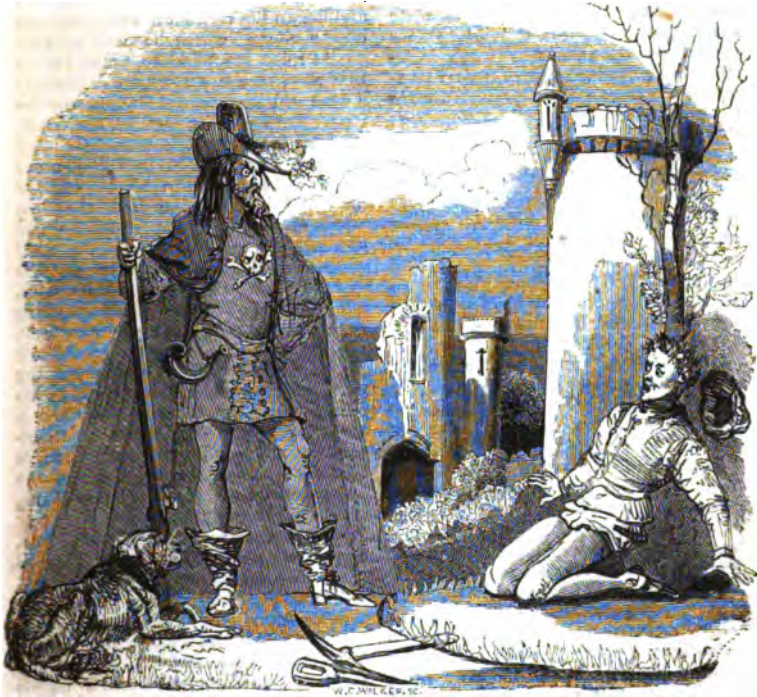
*St. Catherine de Ricci, Virg. A. D. 1580.*

*Sun rises 7m. aft. 7—Sets 54m. aft. 4.*

13th Feb. 1831, expired Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Berry, K.C.B., aged 62. This gallant officer, the son of a London merchant, was born in 1768, and evincing an early predilection for the sea service, was entered as a midshipman, under Lord Mulgrave, on the 5th of February, 1779, being at the time under eleven years. He signally distinguished himself in the action of St. Vincent in 1797; and also in the memorable and glorious victories of the Nile and Trafalgar.

At the peace of 1814, Sir E. Berry retired to Catton, near Norwich, intending to fix his residence there; but after some years, his health declining, he removed to Bath, where he finally closed his active and serviceable life.

A few complete Sets, in Volumes and Parts, may now be had.



See p. 114

## Illustrated Article.

### HANS SWETZEN.

For the Otto.

THERE dwelt some few years ago, in the town of Heidelberg, a widow, whose name was Swetzen. She had opened there a tobacconist's shop, which under the superintendence of her son Haus, soon became the most distinguished "Fife Haus" in the place; this might be attributed to various reasons; first, Madame still retained the greater share of those good looks, which made so deep an impression on the late lamented Herr Swetzen; secondly, she sold good articles; and thirdly, her son possessed the invaluable qualification of being a good listener, which had

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great weight with the students, who found it very convenient to have some one to listen to the various inventions of their brains in the shape of dramas à la Schiller, or the many legends of the distant parts of Germany from whence they came, not that Hans was considered much of a critic, but it served as a sort of rehearsal, and enabled them to see and rectify any very glaring errors or defects. Hans, by these legends and stories, being so frequently repeated to him, had become as well versed in them as he was in his creed, and used to sigh when he thought that the Treasure Seekers, the Burners of the Hartz, and the Black Huntsman of the Forest, had yielded to the frequent exorcisms, and forsaken a world that knew not how to appreciate their protection.

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"Ah!" said he, one day, as he sat alone in the shop, puffing out the hemp-seed husks from some pipe bowls, a box of which had just arrived from Dresden, "had I lived a few years ago, I might, instead of passing my days behind this counter, have been by the aid of some spirit, master of mines of wealth;" his eye fell on a bowl on which was delineated the Incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*; "yes I would undergo all that for the possession of wealth, and more too; they do, indeed, say there is at this moment, an immense treasure buried near the ruins of the old castle; might I not become possessed of it, why not? Let me see if I can remember how the legend goes, and under what spirit's care it used to be," saying which, he covered his face with his hands, and tried to reveal to his imagination all that he had ever heard related concerning it.

It was fast verging towards midnight, as Hans began ascending the mountain leading to the castle ruins. The town was still as death; not even the last chorus of a student's convivial meeting broke upon his ear as he left, nor was there a solitary wanderer in the streets to watch him on his road. The stillness of all around considerably damped his courage; it was an awful stillness, not even a breath of wind to move the overhanging boughs, and cause a rustling of their leaves—nothing but the sound of his own footsteps; he tried to whistle an air, but it came by such fits and starts, and so unlike any thing earthly, that it rather increased his fears, and he gave it up in despair. As he reached one of the terraces he paused to gaze a moment; the moon had just emerged from behind a cloud, shewing every thing almost as clear as at noonday; nearly at his feet was Heidelberg, looking like the deserted city; in the distance, the Hartz mountains; and on his right hand, the river and valley of the Neckar; intensely beautiful, as he would at any other time have thought this view, he turned from it with a troubled mind, and began ascending farther the mountain height, until he reached the spot he had fixed upon.

It was close by the immense tower, which the deadly art of man, and not the course of time, had rent in twain; and which, though divided, still stands upright in defiance of its destroyers—The moon shone through the chasm, shewing the massy thickness of the

walls, and the immense disjointed body, threatening every instant to fall and crush him beneath it. He threw down the pickaxe, shovel, and lantern, he had brought with him, and commenced drawing a circle into which he stepped, and began the recitation and workings of the spell, which he was assured would raise the fiend to point out to him where the treasure lay concealed; a dense thick cloud travelled across the moon, leaving all in perfect darkness, save the circle, which was irradiated by the lantern placed in the centre; this added so much to his terror, that he could hardly falter out the last words of the spell, and which he had scarcely done, ere the cloud passed away, and he looked up to see the effect of the workings of his charm, when to his horror, he beheld, standing without the circle, the figure of a man, clothed in a huntsman's dress, black as the darkest sable; he was leaning on a long gun of the same colour as his dress; whilst at his feet, crouched a large black dog, of a breed used centuries ago for hunting, but all traces of which have long been lost;—the huntsman seemed to scowl upon Hans, but he spoke not.

"Mercy, mercy," exclaimed Hans, "spare me;" his words seemed echoed by a thousand voices in mockery and laughter, 'till it died away in the distance,—but still the figure spoke not.

"Spare me, oh! spare me," again exclaimed Hans, and the loud shout and laugh a second time burst upon his ears.

The huntsman, at length, broke his silence, but moved not from his position.

"Why am I, after the lapse of years and years, that I have been suffered to remain undisturbed, again dragged forth by potent spells, to which I must yield obedience; I had thought to have been quit of such as you for ever;—speak and be brief."

"Most powerful spirit!—I did not, when I worked the spell, conceive it would have raised a being like yourself."

"What was it but to satisfy your idle curiosity, that I am now here.—You are in my power, and shall pay dearly for your rashness."

"Hear me but one instant; it was not an idle curiosity, but the Treasure of the Tower which I sought, and by my spell wished to raise some token to shew me where it is deposited."

"What, you covet riches," replied the huntsman, changing his position, and looking at his dog, which, at that moment, rose from the ground; "to your duty, sirrah;" the hound gave a long loud bay, and began slowly walking around the circle, which having thrice performed, he stopped, and began scratching the earth; "dig there," cried the huntsman, and Hans shaking in every joint, and his teeth chattering, essayed as he was directed; the earth was softer than he could have conceived, and gave way without the least effort; after some time spent in digging, his shovel struck against something hard, and which, when he had cleared from the earth, proved to be a large chest; this required his utmost strength to get out, but after much exertion he succeeded, and with a blow of his pickaxe, the lid flew open, and he beheld it filled with gold coin, of a size and make he had never seen before, and a crowd of thoughts rushed through his mind; he should then be a rich man, looked up to by all; be treated with respect; he would for ever forsake the Fife Hans; marry the Professor Miningen's pretty daughter, who was the admiration of the whole town and university; buy an estate and title, and be for ever a happy man.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, most beneficent spirit, the utmost I have ever wished is before me; this will make me the happiest of men."

"Are you content?"

"I am, indeed."

"And that you say is the utmost of your wishes."

"It is."

"You, of course, will not object to the price."

"The price," faltered out Hans.

"Yes, the price to be sure; think you, I have no wants to satisfy as well as mortals, or that I give up these treasures merely for the sake of conferring a benefit on such as you; answer me, do you agree to my terms?"

"Why, you hav'n't named any as yet," said Hans, emboldened by the sight of the gold.

"You must promise me all I ask, ere even I name my wish."

"You do not wish for my soul hereafter."

"Psha! that's mine already; the moment you began your incantation it was mine."

"Oh dear," ejaculated Hans, most despondingly; but the gold was still

there, and it raised his drooping spirits—I promise."

"All."

"All," echoed Hans.

"Then I must have blood."

"Blood," stammered out Hans, who was far from a valiant youth, and did not look forward with pleasure to the idea of having to fight for his newly acquired treasure; "but whose would you have?"

"Thy mother's."

"My mother's, villain," exclaimed Hans, with heartfelt horror; "here, take your treasure, I will have none of it," and with honest indignation, he kicked it from him; the chest rolled down, dashing against the sides of the rock, and fell with a tremendous crash.

"My God! what has the brute done!" exclaimed Madame Swetzen, coming out of her little parlour, accompanied by some of her neighbours, with whom she had been enjoying an hour in the discussion of all the gossip and scandal of the town."

"Take back your treasure," cried Hans, with the voice of a Stentor.

"My what!" cried his mother, at the same time lifting her hand, (which, by the bye, was none of the smallest), and letting it fall, with hearty good will, on one of Hans' ears; "do you see what you have done; you have been asleep, you idle brute, you have, and kicked over the box of Dresden bowls, and broken I know not how many; come, take these cigars to Professor Miningen's, and be off with you instead of staring there like an idiot."

Hans took up the packet of cigars, and sneaked away, though not without thinking his mother was extremely ungrateful to him after he had refused so much for her sake. J. M. B.

#### A FEW WORDS ON MUNDEN, THE COMEDIAN.

In these serious times, the loss of half the world's fun is no trivial deprivation. It was my loss (or *gain* shall I call it?) in the early time of my play-going, to have missed all Munden's acting. There was only he, and Lewis at Covent Garden, while Drury Lane was exuberant with Parsons, Dodd, &c. such a comic company as, I suppose, the stage never showed. Thence in the evening of my life, I had Munden all to myself, more mellowed, richer perhaps than ever. I cannot say what his change of faces produced in

me. It was not acting. He was not one of my "old actors." It might be better. His power was extravagant. I saw him one evening in three drunken characters. Three Farces were played. One part was *Dozey*—I forget the rest:—but they were so discriminated, that a stranger might have seen them all, and not have dreamed that he was seeing the same actor.—I am jealous for the actors who pleased my youth. He was not a Parsons or a Dodd, but he was more wonderful.—He seemed as if he could do any thing. He was not an actor, but something better, if you please. Shall I instance *Old Foresight*, in "Love for Love," in which Parsons was at once the old man, the astrologer, &c. Munden dropped the old man, the doater—which makes the character—but he substituted for it a moon-struck character, a perfect abstraction from this earth, that looked as if he had newly come down from the planets. Now, that is not what I call acting. It might be better. He was imaginative; he could impress upon an audience an *idea*—the low one perhaps of a leg of mutton and turnips; but such was the grandeur and singleness of his expressions, that that single expression would convey to all his auditory a notion of all the pleasures they had all received from all the legs of mutton and turnips they had ever eaten in their lives. Now, this is not acting, nor do I set down Munden amongst my old actors. He was only a wonderful man, exerting his vivid impressions through the agency of the stage. In one only thing did I see him act—that is, support a character;—it was in a wretched farce, called 'Johnny Gilpin,' for Dowton's benefit, in which he did a cockney; the thing ran but one night; but when I say that Liston's *Lubin Log* was nothing to it, I say little; it was transcendent. And here, let me say of actors—various actors—that of Munden, Liston was used to speak, almost with the enthusiasm due to the dead, in terms of such allowed superiority to every actor on the stage, and this at a time when Munden was gone by in the world's estimation, that it convinced me that *artists* (in which term I include poets, painters, &c.) are not so envious as the world think. I have little time, and therefore enclose a criticism on Munden's *Old Dozey* and his general acting, by a gentleman, who attends less to these things than

formerly, but whose criticism I think masterly.

C. LAMB.

"Mr. Munden appears to us to be the most classical of actors. He is that in high farce, which Kemble was in high tragedy. The lines of these great artists are, it must be admitted, sufficiently distinct—but the same elements are in both—the same directness of purpose—the same singleness of aim—the same concentration of power—the same iron casing of inflexible manner—the same statue-like precision of gesture, movement, and attitude. The hero of farce is as little affected with impulses from without, as the retired Prince of Tragedians. There is something solid, sterling, almost adamant in the building up of his most grotesque characters. When he fixes his wonder working face in any of its most amazing varieties, it looks as if the picture were carved out from a rock, by Nature in a sportive vein, and might last for ever. It is like what we can imagine a mask of the old Grecian Comedy to have been, only that it lives, and breathes, and changes. His most fantastical gestures are the grand ideal of farce. He seems as though he belonged to the earliest and the stateliest age of Comedy, when instead of superficial foibles and the airy varieties of fashion, she had the grand asperities of man to work on, when her grotesque images had something romantic about them, and when humour and parody were themselves heroic. His expressions of feeling and bursts of enthusiasm are among the most genuine which we have ever felt. They seem to come up from a depth of emotion in the heart, and burst through the sturdy casing of manner with a strength which seems increased ten-fold by its real and hearty obstacle. The workings of his spirit seem to expand his frame, till we can scarcely believe that by measure it is small; for the space which he fills in the imagination is so real that we almost mistake it for that of corporal dimensions. His *Old Dozey*, in the excellent farce of 'Past Ten o'Clock,' is his grandest effort of this kind—and we know of nothing finer.—He seems to have a "heart of oak" indeed! His description of a sea-fight is the most noble and triumphant piece of enthusiasm which we remember. It is as if the spirits of a whole crew of nameless heroes "were swelling in his bosom." We never felt so ardent and proud a sympathy with the valour

of England as when we heard it. May health long be his, thus to do our hearts good—for we never saw any actor whose merits have the least resemblance to his even in species; and when his genius is withdrawn from the stage, we shall not have left even a term by which we can fitly describe it."

*The Athenæum.*

## DREAMS OF THE ARTS.—No. 2.

### ARIADNE TRIUMPHANTE! *For the Olio.*

Who art thou with the vine wreath in thy hair?  
(Whose sunny cloud of amber curls floats down  
O'er thy white neck) with all that eloquent  
And passionate glory in thy joyous eyes,  
(Blue as the first young violet buds of Spring)  
Thy smiling lips, that seem to shed a light  
O'er thy fair face—the light of love and joy?  
Who art thou with the vine wreath in thy hair?  
The Thyrsus, and the wine cup, and the glow  
Of a rich autumn sunset on thy charms?  
Beautiful Ariadne! art thou not  
The bride of the young wine god! She who  
sigh'd  
Forlorn by the wild sea, until the bright  
And smiling conqueror took thee to his heart,  
And on those tresses radiant as his own,  
Placed this fair wreath of ivy and the vine  
Thy bridal chaplet. Token of thy sway,  
O'er Him who vanquish'd the world's van-  
quisher,  
Thou hast forgotten Theseus now!—Fair girl,  
Thou art too radiant in thy rich beauty,  
Warm'd by the blushes of thy triumph, and  
The smiles that but reflect the starry light  
Of thy young Deity's immortal eyes,  
To think upon the false one. Nymph that  
reignest  
O'er him Anacreon worshipp'd,—let me look  
Once more upon thy sparkling loveliness!  
Thou art the bright creation of some heart,  
Blest with sweet visions of the olden time,  
Whose pencil has been dipt in sunbeams, or  
The secret urns from which the flowers draw  
Their wealth of glorious colourings! Evæ,  
Hail!  
Oh, for a draught of that rich nectar gleaming  
Through the transparent wine cup, that just  
parted  
From thy ripe lips, seems to have won from  
them  
The dewy crimson of its Hippocrene!  
I might be then immortal as thy beauty,  
Thou of the Thyrsus and the wine cup, young  
And smiling Ariadne!

E. S. CRAVEN.

## THE STREET ORGANIST. A CONTINENTAL SKETCH.

I ONCE had occasion to spend a winter in the capital of one of the German States, and having but a very scanty knowledge of the language, and limited acquaintanceship, I naturally enough felt somewhat solitary and

gloomy in my comparatively lonely situation. What a winter in the north of Germany really is,—he only knows who has experienced it. Snow that lies for weeks; frost that makes the snow grate like gravel, and the windows crack, as if little Johnny Frost himself were getting his own fingers pinched, and wanted to come in to warm them at the stoves; and wind whetted to piercing, by traversing a long expanse of flat country which has been chilled to zero—with all this, I had but little inducement to leave my apartment, except to take a little exercise before dinner.

I lived near the Post Office, so the arrival and departure of the *Schnell* and *Fahr* posts formed a subject of some interest, especially when I hoped that some one of them might be the bearer of a letter from *mine ain countrie*, when contrary winds and impassable roads, delayed the arrival of my monthly *briefe*. As I observed above, I was apt to be gloomy; and as I suspect, is not unfrequently the case with melancholy men, rather unreasonably so. One day, I rose from a desponding fit, threw on my cloak, and sallied out to the streets, to distract my mind by observing what was passing. It was during a snow storm, and sledges, from that of the prince to the common street hack, were to be seen whisking about in all directions; some, in all the pomp and circumstance of prancing steeds, and gay garniture, flew about like arrows; and others, in less gorgeous array, trundled along at a more sober pace. There is something cheerful and spirit-stirring in the sight of a sledge. Its silent, rapid, gliding motion,—the ease with which the proud steed pulls it after him,—the light music of the bells, impress the mind with the ideas of gaiety and activity. On happening to pass the Police Office, I was accosted in French by a poor looking fellow, who had been applying about his passport. He begged some assistance—I inquired into his history. He said he had belonged to a company of mountebanks, and had wandered with them as far as Königsberg, but that in an unlucky equestrian feat, he had fallen and broken both his legs, that the expense of his consequent confinement and medical assistance, had ruined him; and that now he was making the best of his way, feeble, solitary, and friendless, to his native country. His story carried nothing beyond probability in it;—he said he had been

in Italy, and spoke the language fluently; but of German, though he had been a considerable time in the country, he hardly knew any thing; indeed, it appears to be a language peculiarly difficult to be acquired by a Frenchman; but what particularly struck me in this man, was his buoyancy of spirits, under his accumulated distresses, of lameness, poverty, and solitude.—He said he intended to leave the city that evening, though the snow fell fast, for he preferred lodging in the wayside hamlet, as the peasantry, though they laughed at his gibberish, willingly shared their homely fare with him. I gave him a trifle, and returned home, and when I saw my table-cloth laid for dinner,—my little collection of English and foreign works, the window curtains drawn down, my table placed snugly by the stove, from which a comfortable flow of heat was emanating, I thought of the poor Frenchman, of his melancholy condition, and my own happy one; his cheerfulness, and my most unreasonable discontent; and determined no longer to make myself unhappy, merely because I was too comfortable, or yield to such base ingratitude, towards a kind and bountiful Providence.

Among the subjects that interest the solitary stranger, that of music—I do not mean merely that of the concert-room, but *street music*, horrible as the phrase may seem to the *Dilettante*, must not be omitted. Sometimes a simple and sweet air, will prove a source of heartfelt enjoyment,—long lost emotions are awakened, the sympathies of the soul are touched, while “*the memory of joys that are passed, pleasant and mournful*,” springs up within.—There was a little old man with a hand organ, who used to come and grind his music under my window, and as his melody, such as it was, particularly a beautiful German air, amused and enlivened me on many a cold dreary winter's night, when scarcely a sound was to be heard along the deserted streets, I used occasionally to throw him a *silber groecken*, and Francis Blatter, for that was his name, took care to keep up his acquaintanceship. One desperate evening, thinking the poor fellow must be half-frozen, I called him in, gave him a glass of *brandie weine*, and requested to know something of his history,—I was happy to find he spoke English tolerably.

“Times, Sir,” said he, “were once much better with me than they are

now. I was born in the pretty little town of Meissen in Saxony, my father was a merchant on a small scale, his business used to call him frequently to the great fair at Leipsic; I used occasionally to accompany him, and was much struck with the motley assemblage of dealers. I there got acquainted with the son of a diamond-merchant, whose father transacted business with a wealthy establishment of jewellers in London.

This young man entertained me with descriptions of places and scenes he had visited, and witnessed in different parts of Europe with his father; but his account of England struck me most, I began to imagine my own mode of life, a very dull and stupid sort of one, for a lad of spirit like myself, and longed much to see a little more of the world; my brothers and sisters were all young, and could give my father but little assistance in his business, whereas my services were of essential utility,—still I was anxious to go, mentioned the scheme to my father, that I wished to go to England, where I should certainly succeed, and where, according to my friend's account, money was to be had for the lifting. He heard me patiently, shook his head, and soberly discussed the merits of the case, proving its absurdity—but go I would, and he at last gave an unwilling assent, procured for me a letter to a house in Rotterdam, from which I got credentials for London, and embarked in March, 179—, in the brig *Charlotte* of that port; I cannot tell you, Sir, what my feelings were, when we stood fairly out to sea. The ocean is a splendid sight to the man who has never seen anything beyond an inland lake. A gale of wind drove us down upon the French coast; while it lasted, I was, as you may suppose, not a little alarmed, and began to feel what many a disobedient son has felt, deep compunctions of conscience for having neglected my parent's advice. The weather moderated, however, and one morning, while sitting in the cabin, and anticipating a speedy termination to the voyage, I was alarmed at the report of a gun, evidently from a strange vessel, followed by a crash on board. I rushed upon deck, and soon discovered, to my inexpressible dismay, that we were the prisoners of a French privateer. We were carried into Dieppe, and I, with five others, huddled into a small apartment in the castle. After some time, we were allowed to breathe the fresh air

on the esplanade. I had now ample time for reflection; my sanguine hopes were blighted; a gloomy prospect was before me; my youth would be wasted away in useless idleness; my parents left in bitter anxiety, and my own mind harassed with feelings of remorse and vexation. My sober reason told me, that all I suffered was only what my disobedience merited. Several months passed in this listless wearisome manner. I determined at last, in concert with two others, upon an attempt at escape, so we contrived to get one night to the beach, laid hold of a boat, and pushed out to sea. Scarcely were we afloat, when we were discovered. The guard turned out, and the cry of "*les Anglais, les Anglais, les chiens échappés*," was answered by a rattle of musketry, which, fortunately, took no effect. From some cause or another, they did not put off after us for some time; so favoured by the darkness of the night, we contrived to elude them, and in the morning we were picked up by an English cruiser, and landed at Portsmouth. I contrived to find my way to London, and applied to my mercantile patrons for employment.—My haggard appearance, and shabby dress, did not prepossess them in my favour. They received me in the cold, sulky, suspicious manner of your countrymen, when not inclined to befriend. They offered me a place which I thought beneath my acceptance;—I now think I acted foolishly; for, had I recommended myself in an inferior office, I might have risen to a higher; instead of which, I proudly resented the proffer as an insult, and thereby lost the interest of the house altogether.

Pride is ever despicable: but a *poor* proud man is but a *poor* fool. So I found it, for being set adrift on my own scores, with a light purse and a heavy heart, I had enough to do to weather it; *the German lord*, as my fellow workmen used to style me, being glad to bear a hand at unloading vessels, running messages, ringing bells, and such like gentlemanly employments. At a sea-port to which I had wandered, I met with some soldiers of the King's German Legion in a tap-room. They asked me to enlist, so in my present desolate condition, I thought I could not do better. You know all about the war, Sir: I shared in most of the actions, and got a gunshot wound in the leg at Vittoria, which makes me a kind of cripple to

this day. I have a small pension, which I eke out with the help of my organ. When I returned to *Messein*, I found that both my parents were dead, my brothers and sisters were scattered about Germany, and doing well. Unwilling to be burthensome to them, I took to music, and contrive to live very passably."

His story was not without its moral, and he mentioned a case in which the relation of it had been useful. The son of a merchant of a rambling disposition, resolved upon leaving the dull routine of trade, for the more stirring profession of arms,—he intended going out to Greece, to join the natives in their revolutionary war, and become a hero of course. The narration of Francis Blatter's adventures, however, cooled his ardour, and induced him to remain at home.

"Did you never," said I, "go to Hanover, and try to get some little office or other?"

"No," he replied, "but I may as well make the attempt."

Some time after, passing through the capital of our German territories, I was saluted by a little man at the door of a government office. He wore an ample blue coat, with red facings, and a large cocked hat on his head. I did not at once recognize my friend the organist. "I took your hint, Sir," said he. He had represented his case in the proper quarter, and his Royal Highness *Der Herzog Von Cambridge* had provided a comfortable shelter for the veteran.

### TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

Concluded from page 104.

We approached the beach—"Oars"—the men laid them in. "What sort of nuts be them, Peter Combings?" said the coxswain to a new hand who had been lately impressed, and was now standing at the bow ready to fend off.

Peter broke off one of the branches from the bush nearest him.—"Smite my timbers, do the trees here bear shellfish?" The tide in the Gulf of Mexico does not ebb and flow above two feet, except at the springs, and the ends of the drooping branches of the mangrove trees, that here cover the shore, are clustered, within the wash of the water, with a small well-flavoured oyster. The first thing the seamen did when they got ashore, was to fasten an oakum tail



to the rump of one of the most lubberly of the cutter's crew; they then gave him ten yards law, when they started in chase, shouting amongst the bushes, and switching each other like the veriest schoolboys. I had walked some distance along the beach, pelting the amphibious little creatures, half crab, half lobster, called soldiers, which kept shouldering their large claws, and running out and in their little burrows, as the small ripple twinkled on the sand in the rising sun, when two men-of-war's boats, each with three officers in the stern, suddenly pulled round a little promontory that intercepted my view ahead. Being somewhat out of the line of my duty, so far from my boat, I squatted amongst the brushwood, thinking they would pass by; but, as the devil would have it, they pulled directly for the place where I was ensconced, beached their boats, and jumped on shore. "Here's a mess," thought I.

I soon made out that one of the officers was Captain Pinkem of the Flash, and that the parties saluted each other with that stern courtesy, which augured no good. "So, so, my masters, not enough of fighting on the coast of America, but you must have a little private defacing of God's image amongst yourself?" Pinkem spoke first. "Mr. Clinch," (I now knew he addressed the first lieutenant of the flag-ship,) "Mr. Clinch, it is not too late to prevent unpleasant consequences; I ask you again, at the eleventh hour, will you make an apology?" He seemed hurried and fidgety in his manner; which rather surprised me, as I knew he was a seasoned hand in these matters, and it contrasted unfavourably with the calm bearing of his antagonist, who by this time had thrown his hat on the ground, and stood with one foot on the handkerchief that marked his position, the distance, twelve paces, having already been measured. By the bye his position was deucedly near in a line with the grey stone behind which I lay hid; nevertheless, the risk I ran did not prevent me noticing that he was very pale, and had much the air of a brave man come to die in a bad cause. He looked upwards for a second or two, and then answered, slowly and distinctly, "Captain Pinkem, I now repeat what I said before; this rencontre is none of my seeking. You accuse me of having spoken slightly of you seven years ago, when I was a mere boy. You have the evidence of a gallant officer that I did so, therefore I may not gainsay it;

but of uttering the words imputed to me, I declare, upon my honour, I have no recollection." He paused. "That wont do, my fine fellow," said Pinkem. "You are unreasonable," rejoined Clinch, in the same measured tone, "to expect farther *amends* for uttering words which I have no conviction of having spoken; yet, to any other officer in the service I would not hesitate to make a more direct apology, but you know your credit as a pistol-shot renders this impossible."

"Sorry for it, Mr. Clinch, sorry for it." Here the pistols were handed to the principals by their respective seconds. In their attitudes, the proficient and the novice were strikingly contrasted (by this time I had crept round so as to have a view of both parties, or rather, if the truth must be told, to be out of the line of fire.) Pinkem stood with his side accurately turned towards his antagonist, so as to present the smallest possible surface; his head was, as it struck me, painfully slewed round, with his eye looking steadily at Clinch, over his right shoulder, whilst his arm was brought down close to his thigh, with the cock of the pistol turned outwards, so that his weapon must have covered his opponent by the simple raising of his arm below his elbow. Clinch, on the other hand, stood fronting him, with the whole breadth of his chest; holding his weapon awkwardly across his body, with both hands. Pinkem appeared unwilling to take him at such advantage, for, although violent and headstrong, and but too frequently the slave of his passions, he had some noble traits in his character.

"Turn your feather-edge to me, Mr. Clinch; take a fair chance, man." The lieutenant bowed, and I thought would have spoken, but he was checked by the fear of being thought to fear; however, he took the advice, and in an instant the word was given—"Are you both ready?" "Yes." "Then fire!" Clinch fired without deliberation. I saw him, for my eyes were fixed on him, expecting to see him fall. He stood firm, however, which was more than I did, as at the instant, a piece of the bullion of an epaulet, at first taken for a pellet of baser metal, struck me sharply on the nose, and shook my equanimity confoundedly; at length, I turned to look at Pinkem, and there he stood with his arm raised, pistol levelled, but he had not fired. He stood thus whilst I might have counted ten, like a finger-post, then dropping his

hand, his weapon went off, but without aim, the bullet striking the sand near his feet, and down he came headlong to the ground. He fell with his face turned towards me, and I never shall forget the horrible expression of it. His healthy complexion had given place to a deadly blue, the eyes were wide open and straining in their sockets, the upper lip was drawn up, showing his teeth in a most frightful grin, the blood gushed from his mouth as if impelled by the strokes of a force-pump, while his hands griped and dug into the sand.

Before the sun set, he was a dead man.

"A neat morning's work, gentlemen," thought I. The two surgeons came up, and opened his dress, felt his pulse, and shook their heads; the boats' crews grouped around them—he was lifted into his gig, the word was given to shove off, and I returned to my broom-cutters.

When we got on board, the gunner who had the watch was taking his fisherman's walk on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and kept looking steadily at the land, as if to avoid seeing poor little Duncan's coffin, that lay on a grating near the gangway. The crew, who were employed in twenty different ways, repairing damages, were bustling about, laughing, joking, and singing with small regard to the melancholy object before their eyes, when Mr. Douglas put his head up the ladder—"Now, Transom, if you please." The old fellow's countenance fell as if his heart was wrung by the order he had to give. "Aloft there! lie out, you Perkins, and reeve a whip on the starboard yard-arm to lower Mr."—The rest stuck in his throat, and, as if ashamed of his soft-heartedness, threw as much gruffness as he could into his voice as he sung out—"Beat to quarters there!—knock off, men!" The roll of the drum stayed the confusion and noise of the people at work in an instant, who immediately ranged themselves, in their clean frocks and trowsers, on each side of the quarter-deck. At a given signal, the white deal coffin, wrapped in its beffing pall, the meteor flag of England, swung high above the hammock nettings between us and the clear blue sky, to the long clear note of the boatswain's whistle, which soon ending in a short chirrup, told that it now rested on the thwarts of the boat alongside. We pulled ashore, and it was a slight perchance to move a woman, to see the poor little fellow's hat and bit of a dirk lying on his coffin,

whilst the body was carried by four ship boys, the eldest scarcely fourteen. I noticed the tears stand in Anson's eyes as the coffin was lowered into the grave,—the boy had been wounded close to him,—and when we heard the hollow rattle of the earth on the coffin,—an unusual sound to a sailor—he shuddered.—"Yes, Master Cringle," he said, in a whisper, "he was as kind-hearted, and as brave a lad as ever trod on shoe-leather,—none of the larkings of the men in the clear moonlight nights ever reached the cabin through him,—nor was he the boy to rouse the watch from under the lee of the boats in bad weather, to curry with the lieutenant, while he knew the look-outs were as bright as beagles,—and where was the man in our watch that wanted 'bacco while Mr. Duncan had a shiner left?" The poor fellow drew the back of his horny hand across his eyes, and grumbled out as he turned away, "And here am I, Bill Anson, such a swab as to be ashamed of being sorry for him."

We were now turned over into the receiving ship the old Shark, and fortunately there were captains enough in port to try us for the loss of the Torch, so we got over our court martial speedily and the very day I got back my dirk, the packet brought me out a lieutenant's commission. Being now my own master for a season, I determined to visit some relations I had in the island, to whom I had never yet been introduced; so I shook hands with old Splinter, packed my kit, and went to the wharf to charter a wherry to carry me up to Kingston. The moment my object was perceived by the black boatmen, I was surrounded by a mob of them pulling and hauling each other, and shouting forth the various qualifications of their boats, with such vehemence, that I was nearly deafened. "Massa, no see *Pam be Civil*, sail like a witch, tack like a dolphin?"—"Dont believe him, Massa, *Balla-hoo* is de boat dat can beat him."—"Dam lie dat, as I am a gentleman!" roared a ragged black vagabond.—"Come in de *Monkey*, Massa, no fying fis can beat she."—"Don't bodder de gentleman," yelled a fourth.—"Massa love de *Stamp-and-go*—no, no, Massa," as he saw me make a step in the direction of his boat. "Oh yes, get out of de way, you black rascals,"—the fellow was as black as a sloe himself—"make room for man-of-war buckra; him liddle just now, but will be admiral one day." So saying, the fellow who had thus ap-

proprated me, without more ado, levelled his head like a battering-ram, and began to batter in breech all who stood in his way. He first ran a tilt against *Pam de Civil*, and shot him like a rocket into the sea; the *Monkey* fared no better; the *Ballahoo* had to swim for it, and having thus opened a way by main force, I at length got safely moored in the stern sheets; but just as we were shoving off, Mr. Callaloo, the clergyman of Port-Royal, a tall yellow personage, begged for a passage, and was accordingly taken on board. As it was high water, my boatmen chose the five foot channel, as the boat channel near to Gallows Point is called, by which a long stretch would be saved, and we were cracking on cheerily, my mind full of my recent promotion, when, *scur, scur, scur*, we stuck fast on the bank. Our black boatmen, being little encumbered with clothes, jumped overboard in a covey like so many wild-ducks, shouting, as they dropped into the water, "We must all get out—we must all get out," whereupon Mr. Callaloo, a sort of Dominie Sampson in his way, promptly leaped overboard up to his waist in the water. The negroes were thunderstruck. "Massa Parson Callaloo, you mad surely, you mad!" — "Children, I am not mad, but obedient—you said we must all get out" — "To be sure, Massa, and you no see we *all did* get out?" "And did you not see that I got out too?" rejoined the parson, still in the water. Oh, lud, Massa! we no mean you—we meant poor nigger, not white man parson." — "You said *all*, children, and thereupon I leaped," pronouncing the last word in two syllables—"be more correct in your grammar next time." The worthy but eccentric old chap then scrambled on board again, amidst the suppressed laughter of the boatmen, and kept his seat, wet clothes and all, until we reached Kingston.

*Blackwood's Mag.*

#### SPRING.

*From the German of Johann Gaudens  
Frettern Von Salls.*

Fresher green the lawns display,  
Vernal odours scent the gale;  
Gayly trills the linnet's lay,  
Sweetly wafts the nightingale.  
Sæthe grove its buds disclose;  
Love awakes the soft recess;  
Now each shepherd bolder grows,  
Kinder every shepherdess.

Now the blossom rears its head,  
Spring recalls its blooming pride;

Spring enamels all the mead,  
Docks the billock's sloping side.  
See the lily of the vale  
Peeping through its leafy shade,  
Half its modest charms conceal,  
Garland meet for spotless maid.

Now the woodbine's twining shade,  
Sweetly forms the rustic bower;  
Soft retreat of youth and maid,  
True to Love's appointed hour!  
Fonder grows the Zephyr's kiss,  
Pleasure wakes at Nature's call,  
Vernal life and thrilling bites,  
Feels the heart that feels at all.

#### PISA.

THE republic of Pisa was one of the first to make known to the world the riches and power which a small state might acquire by the aid of commerce and liberty. Pisa had astonished the shores of the Mediterranean by the number of vessels and galleys that sailed under her flag, by the succour she had given the crusaders, by the fear she had inspired at Constantinople, and by the conquest of Sardinia and the Balearic Isles. Pisa was the first to introduce into Tuscany the arts that ennoble wealth: her dome, her baptistry, her leaning tower, and her Campo Santo, which the traveller's eye embraces at one glance, but does not weary of beholding, had been successively built from the year 1063 to the end of the twelfth century. These *chefs-d'œuvre* had animated the genius of the Pisans; the great architects of the thirteenth century were, for the most part, pupils of Nicolas di Pisa. But the moment was come in which the ruin of this glorious republic was at hand; a deep-rooted jealousy, to be darted from the conquest of Sardinia, had frequently, during the last two centuries, armed against each other the republics of Genoa and Pisa: a new war between them broke out in 1282. It is difficult to comprehend how two simple cities could put to sea such prodigious fleets as those of Pisa and Genoa. In 1282, Ginicel Sismondi commanded thirty Pisan galleys, of which he lost the half in a tempest, on the 9th of September; the following year, Rosso Sismondi commanded sixty-four; in 1284, Guido Jacia commanded twenty-four, and was vanquished. The Pisans had recourse the same year to a Venetian admiral, Alberto Morosino, to whom they intrusted 103 galleys: but, whatever efforts they made, the Genoese constantly opposed a superior fleet. This year, however, all the male population of the two republics seemed assembled on

their vessels: they met on the 6th of August, 1284, once more before the Isle of Meloria, rendered famous forty-three years before by the victory of the Pisans over the same enemies. Valour was still the same, but fortune had changed sides; and a terrible disaster effaced the memory of an ancient victory. While the two fleets, almost equal in number, were engaged, a reinforcement of thirty Genoese galleys, driven impetuously by the wind, struck the Pisan fleet in flank: seven of their vessels were instantly sunk, twenty-eight taken, 5000 citizens perished in the battle, and 11,000 who were taken prisoners to Genoa preferred death in captivity rather than their republic should ransom them, by giving up Sardinia to the Genoese. This prodigious loss ruined the maritime power of Pisa; the same nautical knowledge, the same spirit of enterprise, were not transmitted to the next generation. All the fishermen of the coast quitted the Pisan galleys for those of Genoa. The vessels diminished in number with the means of manning them; and Pisa could no longer pretend to be more than the third maritime power in Italy.

While the republic was thus exhausted by this great reverse of fortune, it was attacked by the league of the Tuscan Guelphs; and a powerful citizen, to whom it had entrusted itself, betrayed his country to enslave it.—Ugolino was Count of the Gherardesca, a mountainous country situated along the coast, between Leghorn and Pionbino; he was of Ghibeline origin, but had married his sister to Giovan di Gallura, chief of the Guelphs of Pisa and of Sardinia. From that time he artfully opposed the Guelphs to the Ghibelines; and though several accused him of having decided the issue of the battle of Meloria, others regarded him as the person most able, most powerful by his alliance, and most proper, to reconcile Pisa with the Guelph league. The Pisans, amidst the dangers of the republic, felt the necessity of a dictator. They named Ugolino captain-general for ten years; and the new commander did, indeed, obtain peace with the Guelph league; but not till he had caused all the fortresses of the Pisan territory to be opened by his creatures to the Lucchese and Florentines,—a condition of his treaty with them which he dared not publicly avow. From that time he sought only to strengthen his own despotism, by depriving all the magistrates of power,

and by intimidating the archbishop Roger degli Ubaldini, who held jointly with him the highest rank in the city. The nephew of Ubaldini, having opposed him with some haughtiness, was killed by him on the spot with his own hand. His violence, and the number of executions which he ordered, soon rendered him equally odious to the two parties; but he had the art, in his frequent changes from one to the other, to make the opposite party believe him powerfully supported by that with which he at the moment sided. In the summer of 1282 the Guelphs were exiled; but finding in the Ghibeline chiefs, the Gualandi Sismondi and Lanfranchi, a haughtiness which he thought he had subdued, he charged his son to introduce anew the Guelphs into the city. His project was discovered and prevented; the Ghibelines called the people on all sides to arms and liberty. On the 1st of July, 1288, Ugolino was besieged in the palace of the *signoria*: the insurgents, unable to vanquish the obstinate resistance opposed to them by himself, his sons, and his adherents, set fire to the palace; and, having entered it amidst the flames, dragged forth Ugolino, two of his sons, and two of his grandsons, and threw them into the tower of the Sette Vie. The key was given to the archbishop; from whom was expected the vigilance of an enemy but the charity of a priest. That charity, however, was soon exhausted: the key after a few months was thrown into the river; and the wretched count perished in those agonies of hunger, and of paternal and filial love, upon which poetry, sculpture, and painting have conferred celebrity. *Cab. Cyc.*

### Illustrations of History.

**SLINGS AND SLINGERS.**—The following curious fragment, transcribed from a manuscript translation of Vegetius de Re Militari, so early as 1408, (reign of Henry IV.) by a Mr. Green, will show, that the use of slings was continued down at least as far as that period in the English army.

“How the sheltron of the legions shall be lerned and taught. Now will we shew how the sheltron of the legions shall be taught to set himself in ordonaunce, in caas that ennmyes ben nigh, and this may be shewed by setting of one legion, after that yef need be of moo, the horsemen evermore shul bee set in the corners. The sheltron

of the fotemen of the fyrst sort, shall be set in the ryght corner, and wete thou well, that cohort is not ellis but the numbre of fyfty hundred knyghtis, and every legion is ten cohorts. Than as I said before, the sheltron of fotemen of the fyrst cohort, shulde be set in the fyrst corner of the sheltron, and to hem the seconde cohort shal be joined. The iiid cohort shall holde the middes of the sheltron, and to hem the iiith shalbe knytt. The vth cohort shall holde the lyfte corner of the sheltron, and tho that furthestmost be in fyght ecleped princes, and other ben cleped principalis, this ordonaunce was cleped the grete armature, the which had helmes, haberjons, and brest plates, leg harnesse, grete swordis, that men clepe spatys, and also litill swordis, that were cleped litill spatys. They had also shaftis leded at the ende, fyve at the leste, the which were cast with grete myght. Also they had double dartis, one of the more syse, another of the lasse, the more had an hede of iron iii square the weight of iv uncis, and the shafte of v fote and an halfe, the which now is cleped a pile and, to the use of this shot the knyght is wer most used, the which shot, and it wer vastly and myghtly shot, it persed shield and haberjon, and horsemen oftetye destroyed; another lesse dart they had, the which had an hede of iron iii square, of v uncis weight, the shafte of iii fote and an halfe, the which now is cleped a broche, and sometyme it was cleped a litill broche. The first sheltron of princes, the seconde of shafesmen, that with jusing speris, casting speris, and dartis ben taught and lerned to fyght, after hem were sett lyght armed men, with sheldis covered, the which fyght with battis of lede, with swordis, and with shott of hande, after hem comen bowmen armed with bassenettis and brest plates, gird with swerdis bowes, and arrowes, after hem was sett *hand slyngis* and *shaft slyngis*, casting stones, after hem was sett arrowblasters, the which shotten arrowes and quarrellis with arblastes and bowes of brake. The seconde sheltron, the vi cohort of knyghtis hilden the ryght corner, and to hem were joined the seventh, what a cohort is, I have shewed before; the viii and ixth cohort hilden evermore the myddes of the sheltron, the xth in the seconde sheltron, hild enmore the lefte corner." The Saxons were very skilful in the use of the sling; its form is preserved, says Strutt, in several of their paintings,

and the manner in which it was used, as far back as the eighth century. In a MS. poem in the Cotton Library, entitled "Knyghthode and Batayle," written about that period, says the above author, are the following lines:

Use eck the cast of stone, with slyage or  
 honde,  
 It falloeth ofte, yf othere shot none is,  
 Men harnessed in steel may not withstande  
 The multitude and myghty cast of stoys;  
 And stonys in effoete are every where,  
 And slyages are not noyous for to beare.

### Useful Hints.

**TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.**—When a person is seized with Cholera, *generally* speaking, the best thing that can be done in the first hurry, is to get some warm and comfortable drink prepared—hot brandy and water is the best of all—to place a good blanket close to the fire, until it is quite warm—to undress the patient from head to foot, before a fire too—to let him drink his brandy and water, whilst his feet, legs, hands, and arms are briskly rubbed,—and then to roll him completely up to the chin in the hot blanket.—Even his head should be warmly covered up; only leaving him room to breathe.

In all this there is nothing required (except the brandy) which is not to be found or which may not be managed in any house or cottage. Hot tea, or even hot water, if there is no brandy to be got, will be better than nothing; if the patient can keep it down. But when the cholera is expected, everybody ought to buy or beg a little brandy, and keep it as a valuable medicine.—

Laudanum, again, is a dangerous thing to have in the house at all times, for children or ignorant persons may drink it by mistake. But those who live far from medical advice should have a little bottle of laudanum by them. Laudanum is opium dissolved in proof spirit. Opium is the dried and thickened juice which flows when incisions are made in the head of the white poppy, cultivated for the sake of opium in some of the countries of which we have been speaking, as India and Persia. We get opium from India and from Turkey; that which comes from the latter country is the strongest; the Turks are in the habit of taking it in large quantities to produce a kind of intoxication. Taken in a small quantity (a quarter of a grain) it produces excitement; in a larger dose (one or two grains) it allays pain, and pro-

duces sleep; and in a still larger, it puts an end to life. In many spasmodic diseases it is given freely, without producing the bad effects which it would if given in the same quantity to a person in health. The solution of opium in spirit, or *laudanum*, is the best form of the medicine for a cholera patient, as it is in that form most likely to act on the stomach without delay. The usual dose of laudanum is from ten to forty drops. In a case of cholera thirty or forty drops should be given at first in the brandy and water. If the edge of the laudanum bottle is made wet on one side, it will be easy to drop it out, drop by drop, into an empty glass; if it runs out too fast, the dropping must be done over again, until done properly.

Common sense will inform every reader that this dose, which is meant for a grown person in a severe attack of the disease, would be more than necessary for a young person, or for a weak person, in a *less* severe attack of the disease. Without the exercise of the judgment, medicines become more destructive than diseases.

So also the repetition of the medicine—laudanum and brandy, or any other medicine, or the changing of the medicine for anything else—these are points which few could be competent to without medical knowledge. While what has been already recommended has been done, if not before, it is to be hoped that some medical man will see the patient. When the blankets are warming, and the brandy and water preparing, a messenger should be sent off in all possible haste to the medical man. Every thing depends upon that. Many of those who died at St. Petersburg died in consequence of not having medical assistance soon enough.

### Historic Fragments.

**ORIGIN OF LICHFIELD.**—Lichfield arose from the ruins of the Roman *Etocelum* and owes its name to the massacre of a thousand Christians, slain by the fury of the Pagans in the tenth persecution. *Lich* signifies in the old Saxon, a corpse, from whence comes the word *lickwake*, to watch with the dead.

**ORGANS.**—The mention of an organ among the Romans may perhaps be thought ridiculous, when many Antiquarians assert, though very erroneously, that such an instrument was not known to the christianized

Saxons. At a much later period, it is, nevertheless, a fact, that the Romans were as well acquainted with the organ as the moderns of the present day. In a painting at Pisa copied from an ancient Roman sculpture, is a concert in which appears a man playing on four bells, a female with a lyre, a figure with a trumpet, another with a violin, another playing the organ, and a sixth at the bottom *blowing the bellows* attached to that instrument. Also on the obelisk, two figures performing on separate organs and nymphs dancing.—*From an extremely rare and valuable work in the British Museum, entitled Artes et Mœtiores des Anciens illustres par des Monumens, &c. &c.*

**ORIGIN OF MILITARY VOWS.**—Military vows did not originate with the Normans. It was usual among all the old warriors of the North when they undertook any enterprise of moment, at some festival to lift on high their mead cups, and make a solemn vow which nothing could afterwards induce them to break. This was called *Astranga heit*, to vow on high.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.  
M.W. of Windsor.

**LANGTON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.**—To this great prelate we are indebted for the division of the Bible into chapters and verses. He is said to have shown to the barons a copy of the Saxon laws, so much and so earnestly wished for by the English, and on this the Magna Charta was founded. The advantages which Magna Charta gave to the barons and clergy are of little consequence to the present age, as the hardships they were meant to lessen are now all done away. All that it imports us to know is "What the people gained." Here then are the clauses in their favour. "Immunities granted to barons are extended to their vassals. No baron to levy money from his vassal except in trinodal cases.\* Weights and measures equal through the realm. Merchants not to be illegally taxed. Free egress and regress to freemen. London and all cities, &c. to preserve their privileges, and not to be taxed except by the great council.†

\* These were: 1—Attending the king to war; 2—Repairing his castles; 3—Repairing bridges, roads, &c. &c.

† Great Council and parliament seem here synonymous. The term parliament is not found in any English record (according to Sir R. Cotton) before the year 1203.

Bridges to be equitably built or supported. Freeman to dispose of his goods by will, or if intestate the next heir to succeed. The king's purveyor not to seize goods, &c. Courts of justice not to follow the king, but to be stationary, open and equal to all men. Justice not to be paid for, nor to be refused to any one. Sheriffs not to put any one on trial, without good cause and lawful witnesses. No freeman to be any way injured in person or goods, unless by the law of the land. Redress to be given to those who have suffered illegally. No extravagant fines to be levied on freemen. No villein (rustic) to be deprived of his carts or other instruments of husbandry by fine."—These regulations (says the acute Hume) involve all the chief points of a legal government and provide for the equal distribution of justice and free enjoyment of property. J. R.

**THE DANISH CREED.**—A brave man, said the Danish creed of honour,—"should attack two, stand firm against three, give ground a little *to four*, and only retreat from five." J. R.

**TRIAL BY ORDEAL.**—1. Four kinds of ordeal were chiefly used by our German ancestors. The "kampflicht" or combat, during which the spectators were to be silent and quiet, on pain of losing an arm or leg, an executioner attending with a sharp axe. 2. "The fire ordeal," in which the accused might clear his innocence by holding red-hot iron in his hands, or by walking blindfold amidst fiery ploughshares." 3. "The hot water ordeal," much of the same nature as the last. 4. "The cold water ordeal." This need not be explained, since it is still looked on as supreme when a witch is in question. Pope Stephen, by a bull, put down all these picturesque illusions. The cross ordeal has been described before, and the corned (or bread and cheese) ordeal was reserved for the clergy. These if accused might prove their innocence by swallowing two consecrated morsels taken from the altar after proper prayers. If these fragments stuck in the priest's throat he stood ipso-facto condemned. But we have no record of such a condemnation. J. R.

**SUICIDES AT PARIS.**—In a recent number of the *Annales d'Hygiene*, there is a memoir on the suicides com-

mitted by persons in the several stages of life, in which the author, who has examined about 9,000 judicial accounts of suicides in Paris from 1796 to 1830, thinks himself warranted in assuming—1. That philosophical, or premeditated, suicide takes place during the night, and a little before day-break. 2. That accidental, or unpremeditated suicide takes place during the day, because it is then that the occasional causes arise, such as quarrels, bad news, losses at play, intemperance, &c. &c. At every age man chooses particular modes of committing suicide. In youth he has recourse to hanging, which he soon abandons for fire-arms. In proportion as his vigour declines, he returns to his first mode; and it is most commonly by hanging that the old man perishes who puts an end to his existence. These considerations are extremely curious with respect to medical jurisprudence. The following table shews the mode of suicide the most common at different ages:—

	Age.	Pistol.	Hanging.
From	10 to 20.....	61.....	68
	20 to 30.....	283.....	51
	30 to 40.....	182.....	94
	40 to 50.....	150.....	188
	50 to 60.....	161.....	256
	60 to 70.....	126.....	235
	70 to 80.....	35.....	101
	80 to 90.....	2.....	0

1000                      1000

The author, it seems, has taken no account of self-destruction by poison, drowning, or other modes.

*Idt. Gas.*

**TYRANNY OF LOUIS XI.**—Mezerai informs us, that when the Duke of Nemours was beheaded, Louis commanded his two infant sons to be placed under the scaffold, that the father's blood might fall upon the children's heads! He put to death upwards of four thousand persons by various modes of torture, and without any form of trial, and frequently attended their execution in person, to glut at once his thirst for blood and his desire of revenge. *Iron cages* were constructed by his order, in which many of the nobility were inclosed, carried about, exhibited to the populace, and afterwards handed over to the favourite agents of his cruelties, Tristan l'Hermite, Trois Escheues, and Petit Andre, in order to be dispatched, whilst others of his victims were immured in dark and dreary dungeons, where they perished by famine or secret assassination. In the

† This was a necessary proviso in a realm where bribes were received by the king to a great amount and shamelessly set down in a book kept on purpose.

tower of London, Mr. Pennant remarks, is a narrow room or dungeon, called *Little Ease*, but, this will appear a luxurious habitation compared with the inventions of Louis XI. with his *iron cages*, in which persons of rank lay for whole years, or his *oubliettes*, dungeons made in the form of reversed cones concealed with trap-doors, down which dropped the unhappy victims of the tyrant, brought there by Tristan l'Hermite, his companion and executioner in ordinary. Sometimes, their sides were plain, sometimes set with knives or sharp-edged, wheels; but in both cases, they were true *oubliettes*.—the devoted were certain to fall into the land, where all things are "*forgotten*."

**NIGGARD.**—Nothing (modern niggard) was the most opprobrious term that could be used to a person among the Saxons, implying every thing sordid, villainous, base, cowardly, stingy, and infamous. We have a remarkable proof in English history how much this name was dreaded and abhorred by our ancestors. King William Rufus having occasion to draw together suddenly a body of forces, only sent word to all such as held him in fee that those who did not repair to his assistance should be deemed nothing; and without further summons they all flocked to his standard.

### Anecdotes.

**LORD NELSON.**—The gallant admiral was on a visit at Mr. Beckford's mansion in Grosvenor-square, at a time of general scarcity, when persons of every rank in life denied themselves the use of that necessary article of life, bread at dinner, and were content for the sake of example with such vegetables as the season afforded. Lord Nelson, however, contrary to the established etiquette, asked for bread, and was respectfully informed by one of the domestics in waiting that in consequence of the scarcity of wheat, bread was wholly dispensed with at the dinner parties of Mr. Beckford. Lord Nelson looked angry, and desiring his own attendant to be called, he drew forth a shilling from his pocket and commanded him to go out and purchase him a loaf, for after he had fought for his bread, he thought it hard that his countrymen should deny it to him. This was egotism, and an affectation of being different to the rest of the world and as such it was considered.

**THE KING OF NAPLES.**—The Calabrian bandit, Angel Del Duca, was the terror of the Neapolitan territory. Even the king of Naples trembled at his name, for he only waged war against persons of princely rank, and very frequently deprived the Neapolitan treasury of its supplies by intercepting the officers, who, protected by a strong guard, were conveying the gold which had been collected by the tax-gatherers to the metropolis. On one occasion he wrote to the King of Naples to desire he would send him a supply of mattresses for himself and his band, accompanied by a threat, that if his demand was not complied with, he would cut off the mustachios of every soldier in his Majesty's dominions to make one for himself. Strange as it may appear, the king obeyed his commands and the mattresses were forwarded to a pass in the mountains, which Angel Del Duca had pointed out as the spot where they were to be "left till called for."

**ARABIAN WIT.** A poor woman having been wronged by the Caliph of an orchard, a venerable *cadi* (or judge) accompanied her to demand redress. He found the successor of Mahomet giving audience on the very ground which he had unjustly acquired. Permit me (said the *cadi*) to fill the sack I have brought with the soil of this orchard; he filled it and then required the Caliph to assist him in raising the burthen from the ground. The sovereign though he thought the request odd, humoured the respectable magistrate, complaining at the same time of the weighty load. Alas! commander of the faithful (rejoined the *cadi*) if this sack of earth appears so heavy to your arms, how will you support the weight of this whole estate, which will hang on your soul hereafter and sink it to perdition! The Caliph heard without resentment and restored the orchard.

**MARCH OF ORTHOGRAPHY.**—The following is taken verbatim from the original:—"John Parker of whatley have had misfortune fell from his Donkey Broke his fiddle he begs of eny Good Cristaine to give him some small Trifel to get it mended been poor Cripel he been done his one parish for Donkeys so meny the Cante give him all ways your Humbel

John Parker Friende 1s 6d"  
*Oxford Herald.*

**THE HONESTY OF AN M. P.**—A member of Parliament talking one day to a friend, said, "If the minister don't send me some money, I really will vote according to my conscience." J. M. B.



# Diary and Chronology.

## Tuesday, Feb. 14.

*St. Valentine, p. and mar. A.D. 270.*

*High Water, Oh. O. m. Morn. Oh. 3pm. Aftern.*

The rites of this day remind us of the old custom of guessing sweethearts and of drawing lots for girls; a practice reprobated by St. Francis of Sales, who was aware that Valentine customs originated in the rites instituted in honour of Hymen and of Februsto Juno by the Romans. Herrick, the most playful of poets, to his mistress has addressed the following billet-doux:—

Choose me your Valentine:

Next let us marry;

Love to the death will please

If we longer tarry,

Promise and keep your vows

Or vow ye never;

Love's doctrine disallows

'Trot-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice

Deare, to undoe one;

If you prove faithless thrice

None then will wooe you.

## Wednesday, Feb. 15.

*Lupercalia. Rom. Cal.*

*Sun rises 4m aft 7—Sets 57m aft 4.*

The Lupercalia may be considered a yearly festival held by the Romans in honour of the god Pan. Many absurd ceremonies took place during the Lupercalia: among others, two goats and a dog were sacrificed, and the blood from the knife was sprinkled on the heads of certain young persons. The skins of the beasts were cut into thongs with which whips were made, and employed for the festive castigation of persons of both sexes, who considered themselves honoured by the stripes. Processions of young people, quite naked, took place in the Roman streets; and many other rites, too disgusting to be detailed, were performed. Cicero wrote a philippic against Antony for running about with his clothes at this feast. The Priests who officiated were called Luperci, and were esteemed an ancient and most honourable order.

## Thursday, Feb. 16.

*St. Juliana Vir. mar. A.D. 309.*

*Full Moon 12m. after 3 Morn.*

Now hard frosts, if they come at all, are followed by sudden thaws; and now, therefore, if ever, the mysterious old song of our school days stands a chance of being verified, which sings

"Three children sliding on the ice  
All on a Summer's day!"

Now the labour of the husbandman recommences; and it is pleasant to watch (from your library window) the plough-team moving almost imperceptibly along, upon the distant upland that the bare trees have disclosed to you. And now by the way if you are wise you will get acquainted with all the little spots that are thus by the bareness of the trees laid open to you, in order that when the summer comes, and you cannot look at them, you may be able to see them still.

## Friday, Feb. 17.

*St. Finian Abbt. in Ireland.*

*High Water 57m. aft. 2 Morn.—22m. aft. 3 after.*

FEBRUARY 17, 1781.—On this day a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and hail is recorded in a journal kept at Walthamstow; the storm proved very destructive from the size of the hailstones, the weather had been previously very showery, and *Aurora Borealis* often seen.

We thank our kind contributor for "The Changes of Life," it will appear in our next. "Annette of St. Peran" is in the hands of our artist. A few complete sets may be had in volumes and Parts.

## Saturday, Feb. 18.

*St. Simeon B. of Jerusalem, Mart. A.D. 116.*

*Sun rises 56m. aft. 6—Sets 3m. aft. 8.*

*DIIS MANIBUS SACRA FERALIA.*—Rom. Cal.

Ovid notices this day sacred to the names of departed parents and friends. It seems to correspond to the All Souls Day of more recent times. The feralia lasted eleven days and was a sort of fast during the whole time; presents used to be carried to the tombs of the dead, marriages were not solemnized, and the temples of the gods were shut, and it was believed that the spirits or ghosts of dead persons hovered over their graves, and that during this period their punishments in the infernal regions were suspended.

## Sunday, Feb. 19.

**SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.**

*Lessons for the Day, 1 chap. Genesis Morn.*

*2 chap. Genesis, Even.*

This Sunday is dependant upon Lent as that season is upon Easter. It is to be considered as the commencement of, or rather the preparation for the great and solemn fast of Lent, and its observance was instituted by Pope Gregory the Great, insensibly to withdraw the minds of the Christians from the festivities of Christmas, and by degrees to qualify them for the fasting and humiliation enjoined during Lent.

## Monday, Feb. 20.

*St. Mildrid, virg. abb. A.D. 670.*

*High Water 3m. aft. 5. Morn.—22m. aft. 5 Even.*

The Roman calendar records to-day the celebration of the Terminalia, a festival held in honour of Terminus, the God of Boundaries, represented as having a head, but no limbs, nor organs of motion, indicating thereby that the limits of property being once fixed were immovable.—The worship of this deity was first introduced by Numa Pompilius in order to make the people respect the landmarks of each other. Terminus had a temple on the Tarpeian rock, where, as fable goes, he refused to resign the sceptre of it to Jove himself, who desired a temple there, and was at length forced to build it collaterally. The Romans used to assemble near the bounds of their property, and trace them similar to the parocidial perambulations which now take place on Holy Thursday.

## Tuesday, Feb. 21.

*St. Severianus, bp. of Scythopolis, m. A.D. 452.*

*Sun rises 52m. aft. 6 Morn.—Sets 9m. aft. 5.*

FEBRUARY 21 1831. Died, the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M., Etat. 68. This eminent Baptist Minister was the son of the Reverend Robert Hall, Minister of the Particular Baptists at Arnsby, in Leicestershire. In 1791 he succeeded the Reverend Robert Robertson as Minister at Cambridge. Here he became known to some of the most distinguished scholars of the age, by whom he was much admired. Among them was Dr. Parr, who said "Mr. Hall, like Bishop Taylor, has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint." In 1804, he removed from Cambridge to Leicester, where he was Pastor of the Meeting in Harvey Lane.—Here he remained until 1836, when he was invited to succeed Dr. Ryland at Bristol, where his earthly labours terminated, and where his remains now lie in a small burying ground, attached to the chapel in Broad-mead.



See p. 131

## Illustrated Article.

### THE COTTAGE OF KOSWARA.

#### A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

Are there not friendly ministers abroad;  
Seraphic forms; bright messengers of love;  
Who, when the good are perilled to the death,  
Appear with hope upon their heavenly wings,  
To solace and to save? Yes, such there are.  
THE RED TOWER

Not very far from the beautiful village of Tokay, there rises a lofty hill covered with vines, which yield the delicious nectar of *Hegy-alla*.\* The vines wind round enormous stones, intermingling with the ivy and the honeysuckle, and clamber up a grim massive tower, which topples in picturesque

grandeur on the verge of the hill. The oak and the pine have driven their roots slowly but irresistibly into the fissures of the ruined pile, which yawns upon the passing traveller, threatening every moment to bury him in its fall. This tower is the only remnant of the once magnificent castle of Jaromirz, a gloomy monument of the feudal power and atrocity of its lords. Fifteen skeletons may still be seen in its dungeon, in their frightful collars and leg and arm-irons, as if they had there lived and died, hideously grinning at the intruding stranger.

About four hundred years ago, and long before the reign of the Huniades, the haughty counts of Jaromirz held rule over this castle and the appertaining territory. Three thousand serfs acknowledged their supremacy, and

\* The best Tokay.

twenty-five knights owed their fair estates to their vassalage. The fiercest of these warriors trembled at the frown of the old count, for implacable and deadly was his enmity. No song, no harp, no laughter, ever resounded within his halls. For twenty years woman had not crossed his threshold; the stillness that encircled him was only interrupted by the clattering of spurs, the clanging of sabres, and the neighing of horses.

It was on the first of May, in the year 1306, that fifty noblemen, as many knights, and twice as many squires, had assembled from the vast plains of Upper Hungary, to celebrate the return of Count Stephen Jaromirz. A hundred boars, and thrice that number of stags, had been slaughtered in the great hunt which the old count had given in honour of the unexpected return of his son, the greatest heir in the most powerful empire of eastern Christendom. Of the guests, only the lord magnates enjoyed the honour, according to the custom of the country, of being admitted to the same table with their noble entertainers. The knights dined in a second hall; in a third their squires; and six different tables (the larger in size the humbler those who were to occupy them) were spread in the halls of the menials.

The noble magnates sat round the festive board, which was loaded with the sumptuous fare of baronial hospitality. A boar entire, boiled in milk, graced the upper end; a stag dressed in vinegar and French oil, the lower. There were swans, and herons, and falcons, covered with the costliest spices to whet the appetite. Behind each of the illustrious guests stood two pages; one holding a large silver knife and fork, the other a goblet sparkling with Tokay.

Joy-exciting as the sumptuous entertainment was, there presided a heavy spirit over the assembly. Scarcely a word was spoken; a hollow murmur creeping at intervals through the vast banquetting-hall, not unlike the voice of a distant tempest, was all that was heard. When the noble guests had sat for about an hour, the aged host arose, and elevating the *pockall*, or golden goblet, gave the toast,—“Death to the assassins, and revenge, bloody revenge!”

“Death,” repeated the guests, imitating his gesture,—“death to the race of Naples!”

Bowing deeply round, the old count emptied the *pockall*, and set it upon his

plate, a sign that the banquet was at an end.

Of all the members of the illustrious party, the young Count Jaromirz had been the most melancholy. The habitual sternness of his countrymen, but seldom relieved by a smile, was gaiety compared with the deep gloom which overspread his manly and beautiful countenance. Much cause had he for sadness. He had returned from Naples, conveying the tidings of the murder of the King of both Sicilies, the brother of the King of Hungary, the friend of his bosom. He was come with the call of revenge to his king and countrymen, and with them he was to return to the lovely but treacherous Naples. The table was no sooner deserted, than Count Stephen hastened to the court yard, and throwing himself on his horse, dashed into the forest, which stretched from the base of the hill down to the banks of the Theiss. Under the quiet shade of Jaromirz’ oak he hoped to find repose.

But hark! what sound was that close to his side amidst the underwood! It was the growl of a gigantic boar, wounded in yesterday’s hunt. The animal raised its head; its eyes flashed furiously, and retreat was too late. The savage beast was rushing upon Stephen, whose Damascus blade made but a feeble impression upon its grizzled and matted hide. A moment longer, and the hope of the house of Jaromirz, the pride of his country, would fall beneath its tusks.

“Stephen!” said a soft, child-like voice, and a javelin, darted from unseen hands, pierced the animal to the heart.

“Stephen,” repeated the same soft voice, “follow!”

A light silvery cloud arose and flitted swiftly through the mazes of the forest. It brightened as he advanced, and then melted into three blue stars that sparkled before him, and receded into a grotto, the entrance of which was supported by four massy columns of granite.

“Follow!” continued the voice—and “follow my son!” echoed another voice, which resounded from the interior of the grotto.

The youth paused. Fiery and threatening glances darted from shapeless monsters crawling on the ground, but the child-like voice again exhorting him to follow, he obeyed. He glided rapidly through a corridor hewn in the rock, the surface of which sparkled in the blue light like the starry vault of hea-

ven. Ever as he advanced the corridor became wider, and the walls of greater altitude, and all at once a flood of light streamed towards him. He stood before a portal of dazzling whiteness: six lofty columns of snowy marble supported a gorgeous architrave composed of sapphires and rubies.

"Follow!" cried the voice in a louder tone.

"Not before I know whither my steps are to lead."

"Our mistress waits for you," returned three voices, issuing from the blue stars, which enlarged and melted into as many ethereal forms, arrayed in radiant robes of white; their girdles glittered with costly sapphires, their tresses in curls long and beautiful depended to their feet, on which were sandals flaming with gems. Their buoyant forms floated in air.

"Where am I?" exclaimed the youth.

The fairies laid their fingers on their lips; the portal flew wide open, and they entered with him. Celestial harmony gave him welcome; but no musicians were to be seen; ambrosial odours perfumed the air; his eyelids involuntarily drooped; his senses became spell-bound; and he was borne unconsciously along.

When he recovered from the delicious trance, he found himself in a capacious saloon, which softly swung to and fro in this subterranean paradise. It was an octagon, the columns of which were, strange to say, of the purest water—its roof of the same material; the walls and ceiling seemed one immense diamond. In the centre was a basin wrought in virgin gold, and luminous with precious stones. The richest odours of every zone, the blossoms and flowers of the most distant climes perfumed the air. Upon an ottoman, the frame of which was of coral and gold, reclined a female, whose dazzling loveliness alone appeared superior to the unearthly charms of her abode. A wreath of laurel circled her forehead; a robe of ethereal blue undulated around her; pearls of surpassing beauty were disposed in clusters through her hair, an *agraffe*, formed of a single diamond, clasped her girdle.

The youth stood in respectful silence before the splendid vision.

"Why has Stephen Jaromirz forgotten the cottage of Koswara?" said the reclining figure, with royal dignity.

"Not forgotten, august lady.—It is only four times twenty-four hours since I returned from Naples."

"Jaromirz! Thou must follow thy king and thy brother lords, to whom thou hast brought the message of the murder of a scion of the royal house of Hungary. In two hours the trumpet will sound and the beacon fires burn, to summon the avengers before Buda's walls. In six times twenty-four hours, fifty thousand Hungarians will speed on their swift horses to avenge the death of their sovereign's brother. The Count of Jaromirz, the descendant of the great Bela, must not stay behind. Few are the hours, send thy vassals to Buda, and be at the cottage of Koswara when the sun reaches the meridian."

A burst of music pealed on his ears, a silvery cloud hovered before him, he felt himself uplifted by an invisible power; and ere he was aware, he found himself by the side of his neighing charger. Thoughtful he vaulted into the saddle, and galloped towards the castle of his sires. As he issued from the forest he beheld the seven lights flaming on the battlements of his seven towers, summoning the vassals and warriors to the service of the sword and the axe.

"Has Count Stephen Jaromirz forgotten the duties of a noble entertainer towards his guests? Why has he absented himself?" said the haughty father, when the son entered the hall, where the magnates were assembled in grave deliberation.

"The loss of a dear and royal friend, it is humbly hoped, may serve as my excuse," replied Stephen, reverently. He passed that night with the grim company, who separated on the morning to put themselves at the head of their warriors.

Count Stephen was awakened by the clashing of swords and the clattering of spurs. Twenty-five knights and a thousand horsemen were assembled before the castle, awaiting the arrival of their lords.

Father and son mounted their chargers and rode down the valley. The knights and warriors alighted and uncovered their heads. The old count drew his sword, the hilt of which was fashioned in the form of a cross. He lifted it high, and said in a solemn tone—"Receive, my son, this sword, the blade of which was wrested from the Sultan of the Saracens; the hilt from the King of Bulgaria. Receive it, and along with it the oath of allegiance and fidelity from our vassals." Each of the knights now advanced, knelt down, laid his right hand on the cross hilt, and swore in his own name and the

names of his followers, to defend the young lord to the last gasp of his breath. When the twenty-five knights had made their declaration, the chaplain of the castle extended his hands and gave them his *benedicite*.

"Remember, Stephen Jaromirz," said his father, "the unstained honour of our house," were the old count's last words. He laid his hands on the head of his kneeling son, then turned round, and rode swiftly back to the castle, followed by his attendants.

Count Stephen, at the head of his vassals, moved towards the forest; but when the road turned from Tokay towards Buda, he struck into a by-path which led into the interior of the vast Carpak forest, leaving his gallant troop under the command of the loyal Sir Andreas Uorimir. On a hill of a conical form, the base of which was washed by the stately Danube, stood the cottage of Koswara, hidden to the traveller's eye by a clump of enormous oaks and limes, which spread their gnarled branches over the roof and walls. Grecian art had constructed the cottage—Eastern magnificence had decorated its four apartments. Its walls were of red Carpathian marble, its tapestry from Damascus, its carpets from Persia, and its silks from the Indies. Into the last and most secluded chamber, the young count was led by the maiden who stood waiting for him at the entrance.

"Stephen!" said a voice, whose sound thrilled through the inmost recesses of his heart, "I have waited long, long years for thy arrival."

"Duty to a royal friend held me fast at Naples."

"Only friendship!"

A shower of brilliant light suddenly illumined the room, and the youth saw himself standing before the vision of the preceding day; she had risen from the ottoman.

"Jaromirz, beware of the holy man—beware of the nearest blood of thy fathers! Thou lovest a high, but a dangerous prize. She whom thou lovest is condemned to die. At this moment her death doom is pronounced."

"Matilda die!" exclaimed the youth.

"Jaromirz, thy king dreads thee;—he has won thy father's and thy mother's brother."

"Impossible!"

"Thou hast never beheld the face of thy mother, of the Countess Borozin. She died in the dungeon!"

"In the dungeon? And who has dared——"

"Thy father. Thou wast not two hours old when he was called upon, by the voice of his country, to lead an army against its enemies. He vanquished them, and was wounded. During his lingering illness, he was seized by the demon of jealousy. Thy mother was imprisoned in the central tower, with all her servants, maids, and pages. Next to her was chained to the cold dampy wall, he whom thy father's dark soul suspected. He and she, with thirteen of her menials, were starved to death. Twenty years have not quenched the fire of revenge which burns in the bosom of thy uncle, and he has sworn to inflict a deadly wound on thy father's heart. Jaromirz! know'st thou who it is that speaks to thee? It is Lida."

"Lida!" exclaimed the youth, sinking on his knee.

"Yes," said the august form, "it is Lida, whom thou see'st before thee; the unfortunate daughter of king Bela, whom the pious zeal of her father forced into the nunnery he had founded. Alas! under the veil trembled the fruit of love. The child was saved—I died. But I now exist as the guardian genius of my house, of my fair Hungary, of my proud and noble people. To-day thou hast attained thy twenty-first year. Jaromirz, take this."—She beckoned him to approach, and hung a gold chain with three acorns round his neck. "When thy need is greatest, then call Lida. When the sword hangs over thy head, then put these golden acorns into the mouth of Lida's palfrey. Farewell; when the full moon has shone six times over——"

She hesitated; the next moment she was swathed in a light silvery cloud, and blended with ether. The neighing of his impatient charger aroused Stephen from his musing, and admonished him of the necessity of speed.

*To be concluded in our next.*

#### CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a tallow-chandler the most vicious and unfortunate of men? All his works are *wicked* and all his *wicked* works are brought to *light*.

In what respect does a bad governess chiefly differ from a good one? The one guides *miss*; and the other *miss* guides.

Why is an egg over done, like one under done? Because it is *hardly* done.

ALOYSE DE MONTEMAR TO HER  
CHILD ON THE MORNING OF HER  
EXECUTION.\*

(FOR THE OLIO.)

Oh welcome to my heart mine own! I clasp  
thee once again;  
Would that thy sweet kiss could calm the  
fever in my brain,  
That from my heart thy smile could chase the  
darkness of despair!  
Alas, the worm which dieth not has long been  
waken'd there!  
How soon wilt thou be motherless! Alas, in  
after time,  
When cruel ones shall brand thee as the heir  
of shame and crime,  
And thy young heart shall burn to hear thy  
mother's name revild,  
Oh think her soul's last thought was thine, and  
curse me not my child!  
Scarce eighteen summer suns have shed their  
influence on my brow,  
But age ne'er traced such furrows as are  
darken'd o'er it now;  
These locks were radiant as thy own, my dear-  
est, yesterday—  
Alas! what winters of despair have changed  
them now to grey!  
I heard (and with what deadly grief my dying  
heart was torn)  
How fair a bride thy father weds—aye, even  
this very morn,  
And when to meet a felon's death, thy mother  
kneels to pray,  
The bells will ring to consecrate the 'False  
One's' bridal day!  
They say that she is beautiful—thy father's  
chosen one—  
Oh, may her young heart never feel the pang  
that mine has done!  
The bitter scorn—the cold disdain—the change  
from love to hate,  
For even a shameful death like mine, were  
bliss to such a fate!  
But she has lands and lineage high—a proud  
and princely name,  
And I had nothing but my faith—my fondness  
and my shame,—  
She is the sharer of his home—his splendour  
and his power,  
And I—the passing fancy of his proud heart's  
erring hour!  
Alas! alas! *I knew not that*—I was as guilt-  
less, pure  
As e'er his noble bride can be, and loved as  
well I'm sure;  
And yet her child will be carest—the glory of  
his line,  
While poverty, disgrace, and shame, is the  
heritage of mine!  
All the proud beauty of his brow, my dearest,  
thou wilt bear—  
His very eyes of love and light—his curls of  
radiant hair;  
But ne'er from him caress or kiss, my sweet  
one, shalt thou claim,  
Shalt never clasp thy father's neck, or fondly  
kiss his name;  
He knows not—cares not for thy fate, his own  
—his earliest born,  
He leaves thee to the world's neglect—its  
coldness and its scorn;

\* The story of Aloyse, the young girl exe-  
cuted this morning, is very affecting; deserted  
by her seducer, and plunged into the abyss of  
poverty, she committed a theft punishable by  
death, but which might have been mitigated,  
but for the powerful influence of her betrayer,  
one of her judges.

*Letters from the French Provinces.*

No hand of his shall guide thee through life's  
thorny wilderness,  
But there's a Mighty One, I trust, will guard  
the fatherless;  
My poor deserted little one! how soft is thy  
embrace,  
How speakingly thy dove-like eyes gaze on  
thy mother's face;  
Oh, let me clasp thee closer yet—I feel thee in  
my heart—  
My child! my own! my blessed one! how  
very dear thou art!  
Hark! hark! that knell—I know the sound—  
it calls me to the grave.  
And they will tear thee from my arms!—oh,  
is there none to save?  
Is there no mercy for a heart that's broken  
and beguill'd,  
They come—one last, *last dying kiss*. Oh,  
heaven, my child! my child!  
E. S. CRAVEN.

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

*For the Olio.*

It was towards the close of an au-  
tumnal evening, some few years ago,  
that the passage boat from Chalons to  
Lyons, was observed slowly entering  
the latter town. The quay was crowded  
with many anxiously waiting the arrival  
of the boat, and many were the looks  
and smiles of recognition, exchanged  
from time to time, as it neared the place  
of debarkation. The noise, confusion  
and persecution of the porters, commis-  
sionaires, and their attendant harpies,  
was soon over, the passengers had, one  
by one, sought their homes or places of  
resort, and of all who had arrived,  
there was but one remained, a poor so-  
litary female, whose chequered hand-  
kerchief, containing, apparently, the  
whole of her worldly wealth, being too  
insignificant to attract the attention of  
the hangers on of the bureau de barque,  
had enabled her to escape their  
importunities. She had waited with  
patience until the quay had resumed  
its quiet air, when addressing a gentle-  
man who was loitering about, she civilly  
requested to be informed where she  
might find Mons. Benard, silk factor, of  
Lyons. The gentleman was unable to  
inform her, but directed her to a neigh-  
bouring warehouse, where they would  
be able to answer her inquiry. It was  
true they gave her an answer—the  
Mons. Benard she sought had failed  
and gone none knew whither. She  
left the house, but where to turn or go  
she knew not, all was alike to her.

Emily de Bernard was the only  
daughter of a man who, as his family  
said, had disgraced them; that is, if mar-  
rying a virtuous well educated woman  
can be called a disgrace, then he had  
so done; being a younger son he was

told he would receive the pretty general portion of younger sons who disoblige their connections, by marrying to please themselves, and not their family, namely, nothing with which he might maintain his wife and children, should he have any. He tried many things, but they all failed, and in despair and broken-hearted, he sunk into an early grave. His wife struggled on with adversity for a few years, living long enough to give her only child the rudiments of a good and virtuous education. On the estrangement of the father of Emily from his family he had retired to Normandy, where his wife had continued to live until her last moments.

On her mother's death Emily looked around for some friend to assist her through the arduous course of life; if the rich have few friends what have the poor? She could but remember one who, during her mother's life time, had ever stretched forth the kindly hand of assistance, a distant relation of her father's at Lyons, and to him, as her only hope, she determined to fly for assistance. The sale of her mother's small stock of furniture, produced barely sufficient to enable her to reach Lyons, and which she had only done to find all her sanguine hopes "nipped in the bud," and that she was in a strange town, penniless and without a friend.

She wandered until nightfall along the quay, even when the busy hum had ceased, and scarce a single person was to be seen tracing their steps homeward from some late carousal, was she still there leaning against a crane, and gazing on the Saone, fancying, for the instant, it was some hideous dream and not a circumstance of life; once, whilst she looked towards the river, flowing swiftly along, the thought dashed across her mind that there she might find a refuge from her misfortune, and end a life which had but the prospect of lengthened years of misery before it; it was but for a moment, for in the next she shuddered at the thought, and turned away seeking shelter from the night air, beneath the broad porch of an adjoining warehouse.

It is the custom in France for the police to take up all depraved females found in the streets, after a certain hour of the night, in order to their being examined the next morning by the commissary; and Emily being found on the door way was seized by the guard, and having the appearance of that greatest of crimes, poverty, was allowed to say little in extenuation of being unable to

seek shelter elsewhere, and even her ignorance, that she was offending against the laws. She was thrust into the guard-house along with others, seized by the guard in their rounds, and was thus forced to become the unwilling listener of every species of low ribaldry, and the ill-fated companion of vice in its lowest and most degraded form; though Emily had not mixed in the society of the great, she had early imbibed the principles of a virtuous education, and what little of society it had fallen to her lot to see had been free from the vices and immoralities of towns and cities; in the small village where she lived most of the inhabitants being employed in search of the means of subsistence, had scarcely any amusements beyond the meeting of a few friends, or a dance on a summer's evening in the open air, and were ignorant, perhaps, that such scenes were enacted as that in which Emily was unwillingly bearing a part. Her heart sickened at the sight before her, and she strove, by prayers, to shut it out from her mind. In a short time she sank into a slumber, and in her dreams once more beheld herself in the plains of Normandy! Poor, yet happy, and gladly running at her mother's call to lend a helping hand in some household arrangement. Nor did she awake until the officers entered to conduct her before the commissary for examination, and his office being in the same building, she was saved the shame of passing through the streets in company with the other inmates of the guard-house.

"What, another! really it is of no use making laws, unless you women will keep them; nothing but robberies night after night. Well, what were you doing out at past midnight, when you are ordered to be in doors by ten o'clock?" This was the first sentence addressed by the commissary to Emily, who was looking abashed upon the ground, and as well as her fear would allow her, replied—

"I was ignorant, Sir, that such was the law, and I had no where to go."

"Ah! the old story, hold up your face, and let me see if I remember you, this pretence won't do here; come, girl, hold up your head."

She looked up as she was desired, showing features far different to those of the rest of the prisoners; fatigue and anguish had left the marks of sadness upon a countenance, whose pretensions to beauty were far from being insignificant, whilst the tears streaming fast

down her cheeks, showed at once to the discriminating eye of the commissary that she was not what he at first supposed her to be.

"Come, come, dont cry, and tell me where you lived last?"

"In Normandy, Sir."

"In Normandy! Why, what in the name of fate brought you here?"

"I sought a relation, whom I have been unable to find, and having exhausted my last sous in reaching Lyons, had not the means, even if I had known where, to have looked for shelter."

By degrees the commissary drew from her the whole of her story; he was a man, having, from his habits of life, the appearance of much harshness and severity, but in appearance only, for he had a heart sensibly alive to the sufferings of others, when he perceived that they were not brought on by vice and depravity. He felt a strong sympathy for Emily, and promised to use his best endeavours to procure her some employment, by which she might honestly support herself; and he kept his word by procuring her a situation in a silk factory, with an express promise from the master, to whom he related her history, to watch over and render her every assistance in his power.

Emily remained here some years, and by her strict attention and integrity of conduct, imperceptibly won her way into the good graces of all those who were employed about the factory. The master, too, performed his promises, for he watched her with as much care and solicitude as if she had been a child of his own, instead of a poor orphan, cast upon him for protection; the more he saw, the more he admired, admiration grew to esteem—esteem to friendship, and that to love; it was, therefore, not much a matter of surprise in the factory, that one bright morning saw Emily and Mons. Rocher wending their way to the Votaries in the Place de Terraux, and from thence to the Hotel de Ville, afterwards to the Church de St. Augustine, and Emily returning home as Madame Rocher.

Her conduct as a wife was not less exemplary than it had been before her marriage; her husband passionately adored her, and considered himself the most fortunate of men in the choice he had made—but his happiness was of short duration, and Emily once more felt the sorrows of the world in his loss, which happened within two years after their union.

At his death Madame Rocher found,

that in testimony of his sincere affection he had left her all he possessed, and that she was thereby sole mistress of the factory which she had entered some years before in the extremity of distress. Her wealth was too considerable to allow her long to remain a widow, and she bestowed her hand upon a man, whose sole dependance was a "sous lieutenant's" commission in an infantry regiment; why she preferred him to the many excellent offers she received was a matter of surprise to most persons; he was a quiet, unassuming, but brave man; poor, and without friends or connection, and the world wondered that as such she should have married him; but he was more to her without the adventitious aid of riches and titles, than the proudest peer of France; and when in after life, by his merits and talents, he reached nearly the summit of his profession, and attained rank and honour, he never forgot that it was as a poor "sous lieutenant" that his wife first loved him.

There are few persons that have seen and conversed with the amiable and accomplished Marchioness de St. Val—, one of the most distinguished ornaments of Parisian society, that would believe it was the same Emily de Bernard, that some few years since arrived at Lyons friendless, and without the means of seeking other shelter than that which was open to the most destitute; and yet true it is, that by the gradations and vicissitudes I have mentioned, she became such as she now is.

J. M. B.

## DREAMS OF THE ARTS.—No. 2.

### THE TRANCE OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.

For the *Otto*.

I gazed upon the impassion'd trance  
Of that dark eyed Italian girl;—  
Her's were no tresses fetter'd by,  
Or clasp'g wreath, or braiding pearl;  
But down they swept luxuriant free,  
A rich dark cloud of ringlets shed  
Back from a forehead white and high;  
And goddess-like as her's who led  
The Imperial Roman to her cave.  
Dream-born Egeria!—to the face  
Of that inspired one, genius gave  
A wild-divine, yet radiant grace,  
A bright revealing of the soul!—  
Communing with the mysteries  
Of poetry and passion seem'd  
The silence of her glorious eyes,  
Spell-bound in dreary beauty!—  
Wake,  
Thy hands are on the lute, awake and pour  
Thy tranced spirit forth in song!—I gazed  
Upon a Picture—matchless! but no more.

E. S. CRAVEN.



## ANECDOTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

**GEORGE I.**—In the early part of his reign, or at least on his arrival in this country, George I. was far from unpopular; but his decidedly foreign appearance and manners, when they became known, lowered him materially in public estimation. His two German mistresses, who were created Duchess of Kendal and Countess of Darlington, shortly after his accession, became seriously offensive to the people, by whom they were satirically called the May-pole and the elephant and castle. It is related of one of these ladies, that being abused by the mob, she put her head out of the coach and cried in bad English, "Good people why you abuse us! We come for all your goods."—"Yes, d—n you," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for our chattels too!" Nor does the king appear to have been infinitely delighted with his new subjects; he sighed for his beloved electorate, and spoke and acted like a man ill at ease in a strange house, and longing to be at home again. "This is a very odd country," said he; "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's I looked out of the window and saw a park with walls and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a brace of fine carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's man for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal in my own park!"

Of oysters he was remarkably fond; but, for some time, he could not reconcile his palate to those of this country. "The cursed English oysters," he exclaimed pettishly, "have such a very queer taste!" It was at length discovered, by means of a German page, that oysters in Hanover being necessarily conveyed a considerable distance overland, were always tainted, stale oysters were therefore at once procured, which, it seemed, proved exceedingly grateful to the Sovereign's palate.

**WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.**—On one occasion having missed his pocket-book at Newmarket, just before the horses started, he declined making any bets, observing that he had already lost money enough for that morning. At the conclusion of the races he was presented with his pocket-book by a half-pay officer, who had found it near the stand shortly after it had been dropped by the Duke, but who had had no opportunity of return-

ing it. "I am very glad, sir," said the duke, "that it has fallen into such hands; keep it; had it not been for this accident, its contents would probably have been by this time dispersed among the blacklegs of Newmarket." During his march against the rebels, he was one day presented with a petition for assistance from a destitute lad, whose father had been many years in the royal household. The duke ordered the boy into his presence, and, giving him some money, said, "In consideration of your father's fidelity, and hoping that you are worthy of being his son, when the present troubles are over, should my life be spared, I will endeavour to provide you with some permanent situation." After the rebellion was ended, the boy proceeded to London, and obtained an interview with the Duke, by whose recommendation he soon obtained a comfortable place. While the duke was in Germany, a sergeant of excellent character having performed a daring exploit, the duke thought proper to give him a commission. But this elevation in rank by no means increased the man's happiness; he could no longer associate with his former companions, and his brother officers treated him with degrading neglect. At length he told the duke how unpleasantly he was situated, and entreated permission to resume his halberd. The duke desired him to let the matter rest for a day or two, and, the next morning on parade, walked up to him when he was standing apart from the other officers of the regiment, familiarly took his arm, and on being invited by Lord Ligonier to dine at the mess, replied, "With much pleasure; but I must bring my friend here with me."—"Oh, certainly," said his Lordship; and thenceforth the duke's "friend" never had occasion to complain of being slighted by any individual in the service.

**GEORGE IV.**—At one time, while an associate of Sheridan, Erskine, Fox, &c. he affected in conversation to be brilliant, and so far succeeded as to colloquial liveliness, that, during their festive intercourse, according to the witty barrister's own admission, "he fairly kept up at saddle-skirts" even with Curran. Notwithstanding this compliment, his pretensions to wit appear to have been but slender; the best sayings attributed to him being a set of middling puns, of which the following is a favourable selection:—When Langdale's distillery was plundered, during the riots of 1780, he asked why the proprietor

had not defended his property? "He did not possess the means of doing so," was the reply. "Not the means of defence!" exclaimed the prince, "and he a brewer—a man who has been all his life at *cart* and *tierce*!" Sheridan having told him that Fox had *cooed* in vain to Miss Pulteney, the prince replied "that his friend's attempt on the lady's heart was a *coup mangus*."—He once quoted from Suetonius the words, '*Jure Cæsus videtur*,' to prove jestingly that trial by jury was as old as the time of the first Cæsar. A newspaper panegyric on Fox, apparently from the pen of Dr. Parr, having been presented to his royal highness, he said that it reminded him of Machiavel's epitaph, "*Tanto nomini nullum Par eulogium*."—A cavalry officer at a court ball hammered the floor with his heels so loudly, that the prince observed, "If the war between the mother country and her colonies had not terminated, he might have been sent to America as a republication of the *stamp act*."—While his regiment was in daily expectation of receiving orders for Ireland, some one told him that country quarters in the sister kingdom were so filthy, that the rich uniforms of his corps would soon be lamentably soiled. "Let the men act as dragoons then," said his royal highness, "and *scurv the country*."—When Horne Tooke, on being conveyed to prison for treason, proposed, while in jail, to give a series of dinners to his friends, the prince remarked that, "as an inmate of Newgate, he would act more consistently by establishing a *Ketch-club*."—Michael Kelly having turned wine-merchant, the prince rather facetiously said, "that Mick *imported* his music and *composed* his wine."

THE REVEREND WILLIAM WHISTON.  
—George II. once observed to him in Hampton Court gardens, that however right he might be in his opinions, it would have been better if he had kept them to himself. "Had Martin Luther done so," replied Whiston, "where, let me ask, would your Majesty have been at this moment?" "He was much esteemed," says his son, "by Queen Caroline, who made him a present of fifty pounds yearly." She usually sent for him once in the summer, whilst she was out of town, to spend a day or two with her. Loving his free conversation, she asked him at Richmond what people in general said of her. He replied that they justly esteemed her a

lady of great abilities, a patron of learned men, and a kind friend to the poor. "But," says she, "no one is without faults, pray what are mine?" Whiston begged to be excused speaking on that subject; but she insisting, he said "her Majesty did not behave with proper reverence at church." She replied, "The king *would* talk with her." He said, "A greater than kings was there only to be regarded." She owned it, and confessed her fault. "Pray," says she, "tell me what is my next?" He replied, "When I hear your Majesty has amended of that fault, I will tell you of your next;" and so it ended. The following anecdote is related by the same writer:—Being in company with Addison, Steele, Secretary Craggs, and Sir Robert Walpole, they engaged in a dispute whether a secretary of state could be an honest man. Whiston being silent, was asked his opinion, and said "he thought honesty was the best policy; and if a minister would practise it, he would find it so." To which Craggs replied, "It might do for a fortnight, but would not do for a month." Whiston demanded "if he had ever tried it for a fortnight?" To which he making no answer, the company gave it for Whiston.

FREDERICK NORTH, EARL OF GUILDFORD.—As a wit, his contemporaries appear to have considered him almost without a rival; but his reputation in this respect entirely rests with their recorded assertions; the following being the best specimen of the dicta, preserved of a man who often kept the house in a roar of laughter for several minutes, and of whom Burke said, "Well, there's no denying it, this man has more wit than all of us (meaning the opposition) put together." Walking one day into the china shop of Fogg and Son, he said to one of the partners, "This strange coalition of yours, sir, will soon be at an end; one of the principals must soon gain an ascendancy; for *Fog* will either eclipse *Son*, or *Son* chase *Fog*, so that you see the partnership cannot last." Two brothers having realized handsome fortunes by their commercial transactions with government, Lord North nicknamed one of them a rogue *in spirit*, in allusion to his *rum* contract, and the other a rogue *in grain*, some of his dealings in corn having elevated him to the pillory. To a friend who had asked him what could be his brother's motive for marrying Miss Bannister, he replied "Why

to confess the truth, I can say but little for either her beauty or her fortune, but with regard to family it is different, for I hear she is nearly related to the *Stairs*." A nobleman having alluded to him as that *thing* of a minister, he was advised to resent the expression. "I will," said he, "by continuing in office, as I know his lordship has no other resentment against me, than wishing to be the thing I am." He used to relate, that when he asked the Lord Mayor, during the riots in 1780, why he did not call upon the posse comitatus, he received for answer, "I would have done so, but deuce take the fellow! I don't know where he lives." He was frequently upbraided for snoring on the treasury bench, during the discussion of important topics. While Alderman Sawbridge was speaking in favour of annual parliaments, he raised a laugh among the opposition, by calling the attention of the house to the noble premier, who was drowsily nodding in his place. Lord North, however, protested he was not asleep, while the alderman spoke, "but," added, "I wish to heaven I had been."

**SHERIDAN'S WAGGERY.**—He delighted in practical jokes, and seems to have enjoyed a sheer piece of mischief with all the gusto of a school-boy. At this kind of sport, Tickell and Sheridan were often play-fellows, and the tricks which they inflicted on each other, were frequently attended with rather unpleasant consequences. One night, he induced Tickell to follow him down a dark passage, on the floor of which he had placed all the plates and dishes he could muster, in such a manner, that while a clear path was left open for his own escape, it would have been a miracle if Tickell did not smash two-thirds of them. The result was as Sheridan had anticipated.—Tickell fell among the crockery, which so severely cut him in many places, that Lord John Townshend found him the next day in bed, and covered with patches. "Sheridan has behaved atrociously towards me," said he, "and I am resolved to be revenged on him.—Bat," added he, his admiration at the trick entirely subduing his indignation, "how amazingly well it was managed."

**ROWLAND HILL.**—For the popularity which this divine during a long series of years has enjoyed, as a preacher, he appears to be chiefly indebted to his singularities. Without impeaching the motives of by far the greater part, if

not the whole of his regular congregation, who perhaps admire his ministry, and endeavour to emulate his virtues, it may safely be said, that to vast numbers of those multitudes by whom he has been heard, the curious eccentricities of his style have formed the sole attractions to his chapel. The bad jokes and undignified observations which he is said to have uttered from the pulpit, are as discreditable to his judgment, as his strenuous labours for the relief of distress are honourable to his heart. It is related that once, while his wife was sitting in her pew, he pointed her out as a living illustration of the transitory nature of feminine beauty, commenting in very homely terms on the change which years had wrought in her appearance. "Ladies," said he on another occasion, "love fine caps, so does Mrs. Hill. Yesterday, came home a five guinea one, but she will never wear it, for I poked it into the fire, band-box and all!" One Sunday morning just as she was entering the chapel, he exclaimed, "here comes my wife with a chest of drawers on her head! She went out to buy them, and spent all her money in that hoity-toity bonnet!" In allusion to the fact of his having caused many of the hymns of his chapel to be set to the music of God save the King, Rule Britannia, and other popular compositions, he is said to have observed, that he saw no reason why the devil should engross all the best tunes. Instead of a scriptural text he has been known to select, as the subject of his discourse, a newspaper paragraph. He once commenced a sermon by shouting *Matches! Matches! Matches!* "You wonder," he continued in his usual tone, "at my text, but this morning, while I was engaged in my study, the devil whispered me. Ah! Rowland, your zeal is indeed noble, and how indefatigably you labour for the salvation of souls!" At the very moment a man passed under my window crying "*Matches!*" very lustily, and conscience said to me, "*Rowland, Rowland! you never laboured to save souls with half the zeal that this man does to sell Matches!*" "*Charity my brethren,*" said he in a discourse which he preached in aid of a benevolent institution at Wapping, "*Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and you have need to be charitable, for you are all great sinners, and some of you are whopping sinners.*" As much singularity has been attributed to him in private life as in the pulpit. Hear-

ing a dispute between two of his servants, as to which of them should wash the hall, each declaring "that it was not her business," he sent them both out on errands, and assumed the mop himself. On their return they warmly protested against his being engaged in so menial a task.

"Pho! pho!" said he, "'tis not your business, Peggy, nor your's either, Jane, so it must be mine I suppose." Some of his numberless benevolent actions are described as being tinged with that eccentricity, which pervades the whole of his conduct. While visiting the sick on one occasion in the neighbourhood of his residence, he found a poor emaciated creature, stretched on a miserable bed in a garret, and without a shirt; the kind-hearted divine immediately stripped, and forced his own upon the reluctant invalid, for whom he speedily procured a supply of other necessities, and the assistance of a medical man, who soon restored the patient to health.—One night, after he had been in bed for some hours, he felt an impulse to get up and take a walk. Wandering into the Strand, he was there accosted by an unfortunate woman, with whom he entered into conversation, and finding her, as he thought, weary of her evil course of life and inclined to repent, he took her to his house, and prevailed upon Mrs. Hill to receive her as a domestic. A similar anecdote has been recorded of the celebrated Burke. Being robbed by a foot-pad, whose agitation of manner excited his interest, he asked him how long he had followed the perilous trade of a robber.—"This is my first offence," replied the man, "extreme distress has driven me to it; I have a wife and children in a state of starvation." "If what you state be true," said the divine, "you need not fear to call upon me to-morrow." On the following day, the man presented himself to Mr. Hill, who thought proper to take him into his service, at the same time declaring that he would never divulge the circumstances of their first meeting, until the death of the offender. He faithfully kept his promise and never had cause to regret this romantic act of benevolence, the object of which, after twenty years of honest servitude, died under his roof. He preached his funeral sermon wherein he related the above particulars. An anecdote which appears to be identical with the present has, it is proper to remark, been related of Dr. Fothergill. *The Georgian Era.*

#### RULES FOR EXQUISITES.

(SEE CHAUCER'S ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.  
Page 86.)  
*For the Ollo.*

Wouldst thou in love obtain success,  
See that thou well and smartly dress;  
Improve thy shape in every part  
By the best fitters in the art;  
Even and straight the sleeves and points  
Should be elastic to the joints;  
The boots should be a shining pair  
New from the maker's best and rare;  
And they, with graceful ease should sit,  
Though with so close and good a fit,  
Others should wonder at their ken,  
How they come on and off again.  
Let thy gloves be of costly price,  
Now, smooth, and drawn exceeding nice:—  
And if, of ample means possess'd,  
Be, by thy gifts, a welcome guest;  
If not, deny thyself, to spend  
When call'd upon to serve love's end.  
Always be merry, if thou may,  
But waste not all in Pleasure's ray.  
Fresh as the May, have hat of flowers,  
Chaplet of roses for Whitsun hours,  
For such array the cost is light,  
And yet so pleasing to the sight!  
Thy teeth make white, thy hands wash clean,  
Nor let a speck on thee be seen;  
Thy nails examine, and thy hair,  
Let it be such as youth should wear:  
Farce not thy face, but let it be  
As art and nature's looks agree;  
For love dislikes, at sight, to find  
Beauty not of its loveliest kind;  
In limb be light, in heart be free,  
Good temper'd, kindest in degree,  
And always joyful if thou can,—  
Love does not like a sorrowful man.

T. R. P.

#### THE IRISH CLERGY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE conduct of the Irish priesthood of the middle ages, was not such as should have been expected from ministers of the gospel of peace. The ecclesiastics only imitated the barons in setting the English government at defiance, but there was more consistency, more unity of purpose and design, in the spiritual aristocracy. The barons were frequently forced to yield, but the prelates uniformly prevailed in every contest. One circumstance illustrative of the ludicrous fanaticism of the age deserves to be recorded. (A.D. 1324.) Richard Ledred, bishop of Ossory, having for some unknown reason, become the enemy of a noble lady, named Dame Alice Ketler, summoned her with her son, and several of her dependents, before his spiritual court, on a charge of witchcraft. The indictment was wonderfully specific, and the overt acts charged as precise as possible. She was accused of going through Killenny every evening, immediately before curfew, sweeping the refuse of the streets to her son's door, and muttering the poetic incantation—

"To the house of William my son  
He all the wealth of Kilkenny town."

It was further alleged, that she made assignations near a cross-road with a demon, named Robin Artyson, and provided a strange supper for her strange paramour, to wit, nine red cocks' and eleven peacocks' eyes. After this delicate repast it was stated, that Alice and Robin were accustomed to help digestion by taking an evening excursion all the world over, and the broomstick which served as her charger was produced in court. Finally, it was stated that a sacramental wafer, on which the name of the devil was inscribed, had been found in her chamber. Notwithstanding this body of evidence, the lady was acquitted, but one of her attendants was found guilty and executed. But the bishop was not so easily foiled; the lady was again brought to trial on a new charge of heresy, convicted and burned at the stake, and Adam Duff, a gentleman of a respectable family in Leinster, being convicted of the same offence, shared the same fate. Lord Arnold de la Poer, seneschal of the palatinate to which Kilkenny then belonged, disgusted at these exhibitions of mingled folly and barbarity, interfered to check Ledred's proceedings. The bishop immediately arrested him as a heretic, and when the lord-deputy interfered for his protection, the undaunted prelate extended his charge to that personage himself. In Ireland now was exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of the chief-governor arraigned before a bench of bishops, on a formal charge of heresy. All the business of the State was suspended for the lord-deputy was also chancellor. Parliament, then sitting, was unable to proceed with any business, and the courts of law were closed. After a long and tedious trial the lord-deputy was formally acquitted, and testified his joy by a munificent banquet, open to all comers. Lord de la Poer was not equally fortunate. He had been seized by the bishop in the first instance, and perished in the miserable dungeon to which he had been confined. Not satisfied with this vengeance the bishop appealed to Rome, and obtained a Papal brief, exhorting the king to prevent the growth of heresy in Ireland. But the mischief luckily reverted on the head of its author. Ledred was himself accused of heresy before his metropolitan, and forced to save himself by a precipitate retreat. The remainder of his worthless life was spent in poverty and

exile, but the effects of his mischievous efforts were long and lasting.

### Historic Fragments.

*For the Olio.*

ANTHONY BEAK, BISHOP OF DURHAM.—This prelate, who died in 1310, merits notice for the singularity of his character. He led the van of the First Edward's army gallantly against the Scots; and dared even to make a harsh retort to a reproof from that stern monarch. At Rome, he alone opposed a corps of ruffians who had forcibly entered his house. So active was his mind that he always rose when his first sleep was over; saying, "it was beneath a man to turn in his bed." He was so modest, that although he smiled at the frown of a king, he never could lift his eyes to the face of a woman; and when the remains of St. William were to be removed at York, he was the only prelate whose conscious chastity permitted him to touch the sacred bones.

Yet could this mirror of purity defraud the natural son of his friend, the Lord Vesey, of a large estate, which had been trusted to the bishop's honour. Beak loved military parade, and had knights and soldiers always about him. Vanity prompted him to spend immense sums. For forty fresh herrings he once gave a sum equal to 40 pounds sterling, and a piece of cloth, which had been proverbially said, to be "too dear for the Bishop of Durham," he bought and cut out into horse-cloths. To finish the story of this haughty priest, he once seized a palfrey of Edward, (as a deadend) and at length broke his heart at being excommunicated by the Archbishop of York.

THE DISCOVERER OF MADEIRA.—In 1344 or 5, Madeira is said to have been discovered by Lionel Machin, an English mariner; who, attempting to find an asylum in foreign parts with a maid he loved, was shipwrecked on that island. The lady soon sunk under her accumulated fatigue and distress; and Machin, then the only survivor of the crew, after having dug a grave for his mistress, found means to quit the island, and to reach the coast of Spain. A chapel is said to be built on the spot in memory of this unfortunate pair.

AN EARLY CANDIDATE FOR POETIC HONOURS.—In 1251, a bard, styled "Master Henry, the versifier," had one hundred shillings allowed as a fee of office. This Master Henry chanced

to offend a humorous Cornish poet, named "Michael Blaunpayne," or "Merry Master Michael," by reflections on his country, which drew from the western rhymist a sharp satire, in which Master Henry is thus described :

The thigh of a sparrow, the feet of a goat,  
Hare-lips and boar's fangs, three amours  
denote,

Thou canst whine like a whelp, like a bull thou  
canst roar,

Thou art foul as a witch, and art black as a  
moor.

Thus peerless appearing, believe me thy song-  
ster,

Thy grimly grimaces demonstrate a monster !

The same Michael thus sued to Henry  
III. for a subsistence, or at least for a  
butt of Metheglin :—

Supreme of kings, whom Homer sings, his  
Hector, and Achilles,

I sing for thee, let honey be—my meed, if  
such thy will be.

**THE WANDERING JEW !**—An American archbishop, visiting England about this time to view its shrines and relics, being asked by a monk if he had seen the "wandering jew !" the prelate said "he had ;" a domestic of his gave afterwards a very particular account of the person in question. He had been (as he said) porter to Pontius Pilate. He had observed Jesus when, after his examination, he was dragged out of the judgment-hall ; and striking him on the back, had said, "go, go, why dost linger thus !" "I will go," (answered the divine sufferer) "but *thou* shalt stay until I come again in glory." He had soon after become a Christian and had been called Joseph. Every hundredth year he had been visited by a severe disease, which terminated in a trance, after which he revived to youth and vigour. He told numberless particulars concerning the labours of the apostles, their miracles, martyrdoms, &c. He preserved the character of a holy man, and really seems to have been a most entertaining impostor. J.R.

### Notices of New Books.

**THE GEORGIAN ERA.**—*Memoirs of the most eminent persons who have flourished in Great Britain from the Accession of George the First, to the Demise of George the Fourth, in four volumes.* 8vo. Vol. 1. pp. 582, with 150 Portraits. London. 1832. Vizetelly, Branstons and Co.

BIOGRAPHY has been styled the most entertaining branch of literature, and this work may be adduced as an illustration of the truth of the remark, for turn to what page you will, something

may be found both to interest and instruct.

Here, unlike many other biographers the compiler has not confined himself merely to the dry particulars of birth, parentage, and education, but he has given us, with the strictest impartiality, in a neat, concise, and forcible style, an insight into the mind and actions of the various individuals whose memoirs form the subject of the volume.

No period of our history has been so prolific of distinguished characters as that of "*The Georgian Era*," and to have their biographies brought, as it were, into one focus, is really a desideratum. We think that too much praise cannot be given to the publishers for entering so spiritedly upon such an arduous task, and if it be completed in the same chaste and elegant style it has been commenced in, there is but little doubt a golden reward will crown their labours.

In another part of our sheet will be found copious extracts, which, we have little doubt, will afford our readers much gratification.

### Illustrations of History.

**THE MARRIAGE OF CATHERINE OF ARRAGON WITH PRINCE ARTHUR.**—The marriage ceremony took place on the 14th of November, 1501 ; and on this occasion the interior of St. Paul's was richly decorated, being hung with cloth of Arras, and a raised pathway covered with red say erected, which led to a platform built for the accommodation of the nuptial party. The king and queen were conveniently placed in a latticed closet which overlooked the spot. The Lady Cecil bore the bride's train, and both the Princess and her betrothed were arrayed in white satin ; the former wore a coif of white silk upon her head, edged with a border of gold, pearls, and precious stones, an inch and a half broad, which fell over her in folds. After the ceremony was over, the new married pair shewed themselves to the multitude at the different doors of the church, and were hailed with joyous shouts, and cries of King Henry and Prince Arthur. The bridegroom, in the presence of the assembled crowd, endowed his bride with one-third of his property ; the royal couple then returned to the altar, and heard mass celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, associated with nineteen bishops in their mitres ; and having re-

celved wine, bread, and spices, the Duke of York led the princess to the bishop's palace, followed by above an hundred ladies and gentlemen, "gorgeously apparelled and richly adorned." All the time of the marriage and mass, a fountain issuing out of the foot of a lofty green hill, ran red with wine in the churchyard of St. Paul's. This conduit was encompassed by a paling furnished with a gate, through which the people were admitted to drink its generous stream. The mountain above was covered with green herbs, diversified with rocks and crags of stone, amber and coral, and other "marvellous metals," and crowned upon its topmost height with three trees bearing red roses, flowers of gold, and fruits, from which, oddly enough, sprang armorial bearings, "as though they had been growing." Against the trunks of these trees leaned effigies of the kings of England, France, and Spain, all in complete armour; the first standing in a ship, the second up to his knees in the body of a white hart, and the third issuing from the turrets of a castle. The king of England bearing a sword, the other two holding silver bells in their hands; all having their proper escutcheons upon their heads.

Amid the rejoicings at this marriage were several splendid tournaments; at the first the shields of the combatants were hung upon artificial trees, luxuriant "with pleasant leaves, flowers, and fruit." The galleries erected for the king and queen communicated by broad flights of stairs with the field, and they had another and more private entrance through Westminster Hall. Stages covered with red say were provided for the mayor and aldermen; and there were others let out, as in more modern days, for less distinguished spectators. The ground adjacent to the lists was, we are told, barred "for the excluding of the rudes;" this precaution being taken "as well for the care and regard of their hurt and jeopardies as the disrobbing and impediment of the enactors." Immense multitudes of people were drawn together to witness the sports, filling the stages, windows, walls, and battlements; "so that, to sight and perceiving was nothing but only visages and faces, without appearance of bodies." A shrill burst of the trumpets announced the entrance of the challengers: Lord Barnes, Lord Henry of Buckingham, and two knights appeared in white harness, and mounted upon goodly coursers, and followed by the

Duke of Buckingham in his pavilion of silk, white and green, richly ornamented with turrets and pinnacles of curious work, set full of red roses, which was borne by a vast multitude of the duke's retinue, in black and red silk jackets, and attended by many other of his servants and gallants, well horsed and trapped, with spangles of gold and bells. In this splendid array Buckingham and his party paid their obeisances to the king, and afterwards taking their places, awaited their antagonists. The challenged entered with equal pomp; the first appearing on horseback on the deck of a ship, under a stately pavilion, the whole of which was carried by his attendants. Sir John Peche, knight, rode with his pavilion of red silk borne over his head. The Lord William of Devonshire came on a red dragon, which was led by a giant holding an uprooted tree in his hand. The Earl of Essex stationed on a mountain wooded and craggy, "with herbs, stones, and marvellous beasts upon the sides; and on its topmost height "a goodly young lady" with flowing locks, "pleasantly beseen," followed; and lastly came the Lord Marquis of Dorset, riding in complete harness in the midst of a costly pavilion of cloth of gold; careering round the field, this gallant company courteously saluted the king, and then proceeded to commence the sports, which one of the commemorating historians declares to have been "such marciell feates, such valiant justes, such vigorous turneys, such fierce fight at the barreyers, as before that time was of no man had in remembrance." A banquet and disguising followed this splendid exhibition. Henry, his queen, and nobles, assembled in Westminster Hall, which was magnificently furnished for the occasion. The first pageant represented a castle: this piece of machinery was placed upon wheels, and drawn by four wild animals, two of which were lions, and the other a hart and an ibex; seven goodly ladies appeared at the different windows of the fortress, and in each of the turrets "a little child, apparelled like a maiden, sang full sweetly and harmoniously," as the cumbrous engine rolled the whole length of the hall. This fantastic device was followed by another equally ingenious. A ship upon wheels, with all her canvas flying, properly trimmed and rigged, "as though it had been sayling in the sea," manned by a jovial company, "who in their countenances, speeches, and demeanour, used and

behaved themselves after the manner and fashion of mariners." A fair lady attired in a Spanish dress, in compliment to the Princess Catherine, was a passenger on board this stately vessel, which cast anchor under the walls of the castle; and representing themselves to be ambassadors from a band of knights, who now entered the hall inclosed in a mountain; the crew sent Hope and Desire, with banners displayed, to solicit the fair dames of the castle in their behalf. The ladies denying all knowledge of the knights, refused audience to their envoys, who taking great displeasure at this repulse, threatened the castle with a siege by the suitors so disdainfully rejected. Sailing directly to the mountain, the mariners reported the ill success of their embassy; and the knights advancing instantly to the assault, the ladies, after a faint show of resistance, yielded to their prowess; and the whole party danced together "many goodly dances." Prince Arthur and the Lady Cecil next performed two bass dances; the Princess Catherine and one of her ladies danced together after the Spanish manner; and the Duke of York, leading out his sister, the Lady Margaret, after a time finding himself embarrassed by his cumbrous dress, "suddenly cast off his gown, and daunced in his jacket with the said Lady Margaret, in so goodly and pleasant manner, that it was to the king and queen right great and singler pleasure." After the dance had concluded, spices and wine were presented to the king and his guests by five score couple of earls, barons, and knights, besides squires, having collars and chains of gold about their necks. These noble servitors were followed by the yeomen of the guard, bearing pots of wine to replenish the cups. The spice plates, we are told, were furnished in "a most bounteous manner" with the most esteemed condiments of the time, and "the nombre of spice plates goodly and marvellous, which was the more to be wondred, for that the cupboard was nothing touched, but stode complete garnished and full-filled not once dymynished." Other tournaments and disguisings followed, rivalling those which preceded them in magnificence; and at a banquet given by the king at Westminster, the prizes were bestowed upon the victors. "First, the Duke of Buckingham had given him a rich and precious stone, a diamond of great virtue and price; the

Lord Marquis of Dorset a ruby, and the other precious stones and rings of gold most excellently wrought." These festivals ended, the court made preparations for their removal to Richmond.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

#### THE BASTARD DUKE OF NORMANDY.

—William was the produce of an amour between Robert the Devil, and a very spirited damsel, a tanner's daughter, named Harlotta, who is supposed to have bequeathed her name to the numerous followers of her vocation.—Robert saw her accidentally dancing round a May-pole, he beckoned to her and she flew to his arms. The boy when first born shewed his disposition towards acquiring property, by pertinaciously grasping straws with uncommon force. He was always rather delicate, as to the article of his birth, and having sworn once, "by the splendour of God" (his usual oath) that he would make the people of Alencon suffer for ridiculing his mother, by stretching tanned skins on their walls, he kept his word at the cost of the eyes, hands, and feet of twenty-two of their burghers.

### Anecdotaliana.

#### THE PHRENOLOGISTS AT FAULT.—

Marshal Marmont, who was no advocate for the science of phrenology, once took it into his head to call in disguise on Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. The two professors did not know his person, and examined the protuberances of his pericranium with all due gravity, and then gave it as their fiat, that he was deficient in the organ of courage, advising him at the same time not to choose a military life. The Marshal still preserving his incognito remarked, that he had never been accused of a want of courage, but bowed to their judgment. On taking leave, Marmont remarked, that perhaps they might wish to know on whose head they had pronounced an opinion, the doctors smiled assent, and the Marshal with a low bow announced his name and title, leaving the two phrenological professors bursting with mortification at the mistake they had committed, for the valour of Marmont had never been doubted.



## Diary and Chronology.

**Wednesday, Feb. 22.**

*St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.*

*High Water 12m. aft. 6. Mer.—20m. aft. 6 after.*

Daisies, when the weather is mild, are about this period getting common here and there.

And then the Band of flutes began to play,

To which a lady sung a virelay :

And still 'at every close she would repeat

"The burden of the song, "The daisy is so sweet;"

"The daisy is so sweet," when she begun.

The troops of knights and dames continued on

The consort ; and the voice so charmed my ear,

And soothed my soul, that it was heaven to hear.

**Thursday, Feb. 23.**

*St. Basil, Prior of Melrose, Confessor.*

*Moon's last year. Ok. 22m. after.*

Our saint was Prior of the famous Melrose Abbey in Scotland. He appeared twice after his death to one of his disciples, in the form of a spirit, about the year 1030.

Anniversary of the birth-day of Mason the poet, who has written thereon the following lines, descriptive of the usual weather of the end of February.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY. BY MASON.

In the long course of seventy years and one,

Oh! I have known on this my natal day,

Hoar frost and sweeping snow prolong their sway

The wild winds whistle, and the forests groan ;

But now Spring's smile has veil'd stern winter's frown ;

And now the birds on every budding spray

Chant orisons, as to the morn of May.

**Friday, Feb. 24.**

*St. Matthias the apostle.*

*Sun rises 47m. aft. 6. Morn.—Sets 14m. aft. 5.*

This saint was one of the seventy disciples ; and being eminently distinguished for his devout attention to the discourses of our Saviour, was proposed to the apostles with Joseph, surnamed Barabas, and Justus, as one of the candidates to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judas Iscariot ; the eleven apostles having implored the Almighty to direct their choice between these pious disciples : " they gave forth their lots, and the lot fell upon Matthias," who thereupon was considered as the elect of Providence ; which was afterwards amply confirmed by his receiving the Holy Ghost, with the other apostles, ten days after the Ascension. The festival of St. Matthias has been differently observed by the Church on Leap years ; sometimes on the 15th of February ; and the proper period for holding it is yet far from being generally understood : it is now positively settled invariably to be celebrated on the 24th of February, as well Leap as in other years.

**Saturday, Feb. 25.**

*St. Tarasius, Patron of Constantinople. A. D. 806.*

*High Water 11m. aft. 8. Mer.—44m. aft. 8 after.*

FEB. 25, 1431.—Eugenius IV. was chosen Pope after the death of Martin V. An eclipse of the sun, which occurred at the time, was thought very ominous to the new Pope. The superstition of the times made this opinion be regarded as more certain, by the events which followed. Soon after his succession, his Holiness was nearly killed by the failure of a beam in the floor of a public hall, and

a bishop and other persons were trodden to death by the crowd in endeavouring to escape. Three years after, in consequence of discontents in Rome, and the menaces of the Duke of Melun, the Pope was obliged to fly to Florence in the disguise of a monk.

**Sunday, Feb. 26.**

**SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.**

*Lessons for the Day.—3 ch. of Genesis. 6 ch. of Genesis.*

The name of the first Sunday in Lent having been distinguished by the appellation of Quadragesima, and the three weeks preceding having been appropriated to the gradual introduction of the Lent fast, it was consistent with propriety to call the three Sundays of these weeks by names significant of their situation ; and reckoning by Decades, the Sunday preceding Quadragesima received its present title of Quinquagesima, the second, of which we are now speaking, Sexagesima, and the third Septuagesima.

**Monday, Feb. 27.**

*St. Leander, Bp. of Sevilla. A. D. 506.*

*Sun rises 44m. aft. 6.—Sets 30m. aft. 5.*

**MOSES.**—Professor Rennie, in his delightful notes of a Naturalist, in that very useful and intelligent work, "Time's Telescope," states, that "it may be remarked, that mosses are now in their fullest verdure, and many of them advanced to fructification, being destined, it would appear, to keep up the green tints of nature, when all other vegetation is dead or slumbering, and to protect the roots of larger plants from vicissitudes of cold, as well as of heat, and from too much moisture, as well as too great dryness. Marsh and water mosses have a tendency to produce soil, and to convert morasses into solid land, while they effect the purification of the water in which they grow, by absorbing the putrescent substances with which it may be corrupted, and by exhaling oxygen in exchange." There are but few mosses that send roots into the soil beyond a few lines, so that they cannot impoverish it so much as has been supposed. Mosses, indeed, seem like the air-plant of India, to derive their chief nourishment from moist air ; a circumstance which may account for their growing on trees, walls, and bare rocks, where there is little, if any soil to support vegetation.

**Tuesday, Feb. 28.**

*Martyr of the Pestilence of Alexandria. A. D. 261.*

*High Water, 12h. 0. m. Morn. Ok. Om. aftern.*

Now the hedge sparrow sings, as does also the sky-lark in the morning. And now may be heard the field-lark enlivening the stubble fields.

**THE EARLY SPRING DAY.**

The sun shines bright, the bees are out,

Humming the early flowers about :

Of crocus, yellow, striped, and blue,

Of hellebores of paler hue—

And noble liverworts, that blowing

In crimson, white, and blue, are glowing ;

With snow-drops, while low drooping beads

Of purest white, sweet emblem sheds

Of Mary's maiden chastity,

Mother of God in her virginity.

Part 54 will be ready with the Magazines. A few complete sets in Volumes and Parts may now be had.

# The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. X.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, March 3, 1833.



See p. 148

## Illustrated Article.

### ANNETTE OF ST. PERAU.

*For the Otto.*

A few leagues from Nîmes, in the late province of Languedoc, is the quiet and retired village of St. Perau. Standing some distance from the high road, it is rarely sought except by those having business with the inhabitants, or, at long intervals, by some pedestrian wandering out of the beaten track in search of those beauties of nature which the bye-ways so often present, and are seen with more heartfelt enjoyment when bursting unawares on the sight of some way-worn searcher of the picturesque, than those more gorgeous

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views in the high-roads, the description of which has raised the expectation to the highest pitch, merely to shew that the reality always falls far short of the anticipation.

It was in this village that Pierre and Annette had passed their infancy; they were respectively the son and daughter of men who had began life together; had followed the same occupation, that of vine-growers, and been for years neighbours and sworn friends; whose common wish too was for a future day to see that friendship more strongly cemented by the marriage of their children. It could not therefore be much a matter of surprise that betwixt their children there was more than friendship. Pierre saw with much delight

that few girls for miles around could compete with his little wife, as he called her, either in face or form; and that to be considered like Annette of St. Perau was a compliment many a bright and blue-eyed girl was justly proud of. Annette, too, was never so happy as when in company with Pierre, her partner in the summer dance, or wandering with him beside the river Gardon, listening to his projects for the future, when they were man and wife.

When Pierre was about twenty, by the death of his father, he was left alone to cultivate his small "Terrein;" it was more than sufficient to keep him in comfort; and he could therefore carry into effect those plans of happiness he had so long looked forward to. What happiness could be greater than to have his dear Annette as his wife in the same village and very house where he had been born? cares would not be likely to obtrude themselves; for if he were not rich, he could always command sufficient to live in comfort; the man, he thought, who would desire more did not deserve as much. When more than a year had elapsed, he proposed to Annette's father that their union should at once take place. He explained to him frankly his circumstances, and intimated it could be no secret that Annette was not altogether averse to such a match. The proposition on the part of Pierre, though not unexpected, was nevertheless unwelcome to the father of Annette. A year or two previous he had entered into some speculations, for the purpose of carrying on which he had borrowed money of a Mons. Tarnier, a person who had formerly been in trade, but, having amassed what he considered a sufficiency, had retired, and purchased a moderate sized house at St. Perau, which he made his residence. The speculation of Mons. Dumont, much to his surprise, and I believe to the surprise of every one who enters into them, failed. It was very astonishing how it could have happened; and particularly unfortunate that he had not foreseen it, since he might have provided some means of repaying the money; but true it was that paying was entirely out of the question; for he had not only lost what he borrowed, but all his own besides; and as to the sale of his land, that would not be sufficient by one half. He put the best face on the matter; went to Mons. Tarnier, told him all the circumstances, that the

speculation had failed, and that he had not wherewithal to repay the loan. Mons. Tarnier did not seem at all surprised that the speculation should have failed, and much less that, having so done, Dumont was unable to pay him what he had lent; he assured him that it was but a trifle; this Dumont denied, because he could not see that when a man owed twice as much as he was able to pay, that it was to be called a trifle. Tarnier informed him that it was in his power to more than pay him twice over. Dumont could not at all perceive how; and the other explained, by saying that the charms of Annette had made such an indelible impression in his heart, that for her sake he would sacrifice every thing; and if he were to become her husband, would not only release Dumont from all claims he had against him, but supply him with money to begin the speculation anew: to this arrangement the father acceded; and it was whilst he was debating in his own mind how to gain the consent of Annette, that Pierre inopportunistly urged his suit. There was no other way to answer Pierre than by informing him of every thing. What was the amount!—far, far more than Pierre, by the sale of every thing, could hope to obtain. That he was obliged to admit; but with unusual ardour, he still urged his suit, and the folly as well as heartlessness of forcing the girl to marry one she could never love: it would be to her the source of never ending sorrows, and embitter the whole of a life which might otherwise be passed in content and happiness. Besides, how could he reconcile it to his feelings to sell his only child for money. Pierre was confident that he never loved his daughter, since he could barter her person and affections for gold, as if he were selling a beast of the field. Dumont remained inflexible; but promised that he would wait five years, as Annette was still young; and if, during that time, Pierre could raise sufficient money to release him from his present difficulties, the girl should then be his. This promise he made without the remotest intention of keeping; but the presence and importunities of Pierre became annoying and perplexing, and he was glad to get rid of him on any terms.

Pierre sought the object of his affections, and overwhelmed her with grief by informing her of the barrier that was raised against their union; she felt much for her father, who had incon-

considerately plunged himself into difficulties, but more for him whom she had looked forward to as soon having the right of calling her by the fond name of wife. It was with sorrow she listened to his plans for the future; she could not combat them effectually, and yet strove to raise difficulties which she thought might prove insurmountable, though why she scarcely knew.

Pierre's intentions were to sell his little plot of ground, place the money raised by the sale in the hands of some friend, and then throw himself upon the world, and endeavour, by the most frugal and parsimonious means, to raise the rest of the money which Dumont owed, long ere the time allowed him had passed. He thought that far from his native home and village, in the large towns and cities, where readier means of gaining wealth are to be found than in the quiet spot where he had passed his early years, some opportunity might present itself of gaining what he sought.

His plans were soon carried into execution, at least so far as regarded the sale of his small plot of land, and placing the money in the hands of a friend; but his resolution almost failed him when the time came to bid adieu to his dear Annette. It was the first time it had been for more than a few hours that they had been apart; and those few hours had seemed like lengthened days, they crept so slowly on; but now it was an absence of years, perhaps for ever, and all before him was uncertainty; he might prosper, he might not. It was a venture in the lottery of life. Annette accompanied him until they reached the main road leading to Paris, and, leaning against a stump of a tree, remained watching him as the rise and fall of the road brought him at intervals to her view; nor was it until the turning of the road shut him from her sight, that she felt she was truly alone; her feelings almost mastered her; but striving to subdue them, she sought the village, which had now lost every charm, and could only bring to mind the remembrance of many happy hours.

Intelligence was occasionally received at the village respecting Pierre: the first they heard of him was, that being at Clermont during the time the Conscription was drawing, the son of a rich banker of the town had the misfortune to be drawn, and not being partial to a military life, particularly in the station assigned to him, had

striven by every means to obtain a substitute; this was not an easy thing to do, the previous Conscription having taken most of those who were suitable, and the others held back, in hopes of being tempted by something considerable. The young man offered what to Pierre seemed a large sum, and he accepted it, transmitted the money to the friend who had the care of the rest, and became a soldier. The next intelligence they received was, that he had been draughted into a regiment of Hussars, and was one of those in the expedition to Russia; and the third and last was after a long lapse, and brought the news of the disastrous retreat from Moscow, and the death of Pierre, who had fallen a victim to the severity of the climate.

It was shortly after the news of Pierre's death arrived, that Mons. Tarnier declared, that as every means of raising the money by Pierre's endeavours was now at an end, that he must either be paid or receive the hand of Annette; and was incessantly talking to the poor girl about huissiers, arrets, and prisons, which would be her father's doom, unless she yielded her consent to become his wife. If she turned to her father praying not to be sacrificed to the man she abhorred and detested, who had been the cause of her own unhappiness and Pierre's death, still the same din of prisons and persecutions of the law rang in her ears; and finding no relief, no one to say a kind consoling word, the almost broken hearted girl became as passive and spiritless as her admirer wished. There was but one thing she clung to with any degree of pertinacity, and that was for the marriage not taking place until the expiration of the five years; it wanted but eighteen months she had promised Pierre to wait; and if he were dead she did not feel absolved from her promise; it was but that one boon she asked; would they deny her; it could be of little consequence to them, whilst to her it would be the means of rendering her future years less bitter, to think she had not broken her faith with him whom she had so fondly loved. But at this they laughed; it was merely an idle scruple, there was no cause for postponing the marriage, delays were dangerous; and the result was, that Tarnier led to the altar the vestige of the once blooming Annette. Her bright sparkling eye had lost all its former lustre; her cheeks were blanched with an almost unearthly

whiteness; and the faint and scarcely heard responses that fell from the bride, found the greatest difficulty in gaining utterance. It was a truly sad wedding; none seemed joyous; it was more like the ceremony of a young and fair creature taking those vows which for ever shut her from the pleasures of the world she had scarce began to taste, and which she knew would immure her till death in the dark wall of a cloister.

So far Mons. Tarnier considered himself a happy man. But men have different feelings as to what constitutes happiness; and many cannot know them without the object of their choice has some kindred affection; but this was not his case. He never even thought if the poor sad creature he had made his wife had either feelings or affections. He had seen her when her heart was light and gay, the glow of health upon her cheeks, and the smile upon her countenance. Had he loved? No, not for an instant. It was partly brutal passion, but more the desire of possessing that which every one admired. To effect his purpose, he had left nothing unturned, no lie, no deceit, every thing that villainy could bring into play he had employed; and when he triumphed, what was it over? a poor broken-hearted girl. A great triumph truly.

It was towards the close of a beautiful summer's day that the comparative coolness of the evening had tempted Annette to stray some distance from home; she was alone, for her husband seldom offered to be the companion of her walk, nor did she wish it. There was no communion of feeling betwixt them; and her own musings were more congenial to her mind than the ill-timed remarks and sarcastic observations that he generally used when they were together. She had wandered, without being aware, to the turning of the road where she had parted with Pierre. It had often since her marriage been the place she had sought to wile away an hour in meditation, and always left with sadness to seek a home, the sight of which she abhorred. The stump of a tree was still there; and, leaning against it, she tried to forget the intervening time since she had last seen Pierre. Strange, she thought, that it should have been on this very day five years ago that we stood here together for the last time. Little did I then think it was for ever we parted; that from thence I should have to date long

years of misery; but I feel it cannot last much longer; forebodings come across my mind that I shall not long remain one of earth's creatures. I have nothing in life to wish the day far off, would it were here. Her attention was at that moment attracted by the approaching sounds of horses' steps. She looked towards the road; it was merely an officer and his servant, who seemed following the high road to Nismes; and she turned towards home. The officer at that moment pulled up his horse, and, dismounting, came towards her. Had she been strong enough, she would have increased her pace, but her weakness forbade it. "Unhand me, sir," she exclaimed, as he clasped her in his arms; "is it like an officer and a gentleman to insult an unprotected woman?"

"What, Annette!"

"Let me go, sir, I beseech you."

"Surely you do not know me."

"I do not, sir, nor do I wish."

"Not wish! Is it so, Annette; is this your welcome after years of absence; has time then wrought so great a change? I did not expect this."

"I do not understand this language. It is but adding to your insult. I say let me go, sir, I do not know you."

"Not know me!" said he; at the same time releasing her. "The Pierre of former days has then been forgotten. Well, well, I will not force myself upon your remembrance." Saying which, he turned away.

"Oh, sir, stay an instant. You spoke of Pierre: I will listen to you if you will speak to me of him. I have not heard that name for many a day, save when I have spoken it to myself."

"Why should I speak to you of him. Surely it were better he should speak himself. Look, Annette," said he, lifting off at the same time his military cap; "are these features so altered that you cannot recognise them?"

"Merciful heavens, what do I see! It cannot be; and yet that face—yes, yes, it must be; it is not to be mistaken."

Saying which, she rushed into his arms, and remained for some moments, resting her head upon his breast.

"You are a strange girl, Annette; but you look pale and ill."

"Do I, Pierre? I do not feel so. I am happy, very happy; but look at me, and tell me, am I dreaming?"

"Why, I almost think you are, or you would not have been so long ere you recognised me."

"Oh, Pierre, I did not expect a

moment such as this. I feel so light and gay, so happy I have not been for many a long day. Look, Pierre, there is the old tree where we parted; it has not yet been cut down. And look, further on is the village; you must remember them."

"Yes, Annette, indeed I do. They have been present to my mind full often. And how has the tedium of the night-watch been beguiled when I have thought of thee. I have prospered in the world, Annette; I am rich and honoured. I have been noticed by the Emperor, who has made me what I am. I rendered him some unexpected assistance at the retreat of Moscow; since which he has never forgotten me, and has kept me near his person; by which means I escaped the fate of my former unfortunate regiment. But what would all that I have attained, be without thee. No; I have but coveted them to share with you; we shall indeed be happy."

"Oh yes, Pierre, very happy."

"This is the last day of the five years. When I left I did not expect to return such as I am. What pleasure it will be for me to present you at Court when we are married."

"Married did you say, Pierre?"

"Yes, Annette, I did say married; what is there to make you so shudder at the word?"

"Oh I have been deceived, cruelly deceived. I see through it now. It was all false they told me; and they knew it too. Oh Pierre, I have been wronged, cruelly wronged; I have been made to believe you dead, and ——"

"And what?"

"To save my father from destruction, I became the wife of—oh, for mercy's sake, do not look so upon me, I cannot bear it."

"But my letters?"

"I have never received any."

"There has been some foul villainy at work; and by it I have been robbed of that I have looked for years so fondly to. Tell me, is it that man Tarnier whose wife you now are?"

"Yes, Pierre, it is indeed the same."

"May the deadliest curse of man light on him, and sink him to perdition. But why do I use the weapons of a woman? I will have revenge, deep and bitter revenge; if he has the power to injure me, so has he to atone for it. Annette, it is not against thee I would hurl the passion my injury has called up. You look so weak and ill, you would disarm a madman of his fury."

Lean upon my arm, and I will lead you to the village."

When they had arrived nearly at her home she was almost exhausted; but, ere parting, she promised Pierre to meet him on the following day at the old tree; and, after folding her in his arms, and imprinting many a kiss on her pale cheeks, he hurried away, venting the deepest curses on the man who had robbed him of his heart's dearest object.

On the following day Annette was in no condition to keep her engagement. The surprise she had received—the feelings of disappointment at the deceit which she found had been practised to induce her to become the wife of the man she detested, had proved too much for her; the mind had sunk beneath the overwhelming weight of despondency; she but gathered together the small remnant of her strength to vent it out in loud and incoherent ravings; and, as her weakness grew upon her, they subsided into prayers for forgiveness. Nature at length could bear no more; and looking up to heaven for that she had not power to ask, her spirit passed from earth.

On leaving Annette, Pierre had hastened to discover by what means his letters had been intercepted, and was not much surprised at finding that Tarnier had contrived to gain possession of them, and fabricated the news of his death, which he well knew had not taken place. He was on his road towards the village the day after, to keep his appointment, when he was informed of the death of Annette. The information staggered him at the moment; but he tried to suppress any outward emotion; the contracted brow and heaving breast, however, shewed plainly that the feelings were striving to burst forth. It was but the promise of revenge that kept them down, then they might burst forth as they would.

Mons. Tarnier was standing in one of his rooms looking over some directions for his wife's funeral, which he had just written down, when Pierre was shewn into him. It was the day after that on which she died. He looked up, but could not recognise his visitor, who, much to his alarm, the moment he had entered turned the key in the door.

"Pray, sir," said he, "what am I to understand by this?"

"What you will; I care not. Look sir, and see if you can recognise that Pierre you have so deeply injured."

But I come not to talk with you ; here are two swords, they are of equal length ; choose ——”

“ The man is mad ; you do not suppose I am going to fight with you.”

“ By heavens, but you shall.”

“ I am not a soldier, and fighting is not my trade ; as it appears to be your's, if I have injured you, the laws of the country will redress your grievance.”

“ I will not talk with you thus. If you will not defend yourself, then let the crime of murder be upon my head ; defend yourself I say for the last time.”

“ Surely you will not murder me in cold blood,” exclaimed the other in the utmost trepidation ; at the same time lifting up one of the swords to protect himself in some degree from the threatened attack ; but his guard was instantly beat down, and Pierre's sword passed through his body ; he fell, saying he was a murdered man.

“ That I cannot deny,” exclaimed Pierre, turning away ; “ his blood is upon my hand ; but I am avenged, and so is poor Annette. Had you not stepped between us,” said he, looking towards the dying man, “ and done that by the basest means you could not hope to do by fair, I had not become your murderer ; you brought it on yourself.” Saying which he left the room ; and mounting his horse, which had remained without, he dashed right across the country, avoiding the bridle-roads, but keeping always in the line towards the sea-coast.

I never could ascertain with any degree of certainty what subsequently became of Pierre. In the village it was reported that he was one of the French officers in the service of the Grand Seigneur, where he had risen to high rank. Whether there was any foundation for the report I know not ; but he never afterwards was seen in France.

J. M. B.

**HE THAT HAS EARS LET HIM HEAR.**  
—“ An old pilot of the Moluccas,”

says Pigafetta, “ assures me of a verity, that they had pigmies there who dwell in caverns, and had ears so very long that they slept upon one, and covered themselves with the other.”

**TOO TRUE.**—When Socrates built himself a small house, he was reproached for it. “ Small as it is,” said he, “ I wish I were capable of filling it with friends !”

## THE FORSAKEN.

They snatched her from the turbid stream,  
Where downward she had wildly sprung ;  
And by the lantern's midnight gleam,

They saw that she was young,  
That she was young and had been fair,  
Ere won and wedded by despair,  
Ere that grim lord had crowned his cup.  
With Hope's last drops, and drunk it up—  
Urging her headlong forth to close  
Existence and its countless woes.

And when her soul returned to light,  
And kindred's rude revived her frame,  
They asked her why she did that night

The frenzied act of shame,  
To her now dim and hollow eyes,  
Silent and thick the tear drops rise ;  
A fever spot illumines her cheek,  
Her thin pale lips seem loathe to speak ;  
At length, without or sob or sigh,  
Reproachfully she did reply—

“ Why did I that ? ” The sister told  
Than what to-morrow I shall do ;  
Since I've been fated to behold  
This world once more through you.  
Why did I that ? What could be done  
By her who sheltering place had none ?  
A girl without the name of friends,  
Save those who came for basest ends ;  
I did not seek Death's dismal gate,  
Until I could no longer wait !

There is a church-yard in the west,  
With shrubs and wild flowers overgrown ;  
There my beloved parents rest,  
Beneath a moss-green stone :  
I will not do their ashes shame,  
In this strange place to breathe their name ;  
Enough they died long since—that I,  
Last of a hapless family,  
Trusting to honesty and heaven  
For bread to this great town was driven.

And how I strove that bread to gain,  
God and my broken spirit know ;  
And how I sought for it in vain,  
A wasted form can show !  
And how I left no art untried,  
That insensance might use to pride,  
For leave to win, with unstained hand,  
A morsel in my native land ;  
And how all this was thrown away,  
Let London's stony bosoms say !

“ Ah me ! I suffered much and long,  
In health and strength and temper worn ;  
I thought no soul uncharged with wrong,  
Deserved to be so torn.  
Spring, summer, autumn, cheerless past,  
Forth swept the cutting winter blast,  
Doomed in life's May with want to pine,  
Dally to feel my powers decline ;  
I raised to heaven a fervent prayer,  
To finish pangs too keen to bear !

“ I prayed unheard, still lingered on—  
Gleaning a respite from the grave ;  
And as my last day stay was gone,  
Came one who vowed to save ;  
He spoke so soft, he looked so mild,  
So like a father to his child,  
That I unlock'd my stores of grief.  
Already conscious of relief ;  
And Hope arose, as from the tomb,  
And shone an angel through the gloom !

“ Back to the memory of the time,  
Which brought me to the ruffian's door,  
I heard his false lip lure to crime,  
Fled and returned no more.  
December's shadows, drear and dim,  
Were round me when I rushed from him ;

I seemed with sudden vigour braced,  
As on from street to street I paced,  
Like some much looked-for messenger,  
Hurrying—alas! I knew not where!

'It is not in my power to tell  
How long that tempest of the mind  
Whirled me before it—when it fell,  
It left far worse behind!  
The step-dame earth showed sought to me  
But woe, or nameless is'amy;  
And something whispered—better give  
Thy Maker back thy breath, than live  
A few more miserable days,  
In anguish or pollution's ways.

'I stood upon a stately bridge,  
Where Grief and Guilt alike repair—  
And leaning o'er its granite ridge,  
Implored forgiveness there!  
Forgiveness at the mercy-seat,  
That I should rather dare to meet  
Uncalled, the Almighty's righteous eye—  
Then tax the world's humanity;  
Then creep I to a dusky spot—  
And—farther, I remember not!'

### MEMOIR OF JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.\*

This feeling and generous-minded man, whose gentle manners, polite learning, and excellent talents, entitled him to an acquaintance with the first characters of the age, died in 1826, at the great age of eighty-five. This classical scholar and polished gentleman, who had (as a correspondent observes in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1837) "the habit of enlivening and embellishing every thing which he said with a certain lightning of eye and honied tone of voice," shone in the first literary circles, and ranked as his intimate and valued friends (among many other enlightened persons) David Garrick, Warburton, Hurd, Johnson, Goldsmith, Percy, and Parr. Dr. Johnson called him "a very pleasing gentleman." Indeed, he appears from every account to have been in all respects an amiable and accomplished person. He had the honour of being selected to dance a minuet with the most graceful of all dancers, Mrs. Garrick, at the Stratford Jubilee. It was to Mr. Cradock, that Dr. Farmer addressed his unanswerable Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare. In acts of humanity and kindness, he was surpassed by few. Pope's line of the *gay conscience of a life well spent*, might well have been applied to Mr. Cradock. When in Leicestershire, "he was respected by people of all parties for his worth, and idolized by the poor for his benevolence." This honest and honourable

man, depicted his own mind in the concluding part of his inscription, for the banks of the lake he formed in his romantic and picturesque grounds, in that county:—

Here on the bank Pomona's blossoms glow,  
And sunny myriads sparkle from below;  
Here let the mind at peaceful anchor rest,  
And heaven's own sunshine cheer the guiltless breast.

In 1773 he partly took his "Zobeide" from an unfinished tragedy by Voltaire. On sending a copy to Ferney, the enlightened veteran thus concluded his answer: "You have done too much honour to an old sick man of eighty. I am, with the most sincere esteem and gratitude,

"Sir, your obedient Servant,  
"VOLTAIRE."\*

A miniature portrait of him was taken by Hone, in 1764, when Mr. Cradock was in his prime of life, in his twenty-second year, and when his piercing eyes and intelligent countenance, were thought to have resembled those of Mr. Garrick.

### A LITERARY PARTY. †

I dined yesterday, with a very distinguished party, at Mr. M\*\*\*\*\*'s, consisting of Moore, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, and other *beaux esprits*; Mitchell, the translator of *Aristophanes*; and some others, of less name and fame. The first is, certainly, a most unpoetical figure. Nor is his countenance, at first sight, more promising than his person. When you study it, however; when you consider the height of the bald crown, the loftiness of the receding pyramidal forehead; the marked, yet expanded and graceful lines of the mouth; above all, when you catch the bright smile and the brilliant eye-beam, which accompany the flashes of his wit and the sallies of his fancy; you forget, and are ready to disavow your former impressions. To Moore, Lockhart offers a strong and singular contrast. Tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed, his head possesses a noble contour, the preci-

\* *Mons. de Voltaire* was so charmed with the taste and talents, and polite manners of *Le Sage*, that he paid him the following compliment; which may very justly be applied to Mr. Cradock:

Il reçut deux présents des Dieux,  
Les plus charmans qu'ils puissent faire;  
L'un étoit le talent de plaire,  
L'autre le secret d'être heureux.

† From the *Remains of Edmund D. Griffin* of New York. Published in that City 1831.

\* From a lately published volume "On the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening."



sion and harmony of outline, which distinguish classic sculpture. It possesses, too, a striking effect of colour, in a complexion pale, yet pure, and hair black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful, (he seems scarce more than thirty) yet I should designate reflection as the prominent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead; those arched and pencilled brows; those retired, yet full dark eyes; the accurately chiseled nose; the compressed, though curved lips. His face is too thin, perhaps, for mere beauty; but this defect heightens its intellectual character. Our distinguished countryman is of about the ordinary height, and rather stout in person. His hair is black, and his complexion "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." His eyes are of a pale colour; his profile approaches the Grecian, and is remarkably benevolent and contemplative. Mr. Smith carries a handsome good-natured countenance; and Mr. Mitchell's physiognomy, though not handsome, is, at least, amiable.

The conversation at dinner consisted chiefly in the relation of anecdotes. To my great disappointment, no discussion of any length or interest took place. It must be admitted that the anecdotes were select, and told with infinite wit and spirit. Many of them, I doubt not, were the inventions of the narrators. Such seemed to be peculiarly the case with Mr. Moore and Mr. Smith; who, though seated at different ends of the table, frequently engaged each other from time to time, in a sort of contest for superiority. This contest, however, was still carried on in the same way. Both tried only which could relate the most pungent witticism, or tell the most amusing story. The subjects of the anecdotes in general were extremely interesting. Lord Byron, and other eminent men, with whom the speakers had been or were familiar, were frequently brought upon the stage. Mr. Lockhart, meantime, though he seemed to enjoy the pleasant-ries of others, contributed none of his own. Whatever he did say, was in a Scottish accent, and exhibited strong sense and extensive reading. Mr. Irving seems to be one of those men, who, like Addison, have plenty of gold in their pockets, but are almost destitute of ready change. His reserve, however, is of a strikingly different character from that of the editor of the Quarterly. The one appears the reserve of sensibility; the other that of

thought. The taste of the one leads him apparently to examine the suggestions of his own mind with such an over scrupulosity, that he seldom gives them utterance. The reflection of the other is occupied in weighing the sentiments expressed, and separating the false from the true. Mr. Irving is mild and bland, even anxious to please. Mr. Lockhart is abstracted and cold, almost indifferent.

On returning to the drawing-room, the scene was changed, though the great actors remained in part at least the same. Music was substituted for conversation. Mr. Smith gave an original song, full of humour and variety. Mr. Moore was induced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing; it is perfectly unique. The combination of music, and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man, in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backward, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me, in many respects, my conceptions of the poet of love and wine; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon. The modern poet has more sentiment than the Greek; but can lay no claim, (what modern author can?) to the same simplicity and purity of taste. His genius is more versatile. The old voluptuary complains of his inability to celebrate a warlike theme; his lyre will not obey the impulses of his will. But the author of the "Fire Worshipers" gave us, in the course of the evening, an Irish rebel's song, which was absolutely thrilling. Anacreon was, however, afterwards restored to us in a drinking song, composed to be sung at a convivial meeting of an association of gentlemen.

I cannot conclude this brief sketch, without saying a few words of my host. He is a good looking man, with a pre-occupied and anxious air. This gives way, however, to true Scottish sense and cordiality in conversation. He has a strong understanding, and a good memory; and is exceedingly interesting from the long intercourse which he has

maintained with, and the intimate knowledge he possesses, of all the eminent literary characters of the age. The memoirs of himself and his times would be invaluable. He has been the Mæcenas of his day; and, though not the favorite of an emperor, has conferred more substantial reward on merit, than even the distinguished Roman. Such has been his liberality, that, though millions have passed through his hands, he is, I am told, by no means exorbitantly rich.

#### JACOB'S POOL.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.  
*For the Olio.*

Nestled in sunny meads, where wide apart,  
Primeval elms, pavilion-like, expand  
Their dark umbrageous leaves—cool canopy  
For nocturnal flocks—an amethystine pool—  
And crystalline (and 'twould be golden if  
The jealous guard of trunks would let the  
ray  
Strew gems on its cold waters,) lies empaled  
Close with columnar Alders, and the smooth  
Dove-coloured thrifts of Ashes, whose light  
leaves,  
Plumage of summer, shall not feel the blast  
Its cluster'd pods shall straggle with, when  
changed  
Their primrose hue to the dull tawny red—  
November clatters thro' them. Solemnly  
The shadow'd waters girdle a round clump  
Of stately Pine and Sycamore, that claims  
Title of island; stately stooping there,  
The lonely heron pierces the clear wave,  
Beat on her glistening prey: the raven there  
Croaks to the evening thunder fends, and  
wild  
And woeful shrieks at midnight; the grey  
owl  
Scaring the nestled lark, that cowering  
Restores to the warm wing his startled head.  
Such solitude!—I deem you building (fram'd  
Of rustic planks, in whose dark portal rides  
The caged Canor,) some mystical approach  
To wizard realms, where high emprise and  
rich  
Reward—dread spectres and fair damsels—  
lie  
Bewombed till knightly valour gives a name  
To their dread secrets and his own success.

#### THE COTTAGE OF KOSWARA.

Continued from page 137.

TEN thousand tents whitened the plain where now the royal borough of Pesth runs out into wide and magnificent streets and squares. Amidst, and above them, arose the pavilion of the king, covered with purple cloth. On its top waved the banner of Hungary, with the standards of Dalmatia, Croatia, Bulgaria, and many other kingdoms that obeyed the sceptre of Lewis the Great. From the tents of the magnates waved the banners of their houses, and before their entrance were posted their guards.

The nobles had assembled before the royal pavilion, and the Lord Palatine entered it, to announce that they were waiting. Immediately its folds opened, and the king stepped forth, looking pale and ghastly. Ever since he had heard of the cruel murder of his brother, he had not tasted any thing, except consecrated bread and wine. Silent and dark, he mounted his charger; after him the magnates, according to their rank, then the knights and their attendant warriors. Having formed his army into order of battle, the king opened a military council. Few and vindictive were his words. After him spoke the archbishop, the high priest of the kingdom. When the grey prelate had concluded, the lord magnates declared war against the queen of Naples and her associates.

They moved on this long and weary march into the distant Italian kingdom; the earth groaned under the hoofs of their horses; the peasant fled from his cottage; the citizen abandoned his peaceful dwelling. On the thirty-third day after they had quitted the frontiers of Hungary, the avengers entered the capital of the Neapolitan dominions.

Far from the horrors of war and dire revenge, arises a little island, beautifully looming over the bright waters that bathe voluptuous Naples. It has been the retreat of many Roman emperors; the delightful sanctuary of their banished empresses and love-sick daughters. Towards this island a light gondola was seen gliding. In it were three persons, shrouded in coarse black cloaks, surmounted by caps carefully drawn over their heads and faces. The powerful strokes of the rowers; their weary glances at the three masks; the anxious gaze of the latter towards the port of San Carlos, showed that they were on a secret and a dangerous expedition. The gondola now touched land; two of the passengers stepped on shore, and paced quickly through a thicket of orange and lemon trees. They halted before the gate of a magnificent villa, looked warily round, and tapped thrice at the door. It opened; a black face peeped out, and one of the men whispered a few words, and then they hurried through the marble hall into the interior.

"You here, Count Jaromirz!" said a gentle, but lofty voice, "the bloody work of your countrymen sounds even to peaceful Capreae."

"I am come, beloved Matilda, to save you. The gondola is waiting—we must fly."

"Must fly—leave Naples for barbarous Hungary!—Never!"

"Matilda, you are doomed to die! one hour longer and you are lost."

"The king is generous."

"He has taken the sacrament not to spare the bride of the son of Jaromirz, Matilda, in the name of love!—the castle of Jaromirz is strong; in six months the doom may be revoked; what the king has spoken, may be annulled by the assembled magnates."

"I will follow thee; but not before I am thy lawful wife."

"I have provided for that."

The Count opened the door. "Come, reverend father," said he to a follower, unbuttoning the cloak, and drawing the cap from his face—"be brief."

"Must I then go!" exclaimed the Princess, in answer to the question of the chaplain of Jaromirz, who demanded whether she would follow her husband in good and in evil, in weal and in woe.

"Even so," said the priest.

She sighed; the ceremony was ended; the cap of the priest was quickly thrown over the beautiful princess, and the party quitted the villa and entered the gondola.

The King of Hungary was seated on the throne of both Sicilies. At the right side of the monarch sat the primate—on his left the archbishop—a step lower, the palatine of the kingdom.—Round the throne stood the magnates, their heads covered with their black fur caps. A stir in the assembly aroused the attention of the sombre monarch, and of his grey counsellor the archbishop. They looked up, and Count Jaromirz entered, taking his place next to the palatine.

"Count Jaromirz, of Jaromirz!" said the archbishop, "our gracious liege, and the illustrious magnates here assembled, have chosen you as president of the court which is to judge Matilda of Anjou."

At this moment a messenger announced that the princess had disappeared.

The brow of the king darkened.—"Let it be known," said he, "we offer a thousand gold crowns to him, who brings the fugitive before us, dead or alive! A thousand crowns more to him who reveals the names of those who have assisted in this treasonable escape!"

Another hour elapsed in grave consultation, when a knight entered the hall, and advanced towards the archbishop.

"Most illustrious and reverend father," said he, "two men, muffled in coarse cloaks, have carried off the fugitive. The accusers are before the gate. They say that the princess has been carried off by Hungarians. They say further, that they are of high rank."

"Let them be brought before the judges," said the archbishop.

"They are low-born, most reverend father," said the knight, respectfully.

"The royal presence, and that of the magnates, must not be disgraced by serfs," observed the Count Palatine.

"And yet," said the king, "if one of those illustrious magnates should have forgotten himself so far—let us descend;" and so saying, he proceeded, followed by the nobles, to the court yard. In the midst arose the scaffold still smoking from the blood of the victims who had fallen sacrifices to the relentless vengeance of the monarch. At a sign from the archbishop, the two men were brought before their judges. They were dressed in a homely garb, and a mark at their leathern collars bespoke them to be gondoliers.

"By whose aid has the princess escaped?" demanded the archbishop.

"By the aid of your people."

"Wretch! thy blood be upon thee if thou canst not prove what thy tongue dares to utter!"

The keen glance of the boatman stole warily and searchingly round the assembly; it fixed on the young Count Jaromirz. Creeping forward, he knelt down, thrust his hand into his bosom, and extracted a golden tassel. Without uttering a word, he laid his hand with the tassel on the right foot of Count Jaromirz. "It is wanting here," pointing to the boot. "My own hand cut it off."

The foot of the magnate had scarcely been touched, when a knight drew his sabre, and severed with a single stroke the head of the daring accuser from his body. So great was the power of the lords of the kingdom, and so worthless was deemed the life of a low born man, that not a word of disapprobation was heard.

"Lord Archbishop and Count Palatine," said a young count, turning to the magnates, "Since when has one of the magnates been confronted with a base slave, and judged by his witnessing? I demand the instant death of this wretch," pointing to the second gondolier.

Without uttering a single word, the Count Palatine beckoned,—the death cloak was thrown over the man, and in a few seconds his head rolled at the side of his slaughtered companion.

But the glance of the king, and of his confidants, the Lord Archbishop and the Count Palatine, hung long and keenly on Jaromirz, in whose train there was a Moor of the most delicate form, and of the most beautiful proportions, and who never left the side of his master.

Many were the rumours which ran through the army. Some said the young count had forgotten himself so far as to wait upon the black heathen; some, that they had heard him speaking and singing in a foreign tongue, and in tones which were deemed superhuman; some whispered that the Moor never tasted food—all agreed that the count was bewitched, for he sought no more the company of his brother lords, and even the royal *audientia* were neglected by him.

After two months of bloody retribution, King Lewis returned with his army into Hungary. On the same field, which had witnessed the array six months before, ten thousand tents were again seen pitched. But now, on the side of the sovereign's tent, arose two others. From the top of the one waved the sacred banner of St. Stephen, with the standard of the see of Rome: from the second, the bloody ensign of the sacred tribunal. Both were open. In the centre of the first stood the altar, before which the high-priest chanted the solemn mass for the soul of the murdered king. Around knelt Lewis, with his consort, and, in wide ranges behind him, the devout magnates.

When the last sounds of the solemn dirge had died away, the prostrate multitude arose, and the monarch, with the great officers of the kingdom, moved toward the second tent.

A deep ominous silence reigned throughout the vast assembly, when the herald announced that the lords were summoned to arraign one of their compeers.

"Lord Magnate, Jaromirz! Count of Jaromirz!" exclaimed the same herald, "I arrest thee of high treason!"

A murmur of surprise ran through the camp, which grew louder and louder; till the clang of thousands of sabres resounded on every side.

"Count Jaromirz!" said the arch-

bishop, "Your guilt lies bare. Where is the royal maiden, whose escape from the merited vengeance of our dread liege you have assisted?"

The count was silent.

"Unworthy would it be of a Jaromirz to tell an untruth—Stephen Jaromirz! thy father's brother, has spared you that shame." He beckoned, and Matilda stood before the throne, dressed in female garments—pale, but beautiful.

"Hapless daughter of the murderous queen, thou must die!" said the stern judge.

"If it be guilt to be descended of a long line of kings, then I am guilty, but my conscience accuses me of no crime."

"What has tempted thee to forget the royal descent so far as to disguise thyself in the garb of a slave? What has brought thee to assume the complexion of the heathenish and accursed race, which dwells amid the scorching sands of Africa?"

"Your cruelty," said the princess. The judge threw a black veil over her face, and beckoned to the attendants of the sacred tribunal, who, with drawn swords, conducted her to the royal barge. No sooner had she entered, than the boat shot across the Danube.

"Jaromirz," continued the archbishop, "you have violated the sentence pronounced by the king in full diet. You have disobeyed the royal orders. You have led the enemy into the kingdom. Lord Magnates, what is his doom?"

"Death!" muttered many voices.

The herald advanced towards the count, took the sword he had received from his father, and directing it towards the ground, broke it into pieces.

"Lord Magnate, as thy sword is broken, so thy head will be severed from thy body, before the sun goes down."

The youth looked proudly round; but before he could utter a word, the death-mark had fallen over his head, and he was led through the tents to a second barge, which received him as his beloved had been received.

*To be concluded in our next.*

PUBLIC CALAMITIES and private afflictions are generally productive of benefit. Like the explosions of thunder, they purify the moral system of unwholesome vapours, and bring in their train the gracious showers of reformation.

H. GUILFORD.

### Fine Arts.

"SAUL."—*Painted by John Varley ;  
Engraved by J. Linnell.*

Mr. Varley, the master of Copley Fielding, and the painter of some of the most picturesque home-scenes that have been exhibited for years past in the annual collection of water-colour drawings, has produced a highly classical design in historical landscape. It represents the funeral procession of Saul, after the fatal battle which occasioned his own destruction and that of his dynasty. The original painting is now exhibiting at the British Institution ; it is in oil, but the prevailing tone of it being very dark, and the situation in which it is placed being unfavourable, it cannot be examined to advantage.

A line of soldiers, bearing the body of their leader, are passing over a bridge on the left of the picture, and through the gate of the city on the right ; the whole of which space is filled by piles of architecture of a severe and simple design, happily in character with that remote and rude era of Hebrew history. The middle distance in the centre is occupied by a broken rising ground, topped with trees of thick foliage and funereal aspect, while through their umbrage, and between the trunks, is seen the expiring light of the departing sun, crowded with piles of sombre and heavy clouds. The general design of the picture, its poetical keeping with the solemnity of its subject, and the cleverly drawn groups of wondering spectators, impart to the whole a highly classical charm ; in the general arrangement indeed, we were at the first glance immediately reminded of the illustrious Gaspar Poussin.

The engraving, a mezzotint, is clever, and accurately conveys the style and peculiar treatment of the original picture.

### Notices of New Books.

*The New Bath Guide. By Christopher Anstey, Esq. With Engravings, by G. Cruikshank. 8vo. London. H. Washbourne. 1832.*

At this late period it is unnecessary for us to say a word in commendation of this very humorous work. It has, for more than half a century, been universally read and admired ; and numerous editions have been given to the world. But certainly none have ap-

peared equal to the present ; its illustrations by the Hogarth of the day are in his best style ; and, to those who are filled with ennui, we recommend this work to dissipate the blues. A single glance at the artist's comicalities will, we rest assured, effect more than a "Winter at Bath," or a shop of medicine.

### Historic Fragments.

**THE BLACK DEATH.**—The pestilence thus called which had broke out in the north of Asia, and with a destroying course had moved its way through Europe, approached England in 1350, and changed her triumphal pageants into mourning weeds. The indefatigable Joshua Barnes, the biographer of the Third Edward, has traced this most dreadful calamity from its beginning. He prefaces it with astrological prophecies and with prodigies, particularly a snake at Chipping Norton, which had a female head dressed in the modern attire. He then rains down the plague on Cathay, in Asia, in the shape of millions of serpents and eight-legged black poisonous vermin. He gives an hideous but picturesque description of its symptoms, from the pen of Cantacuzenus, emperor of Constantinople. He then recounts the numbers which fell by it in some European towns : at Paris 50,000, at St. Denis 9,000, he says were its victims. He then introduces this horrid disease to England, and mentions an inscription on a column near Smithfield, seen by Stowe, which affirms, that 50,000 bodies lay buried, all killed by this pestilence. This ground (where the Charter House now stands) was given to the parish by Sir Walter Manny, who was as charitable as brave. Our industrious antiquary proceeds to tell us, that all law-suits, nay the sessions of parliament, were stopped ; churches too were left without priests, and the pay of curates rose to more than double its usual state, so few of the clergy were left. This loss however was soon made up, for laymen who had lost their wives, crowded into orders, but most of them being ignorant, and some complete idiots, they proved but bad substitutes for the deceased. We are afterwards informed, that in Yarmouth there fell above 7,000 persons, and in Norwich (surely an error) more than 50,000. The Jews were accused as the authors of this calamity, and were cruelly treated

in many counties. Perhaps after all, the most extraordinary effect of the plague, was the entire loss of East Greenland, a country dependant on Denmark, rich in cities and people, and singularly fertile in corn and cattle. The passage to it was always dangerous, and the pest had carried off every seaman who was acquainted with this course: wars prevented any immediate search after the lost provinces, and every attempt since, although many have been made, (some even in our own times) has proved ineffectual.

**THE KNIGHTS' TEMPLARS.**—The accusations brought against the Templars were mostly either too horrid or too foolish to relate. One was, that the Devil, in the shape of a goat, received a strange and ridiculous species of adoration. Another, that a great gilt head was one of their idols. The ceremonies too at their admission to the order, were described as being equally absurd and detestable; no monarch throughout Enrope treated the knights so inhumanly as did Philip, but all joined in pillaging their estates. Of the two witnesses, on whose sole testimony so many brave warriors perished with infamy, one was hanged for felony, and the other murdered in a brawl soon after this period. This order had been instituted at Jerusalem in 1118, and had been meant to second the efforts of the Hospitallers, in the defence of the Holy Sepulchre. Their vast riches constituted their greatest offence, for in other respects, they were probably no worse than other orders of chivalry then existing. They were indeed too wise to be believed guilty of such a brutal mixture of folly and effeminacy as was brought in accusation against them. Their greatest adversary, pope Clement V. had, from almost every cotemporary writer, a most odious character. He sold church-preferments, pillaged monasteries, lived in a constant state of adultery with the Comtesse de Perigord, and bought his accession to the papal chair by promising to aid Philip of France in his violent measures against the Templars. Can we refrain from pitying the venerable Jacques de Molai, grand master of the order, when we read, that on his hearing a confession said to be made by him at Chinon, and on which the condemnation of the Templars was founded, he burst into a rage and swore that the whole was false; that if the judges had not been priests, he would have demanded the combat against them, but as it was, he prayed

that the vengeance of God might fall on them as liars and forgers. The respectable old warrior could neither write nor read, and the confession having been drawn up at the will of the judges, he had incautiously signed it, though ignorant of its contents.

The order had been established in Jerusalem, in or near 1116; King Baldwin I. had given them apartments near the Temple, whence their name. In Stephen's reign they were invited to England. Their first house was in Holborn, whence they migrated in 1185, to the Strand. Their demesnes near the Thames were given at the ruin of their order, first to Thomas of Lancaster, then to Valence, Earl of Pembroke. The Knights' Hospitallers next possessed them, and gave the whole in the reign of Edward III. to the students of law, who have ever since retained them. J. R.

### The Note Book.

I will make aprief of it in my Note-book.  
*M. W. of Windsor.*

**DEFENCE OF POETRY.**—Against no branch of scholarship is the cry so loud as against poetry, 'the quintessence, or rather the luxury of all learning.' Its enemies pretend, that it is injurious both to the mind and the heart; that it incapacitates us for the severer discipline of professional study; and that, by exciting the feelings and misdirecting the imagination, it unfits us for the common duties of life, and the intercourse of this matter-of-fact world. And yet such men have lived, as Homer, and Dante, and Milton; poets and scholars, whose minds were bathed in song, and yet not weakened; men who severally carried forward the spirit of their age, who soared upward on the wings of poetry, and yet were not unfitted to penetrate the deepest recesses of the human soul, and search out the hidden treasures of wisdom, and the secret springs of thought, feeling, and action. None fought more bravely at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa, than did the poet *Æschylus*. Richard Cœur-de-Lion was a poet; but his boast was in his very song:

'Bon guerrier a l'estendart  
Trouvares le Roi Richard.'

Ercilla and Garcilasso were poets; but the great epic of Spain was written in the soldier's tent and on the field of battle, and the descendant of the Incas was slain in the assault of a castle in

the south of France. Cervantes lost an arm at the battle of Lepanto, and Sir Philip Sidney was the breathing reality of the poet's dream, a living and glorious proof, that poetry neither enervates the mind nor unfits us for the practical duties of life.

**PRECOCIOUS MIND.**—Roger Ascham, the school-master of princes, and for the sake of antithesis, we suppose called the Prince of School-masters, has well said of precocious minds; 'They be like trees that shewe forth faire blossoms and broad leaves in spring-time, but bring out small but not long-lasting fruit in harvest-time; and that only such as fall and rott before they be ripe, and so never, or seldome come to any good at all.'

**MAGISTERIAL IGNORANCE.**—One of Cromwell's followers who filled the important office of an Irish justice of the period of 1661, having occasion to write the word "*usage*," contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word; his improved orthography was "*yowzitch*." When some remarks were made on similar feats, he averred, that "nobody could spell with pens made from Irish geese!" The following letter ascribed to the same worthy, is said to be still in existence.

"Dear John,

"I sind you 2 pups for your 2 sisters, which are 2 bitches.

"I am

"Your brethern in the Lord,

"T\*\*\* M\*\*\*\*"

"— Castle, June 6th, 1658."

**CHARACTER OF JAMES II.**—James was a weak, rather than a bad man. His errors arose from his incapacity and defective education. He was utterly unfit for a throne, but might have been honoured in a cloister. His cold and selfish disposition prevented him from ever possessing a friend; his heartless severities had procured him many enemies. Notwithstanding, however, his contemptible character, one can scarcely refrain from dropping a tear of sympathy over the forlorn and deserted condition in which he soon found himself; while the heartless ingratitude shown by those who owe their all to the royal favour, excites at once our contempt and indignation. Churchill, whom he had raised from the office of page to a peerage, Lord Courbary, the son of the Earl of Clarendon, and nephew of the queen; even his favourite daughter Anne, with her husband Prince George of Denmark, joined in the general defection: and the wretched monarch, in the ex-

tremity of his misery, exclaimed, "God help me! even my own children have deserted me!"

**WEARING THE LEAK.**—Had the custom of wearing any thing taken from the vegetable kingdom as a mark of national distinction at a particular season, been of any great antiquity in Britain, it scarcely admits of a doubt but that the misletoe would have been chosen for that purpose by the Britons, and that the day of wearing it would have been one of the Druid festivals, such as the first of May. Yet though the wearing of the leak is not to be referred to a Druidical origin, it is derived from one more honourable than superstition could supply,—from one of those victories which have so often graced the arms of this country when at war with France. The engagement was one in which the Welsh bore a distinguished part; and as Shakspeare has put the circumstances into the mouth of his admirably drawn character of Fluellin, in Henry V., they cannot be made more interesting than they will in the spirited, and at the same time, modest and diverting statement he has given.

*Fla.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great uncle, Edward the plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave battle here in France.

*K. Henry.* They did Fluellin.

*Fla.* Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where *leeks* did grow, wearing *leeks* in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows, to this hour, is an honourable badge of service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leak on St. Tavy's day.

*K. Henry.* I wear it for a memorable honour.

This must have been the glorious battle of Poitiers\*. John of Gaunt, (then Earl of Richmond) was at that time about seventeen years old, and as this is the only battle answering the description at which both could have been present, it may be concluded that it is the one intended in the above quotation. The Welsh Archers had also distinguished themselves at the

\* Some authors say the custom of wearing leeks on St. David's Day, originated from a victory gained by Cadwalllo over the Saxons, on the 1st of March A.D. 640, in which battle the Welshmen, in order to distinguish each other, wore leeks in their hats.—Ea.

battle of Cressy, so that the leek may be deemed a memorial, and the only one still worn, of two of the most glorious victories that ever graced the British arms, as well as of the part which the Welsh had the honour of bearing in the success.

**MATERNAL TENDERNESS.**—A sparrow, which had built her nest on the thatch roof of a house, was observed to continue her regular visits long after the time when the young birds had taken their flight. This unusual circumstance continued throughout the year, and in the winter, a gentleman who had long observed her, determined on investigating its cause. He therefore mounted a ladder, and found one of the young ones detained a prisoner by means of the worsted which formed part of the nest, having become accidentally twisted round his leg. Being thus incapacitated from procuring its own subsistence, it had been fed and sustained by the continued exertions of its mother. If this be mere instinct, what is reason?

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### Customs of Various Countries.

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#### COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE AT ABO.

—The following custom is mentioned as existing in Finland by Mr. James. "The solemnization of marriages takes place only once a year and that on a fixed day in the teeming autumn. Before this time arrives the expectant lover is not permitted, by the custom of the land, to pay his addresses in person to the object of his wishes. His offer is made by sending a piece of money, that is accepted or not, as the fair one is inclined to approve or reject his suit, but both the conveyance of this token of love, and the whole of the after ceremonies, are carried on through the intervention of some old woman of the village, whose occupation and calling may seem enviable to some bustling gentewomen of other countries, being that of a regularly established match-maker."

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#### ANCIENTIANX.

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**CUTTING THE COAT ACCORDING TO THE CLOTH.**—It is said that Raeburn, the celebrated artist, and his friend, John Clerk, afterwards a Judge of the Court of Session, under the title of Lord

Eldin, were, when young men, from having the one to buy expensive colours, and the other costly books, so poor, that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in. On one of these occasions Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and, hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting two dishes, one containing three herrings, and the other three potatoes. "And is this all?" said John. "All," said the landlady. "All! did I not tell ye, woman," he exclaimed, "that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes!" The tables of both were better furnished before the lapse of many years; and they loved, it is said, when the wine was flowing, to recall those early days, when hope was high, and the spirit unrebuked by intercourse with the world.

**ROYAL CONDESCENSION.**—As his Majesty George III. invariably presented portraits of himself and the queen to all his ambassadors and governors of colonies, Ramsay, his principal painter, had a busy time manufacturing these royal effigies. The king sat for his coronation portrait, as it was called, in Buckingham Palace: in this piece he appeared in his royal robes; and in the like costume were all the succeeding pictures painted. It often happened that the king desired the painter to convey his easel and canvas to the dining-room, that he might observe his progress, and have the pleasure of his conversation. The painter, a bold, spirited, well-informed man, perfectly conversant with the state of the various kingdoms of Europe, spoke freely and without disguise; and as he was the only person about the court, save the domestics, who could speak German, the queen more especially found it an agreeable variety to chat with him in her native language. Ramsay, in short, was a great favourite. When the king had finished his usual allowance of boiled mutton and turnips, he would rise and say, "Now Ramsay sit down in my place and take your dinner." This partiality produced, of course, abundance of enemies; but they could do him no harm, for he was not dependent upon royal favour; and the extent of his fortune was at least as well known, and as sincerely envied, as either his accomplishments or his courtly success.



## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, Feb. 29.

*St. Oswald, b. of Worcester, and Archbishop of York, A. D. 992.*

*High Water, 04.37m. Morn. 44. Om. aftm.*  
St. Oswald was educated by his uncle, St. Odo, and made Dean of Winchester. He afterwards took the monastic habit at Fleury, in France.—Having succeeded St. Dunstan in the see of Worcester, and subsequently, been made Archbishop of York, he fell sick at St Mary's in Worcester, belonging to the Benedictines, among which monks he died, after extreme unction, exclaiming, "Glory be to the Father," in the year 992.

### Thursday, March 1.

*St. David, archbishop and patron of Wales, A. D. 544.*

*Sun rises 35m. aft. 6.—Sets 26m. aft. 5.*

March, month of "many weathers," wildly comes  
In hail, and snow, and rain, and threatening hums,

And floods:—while often at his cottage-door,  
The shepherd stands, to hear the distant roar,  
Looked from the rushing mills' and river-jocks,  
With thundering sound and overpowering shocks  
From bank to bank, along the meadow les,  
The river spreads, and shines a little sea;  
While in the pale sunlight, a watery brood,  
Of swooping white birds flock about the flood.

The origin of Welchmen wearing Leeks this day, is explained in the following ancient lines found in an old MS. in the British Museum.

#### LINES ON THE LEEK.

I like the Leeks, above all herbes and flowers,  
When first we wore the same the field was ours;

The Leeks is white and greens, whereby is ment  
That Brittaines are both stout and eminent,  
Next to the Lion, and the Unicorn,  
The Leeks the fairest emblin that is worne.

In CAMBRIA, 'tis said Tradition's tale  
Recounting, tells how famed Menevia's Priest  
Marshalled his Britons and the Saxon host  
Discomfited, how the green Leek the bands  
Distinguished, since by Britons annual worn,  
Commemorates their tutelary saint.

### Friday, March 2.

*St. Charles the Good, E. of Flanders. m.*

*New Moon, 14m aft. 3 after.*

March 2, 1791.—The Rev. John Wesley died.—One who knew this eminently pious leader of the sect called Methodists, speaks of him thus:—"If usefulness be excellence, if public good is the chief object of attention in public characters, Mr. John Wesley will long be remembered as one of the best of men, as he was for more than fifty years the most diligent and indefatigable."

### Saturday, March 3.

*St. Winifred, ab. 529.*

*High Water 50m. aft. 2. Mor.—8m. aft. 3 after.*

The whistle of the blackbird from the bush, and the mellow note of the thrush perched on the naked bough of some lofty tree, are heard from the beginning of the month; at the same time, the ring-doves coo in the woods. The rookery is now all in motion with the labour of building

and repairing nests; and highly amusing it is to observe the tricks and artifices of this thievish tribe, some to defend, and others to plunder, the materials of their new habitations. These birds are falsely accused of doing much injury to the farmers, by plucking up the young corn and other springing vegetables; but this mischief is fully repaid by their diligence in picking up the grubs of various insects, which, if suffered to grow to maturity, would occasion much greater damage.

### Sunday, March 4.

#### QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

*Lessons for the Day.—9 ch. of Genesis, to ver. 20. morn. 12 ch. of Genesis, even.*

**SPRING COLDS.** There cannot be much fear of the person, who like Spenser's March (Faerie Queene, vii. 7.) shall bend his brow to the blast, and shall dig his rood of land, and sow his bushel of seed, whether the bleak North or the biting East wind scatter consumption and death among the feeble inmates of the parlour, or the half-famished tenants of the hut or the garret.—Free exposure to every wind that blows, provided always that requisite clothing and active exercise be attended to, will do more to banish coughs and consumptions, than all the fox-gloves or Iceland-moss that ever grew, or all the bleeding, blistering, or Long rubbings that were ever tried. Confine yourself to a warm parlour, and you will shudder at every blast, and probably catch a bad cough or a cold fever at every slight change of weather, and will find it dangerous to venture out of doors; during the cold and chilly days of winter and spring; but by free exposure and brisk exercise, you may learn to set the weather at defiance, and put on the vigorous and healthy look of the young Spring, instead of the church-yard cough and undermining fever of age and debility.—**PROFESSOR RENNIE'S NOTES OF A NATURALIST.**

### Monday, March 5.

*St. Roger, conf. A. D. 1236.*

*Sun rises 37m. aft. 6 Morn.—Sets 34m. aft. 5.*

There are frequently mornings at this season of the year when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a strole, sensations not to be exceeded or perhaps equalled by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken: mornings which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of its return, out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with, now and then, a cool gush by no means unpleasant, but, on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling which we experience only in Spring.

### Tuesday, March 6.

*Vesta festum. Cathedra Julii.—Rom. Cal.*

*High Water 35m. aft. 4 Mor.—51m. aft. 4 after.*

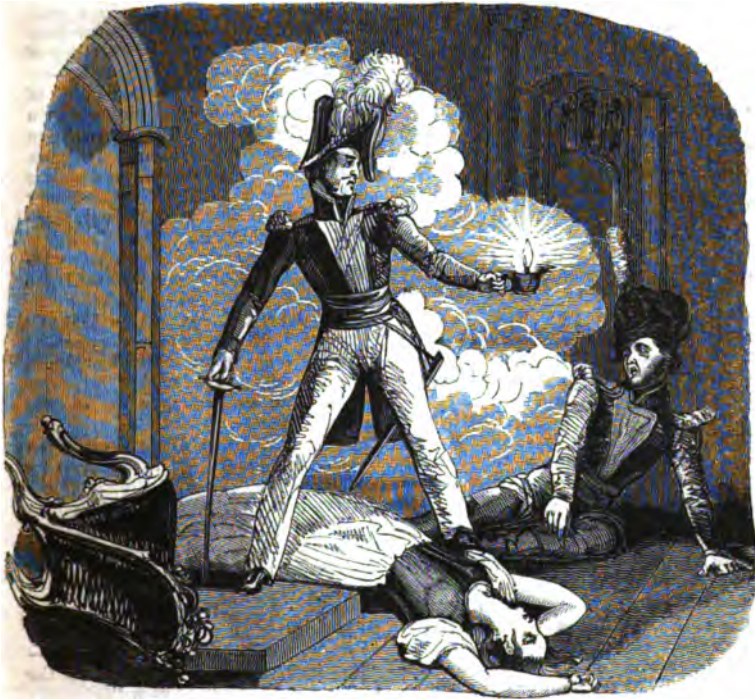
This feast day of Vesta must not be confounded with the Vestalia celebrated June the 9th. There seems some confusion about the identification of this goddess. Considered as Patroness of Vestal Virgins, and Goddess of Fire, she is said to be daughter of Saturn and Rhea. Æneas first introduced her mysteries into Italy; and Numa made a temple to her, in which none but virgins entered. Hence cloistered Catholic Virgins are by some people metaphorically called Vestals.

# The Echo;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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See p. 168

## Illustrated Article.

### THE DREAM.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

"'Twas but a dream," exclaimed young Blanch, starting from sleep upon the cold ground, where we bivouacked, on the night before the storming of Badajos. And can man sleep sound—methinks I hear the reader ask—in such circumstances as these? Yes, if mind and body be as they ought, the soldier on his clay couch on the battle eve, and the sailor cradled on the surge, and rocked by the storm, enjoy a repose which luxury never knew, and which monarchs sigh for in vain.

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I was then lying close beside Blanch, but had been awake some time before him; and, by the light of a fire which we had kindled previous to repose, I had been watching the face of the fair boy as it expressed the passing emotions of his mind, when lapsing through the mysterious changes of his dream.

At first, his still pale features exhibited the blessed calm of a pure and peaceful sleep. Anon, they became gently moved, like the moonlit lake by the passing breath of night, and at length were gradually lighted up with a smile so celestial, that I could fancy his spirit was basking in the beams of Heaven.

The night-flame played with its wavering glare upon his face, whose beauty

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thus broke forth in fitful gleams, even as the faces of departed friends come back upon our slumbers in glimpses from the grave.

The sight of the sleeping youth reminded me of that most exquisite of Campbell's lyrics, "The Soldier's Dream." "Happy boy," thought I, "while thy young frame is lying on the cold clay, thy spirit hath a sweet reprieve from the horrors of war, and, is even now, perchance, far away in thy own land, where the smiles of friends, and the caresses of thy little sister, receive thee back to thy father's halls, where there is joy for thy return, and where thy mother is weeping thy welcome home."

My soliloquy was suddenly broken, for Blanch awakened with a start, and looking round him with a wild and forlorn gaze, sobbed out,—"Twas but a dream."

"It seems to have been a pleasant one, however, if I may judge from the regretful tone of your words on waking," said I, not without a feeling of curiosity to know in what its happiness had consisted.

"It was indeed," rejoined my friend, "but brief as it was blest—so it is soon told. I am now about that age when it is supposed we are most susceptible of the tender passion; yet have I never felt love for woman till this night, when such a being as seemed wanting to me in the waking world was given to me in sleep. Oh! she was so passing fair, and so seraph-like! Nay, smile not, because it was a dream. I, too, can smile at dreams, but in this instance the form and features of the unknown were so distinctly delineated, and shadowed forth with such arbitrary truth, as never belonged to the formations of mere fancy, and can never be effaced from my brain. I do believe—nay, I feel certain, that such a being somewhere exists; and to see her with waking eyes, and find favour in her sight, I would willingly lay down my life."

I could not help smiling at this burst of boyish enthusiasm, and at what appeared to me the very mockery of imagination—by which the bewitched Blanch had become enamoured of the phantom of his own brain, and was incurably in love with the lady of a dream; but had I been the most incredulous and cruel interpreter of midnight mysteries, I could not have found in my heart to apply the rule of explaining by contraries these dark

hints of the future, and boding ill to poor Blanch, because the vision of a beautiful girl had soothed his slumbers on the eve of storming a city—an event which took place on the following night.

Talk of war—that is, of war in the open field—where man meets man on an equality, where the chances of death are much alike, where valour may avail, and where there is something like fair play—but the storming of strong holds is unmasked murder—and the sack of cities the revelry of the furies. That of Badajos was a festival for fiends. The eternal foe himself—the immortal enemy of man might have gloated over it, and smiled at his own fair work; and if ever laughter was heard in hell, it was surely on that night of horror.

Bastions and parapets bristled with *chevaux-de-frise* of sharp-pointed irons—bayonets—sword-blades, and every kind of deadly obstruction, which met our troops, as one by one they scaled walls of more than thirty feet high, and in succession were shot, bayoneted, and hurled back into the ditches below.

I have heard it said that Wellington himself appeared much agitated, as by the death-flames which illumined the horrors of the night, he saw his troops foiled in their desperate and successive efforts against almost superhuman obstacles—but that a lightning gleam of triumph flushed over his face, and an exclamation of "Thank God!" escaped him, when an aide-de-camp galloped up with this brief announcement—"My lord, General Picton is in the castle with a thousand men."

I said he was enabled to see how matters went on by the death-lights which illumined the darkness—for, from breach and bastion, hand-grenades, blazing bombs, and all manner of combustibles, rolled down like a volcano torrent—while a tempest of shot and shell rung through the air, like the rushing of a mighty whirlwind—and when at length an entrance into the town was forced by our troops, over steel-hedged walls, and breaches vomiting floods of fire—mines ready to be sprung yawned beneath their trembling path, and they swept along through the gloom, amid roaring of cannon, shouts of victory and vengeance, blasts of bugles singing the charge, and shrieks of the sacked city, all rending the midnight sky, like a chorus from hell.

The work of destruction was nearly over, when I found myself with a party of our men in one of the more retired streets, in passing along which we suddenly encountered some French soldiers in the act of quitting a large and noble-looking mansion, where the love of plunder had induced them to linger somewhat too long—for in an instant they were bayoneted by our troops against the walls. It was then that, thinking I heard the voice of moaning within, I entered the house—a large but dimly-lighted apartment lay before me, into which I advanced, and by the flame of the glimmering lamp, beheld the body of a young lady stretched upon the floor, and that of a British officer extended by her side.

Approaching and holding the lamp to the face of the former, I looked upon a creature lovely in death, although her features bore the expression of recent agony; and her hair all clotted with blood, streamed down over her bosom, from which the warm current of her heart had gushed through a ghastly wound.

I then turned the lamp to the face of the officer, in whom, with a start of horror, I recognised my poor friend Blanch, steeped in blood, and though he still breathed, it was evident his wounds were mortal, and that his end was near.

In a short time, however, he opened his eyes, and gazing on my face, held out his hand in token of recognition. The only restorative which I had about me was a little brandy in a flask, which I applied to his lips, and in a few minutes he rallied so much as to be able to speak, and thank me; and with his dying breath to explain the circumstances in which I had found him. They were to the following effect.

After an entrance into the town had been effected, in rushing along the streets with a party of his regiment, during the confusion of the scene and the darkness of the night, Blanch was separated from them, and after a long and fruitless search, found himself at the door of the house in which we then were. Hearing a noise within, he suspected that some of our soldiers might be plundering; with the view of preventing which, he entered, at the hazard of his life, and had just reached the room where he then lay, when a door at the opposite end of it flew open, and in breathless terror, as if flying from pursuit, a young Spanish lady rushed into the room. Upon seeing the stranger

she made a sudden pause, during which, with mute amazement, he recognised in the fair girl before him the living form of her whose shadowy similitude had appeared in his slumbers on the preceding night; but tenfold was that amazement increased, when, ere he could speak, she exclaimed, with wild energy, "Mysterious heaven! It is he—'tis he himself!—the very being of my dream, who appeared to me last night, and is now come to take me away from the horrors of this dreadful place!"

At that moment, and before he could reply, a party of the enemy who had been searching the house in quest of pillage, burst into the room, and the sight of a British officer on such an occasion, so exasperated the marauders, that, setting up a savage yell, they flew upon him with their bayonets, and the poor Spanish girl, who threw herself between them and their victim, received her death-wound at the same moment with him she tried to save.

Blanch could say no more—his tale was told, and his life was fast ebbing away—his speech faltered—his voice sunk into a whisper, and the signs of death were upon him. He motioned me to raise his head, which I had no sooner done than his eyes began to fix in the death-glaze, and drawing in his breath for the last time, with a long deep sigh he expired.

He sleeps in the same grave with his beautiful unknown—for unknown to each other they had lived—had seen each other only in a vision, and had loved in a dream, and on a night of storm and death they met in this waking world only to be parted for ever.

Have they not met in heaven?

*Edin. Lit. Jour.*

#### SPRING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN-LAW RHYMES.'

Again the violet of our early days  
Drinks beautiful azure from the golden sun,  
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;  
The streams, rejoice! that winter's work is  
done.

Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.  
Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!  
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossom'd  
thorn!

Wake, buried life! spirit, quit thy tomb!  
And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!  
Then haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine,  
hymn the morn,  
Whose dewdrops shall illumine with pearly  
light

Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands  
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite  
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,  
O'er every hill that under heaven's expands.  
*New Mon.*

## THE SCOTCH BORDERERS.

THE lives of the petty chieftains of the Scottish Borders, were a tissue of desperate conflicts, daring schemes, and wily stratagems; they were almost incessantly occupied either in aggression or defence, and when a short space was snatched for domestic indulgence, inordinate wassail and savage hospitality claimed this moment of repose. An anecdote or two of one of the most celebrated of these "Lords of misrule," will give a faithful view of this bold spirit of adventure, prompt and decisive action, and ingenious devices for avoiding danger, which characterised this extraordinary class of men.

"In the reign of Charles the First, when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called for distinction's sake, Christie's Will, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong of Gilnockie, executed by James the Fifth. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion, and upon some marauding party, he was seized and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, enquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied he was imprisoned for stealing two tethers (halters) but upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two delicate colts at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a law-suit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair, and the point was therefore to keep the judge out of the way, when the question should be tried. In this dilemma the earl had recourse to Christie's Will, who at once offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take air on horseback on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these

excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths only known to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned and solitary, receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of Battie, and when a female domestic called upon Maudge the cat. These he concluded were invocations of spirits, for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith Sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft, nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of Maudge and Battie—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair "*ruse de guerre*." Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person

this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson Lord Durie, collector of the Reports, well known in Scottish law under the title of Durie's Decisions. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July, 1621, and died at his own house of Durie, July, 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

## ODE

TO ADMIRAL LORD GAMBIER, G.C.B.

'Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve the thanks of the country.'—*Temperance Society's Herald*, Vol. I, No. 1, page 8.

Oh! Admiral Gam—I will not mention *bier*  
In such a temperate ear—  
Oh! Admiral Gam—an Admiral of Blue,  
Of course, to read the Navy List aright,  
For strictly shunning wine of either hue,  
You can't be Admiral of the Red or White!  
Oh, Admiral Gam! consider, ere you call  
On merry Englishmen to wash their throatties  
With water only; and to break their bottles  
To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wall  
Of Exeter Hall!

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety  
Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum—  
And then, by tracts, inviting us to come  
And 'mix in your Society!'  
In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,  
Consider Nature's ends before you league us  
To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch—  
To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus—  
Or doom—to suit your milk-and-water view—  
The Isle of Sky to nothing but sky-blue!

Consider—for appearance' sake—consider  
The sorry figure of a spirit-rider  
Going on this crusade against the sutler,  
A sort of Hudibras—without a Butler!

Consider—ere you break the ardent spirits  
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter—  
What are your beverage's washy merits?  
Gin may be low—but I have known low-  
water!

Consider well—before you thus deliver,  
With such authority, your sloppy canon—  
Should British Tars taste nothing but the  
*riser*,  
Because the *Cherapeaks* once fought the  
*Shannon*?

Consider, too—before all *eau-de-vie*,  
Schedam, or other drinkers, you rebut—  
To bite a bitten dog all ears agree:  
But who would cut a man, because he's cut?

Consider—ere you bid the poor to fill  
Their murmuring stomachs with the 'mur-  
muring rill.'

Consider that their streams are not like ours,  
Reflecting heav'n, and margined by sweet  
flow'rs!—

On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,  
By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines; —  
Consider life's sour taste that bids them mix  
Rum with their Acheron, or gin with Styx;  
If you must pour out water to the poor—Oh,  
Let it be *aqua d'ore*.

Consider—ere, as furious as a griffon.  
Against a glass of grog you make such work,  
A man may like a stiff'n, —  
And yet not be a Burke.

Consider—if to vote Reform's arrears,  
His Majesty should please to make yon Peers,  
Your titles would be very far from tramps,  
To figure in a Book of Blue or Red;  
The Duke of Draw-well—what a name to  
dread!

Marquis of Mainpipe! Earl New-River-Head,  
And Temperance's chief—the Prince of  
Pumps! *The Athenaeum*.

## THE LAW OF ARREST.

A TALE FROM FACTS.

ONCE upon a time there lived at  
Hamburg a certain merchant of the  
name of Meyer—he was a good little  
man; charitable to the poor, hospita-  
ble to his friends, and so rich that he  
was extremely respected, in spite of  
his good-nature. Among that part of  
his property which was vested in other  
people's hands, and called debts, was  
the sum of five hundred pounds owed  
to him by the Captain of an English  
vessel. This debt had been so long  
contracted that the worthy Meyer be-  
gan to wish for a new investment of  
his capital. He accordingly resolved  
to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which  
town Captain Jones was then residing,  
and take that liberty which in my opi-  
nion should in a free country never be  
permitted, viz. the liberty of applying  
for his money.

Our worthy merchant one bright  
morning found himself at Portsmouth;  
he was a stranger to that town, but not  
unacquainted altogether with the En-  
glish language. He lost no time in  
calling on Captain Jones.

"And vat?" said he to a man whom  
he asked to shew him to the Captain's  
house, "vat is dat fine veshell yon-  
dare?"

"She be the Royal Sally," replied  
the man, "bound for Calcutta—sails  
to-morrow; but here's Captain Jones's  
house, Sir, and he'll tell you all about  
it."

The merchant bowed, and knocked  
at the door of a red brick house—  
door green—brass knocker. Captain  
Gregory Jones was a tall man; he  
wore a blue coat without skirts; he  
had high cheek-bones, small eyes, and  
his whole appearance was eloquent of  
what is generally termed the bluff ho-  
nesty of the seaman.

Captain Gregory seemed somewhat  
disconcerted at seeing his friend—he  
begged for a little further time. The  
merchant looked grave—three years

had already elapsed. The Captain demurred—the merchant pressed—the Captain blustered—and the merchant, growing angry, began to threaten. All of a sudden Captain Jones's manner changed—he seemed to recollect himself, begged pardon, said he could easily procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynheer Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed—his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat and was walking out, when the waiter threw open the door, and announced two gentlemen.

"Ah, dere comes de monish," thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentlemen approached—the taller one drew out what seemed to Meyer a receipt. "Ah, ver vell, I will sign, ver vell!"

"Signing, Sir, is useless; you will be kind enough to accompany us.—This is a warrant for debt, Sir; my house is extremely comfortable—gentlemen of the first fashion go there—quite moderate, too, only a guinea a day—find your own wine."

"I do—no—understand, Sare," said the merchant, smiling amiably, "I am ver vell off here—thank you—"

"Come come," said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time, "no parlavoo Monsoo, you are our prisoner—this is a warrant for the sum of £10,000 due to Captain Gregory Jones."

The merchant stared—the merchant frowned—but so it was. Captain Gregory Jones, who owed Mynheer Meyer £500, had arrested Mynheer Meyer for £10,000; for, as every one knows, any man may arrest us who has conscience enough to swear that we owe him money. Where was Mynheer Meyer in a strange town to get bail? Mynheer Meyer went to prison.

"Dis be a strange vay of paying a man his monish!" said Mynheer Meyer.

In order to wile away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners. "Vat be you in prishon for?" said he to a stout respectable-looking man who seemed in a violent passion,—"for vhat crime?"

"I, Sir, crime!" quoth the prisoner, "Sir, I was going to Liverpool to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidate's had me suddenly arrested for £2,000. Before I get bail the election will be over!"

"Vat's that you tell me! arrest you to prevent you giving an honest vote! Is that justice?"

"Justice, no!" cried our friend, "it's the Law of Arrest."

"And vat be you in prishon for?" said the merchant pityingly to a thin cadaverous-looking object, who ever and anon applied his handkerchief to eyes that were worn with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to indorse it—I, Sir, indorsed it. The bill became due, the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill; there were eight of us, the law allows him to charge two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas, Sir, for the lawyer—but I, Sir,—alas my family will starve before I shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folk."

"Mine Gott! but is dat justice!"

"Alas! No, Sir, it is the law of arrest."

"But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the Devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession; "dey tell me, dat in England a man be called innocent till he be proved guilty; but here am I, who, because von carrion of a shailor, who owesh me five hundred pounds, takes an oath that I owe him ten thousand—here am I, on that schoendrel's single oath, clapped up in a prishon. Is this a man's being innocent till he is proved guilty, Sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that is quite a different thing: we are harder to poverty than we are to crime!"

"But, mine Gott! is that justice!"

"Justice! pooh! it's the law of arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated; no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"Captain Jones!" said the magistrate, taking snuff; "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean?"

"Ay, mine good Sare—yeah!"

"He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He commands the Royal Sally. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your

mouth till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow is Gregory Jones?"

"De teufel! but, Sare, ish dere no remedy for de poor merchant!"

"Remedy! oh, yes—indictment for perjury."

"But vat use is dat? You say he be gone—ten thousand miles off—to Calcutta!"

"That's certainly against your indictment!"

"And cannot I get my monish?"

"Not as I see."

"And I have been arreahed instead of him!"

"You have."

"Sare, I have only von vord to say—*ts dat justice!*"

"That I can't say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the law of arrest," answered the magistrate; and he bowed the merchant out of the room.

*New Month.*

### BREVITIES.

In every country there is a sort of trade-wind morality and religion, and there are few who have sufficient energy to stretch beyond its influence. Mirabeau said that every man makes his own conscience; and this, perhaps, is true of the few who are able and willing to think for themselves; but it may be safely asserted, that the great majority have their consciences made for them, and believe or disbelieve, rejoice or tremble, according to the parallel of latitude in which they happen to reside: so that a man may be pining with remorse in London for a matter which, had he been born in Constantinople, he would have considered indifferent, or even perhaps praiseworthy. This would not be the case had the most eminent men of all countries explicitly stated their religious belief; but, from fear of various kinds, they have mostly hidden their lights in dark lanterns, and only thrown a flash now and then, which has merely bewildered, rather than guided, the great mass who have looked to them for direction.

It is a favourite paradox of some, that the greatest dandies make the bravest soldiers; as many take pleasure in repeating, that great men have usually had small persons. These opinions spring from that love of finding or making a wonder, which is one of the most tenacious principles in human nature, and is the cause of half the error

that exists in the world. The fact seems to be, that brave men have been in general neither dandies nor slovens, but simply neat and cleanly, though, of course, there are exceptions of both kinds. Great men, also, have been in general neither little nor big, though there have been many of both classes. Size has nothing to do with the matter; and the middle class has produced the greatest number of geniuses, simply because it is the most numerous; just as those who purchase ten tickets in a lottery have a greater chance of winning than those who possess only one.

The poor laws may be considered as a national benefit club, differing from other clubs of a like description in this only, that all, in proportion to their means, are compelled to subscribe to it, instead of being left to their own discretion. To this fund the poor pay indirectly, as well as the rich, since the general subscription to it forms part of the price of the humblest lodging, and of every thing that every individual eats and wears. It is clearly, then, no disgrace, but simply the exercise of a purchased right, to declare on the common fund when really pressed by want or sickness; and if minute inquiry were made, it would be perfectly astonishing to find what numbers once, not merely well off, but affluent—and others of the best families in the country—have been compelled to have recourse to it. The poor laws are usually spoken of as established only for the benefit of the existing poor, as though there were a low, distinct class or caste so distinguished, incapable of rising itself, or of receiving falling members from the higher ranks into its body. But the wheel of Fortune is perpetually mocking this definition.—The poor laws are really instituted for the benefit of those who may be poor, as well as for those who are so; and there are few indeed, compared with the great bulk of the community, who can be considered entirely beyond the reach of the great drag-net of calamity.

*Monthly Mag.*

### DEATHS IN FEBRUARY 1832.

FEBRUARY, though the shortest of the months, has this year been remarkable for the unusual number of deaths of eminent persons which it has brought in its train. At the head of the list is the venerable poet CRABBE, almost the last link that connected us with the



Johnson days, and certainly the only living poet whose lines had had the honour of being submitted to the judgment of the literary giant. We believe Johnson spoke well of Crabbe's first effort; but his poetry has a vital principle in it that would have enabled it to survive any knocking down which it might have received, even at the hands of that Cribb of critics. He has left an unpublished poem in the hands of Mr. Murray. It may have a chance of selling now.

The next on the list is hardly less venerable, or less dear to us. Poor Joseph Shepherd Munden, as the newspapers call thee now—thou, who wert never anything but plain, ungentlemanly Joe Munden, whilst living!—Ah! well-a-day—Mundens and monarchs walk the same path; but how many, or rather how many hundred, of the kingly class would it take, to make up the amount of thy value to the world—thou compound of pleasantry and pathos, thou embodiment at once of *Dozey* and *Old Dornton*?

The third is a benefactor of another class—the munificent Dr. Bell, whose splendid endowments and bequests will keep his name green as long as a recollection of public virtue and charity shall survive. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, with a less pompous shew of honour than those who have little more than a funeral procession to entitle them to interment there.

The fourth on the list is a person whom we cannot but regard as interesting, from the circumstance of her being the object of Lord Byron's boyish affection (the celebrated Miss Chaworth), and probably the first grand source of all that flood of song—the little spring of the great Nile of poetry—for which the world has such just reason to be grateful.

The fifth instance is, for particular reasons, to us more affecting than all. We have seldom been more shocked than by the intelligence of the death of poor James Fletcher, the author of the *History of Poland*. Upon this subject we will not trust ourselves to linger a moment, further than to say that he appeared to us, as far as our knowledge of him went, to be a person of no less moral feeling than of amiable manners. He possessed an elegant and accomplished mind, and held out as high a literary promise as any young writer of the day. His last sentences were written in this publication, to the January and February numbers of which

he had been an extensive contributor. Let us close the painful subject with a recollection of the beautiful apostrophe of Campbell to the remains of a suicide:

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate,  
Whose crime it was on life's unfinished road  
To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,  
And reader back thy being's heavy load:  
Yet once perhaps the social passions glow'd  
In that devoted bosom; and the hand  
That smote its kindred heart, might yet be  
    prone  
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand  
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown?  
He who thy being gave, shall judge of thee  
    alone!                      *Monthly Mag.*

### CHATEAUBRIAND.

CHATEAUBRIAND is universally allowed by the French, of all parties, to be their first writer. His merits, however, are but little understood in this country. He is known as once a minister of Louis XVIII. and ambassador of that monarch in London, as the writer of many celebrated political pamphlets, and the victim, since the Revolution of 1880, of his noble and ill-requited devotion to that unfortunate family. Few are aware that he is, without one single exception, the most eloquent writer of the present age; that independent of politics, he has produced many works on morals, religion, and history, destined for immortal endurance; that his writings combine the strongest love of rational freedom with the warmest inspiration of Christian devotion; that he is, as it were, the link between the feudal and the revolutionary ages; retaining from the former its generous and elevated feeling, and inhaling from the latter its acute and fearless investigation. The last pilgrim, with devout feelings, to the holy sepulchre, he was the first supporter of constitutional freedom in France; discarding thus from former times their bigoted fury, and from modern their infidel spirit, blending all that was noble in the ardour of the Crusades with all that is generous in the enthusiasm of freedom.

The greatest work of this writer is his "*Genie du Christianisme*," a work of consummate ability and splendid eloquence, in which he has enlisted in the cause of religion all the treasures of knowledge and all the experience of ages, and sought to captivate the infidel generation in which he wrote, not only by the force of argument, but the grace of imagination. To us who live in a comparatively religious atmosphere, and who have not yet witnessed the

subversion of the altar, by the storms which overthrew the throne, it is difficult to estimate the importance of a work of this description, which insinuated itself into the mind of the most obdurate infidels by the charms of literary composition, and subdued thousands inaccessible to any other species of influence by the sway it acquired over the fancy.

Chateaubriand is not only an eloquent and beautiful writer, he is also a profound scholar, and an enlightened thinker. His knowledge of history and classical literature is equalled only by his intimate acquaintance with the early annals of the church, and the fathers of the Catholic faith; while in his speeches delivered in the Chamber of Peers since the restoration, will be found not only the most eloquent, but the most complete and satisfactory dissertations on the political state of France during that period, which is anywhere to be met with. It is a singular circumstance, that an author of such great and varied acquirements, who is universally allowed by all parties in France to be their greatest living writer, should be hardly known, except by name, to the great body of readers in this country.

*Black. Mag.*

### THE CHOLERA.

In an article upon this subject by a physician, in the "New Monthly," the following advice is given:

"Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within," will be entire sureties against the invasion of Cholera to any hurtful degree.

"In regard to remedies, I shall be exceedingly brief, since I have supposed all along the efficacy of preventives, and I more than suppose that almost every part and portion of this favoured land is now well furnished with scientific and efficient advisers.—But I must say thus much, that no house ought to be without brandy, opium, and tincture of rhubarb. Is a person taken ill in his stomach in the night-time, or at a distance from a medical man, let him be made immediately to swallow a table-spoonful of tincture of rhubarb, with twenty drops of tincture of opium, in a wine-glass of cold water. If cramps and spasms accompany the stomach affection, let hot water be forthwith procured, and the stomach be well fomented with flannels immersed in it, and then afterwards

well rubbed with castor oil made a little warm by holding it before the fire; if equal parts of this oil and camphorated spirits be shaken together for the friction material, it would in the general way be an improvement upon castor oil merely. Indeed camphor is an excellent antispasmodic in stomach cramps. Hot water must also be freely applied to the cramped limbs. I have seen these cramps so violent that the patient could not endure the pain from them without the hands being immersed in water so hot that I could scarcely touch its surface. If there are convenient materials for it, the whole body ought to be immersed in a hot bath; the alpha and omega of the remedial process being that of diffusing heat and circulation freely through every part of the body, and thus freeing the subject at once from the grasp and gripe of death. So rapid is the attack and so speedy the subsidence of the disorder, that patients half-dead with collapse and cramp on one half of the day, will be free from all pain and panic on the other."

### THE COTTAGE OF KOSWARA.

(Concluded from p. 155.)

Sorrow and gloom presided over the banquet which was given to the returned magnates, before their separation. The house of Jaromirz was great, and the noblest revered it as descended from the glorious Bela. But the old count had many enemies, and of them the king was the greatest, for insecure was his throne as long as a scion of the ancient race lived. He had won the brother of the aged count, and his wife, by the promise that the royal inheritance should be divided among them. Great, however, were their fears, lest their prisoner should be rescued by the vassals of the house of Jaromirz and its friends. Three thousand men were posted in the fortress, and on the gates and walls, and near the drawbridge, to defend it against a sudden assault.

The night-watch had already sounded midnight, when a body of armed men were heard marching secretly towards the avenue leading to the drawbridge of the castle. They advanced with drawn swords, jumped into the moat, and climbed up the other side. Fifty of the most daring had reached already the foot of the wall. Ten threw themselves down, on whom ten others

mounted; on these again ten, till the uppermost had touched the parapet.—But what was that! a hurrah! a war-shout! Hundreds rushed upon the valiant band, and they were precipitated down, crushed to pieces by the tremendous fall. In vain did they again attempt it. There was not a moment to be lost.

The hill on which the castle stood, terminated on the northern side in high precipitous cliffs. Perhaps that side had been left unguarded! Among the warriors of the house of Jaromirz, were Carpathian mountaineers, accustomed to hunt the boar in alpine recesses. Try, valiant mountaineers, save your noble leader. The first death-bell sounded from the middle tower, when instantly the gates of the hold were thrown open, and from the interior a strong body of warriors was seen issuing, with their swords drawn, and in their midst Count Jaromirz.—He walked slowly and firmly to the open space before the royal residence. The sun was then rising behind the vine-clad hills below Buda, and the eastern turrets of the castle were already glittering in his golden rays. A few minutes more, and they would gain the central dome, and then the last moment of his earthly existence was at hand. He now had reached the platform on which the scaffold was erected. It was hung with black cloth, and sustained two blocks, on which lay two axes. Four steps led to the one destined for him, and six to that where his royal bride was to die. Before him spread the city of Buda with its hundred spires and domes. Farther down the extended Danube rolled in sombre majesty past the walls of the city. His eye caught the tents, still pitched upon the plain; then turned with a sad expression in the direction of his father's domain. The unyielding Sire stood before his imagination.—Mother he had none. He had never seen her, never reposed on her bosom. In the cottage of Koswara he had spent his childhood; his youth had passed in the castle of Jaromirz, in the midst of humble serfs and boisterous knights. But he had lived and loved three years—he had gained the affections of the peerless Matilda.—She was betrothed to him before the infatuated Johanna murdered her husband, and with him her own happiness. He, the noblest, the richest of the magnates, second only to the king, was to bleed under the hand of the executioner. The thought

lay heavy upon his heart. His step became less firm as he approached the scaffold.

From the opposite side there came, with faltering gait, she for whom he was going to suffer—the daughter of Naples. Her hands grasped a golden crucifix, on which her eye was intently fixed. Her soul seemed already dwelling on the joys of a better world. She listened with solemn attention to the pious exhortations of the attendant bishop.

A loud cry burst from the lips of Count Stephen, at this grievous sight. Pushing his guards aside, he flung himself into the midst of the princess's funeral train, seizing her with the force of despair. As he strained her in his embrace, a long and deep hurrah re-echoed from the northern side of the castle. The clashing of swords was heard. "Forward, guards!" cried the judge, and the terrible bands advanced to separate the lovers.

Once more Jaromirz pressed his beloved to his bosom, enfolded her once more with the arms of love, when something grated against his breast. He felt—he looked—he saw the three golden acorns.

Louder and louder became the cries; nearer and nearer pressed his friends and followers; but innumerable swords were raised to oppose them. Two knights now laid hands on the count to separate him from the princess.

"Lida! O, Lida! Lida!" exclaimed he; and scarcely were the words uttered, when a light blue silvery cloud descended, covering him and his bride, and a charger stood before them white as fresh-fallen snow. No saddle profaned the back of the fairy steed. A housings of silver cloth, fastened with golden clasps, covered its body. No bridle restrained its career, but from its eyes gleamed a fire which bespoke more than human understanding. It bowed its head, sank down on its knees, and almost forced Jaromirz and the princess on its back. Again it turned its head, its glance sought the golden acorns. The youth was motionless. Snapping at the chain and acorns, it tore them from his bosom. A neighing sound, a stamping noise, was all that was heard. The light silvery cloud arose, and horse and riders disappeared.

The vassals of the house of Jaromirz had gained the court-yard; they had broken the chains of the draw-bridge, which came rattling down, and had rushed over it in thousands to the rescue

of their favourite leader. When they reached the platform on which the scaffold was erected, they found only the warriors, and judges, and executioners, who stood aghast, crossing themselves, and looking up into the blue vault of heaven.

### Illustrations of History.

*For the Olio.*

**HISTORY OF SLAVERY.**—From the earliest periods of history, there seems to have existed a class of people devoted to slavery. Thus we find that Hagar, the bond-woman of Sarah, was an Egyptian, and was most probably purchased in Egypt, or given to Abraham by Pharaoh on his departure from that country; and Joseph, when he was sold to the Ishmaelites, was immediately carried to Egypt, where he was bought by Potiphar, the captain of the king's guard; which proves that this nefarious traffic of the human species was prevalent in that remote era, and that Egypt was the principal market for that purpose. Even the Israelites, who, for near two centuries, had groaned under the severity of Egyptian bondage, encouraged a system of slavery among themselves. In the time of Homer, who flourished about 900 years B. C., Cyprus and Egypt are celebrated as the principal depots for slaves; and this species of commerce was not only common throughout Asia, but was practised both by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and even among the barbarous nations who finally overturned the Roman empire. From the most remote period, the prisoners taken in war were considered the absolute property of the captors, and esteemed themselves fortunate in saving their lives by the sacrifice of their liberty. This custom seems to have been universal; hence some trace the commencement of slavery to the time of Nimrod, king of Babel, who first began to make war.

"Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,  
Almighty hunter, and his prey was man."

Under the government of the Anglo-Saxons, slaves were publicly sold in the market-place; and these were not only the prisoners taken in war, but parents used even to sell their children; and the young of both sexes were taken to the ships in droves, tied by ropes; so that in fact there was a regular commerce of slaves established in this country. The first check put to this inhuman and barbarous custom was the gradual introduction of Christi-

anity, whose mild doctrines could not fail of producing a proper influence upon those who considered them as divine. That this was evidently the cause, not only appears from the grants of manumission common in the middle ages, which are represented as proceeding "*pro amore Dei, pro mercede animæ,*" but from the circumstance of the system of slavery being still in full force in all countries where the Christian religion is not established. But although the condition of slaves was considerably ameliorated in all parts of civilised Europe, yet the system itself was not abolished, for we find, in 1584, an act of manumission, granted by Henry VIII. to two persons, commencing in these words:—"Whereas originally God created all men free, but afterwards the laws and customs of nations subjected some under the yoke of servitude, we think it pious and meritorious with God to make certain persons absolutely free from servitude who are at present under villenage to us, together with all their issue born, or hereafter to be born, and all their goods, chattels, and lands already acquired, or to be acquired," &c. Again, so late as the fifth year of Edward the Sixth, it was ordered that, "a runagate servant, or any other who liveth idly, being brought before a Justice of the Peace, shall be marked with a hot iron on the breast, with the letter V, and be the slave of him who brought him for two years, and if, during that time, he should absent himself without leave for fourteen days, he shall be marked on the forehead or ball of the cheek with the letter S, and shall be the slave of the said master for ever, and it shall be lawful for every person to whom any such shall be adjudged a slave, to put a ring of iron round his neck, arms, or legs.

*To be concluded in our next.*

### Historic Fragments.

*For the Olio.*

**THE HERO OF AGINCOURT.**—When Henry the Fourth drew towards the close of his life, he always would have the regal diadem in his sight by day, and at night it shared his pillow. Upon one occasion, when the Prince of Wales was in the sick chamber of his suffering father, he raised his head from his pillow—looked earnestly upon him, and heaving a bitter sigh, said, "Alas! my son, you know too well how I gained this crown. How will you defend the

unlawful possession?" "With my sword," said the spirited prince, "as my father has done." The expiring monarch at the same time hinted at the turbulent disposition of his second son, Thomas of Clarence. The prince promised to behave to him as an affectionate brother, unless he should disturb the realm. "In such case," said he, "I shall teach him his duty."

THE FUNERAL OF HENRY THE FOURTH.—Regarding the interment of this ambitious monarch, the following curious circumstance is related, on the credit of a MS. in C. C. College, Cambridge:—"About thirty days after the death of Henry IV., a late domestic of that prince, dined at the Trinity-House, Hounslow. During the meal, the discourse turning on the character of Henry, the said person said to Thomas Maydestone, an esquire, sitting at table:—"God only knows whether or no he was a good man, but *this* I know, I was one of three persons who flung his corpse into the Thames, between Barking and Gravesend. For," added he, "so frightful a rush of winds and waves came over us, that eight barges full of noblemen, who attended the funeral, were utterly dispersed, and in the most extreme danger of being lost. Then we who were entrusted with the royal body, being in the most imminent peril of ourselves, by common consent, threw it into the river; and straightway all was calm. But the coffin, in which it had lain, and which was covered with cloth of gold, we carried in great pomp to Canterbury, and interred it." On this account the monks of Canterbury say—"We have the sepulchre (not the body,) of Henry IV. in our church." "And God is my witness and judge, that I, Clement Maydestone, have heard the same person swear, before my father, Thomas Maydestone, that this account is strictly true." "CLEMENT MAYDESTONE."

THE TITLE OF AN ESQUIRE.—The first person who assumed the title of an esquire, is said to have been a John Golope, in 1413, and yet it appears that until the end of Henry the Sixth's reign, such distinctions were not used except in law proceedings. These statements are contradicted by reference to Ordericus Vitalis, the historian, who says, as early as A.D. 1124 the Earl of Mellent, endeavouring to escape from the troops of Henry Beauclerc, and being seized by a countryman, bribed him to set him free, and to shave him, "in the guise of an esquire, *instar armigeri*,"

by which means he eluded his pursuers. J. R.

### The Note Book.

I will make a prief of it in my Note-book.  
M. W. of Windsor.

THE ORIGIN OF MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.—The city of Mexico is environed with an extensive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his second narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of fresh, the other of salt water, in circuit about fifty leagues. This situation, said the Mexicans, was appointed by their God *Vitziliputzli*, who, according to the explanation of their picture-histories, led their fore-fathers a journey of fourscore years, in search of the promised land; the apish Devil, say some Spanish writers, in this imitating the journeys of the Israelites. Four of the principal priests carried the idol in a coffer of reeds. Wherever they halted they built a tabernacle for their God, in the midst of their camp, where they placed the coffer and the altar. They then sowed the land; and their stay or departure, without regard to the harvest, was directed by the orders received from their idol, till at last, by his command, they fixed their abode on the scite of Mexico. The origin of the Mexicans is represented by men coming out of caves, and their different journeys and encampments are portrayed in their picture-histories, one of which was sent to Charles V., and is said to be still extant in the Escorial. According to the reigns of their kings, their first emigration was about A.D. 720. J. R.

ALPINE PHENOMENA.—Soon after six o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November, (says a letter from Bruneck, in the Tyrol,) a broad stream of light suddenly descended from the centre of the firmament nearly down to the ground, and was then drawn gradually up again to the middle of the sky, whence, for several seconds, it stretched itself out towards the north in a long ray of light, which first appeared in a straight, and then changed to a wavy line; after this it gathered into a light orb, resembling a white cloud, and remained stationary in the centre of the firmament for a full quarter of an hour, when it disappeared with the break of day. The appearance was accompanied by so vivid a degree of illumination, that the smallest pebble in the road was readily distinguishable, and those who

were abroad at the time were completely panic-struck. The sky, instead of being muddy with vapour, as is customary at this season, and at this time of the morning, was clear and cloudless, and the air remarkably serene and tranquil. Between five and six o'clock, however, an unusual number of falling stars were observed in various parts of the heavens.

**A SAGO TREE.**—The age of a sago tree at its best time is ten years, but the fruit is collected from the age of eight years to thirty-two or thirty-five, at which period it is perfectly hollow, and rots away from the top downwards. A sago tree of ten years old will be about twenty-seven feet high, and from five to eight feet girth at the bottom, and is continually yielding its crop. When the substance of the edible sago is three or five inches thick, they cut it, and this will be in two or three months, according to the quality of the ground. The oftener it is cut the faster it grows, which is proved by those trees that are neglected, as in many of them that have not been cut for six months the fruit will not be more than six or seven inches thick, whilst another tree, within thirty yards, cut every two months, will have four inches. There are several kinds of sago trees, some of which do not produce fruit for the first sixteen years.

**POPULATION OF PARIS.**—The *Annuaire of the Bureau des Longitudes*, for the year 1832, gives the progress of the population of Paris during the year 1830. Births, 28,587, of which 14,488 were boys, and 14,099 girls. The number of infants born in wedlock, as well at the houses of the parents as in the hospitals, was 18,560, of which 9,392 were boys, and 9,168 girls. The number of infants born out of wedlock, as well in private houses as in the hospitals, was 10,007—of which 5,096 were boys, and 4,911 girls—of these 10,007 natural children, 2,258 were adopted by the parents, and 7,749 were abandoned. The number of deaths in that year was 27,466:—15,664 occurred at private houses; 10,754 at civil hospitals; 606 at military hospitals; 67 in prisons; and 375 were deposited at the Morgue.

**MONEY.**—Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy that led him, perceiving it cried, "Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at

you." "Hold thy peace boy," said the fiddler, "we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them."

**EUCLID.**—Euclid was beaten in Bocaline, for teaching his scholars a mathematical figure in his school, whereby he showed, that all the lives, both of princes and private men, tended to one centre, *con gentilezza*, handsomely to get money out of other men's pockets, and it into their own. T. O.

In all times, the princes in England have done something illegal to get money, but then came a parliament and all was well, the people and the prince kissed, and were friends, and so things were quiet for a while; afterwards there was another trick found out to get money, and after they had got it, another parliament was called to set all right, &c. But now, they have so outrun the constable\*\*\*\*\*

#### JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

***Apothegms of Aristippus.***—Being asked why philosophers frequented the rich, he replied, "They know their necessities better than the others do."

A rich man came to offer his son as a pupil; Aristippus demanded five hundred drachms: "Why," said the parent, "I could purchase a slave for that sum."—"Do so," replied Aristippus, "and then you will have two."

When asked by Dionysius, why he left Athens to visit Syracuse, he replied, "When I wanted wisdom I went to Socrates; now I want money, and come to thee."

***Apothegms of Stratonice.***—The musician Stratonice adorned his school with statues of the Muses and Apollo; being asked how many pupils he had, he replied, "Twelve, with the aid of the gods!" He had really but two.

A friend asked him, whether long or round vessels were the safer; he answered, "The safest vessel is she that has gained her port."

King Ptolemy having spoken more wisely than warmly to Stratonice, on the subject of music, he replied, "Sire, the management of the sceptre is different from that of the plectre."\*

Stratonice was once listening to a bad harper, who sung as wretchedly as he played: turning to a friend, he quoted from Homer—

One thing the Gods have given, and one denied.  
Being asked to explain, he answered,  
"The Gods have given him the art of

\* The plectre was the quill with which the harp was played.

playing badly, and denied that of singing well."

He said that the mother of Satyrus was the most wonderful being in creation, for she bore the scoundrel nine months, and no other place or person could bear him nine days.

He said that cold weather prevailed at Ænos nine months of the year, and winter the other three.

### Customs of Various Countries.

**POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.**—At Rome, on the eve of an election, tents were pitched without the city, at which he who presided sat gravely with the augur, to observe the omens; there they watched carefully the appearance of the heavens, and the singing and flight of birds, and if the magistrate happened to hear thunder, or to observe any unpropitious omen, as he well might do when his own party were not on the ground in sufficient force, the auspices were unfavourable, and the election was forthwith adjourned to another day. Even if it appeared, six months afterwards, that there was some mistake about the omens, the election was set aside. We have sometimes wished that this practice had never been exploded. So when a ship was crowned with garlands, and the trumpet had sounded for its departure, the alighting of a swallow on the rigging, or an unhappy sneeze upon the left, outweighed all the favourable indications of the wind and tide. Drawing of lots was an authentic mode of ascertaining one's destiny. The Eternal City was overspread with gloom, when the appetite of the sacred chickens appeared less vigorous than usual; and, on the contrary, nothing could exceed the public satisfaction, when they ate as if consuming a corporation dinner. There is no end to the devices, by which the Romans endeavoured to read the book of fate; most of them were abandoned as the world grew older; but there was one which descended to them from the earliest antiquity, and was preserved until a comparatively recent time. This was astrology, founded on the notion, that the star which was rising at the hour of one's birth, ever afterwards influenced, or at least foreboded his destiny; a persuasion, supposed to be derived from those who watched the stars from the plains of Chaldea. It is worthy of remark, that in Rome, as in modern Europe, the great could not

descend to travel the same path to futurity with the vulgar; the rich applied to the astrologers, who carried a mysterious ephemeris, the prototype of our modern almanac, in which the rising and setting, the conjunction, and other appearances of the stars, were set down; while the poor were fain to have recourse to the threadbare fortune-teller, of what Horace calls the deceitful Circus Maximus, who gave them a destiny brilliant in proportion to their ability to pay. In the sixteenth century and later, the heavenly bodies in the same manner, were supposed to indicate the fortunes of the great, as well as the vicissitudes of nations; while the inspection of the face or hand was sufficient to prognosticate the destiny of the poor. This most singular of fancies, that the movement of worlds was regulated with a view to the destiny of an inhabitant of one of the smallest of the whole, pervaded the loftiest intellects of the time; even the miraculous discernment of Bacon was not insensible to its influence; and Scott has given some striking illustrations in Kenilworth and Quentin Durward, of its power over nobles and kings. Every one remembers Napoleon pointing to the sun of Austerlitz, and watching, from the forsaken halls of the Kremlin, his waning star, which soon went down in blood. The astrologer was once invested with every honour, which gratified pride and ostentation could bestow; his predictions were generally as mysterious as the responses of the Delphic oracle to Pyrrhus; but woe to the prophet, when the horoscope proved false. Mr. Partridge is the last of these worthies on record; he fell on evil days, when the artillery of the Royal Society had battered down all the pretensions of his art; and his most unlucky star was in the ascendant, when he encountered the fatal ridicule of Swift. The vulgar mystery of fortune-telling, has escaped the same fate with astrology, because it wisely avoided the attempt to soar so high; it has been kept in tolerable preservation by the gypsies, and there is scarcely a village so poor as to be without its wise-woman, who reads one's fortune in the lines of the hand or the grounds of an exhausted tea-cup.

*North Amer. Rev.*

### ANECDOTES.

**HONOURS.**—Honours, like diamonds, are the more valuable the scarcer they

are: they should come like "angel's visits, few and far between." So thought the politic Queen Elizabeth; for so sparingly did she bestow them, that the order of the garter was considered by her as a sufficient recompense to Sir Philip Sidney for refusing the crown of Poland, which, from his high reputation throughout Europe, had been offered him. Sir Francis Drake, also, for his voyage round the world, and glorious successes over the Spaniards, was simply knighted by the queen, and an additional bearing to his coat of arms granted him. By conferring such simple favours as these, Elizabeth esteemed herself bounteous, and was applauded for extraordinary munificence.

**ANCIENT CUSTOMS.**—When, during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, a Duke de Vendome was appointed governor of Provence, the deputies, as was their usual custom, presented him with a purse containing 20,000 livres. Highly delighted with the gift, he dropped it into a strong box that was in the room, when one of the deputies, with a very grave face, told him, "That though by an old custom they presented the purse full, his ancestors, the former Dukes de Vendome, who had from time immemorial enjoyed the place, always returned the money, and retained only the purse." "The conduct of the Dukes de Vendome who were my ancestors," replied the new-made governor, "*was inimitable!*"

**ST. JAMES'S PALACE.**—This palace was built by Henry, in 1532. (It had been an hospital for fourteen leprous maidens); he added to it the remains of York Palace, Whitehall, and inclosed the whole, (now St. James's Park) with a wall. The same Henry, in 1535, made his courtiers cut their hair short, and did so himself. He also brought into fashion the wearing of beards, and the knotting, (probably curling them.)

**SAYINGS OF ROBERT HALL, THE DISSEMINATOR.**—Upon this great preacher's going for the first time into York Minster, with a party of friends, he was asked what he thought of its sublime architecture. "Sir," said he, "it would awe a bacchanal!"

When shewn the monument of Robinson, in which that celebrated pastor is sculptured *erect*, as if in the act of receiving the bible from the hands of Christ; instead of applauding, as had been expected, the skill of the artist, he exclaimed, energetically, "The man, Sir, ought to have been prostrate at the feet of his Maker."

Being asked by an Ultra-Calvinist if he thought he should see John Wesley in heaven, he replied, "I fear not; for he will be so near the throne of God, and I so distant from it, that I shall scarcely be able to obtain a glimpse of him." He said, on another occasion, "Whoever gets to heaven, will there find more women than men."

Being asked if Cambridgeshire were, in his opinion, so devoid of the picturesque as it had been described; he replied, "Yes, sir; it is, indeed, to the eye dreary: it is naked, without foliage, without trees,—except that, here and there, a stunted willow astonishes the traveller, as though nature were putting up signals of distress."

It would appear from the following anecdote, that as a tea-drinker Johnson scarcely excelled him:—Returning from a party, at rather a late hour, weary and unwell, the lady, at whose house he was residing, proposed to get him a cup of tea: he gladly availed himself of her offer; and she, with great kindness, after he had emptied the kettle, asked if she should order it *to be filled again*. "Why, no, madam," replied he, "I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed for having taken so much: and yet, on consideration, I need not; for it has brought two fine qualities into exercise; great patience, madam, on your part, and perseverance on mine."

**JOHNSON AND ROUBILLIAC.**—The following story received by Northcote from Sir Joshua Reynolds, is no doubt true, and so characteristic, that it is worthy of being put on record. Roubillac, the celebrated sculptor, desired Reynolds to introduce him to Dr. Johnson, in order to procure of him an epitaph for a monument, on which he was then engaged. Johnson received them very civilly, and took them into a garret, which he called his library, in which, beside his books covered with dust, were a crazy table and an old chair with but three legs. In this, Johnson seated himself, contriving to support its lame side against the wall of the room. He then requested to know what they desired him to write. Roubillac, who was a true Frenchman, immediately began a high-blown harangue, directing the Doctor what sentiments to express; but Johnson quickly interrupted him, saying, "Come, Sir, let us have no more of this ridiculous rhodomontade, but let me know in simple language, the name, character, and quality of the person, whose epitaph I am to write."



## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, March 7.

*Ash Wednesday.*

*High Water, 10m. af. 5 Morn. 7m. af. 5 aftern.*

This day stands conspicuous in the history of the ancient church for the severity of discipline exercised, when penitents appeared before their bishops with bare feet, and merely a slight covering over their bodies, consisting of the coarsest sackcloth, ready to submit to such penance as should be imposed upon them. Those who were deemed deserving of exemplary punishment, were first amply sprinkled with the ashes of the palm-tree or other ever-greens, burnt on the Palm Sunday of the preceding year, and then driven out of the church-door, the whole of the clergy assembled upon the occasion following them, repeating the words of the curse denounced against our first parents—"In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat thy bread;" a degradation they had again to undergo on the succeeding Sunday. But such as had sinned in a less degree, were merely marked on the forehead with the sign of the cross and admonished to continue in the fair course they had begun: *Memento homo quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.* "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return," was the awful and salutary lesson impressed upon the human mind, whereby to mortify vanity and humble pride.

### Thursday, March 8.

*St. John of God, Conf. A. D. 1550.*

*Sun rises 21m. af. 6 Morn.—Sets 40m. af. 5.*

About this time, owls begin to be exceedingly troublesome, by their hooting; and in spite of the continued frequency of their howling or screeching, the vulgar still regard them as unlucky omens, and if an owl happens to sit on a house-top and hoot of an evening, some death in the family is immediately expected.

In the Anthol. Bor. at Amst. we find the following:—

The cold March—moon is dull and pale,

The air smells dark and harsh;

The hooting owl fills the gale

That breathes o'er yonder marsh.

Ill-omened bird, that by his cry

Now startles dampsly night,

And bodes ill fortune tarrying night,

If sagas auger right.

### Friday, March 9.

*St. Pacian, b. of Barcelona, conf.*

*! Moon's 1st quar. 13m af. 7 Morn.*

March 9, 1814.—To-day, the battle before Laon was fought. *Laon*, which served as a depot for the allied forces, was in vain attacked by Napoleon. Marshal Marmont coming up on the other side of that town, was surprised during the night, when he lost 2,500 prisoners, and four pieces of cannon. The Emperor still persisting in his design of capturing Laon by force, was still repulsed, and on the 11th retired to Soissons. Blücher, in the interim, being at liberty to act, found means to advance upon Paris, with 90,000 Russians and Prussians.

### Saturday, March 10.

*St. Kassaga, conf.*

*High Water 0m. af. 7. Mor.—29m. af. 7 aftern.*

March 10, 1792.—Expired John Earl of Bute, a nobleman who for some time acted as governor to George the Third, during his minority. In 1761, he was appointed Prime Minister of State, and immediately upon coming into power, de-

termined, if possible, to effect a peace, which had for some time been negotiating. He accomplished his object, but his success rendered him so exceedingly unpopular, that he quitted his important station (1763.) The Marquess was such a lover of literature, that he affected to be the Mæcenas of his age. In addition to the allowance which Home received from the Princess Dowager of Wales, he procured for that author the appointments of commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, and conservator of the Scottish privileges at Campvere in Zealand. Johnson was also indebted in some measure, perhaps, to Lord Bute's seal in the cause of letters for his pension of 300*l.* a year, and a letter from the Marquess to Bubb Doddington, dated in 1761, shews that he felt a warm interest in behalf of the younger Bentley. While in office, he proposed that the Antiquarian Society should undertake a history of the antiquities of this country, similar to Montfaucon's *Antiquites de la Monarchie Francaise*, and it appears probable, that had he continued Prime Minister, the work would now have been in the libraries of the learned.

### Sunday, March 11.

#### FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

*Lessons for the Day.—19 ch. of Genesis, to ver. 30 morn. 22 ch. of Genesis, even.*

Frogs are now heard croaking in the pools, ditches, ponds, and other shallow waters. They remind us of the well known line of Virgil's *Georgics*—

*Et veterem in limo rana cocinera querelam.*

Their much croaking is a sign of rain, and of the changeable weather so prevalent in this month.

### Monday, March 12.

*S. Paul, b. of Laon, conf.*

*Sun rises 13m. af. 6—Sets 43m. af. 5.*

March 12, 1814.—To-day, the French were defeated by the King of Naples, at the passage of the Taro; and Bourdeaux capitulated to Sir William Beresford: the white flag being hoisted by the mayor, M. Lynch, and the constituted authorities. The British were received with every demonstration of joy.

### Tuesday, March 13.

*St. Pulcherius, vb. 665.*

*High Water 13m. af. 11 Mor.—55m. af. 11 aftern.*

March 13, 1824.—Died Mrs. Sophia Lee. Our authoress was one of those distinguished females, whose talents shone so conspicuously in the latter end of the last century and beginning of the present. She was born in London in 1750, and being left early in life without a mother, took upon herself the entire management of the younger branches of the family. She, however, then began to entertain a secret love for writing, and in the summer of 1780, first ventured to appear publicly as an author in the comedy of the "Chapter of Accidents," which met with much success.—Her next production was the "Recess, a tale of other Times." The latter production was one of the first romances in the English language which combined history with fiction; after which, she produced various other tales and dramatic pieces. Mrs. Lee resided for some time in Moomouth-shire; but, at length, purchased a house at Clifton, where she resided with her sister, in whose arms she expired.

We have to inform our subscribers, that the Cuts of the next and succeeding numbers will be executed by Mr. WILLIAMS. Arrangements have also been made for the general improvement of the work.

# The Alto :

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XII.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, March 17, 1832.



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## Illustrated Article.

### MARY FENWICK.

**DURING** a short journey in the north, my attention had been much excited by the modest demeanour of an interesting young woman, accompanied by a venerable-looking old man, who, on the arrival of the coach at Berwick-upon-Tweed, took leave of her with an almost filial farewell, saying, "God bless and reward you." She then drew a black veil over her face, and sat down opposite to me. I never felt more inclined, and at the same time at a loss, to open a conversation. To intrude on female sorrow is unjustifiable; to treat it with indifference, impossible. I, at length, summoned up courage, and observed to her, that I supposed, like myself, she was not going far. She answered, that she was on her way to London. Perceiving a tear trickle down her pale cheek, and imagining that further conversation

must be fraught with more of pain than pleasure, I, therefore, suppressed my curiosity, and we remained silent until the arrival of the coach at my friend's gate, with whom I intended to sojourn a few hours. Now that all idea of intrusion was at an end, I could venture upon kindness; I observed to her that the idea of her going such a journey by herself grieved me, and asked her if I could be of any service in recommending her to the protection of the guard. She thanked me a thousand times, and I think if we had been destined to go another stage, I should have known her history. Time, however, on all occasions despotical, is inexorable when armed with a mail coach horn, and I had only time to shake hands with the gentle being, slip a crown into the guard's palm to look well after her, ere the coach started, bearing her from my view for ever.—I passed an agreeable few hours with my friend, enjoying his old claret and older stories, and then started to fulfil

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an engagement in Edinburgh. No sooner did I find myself once more at the door of the inn from whence the coach was to start, than the circumstance brought full on my memory the romantic occurrence of the previous day.

"I found myself a few minutes too early; and as I stood on the steps, shivering in the cold evening breeze, and pondering on the vicissitudes of a northern April day, I could not help asking the landlord, (a civil, old-fashioned Boniface), 'Pray sir, do you know any thing of the history of that nice decent-looking young woman who started from your house with me this morning for London?'

"'Know, sir!' said he, as if in compassion for my ignorance. 'Ay, that I do! and so does all Berwick, and it would be well if all England and Scotland knew it too. If ever there was a kind heart and a pretty face in Berwick bounds, it's surely Mary Fenwick's!'

"'It's rather a long story though, sir, and the horses are just coming round; but I'm thinking there is one goes with you as far as Haddington, that won't want pressing to give you the outs and ins on't.' So saying, he pointed to a stout grazier-looking personage, in a thick great-coat and worsted comforter, who, by his open countenance and manly yeoman-like bearing, might have been own brother to Dandie Dinmont himself. 'This gentleman,' said the landlord, with a respectful glance at myself, and a familiar nod to the Borderer, (a substantial wool-stapler in Berwick, but passing in quest of his pastoral commodity half his life among the neighbouring farms,) 'wishes to hear all about Mary Fenwick. You've known her from the egg, I may say; and been in court yourself on the trial yesterday; so you'll be able to give it him to his heart's content.'

"The last words were drowned in the rattle of the advancing coach,—in jumped I, and in clambered the Borderer; reconciled to the durance of an inside berth by the sharp east-wind, and the pleasure of talking of Mary Fenwick.

"Having explained, for the sake of propriety, that my interest in the damsel arose from the singular circumstance of one so young, and apparently inexperienced, travelling above six hundred miles, to pass one day in Ber-

wick, my portly *vis-a-vis* civilly begged my pardon, and assured me that no one there felt the least uneasiness on the score of Mary's journey.—'There's a blessing on her errand, sir, and that the very stones on the road know; and, besides, she's so staid and sensible, and has so much dignity about her, that she's as fit to go through the world as her grandmother.'

"To all this I assented the more readily, that this very dignity had made me forego all inquiry into what I wished so much to know; and even now I listened to it with all the more satisfaction for the hint she had thrown out, as if of regret, for not having told me herself. 'Does she belong to this place,' asked I, 'that you seem to know her so well?'

"'Yes, sir; born and bred in Berwick bounds. She was a farmer's daughter, a mile out of town, and just what a farmer's daughter should be.—Her mother, a clever notable woman, taught her to bake and brew, and knit and sew; in short, every thing that many girls in her station are now too fine to do. They think these good old-fashioned things make them ungentleel, but they never made Mary Fenwick so; for I am sure, sir, but for her suitable dress and simple manner, you might have taken her for a lady.'

"'Well! Mary came often in her father's little cart to market, to sell her butter and eggs, (we've a great trade in eggs here, you know, sir); and somehow or other, she fell in with a young man of our town, a merchant's clerk, who was taken with her good looks, and cared for very little else.—His old father, however, (the old man who put Mary in the coach this morning), made many inquiries about his son's sweetheart; and as he heard nothing but good of her, he had the sense to see, that though one of a large hard-working family, she would be the very wife to reclaim his gay, idle, thoughtless son, if any thing would.'

"'And very idle and extravagant he was, sir! The only son of people well to do in the world, and a good deal spoilt from a child, he neglected his business whenever he could, and loved dress, and company, and horse-racing, and all that, far too well. But he really loved Mary Fenwick; and no sooner saw that she would not so much as listen to him while all this went on, than he quite left off all his

wild courses, and became a new man, to gain her favour.

"It was not done in a hurry; for Mary had been brought up very piously, and had a horror for every thing evil. But Dick Mansel was very clever, as well as handsome; and when he pleased, could make one believe any thing; and really, to give him his due, as long as he had any doubts of Mary's love, no saint could behave better. At last, however, he fairly gained her innocent heart; though I believe it was as much by the aid of his good father and mother's constant praises of himself, and doating fondness for Mary, as by his own winning ways.

"When he saw she loved him, and it was not by halves, though in her own gentle way, he wanted to marry her immediately; and Mary's father would have consented, for it was a capital match for his portionless girl. But Mary said, 'Richard, you have kept free of cards, and dice, and folly, one half year, to gain your own wishes; let me see you do it another, to make my mind easy, and then I'll trust you till death divides us.' Dick stormed, and got into a passion, and swore she did not love him; but she answered, 'It is just because I do, that I wish to give you a habit of goodness before you are your own master and mine.—Surely it is no hardship to be for six months, what you intend to be all the rest of your life!'

"Richard was forced to submit; and for three of the six months behaved better than ever. But habit, as Mary said, is every thing; and his had for years set the wrong way. With the summer came fairs, and idleness, and junkettings, and, worst of all, races, into the neighbourhood. Dick first staid away with a bad grace; then went, just to shew how well he could behave; and ended by losing his money, and getting into scrapes, just as bad as ever.

"For a time he was much ashamed, and felt real sorrow; and leared Mary would never forgive him. But when she did so, sweet gentle soul! once or twice, (though her pale face was reproach enough to any man) he began to get hardened, and to laugh at what he called her pensiveness. Mary was twenty times near giving him up; but his parents hung about her, and told her she only could save him from perdition; and, in truth, she thought so herself; and this, joined to the love for him, which was all the deeper for

its slow growth, made her still ready to risk her own welfare for his.

"It is not to be told how much she bore of idleness, extravagance, and folly,—for vice was never as yet laid to his door,—in the hopes that when these wild days were past, Richard would settle again into a sober man of business. At last, however, to crown all, there came players to the town; and Dick was not to be kept from either before or behind the curtain. He fell in with a gay madam of an actress, very shewy to be sure, but no more to be compared with Mary Fenwick than a flaring crockery jug to my best China punchbowl. She persuaded him, that to marry a poor farmer's daughter was quite beneath him; and to be kept in awe by her, more contemptible still.—So, to make a long story short, sir, Dick, after trying in vain to force his poor heart-broken Mary to give him up, (that he might lay his ruin at her door) had the cruelty to tell her one night, as he met her going home to her father's from nursing his own sick mother, that he saw she was not a fit match for him, either in birth or breeding; and that if ever he married, it should be a wife of more liberal ways of thinking!

"He had been drinking a good deal, it is true, and was put up to this base conduct by his stage favourite; but when he found, that instead of a storm of reproaches, or even a flood of tears, poor Mary only stood pale, and shaking, and kept saying, 'Poor Richard! poor, poor Richard!' he grew sobered, and would fain have softened matters a little. But she summoned all her strength, and ran till she came to her father's gate; and two days after, when the old Mansels drove out in a post-chaise, to try and make it all up, and get their son put once more upon his trial, Mary was off—her parents would not tell whither.'

"And where did she go?" asked I, for the first time venturing to interrupt the honest Berwick's *con amore* narration. 'It came out, sir, afterwards, that an uncle in London had formerly invited her to come up and visit him; and now that her engagement was so sadly broken off, she told her parents it would save her much misery to leave home for a while, and even go to service, to keep out of the way till Dick Mansel should be married. 'Or hanged!' cried her father, in his passion, (as he afterwards acknowledged), little thinking how near it was being

the case. There was a salmon-smack lying in the river just then, whose master was Mary's cousin; so she slipped quietly on board in the dark, and got safely to London.'

'How long was this ago?' said I. 'Oh! about five or six months, perhaps; let me see, it was in October, and this is April. Well, sir, Mary staid but a short time at her uncle's, as idleness was a thing she never liked; but through his wife, (who had been housekeeper to a nobleman,) she got a delightful place in the same family, as upper nursery-maid; which her gentle manners, and steady temper, and long experience in her father's family, made her every way fit for.'

'She had not been long with them, when Lord S—— was appointed to a government in the Indies; and as he resolved to take out some of his younger children, nothing would serve Lady S—— but Mary must go with them.— They were grown so fond of her, that her cares on the voyage would be worth gold; and then her staid, sober, dignified ways made her a perfect treasure in a country where I understand girls' heads are apt to be turned.— Lady S—— knew her story, and thought it recommendation enough; so her parents were written to, half Mary's ample wages secured them by her desire; and she went down to the sea-side to be in the way to embark at the last moment, when all the tedious outfit for a great man's voyage was over.'

'So this explains a hint she threw out, about going to the world's end!' said I.

'Yes, sir; she would have been half way there already, if it had not pleased God to send a contrary wind, to save Dick Mansel's life.' 'His life, poor wretch!' said I; 'did he take to worse courses still?'—'Pretty bad, sir; but not quite so bad as he got credit for. I'll tell you as short as I can.'

'There came about Berwick, now and then, a scamp of a fellow, whom every body knew to be a gambler and a cheat; and whom none but such idle dogs as Dick Mansel would keep company with. This man, sir, was known to be in or about town last autumn, and to have won money of Richard both on the turf and at the card-table. They had a row about it, it seems, high words, and even a scuffle; but few knew or cared; and Jack Osborne went away as he came, with none the wiser.'

'But about six weeks or two months ago, it began to be whispered that he had been missed of late from his old haunts, and that Berwick was the last place where he had been seen; and, good for nothing as he was, he had decent relations who began to think it worth while to inquire into it. The last person in whose company he had been seen, in our town, was certainly Dick Mansel; who, when asked about him, denied all knowledge of his old comrade. But Dick's own character by this time was grown very notorious; and though no one here, from respect to his family, would have breathed such a notion, Jack Osborne's stranger uncle felt no scruple in insinuating that his nephew had met with foul play, and insisting on an inquiry.'

'In the course of this, a very suspicious circumstance came out; a pair of pistols, well known to be Osborne's, were found in Dick's possession; and a story, of his having received them in part payment of some gambling debt, was of course very little, if at all believed. There were plenty of people who could depose, that on the 23rd of October, at a tavern dinner, the two had quarrelled, and had high words; though they were afterwards seen to go out separately, and seemingly good friends.'

'The next step in evidence was, two people having returned late that evening, and on passing a little stunted thicket, about half a mile from town, hearing something like groans and cries; which, however, they paid little attention to, being in a great hurry.— This caused the place to be searched; and in an old sand-pit near the spot, to the surprise and horror of all Berwick, were found the remains of poor Jack Osborne; his clothes, from the dry nature of the ground, quite in good preservation.'

'Things began now to put on a face terribly serious for Dick Mansel; especially as another man now came forward to say (people should be very cautious, sir!) that he had met Dick—or some one so like him, that he had no doubt of its being him,—on the road to that very spot, just before the hour when the groans were heard; and that on being addressed by his name, he passed on, and gave no answer.'

'Between the quarrel, and the pistols, and the groans, and the dead body, and, above all, the evidence of

this man, a complete case was made out for a jury, and there were many things besides to give it a colour; especially poor Dick's own reckless habits, and his evident confusion when first asked what he had been doing on the evening of the 23rd of October.—To those who saw his conscience-stricken look, when taken by surprise, and his angry defiance afterwards, when aware of the drift of the question, there was no doubt of his guilt.

"Dick was committed for trial; and oh! sir, it was a sad day for all who knew his worthy parents, and had seen the creature himself grow up before them, a pretty curly-haired child, and then a manly, spirited boy! His behaviour in prison was chiefly dogged and sullen; and he seemed to scorn even denying the fact to those who could suppose him guilty, as most did;—but on his poor father (who never would credit it) urging him to think, for the sake of his grey hairs, whether some means of proving his innocence might not yet be found, he at length said, though it seemed wrung from him by his parent's distress,—'There's one person on earth who could clear me of this horrible charge, (but even if she were angel enough to do it, I suppose she's left England), and that's Mary Fenwick! This is a judgment on me, father, for my usage of that girl!'

"The agonised parents lost not a moment in writing to Mary the most pathetic letter broken heart ever penned. They feared she would have sailed, but it pleased God otherwise; and though the wind that first kept them had changed, they were detained one week longer for reasons of state. Mary carried the letter to her good mistress, and told her all.

"She readily got leave for the journey, and was offered a fellow-servant to take care of her; but she was steadfast in declining it. 'I would wish no unnecessary witness of poor Richard's shame and his parents' sorrow, my lady,' said she; 'and God will protect one who is going to return good for evil.'

"There was not a moment to be lost, to let Mary appear at the assizes yesterday, and get back to Portsmouth in time; so into the mail she stepped, and arrived here as soon as a letter could have done. When they saw her, the poor old Mansels almost fainted for joy. They kissed and wept over her, as they had done many a time

when their son's wildness grieved her gentle spirit; but they soon came to look up to her as a guardian angel come to save their grey hairs from despair and disgrace.

"They would have proposed to her to see and comfort Richard; but she said mildly, 'We have both need of our strength for to-morrow. Tell him I forgive him, and bless God for bringing me to save him; and pray that it may not be from danger in *this world* alone.'

"She was quite worn out with fatigue, it may be supposed, and glad to lay her innocent head down once more on her mother's bosom, in the bed where she was born, and where she had hardly expected ever to lay it again. She rose quite refreshed, and able for the hard trial and hard it was to one so modest and retiring of appearing in court before her whole towns-people on so melancholy an occasion.

"She was indulged with a chair, and sat as much out of sight as possible, surrounded by kind friends, till she should be called on. The case for the prosecution was gone into; and a chain of circumstantial evidence made out so desperately against poor Dick, that the crown counsel—a rather flip-pant young man—said, 'This is a hollow case, you will see, my lord. Nothing short of an *alibi* can bring him off.'

"And that shall be proved immediately, my lord,' replied—very unexpectedly—some of the prisoner's friends. 'We have a witness here, come more than three hundred miles for the purpose;' and Mary, shaking like a leaf, and deadly pale, was placed in the box. The counsel had nothing for it but to examine her. I should be sorry to say, sir, he wished to find her testimony false; but lawyers have a frightful pride in shewing their ingenuity; and he did not quite like his 'hollow case' to be overturned. At all events his manner was any thing but encouraging to a poor frightened girl; but he little knew that Mary could be firm as a rock where duty was concerned.

"On being desired to say what she knew of this business, Mary simply averred, in as few words as possible, that Richard Mansel could not have been in Overton wood at the hour assigned for the murder of Jack Osborne; as he was at that very time with her, on the road to S— farm, exactly on the other side of the town.

"Very pleasantly engaged, I dare say, my dear!" said the counsel, flipantly; "but I am afraid the court will not be the more disposed to admit your evidence on that account."—"I am sure they ought," said Mary, in a tone of deep and solemn sincerity, which dashed the lawyer a good deal. "But," said he, recovering himself, "Richard Mansel met you, you say, on the road to S—, at a little after the hour of nine, on a certain evening. Pray what reason may you have for remembering the hour?"

"Because I had staid to give his mother her nine o'clock draught before I left town; and because, just as I got to my father's gate, the church clock struck ten."

"Very accurate! And pray what leads you to be so positive as to the day!—"Because, the very next evening I sailed for London in a smack, whose sailing day is always on a Friday, and Thursday must have been the 23d."

"Very logical indeed! And now, my dear, to come more to the point, how come you to remember this meeting itself so very particularly? It was not the first, I dare say."—"No, sir," said Mary, her paleness giving way to a flush of insulted dignity; "but it was the *last*!! I remember it, because we were engaged to be married; and on that very night (and I bless God it was no other) Richard Mansel told me, and not very kindly, I was not a fit wife for him; and all that had been going on between us so long was for ever at an end! I have a right to remember this, sir, I think."

"Mary had made, to muster strength and utterance, for this testimony, all the exertion nature would permit. She fell back, fainting, into her father's arms, and a murmur of admiration ran through the court."

"This is an *alibi*, with a witness," said an old shrewd barrister. "'Tis not likely a discarded sweetheart would come six hundred miles to perjure herself for a scoundrel like this!" In corroboration of Mary's simple testimony, should any be required, there was handed to the jury a housewife, or pocket-book, whose few leaves of simple memorandums contained, (evidently written down at the moment, and blotted with a still discernible tear), 'Oct. 23d,—This day, parted for ever in this world with poor Richard Mansel. God grant we may meet in the next.'"

"And did they meet again in this world, sir?" said I, when my honest friend had got rid of something troublesome in his eyes. "No, sir; Mary felt it was better otherwise, and no one durst press it upon her. She wrote him a letter though, which no one else saw; and I hear he says his life was hardly worth saving, since he has lost Mary. Poor devil! we'll see if this great escape will sober him!"

"Little more passed between me and my friend, as the lights of Dunbar were now in view. I have since been in Berwick, and find Richard lives with his parents, a sadder and a wiser man than they ever expected him to be; and Mary is married, in India, to a young chaplain, up the country, to whom Lord S— has promised a living in her own native north, on his return to Britain." *Fraser's Mag.*

### THE BRIDE.

*For the Olio.*

I saw thee once, and only once, but never  
can forget  
The beauty of thy fairy form—thy glossy  
locks of jet;  
And even now, ay, even now, though years  
have fled away,  
Since first I saw thee, bright and fair, upon  
thy bridal day.

Thy form is still before my eyes, still—still—  
I hear thy voice,  
So soft—so sweet—so musical, it made all  
hearts rejoice;  
I see thy raven tresses dancing o'er thy sunny  
brow,  
Or, straying from their pearly wreath, on  
thy swelling bosom flow.

I see thine eye on thy heart's young choice  
glance with a tender fear;  
And the silken lash that strove to hide the  
sweet confusion there;  
I hear thee breathe the blissful vow, that yet  
may cause regret;  
I saw thee once, and only once, but never can  
forget!  
A. A. F.

SIR NICHOLAS BACON.—Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal in the reign of queen Elizabeth, obtained the reputation in his set speeches, of uniting two opposite characters, viz. those of a witty and a weighty speaker. That he was not unduly exalted in his own opinion, notwithstanding his eminent talents and preferment, appears from his modest answer to queen Elizabeth, when on a visit to him at Redgrave, she told him that his house was too little for him. "Not so, madam," replied Sir Nicholas, "but your majesty has made me too great for my house."

## A NIGHT ON THE ATLANTIC.

*For the Olio.*

How faithfully the sacred writer of the Psalms pictured the situation of the seaman in a storm, when he wrote—"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," &c. It is the actual, the living semblance brought to the mind's eye; while the ocean in its sublime workings, as described in the verses following that quoted above, is no less truly depicted. Indeed, so universally have these wonders been unfolded, that scarcely a seaman exists who has not his tale of storms and tempests to relate; but where is the being who can tell half the wonders of the mighty sea, when the spirits of the vasty deep have lashed it into fury? So awfully sublime and terrible is it, that the recollection of its vastness only leaves the mind oppressed with the littleness of man, and it shrinks from attempting to describe one of the greatest works of its Creator. In whatever situation it is seen, whether in calm sleep under the summer's sky, when only the light zephyr plays sportive on its bosom, so softly that not a ripple disturbs the surface, or in the furious tumult of the hurricane, only in parts can its greatness be told.

Among the many scenes of wonder that have occurred, the following, which happened one night on the Atlantic, shews the sweeping destruction which a few minutes will effect upon this awful element, and, though but feebly related, it will give some idea of the disasters incident to a seaman's life.

His Majesty's brig B— was returning home from the West Indies in the latter end of the year 1829; fine weather and favourable gales had brought her far on her course; the officers and seamen were looking out joyfully for land, ("they were returning to their homes again,") when, one evening, the sky assumed a dark and threatening aspect, and the wind shifting around to an opposite quarter, baffled these hopes, and made the probability of meeting their friends an object of greater speculation than they had before anticipated. Still, the weather was not of such consequence as to keep more than the usual watch on deck, though, as the night advanced, the darkness increased, until one could scarcely see the ship's length, and the wind rose to a smart breeze.

Twelve o'clock came,—eight bells were struck, the watch changed, and the ship secure, when the man on the lookout gave the word, "A sail right ahead!" Before the helmsman had power to shift the helm, and alter the position of the brig, the ships met with a force inconceivable to one who has not witnessed a scene similar to this which now occurred. In a moment another crash took place as the strange sail came with her quarter on the bow of the B—. A loud and piercing shriek was heard—the dark body of the ship disappeared, and all again was silent as the grave, save the roaring surges of the ocean.

For some time, the crew of the brig only looked at each other in silent sorrow and amazement; they knew not what damage their own vessel had sustained by the shock, while the disappearance of the other caused a sad feeling in their minds as to the fate of the beings whom they supposed to have sunk into an ocean grave: yet, when the alarm of the moment had subsided, and they found their own damage to have been but trifling, the possibility that some part of the crew might yet be saved, or that the vessel was still floating on the waters, induced them to make every exertion to rescue their fellow-men from the perilous situation in which this unhappy meeting had placed them. Lights were immediately hoisted on different parts of the ship, signal guns fired, and the vessel hove-to, near about the spot where the accident happened. All was useless,—no return was made to the signals, nor a sign appeared that any of the crew were yet alive; when, at the moment they had given over the hope of saving any of their fellow-creatures, one of the seamen going forward discovered a man clinging to the foremast rigging. How he was not perceived before surprised them, and that he had not ventured on the deck was equally singular; but to suffer him to remain in the situation he then was, the humanity of a British seaman would not allow, and some of the crew proceeded to assist him on board. It was with some difficulty that they removed him, for he clung with an eager and convulsive grasp to the rigging, while his frenzied look showed the desperate effort he had made to save himself; but when they had unclasped his hands, and got him on board, he suffered them to lead him about like a child. By degrees his features lost their stern appearance,



and something like consciousness returned; but their intelligence had fled, and he appeared plunged into a state of helpless lethargy, or melancholy madness. Whatever question was asked about his ship, or himself, he only looked at the enquirer with a vacant stare and then said, "Lost, lost—all gone!" and then resumed his former appearance.

As they could not gain any information from him, the vessel continued to cruise about the spot all night, so that nothing should remain untried to save any Providence might have been pleased to spare from destruction; but no sign appeared to indicate such was the case, though the weather gradually cleared up, and the sea became so smooth that a boat might have lived on it with little difficulty. The next morning the weather was beautifully mild; vessels were continually passing and repassing; of every one enquiry was eagerly made, but none had seen the wreck, or any thing to mark that such an event had taken place; indeed, the whole would have appeared but a troubled dream, had not the poor stalking wretch, moving listlessly about, convinced them of its reality.

Day after day passed on, and he was still the same melancholy being, though, as he refused to take any food, he was become so emaciated as to have the appearance of a living skeleton. They attempted by force to make him eat, but he resisted all their efforts, and shewed such signs of madness, that the crew, though unwilling, were obliged to give up their benevolent design.—The first few days he had been on board the brig, every morning he would go aloft, and remain there for hours, apparently looking out for his lost companions; but by the time the vessel entered the Channel, he was so reduced as to be unable to come on deck, and it was evident he would not live to reach the shore. From the first moment he was brought on board, the ship's surgeon had declared, that in the end he would recover his reason; but he feared that the recollection of the loss he had sustained, and his own providential escape, would be too much for his weakened frame to bear, and that he would sink under it to the grave. The crisis was now arrived: as his weakness increased his faculties appeared less clouded, and, according to the doctor's report, he became sensible of his situation. After a long sleep, the first he had ever enjoyed on board the brig,

he awoke and faintly enquired where he was! The doctor was immediately called, and ordered him to be kept quiet; but it was plainly to be seen his end was at hand—his sand had just ran out—a few grains only were left; they fell—his eyes closed, and he was no more! His end was so soon after the recovery of his senses, that he could not explain much as to who he was, or of the vessel to which he belonged; his only words were—"Write my father, James B— B—, Devon." Poor fellow, his wanderings are over, and his cares past; wrapped up in a hammock, the sea received him to itself! On its bosom he had lived, on it he had died, and beneath its bosom are his last remains placed! J. S. C.

#### TO VERY LITTLE BOYS LEARNING TO SKAIT AND JUMP.

*Fiamini nunquam vibreo, Paelli-Credite tuta.*

Children, before you skait, be taught to walk.

With safety then you'll guide your tender feet;

One fall, a mother's fondest hopes may balk,  
Since Ice, and hearts as cold, have learnt deceit.

Thus, in the mazy labyrinth of Life,  
Led by time, knowledge, and religion's clue;

From infancy secure from sin and strife,  
The issues of life and light immortal view.

BANSLIPS' WEST-WALL,  
Articromer and School-Master

#### SCOTTISH LEGENDS.

ALTHOUGH lacking that instinctive and superstitious belief in the "wild and the wonderful," so strongly inherent in the character of our northern neighbours, we cannot but acknowledge that the remarkable fulfilment of the subjoined auguries, which we extract from Sir Walter Scott's recently published work, struck us with indescribable awe and amazement. We here present them without further preface, exclaiming with the poet of old, *Credite Posteris!*

"It was about the year of redemption one thousand twelve hundred and eighty-five, when King Alexander the Third of Scotland lost his daughter Margaret, whose only child, of the same name, called the Maiden of Norway (as her father was king of that country), became the heiress of the kingdom of Scotland, as well as of her father's crown. An unhappy death was this, for Alexander, who had no nearer heirs

left of his own body than his grandchild. She indeed might claim his kingdom by birthright; but the difficulty of establishing such a claim of inheritance must have been anticipated by all who bestowed a thought upon the subject. The Scottish King, therefore, endeavoured to make up for his loss by replacing his late queen, who was an English princess, sister of our Edward the First, with Juletta, daughter of the Count de Dreux. The solemnities at the nuptial ceremony, which took place in the town of Jedburgh, were very great and remarkable, and particularly, when, amidst the display of a pageant which was exhibited on the occasion, a ghastly spectre made its appearance in the form of a skeleton, as the King of Terrors is said to be represented. Shortly after the appearance of this apparition, King Alexander died, to the great sorrow of his people, and the Maid of Norway, his heiress, specially followed her grandfather to the grave.

"It was about the era above mentioned, that the Castle Douglas (called by Sir Walter, under the peculiar circumstances related by him, 'Castle Dangerous.') was held in trust by Sir John de Walton for the English king, under the stipulation, that if, without surprise, he should keep it from the Scottish power for a year and a day, he should obtain the Barony of Douglas, with its appendages, in free property, for his reward; while, on the other hand, if he should suffer the fortress during this space to be taken, either by guile or open force, he would become liable to dishonour as a knight, and to attainder as a subject; as also that the chiefs who took share with him, and served under him, should share in his guilt and his punishment; when the young Lord Douglas, accompanied by a minstrel named Hugo Hugonet, set forth on the dangerous exploit of redeeming the lost honours of his house. On their arrival at the castle, they found it a scene of total tumult, and succeeded in entering it unobserved by the centinels. They made their way undiscovered to the library, where they thought it prudent to remain for a time, to discuss the plan of future operations. Here Hugonet, on scanning the contents of the library, discovered a book of poetry, to which he had been attached of old, and aware that the Lord Douglas had been a man of some reading, he was doubly anxious to secure it. This book contained

the Lays of an ancient Scottish bard, distinguished by the name of 'Thomas the Rhymer,' whose intimacy, it is said, became in his time so great with the gifted people, called the Faery folk, that he could, like them, foretell the future deeds before they came to pass, and united in his own person the qualities of bard and of soothsayer. The time and manner of his death were never publicly known, but the general belief was, that he was not severed from the land of the living, but removed to the land of Faery, from whence he sometimes made excursions, and concerned himself only about matters which were to come hereafter. Hugonet was the more earnest to prevent the loss of this ancient bard, as many of his poems and predictions were said to be preserved in the castle, and were supposed to contain much, especially connected with the old house of Douglas, as well as other families of ancient descent, who had been subjects of this old man's prophecies; and, accordingly, he determined to save this volume from destruction. With this view, he hurried up into a little old vaulted room, called the 'Douglas study,' in which there might be some dozen old books written by the ancient chaplains, in what the minstrels call, *the letter black*. He immediately discovered the celebrated lay, called 'Sir Tristem;' Hugonet, who well knew the value in which this poem was held by the ancient lords of the castle, took the parchment volume from the shelves of the library, and laid it upon a small desk. Having made such preparation for putting it in safety, he fell into a brief reverie, when, as he bent his eyes upon the book of the ancient Rhymer, he was astonished to observe it slowly removed from the desk on which it lay by an invisible hand. The old man looked with horror at the spontaneous motion of the book, for the safety of which he was interested, and had the courage to approach a little nearer the desk, in order to discover by what means it had been withdrawn. Close to the table on which the desk was placed stood a chair; and it had now so far advanced in the evening as to render it difficult to distinguish any person seated in the chair, though it now appeared, upon close examination, that a kind of shadowy outline of a human form was seated in it, but neither precise enough to convey its exact figure to the mind, or to intimate distinctly its mode of ac-

tion. The Bard of Douglas, therefore, gazed upon the object of his fear as if he had looked upon something not mortal; nevertheless, as he gazed more intently, he became more capable of discovering the object which offered itself to his astonished eyes, and they grew by degrees more keen to penetrate what they witnessed. A tall thin form, attired in, or rather shaded with, a long flowing dusky robe, having a face and physiognomy so wild and overgrown with hair, as to be hardly human, were the only marked outlines of the phantom; and, looking more attentively, Hugonet was still sensible of two other forms, the outlines, it seemed, of a hart and a hind, which appeared half to shelter themselves behind the person and under the robe of this supernatural figure. The phantom addressed Hugonet in an antique language, being a species of Scotch or Gaelic:—'You are a learned man,' said the apparition, 'and not unacquainted with the dialects used in your country formerly, although they are now out of date, and you are obliged to translate them into the vulgar Saxon of Deira or Northumberland; but bright must an ancient bard prize one in this 'remote term of time,' who sets upon the poetry of his native country a value which invites him to think of its preservation at a moment of such terror as influences the present evening.'

"It is indeed," said Hugonet, 'a night of terror, that calls even the dead from their graves, and makes them the ghastly and fearful companions of the living. Who, or what art thou, in God's name; who breakest the bounds which divide them, and revisitest thus strangely the state thou hast so long bid adieu to?'

"I am," said Thomas the Rhymer, 'by some-called Thomas of Erceclound, or Thomas the True Speaker. Like other sages, I am permitted at times to revisit the scenes of my former life, nor am I incapable of removing the shadowy clouds and darkness which overhang futurity; and know, thou afflicted man, that what thou now seest in this afflicted country, is not a general emblem of what shall herein befall hereafter; but in proportion as the Douglasses are now suffering the loss and destruction of their home, for their loyalty to the rightful heir of the Scottish kingdom, so has Heaven appointed for them a just reward; and as they have not spared to burn and destroy their own house, and that of their fa-

thers' in the Bruce's cause, so is it the doom of Heaven, that as often as the walls of Douglas Castle shall be burnt to the ground, they shall be again rebuilt still more stately and more magnificent than before.'

"A cry was now heard, like that of a multitude, in the court-yard, joining in a fierce shout of exultation; at the same time, a broad and ruddy glow seemed to burst from the beams and rafters, and sparks flew from them as from the smith's stithy, while the element caught to its fuel, and the conflagration broke its way through every aperture.

"See ye that," said the vision, casting his eye towards the windows, and disappearing—"Begone! the fated hour of removing this book is not yet come, nor are thine the destined hands. But it will be safe where I have placed it, and the time of its removal shall come."

"The voice was heard after the form had vanished, and the brain of Hugonet almost turned round at the wild scene which he had beheld; his utmost exertions were scarcely sufficient to withdraw him from the terrible spot, and Douglas Castle that night sunk into ashes and smoke, to arise, in no great length of time, in a form stronger than ever.

"In conclusion, this strange tale, though incredible, is so far undeniable, that Castle Douglas was three times burned down by the heir of the house and the barony, and was as often reared again by Henry Lord Clifford, and other generals of the English, in a manner rendering it more impregnable than it had previously existed; thus verifying the prediction of Thomas the Rhymer."

#### AN IRREGULAR ODE TO PAGANINI. *For the Olio.*

Great Paganini! matchless bow,  
Thou bring'st the world together, by the ears,  
To hear the strains that from thy fiddle flow;  
And all rush in, pell-mell, both high and low,  
Old folks and young; the ladies, pretty  
dears,  
Abjure their nods, and winks, and smiles, and  
leers.  
And, trying to look grave, divide the show:  
To hear thee, and be seen, the little sinners  
Would shun their church, and go without  
their dinners.

'Nero fiddled while his Rome was burned';  
And what is Nero in his little room,  
Compared with thee, O, Paganini!  
*All Europe burns to hear thee.*

Thou scrap'st acquaintance wheresoe'er thou  
go;

And emperors, and kings, and ministers of  
state—  
All—all agree, with one accord, thou too art  
great—  
On the fiddle—of fiddlers the very *primo*.  
And if it should be written in the book of fate,  
When thou hast fiddled through life's merry  
dance,  
Thou, Orpheus-like, shalt visit shades below,  
It would thy merit and thy comfort much en-  
hance,  
If thou just draw across the strings the bow;  
Then all would turn to mirth and glee, and  
revel,  
For thou could'st charm the very Devil.

X. U.

### Cable Talk.

For the *Olio*.

**FATE.**—There are very few instances on record of the capture of notorious thieves when in the act of committing their depredations. Highwaymen formerly, though frequently resisted, effected their purposes, and got clear off. A prescribed limit seems however to have been given to these men; and their fate would almost make a man a believer in predestination. Many have escaped from difficulties and dangers, and have afterwards, by a single act of indiscretion, betrayed themselves to the officers of justice. Claude du Vall, one of the most daring and accomplished highwaymen of his time, committed innumerable robberies with impunity; but the bottle, the betrayer of better men, sealed his fate; and he who had, by his courage and vigilance, so long eluded justice, was pounced upon in an unguarded moment, when the means of defence or escape were unavailable. It is the same with soldiers, many of whom have escaped unharmed in a dozen pitched battles, to die in a petty skirmish. \*\*\*

**SIR WALTER SCOTT.**—"Old and odd books," Sir Walter tells us, "have furnished him with materials for many of his novels." The industry of this author almost equals his genius: those who are readers of "old and odd books" will acknowledge this. The adventures of roaming individuals of the two last centuries, trials, plays, and curious tracts, have furnished their share; but such things come not under the eyes of our puny critics, who would doubtless set up a howl about plagiarism, were they aware of the fact. In the arrangement of his borrowed materials, Sir Walter has displayed infinite judgment; and it is rarely indeed that we find genius and judgment combined. He has interwoven some most curious facts with the most interesting fiction. Let us,

however, mention one or two instances in which Sir Walter is indebted to others. In Shadwell's play of "The Squire of Alsatia," will be found many of the characters who figure in that admirable novel, "The Fortunes of Nigel." No one who has read the play alluded to will fail to recognise in the Captain Hackum of Shadwell the bully Peppercole of "Nigel;" and the Alsatian "parson" of Scott has his prototype in the same play; many of the scenes of which have been closely followed by the author of "Waverley." Again, in the novel of "The Pirate," who can doubt that Captain Roberts, of buccaneering memory, formed the ground-work of the character of Clement Cleveland. The dress which Roberts wore at the time when he was killed, is minutely described in "The Pirate." Let it not be supposed, however, that these facts are mentioned as proofs of Sir Walter's lack of invention. No one will say that Byron, for want of imagination, fixed upon the frightful narrative of the wreck of the "Medusa," so correctly and so beautifully detailed in "Don Juan." \*\*\*

**PAINTERS.**—It would appear that the old masters who, in accordance with the spirit of the age, seldom painted any but scriptural subjects, were utterly ignorant of the costume of earlier times. Their other blunders are numberless; but those in regard to costume are, perhaps, the most ludicrous; although, were it not for these errors, a modern artist would have little to guide him in representing a scene of three centuries since. When Holbein painted a subject from the Old or New Testament, the characters were decked in the costume of his time. Van Leyden and Albert Durer did the same; and, accordingly, we have St. Paul in a pair of breeches of the time of Henry the Eighth, the Virgin or St. Catharine in head-gear of the same period, and the executioner who beheads the latter has the dress and arms of one of the French king's body guard of that day. A later painting represents the conversion of St. Paul, whose attendants are attired in scarlet short cloaks and slashed doublets. The Children of Israel armed with muskets, and the wise men presenting to the infant Jesus, among their other offerings, the model of a *Dutch frigate*, are absurdities in the works of the old masters, which have long since been exposed and laughed at. The blunders of modern artists are inexcusable: we not unfrequently see a

scene of the time of Charles the Second, in which each character has a costume belonging to a distinct period; and this too, when there are books and prints out of number which would supply the necessary information. \*\*\*

**SPANISH COURAGE.**—Mr. Washington Irving, in one of his most amusing works, has given us ample testimonials of the courage of the conquerors of the new world; but this quality, unaccompanied by *mercy*, is found, in a greater or lesser degree, in all barbarous nations. In their engagements with the Moors; in their various conflicts with the natives of South America; and in the long and sanguinary wars of the Low Countries, the Spaniards of former times have sufficiently proved that they were not deficient in courage; but is there a single instance on record of their *moderation* after a victory. They have had generals as brave as Turenne, but not one possessing the humanity and good-nature of that celebrated commander. \*\*\*

“I COME OF AN ANCIENT FAMILY.—An intelligent foreigner who, a short time since travelled in this country, and whose lately published tour has excited so much curiosity, has not failed to observe some of the worst habits of the English, particularly that of boasting of their descent and their great acquaintance. He calls it the “English habits;” but the practice is not confined to England alone, although it prevails among all classes here. Let an obscure tradesman of the name of Smith or Jones earn, by forty years of industry, a handsome competency for life, and lo! the carriage and the coat of arms on its pannels. He who has twenty neighbours of the same name straightway discovers that he is descended from a line of kings and warriors. A rich cockney traces, of course, his pedigree from some Sir Richard Fitz—or De la —, “who came in with the Conqueror;” and not—even though he may bear one of their names—from the Gerards, the Batts, or the Basings, men of wealth and honour in days of old, when Aldermen *fought* as well as feasted. On the other hand, families of aristocratic pretensions affect to speak contemptuously of trade and tradesmen, and boast that “none of their name” have ever been engaged in trade, although some of the highest sounding names in English history may be found on the door-posts of shops and warehouses in London. \*\*\*

“THE READING PUBLIC.”—Hazlitt

says that the French read as much as they talk, and that fruit-women may be seen in the streets of Paris perusing Voltaire and Racine. What should we say to the same class of women reading Shakspeare in this country, he enquires, without, of course, having noticed something similar in London. The writer of this has more than once seen the owner of an apple-stall with a volume of the Waverley novels; and it is a well known fact that thousands of the humbler classes in England are novel-readers. In the suburbs of London there are shops at which books, the refuse of the respectable circulating libraries, may be obtained for perusal at one penny per volume; and few persons can have failed to notice the humbler class of milliners and straw-bonnet-makers, who may often be seen trudging home with a couple of greasy well thumbed volumes under their arms. There must surely be something like a taste for reading in this country, although that taste may have become vitiated, when squalid hollow-eyed girls, who rest from their labour but once a week, and who can barely earn the miserable pittance of a shilling a day, spare a moiety of that pittance for the gratification of novel-reading. \*\*\*

**POVERTY**—“Hence, loathed melancholy,” exclaims one poet, while another sings—

“There’s such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not if I could be gay.”

But no bard has sung the praises of poverty; both poets and philosophers have voted it a *curse*. It has, nevertheless, sweets which the rich cannot taste. “When poverty enters the door love flies out of the window,” says the proverb. The love that takes wing in adversity is not worth possessing in prosperity. In poverty a man tries his friends, and is free from the envy of his enemies. Poverty sharpens the intellect of man, but wealth and luxury destroy his physical and mental powers. It has its bitters and its sweets; it has led to opposite results, but it has also been the origin of some of the noblest deeds in history. Erasmus wrote in praise of Folly; will no modern pen give us an eulogy on Poverty! \*\*\*

**THE MISER AND THE PRODIGAL**—The question, “which is the worst member of society, the miser or the spendthrift,” is, one would suppose, now confined to the discussions of six-penny debating clubs. The first leaves undone the things which he ought to

do; the other does those things which he ought not to do. The miser is insensible to human suffering; the prodigal is the cause of misery to many. The one voluntarily endures privation, while the other, by a course of profligacy, entails it upon himself, his friends, and, perhaps, his wife and children: he however leaves behind him an example and a warning, the only thing in which he may be said to have benefitted mankind. \*\*\*

**TIME TO BE OFF.**—It is related of Bailli or Baillif de la Riviere, physician to King Henry IV. of France, that perceiving he was about to die, he called his servants to him singly, and gave to each of them a portion; first of money, then of his plate and furniture; bidding them, as soon as they had taken what he had given, to leave his house and see him no more. When the physicians came to visit him, they told him they had found the door open, and the servants and the furniture removed and gone, nothing in fact remaining but the bed on which he lay. Then the doctor, taking leave of his physicians, said, since his baggage was packed up and gone, it was time he should go also. He died the same day.

**CURIOUS ALTERNATIVE.**—One beautiful summer's afternoon, long and long before *large* bonnets, *large* sleeves, and *full* dresses were in fashion, a lady going to pay a friendly visit at a house in May Fair, was proceeding alone through the narrow passage leading from Hill-street, Berkeley-square, to May Fair, and which separates the grounds of the Duke of Devonshire from those of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when she perceived a chimney-sweep coming towards her. Now, whoever has threaded this passage, must be aware that two persons can only just pass each other without touching, therefore for a lady dressed all in white, 'for visiting,' to come in contact with a sweep and his bags, was any thing but agreeable; and the lady was considering what she could do in such a predicament, when the man stopping suddenly before her, threw out his arms, and making a profound reverence, exclaimed, "Now, a hug or a kiss, Madam!" The lady was not young, but a perfect gentlewoman, and possessing great good sense; so taking the man's saucy drollery in good part, she gathered up her dress with much precision, and returning an answer with a low curtsy, replied. "A kiss if you please, sir."

**CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SEAL STOLEN IN MARCH, 1784.**—"Some thieves broke into the hack part of the house inhabited by the Lord Chancellor, in Great Ormond-street; having got over the wall from the fields into the garden, and from thence into the area, they forced two bars of the kitchen-window, and entered the house; having thus gained an entrance, they went up stairs into a room adjoining the study, broke open several drawers belonging to his lordship's writing-table, and at last came to the drawer in which the Great Seal of England was deposited; this they took out from the two bags in which it was always kept, carrying away with them the plain seal only, or rather the two parts, which constitute the whole; they also took a sum of money, not very considerable, and two silver-hilted swords, having first drawn them, and leaving the scabbards behind; not one of his lordship's servants heard them during their stay, and of course they got off with rather more ease than they got in. These midnight robbers left behind them their implements of industry, a plain tool well tempered, and calculated as well for a weapon of defence (if opposed), as an instrument for forcing locks."

The Great Seal being stolen, it was matter of doubt with many, whether there was not a virtual end for a time to the office of Chancellor.

The inconvenience attending this extraordinary theft was however soon obviated by a new one, which was finished the day after the other was stolen, and authorised to be used by an order in Council, and delivered to the Chancellor.

At the Court at the Queen's House, the 25th of March, 1784.

PRESENT,

The King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

A new Great Seal of Great Britain having been proposed by his Majesty's Chief Engraver of Seals, in pursuance of a warrant to him for that purpose, under his Majesty's Royal signature; and the same having been presented to his Majesty in Council, and approved, his Majesty was thereupon graciously pleased to deliver the said new Seal to the Right Hon. Edward, Lord Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and to direct that the same shall be made use of for sealing all things whatsoever which pass the Great Seal. STEPHEN COTTRELL.

**BARCAROLLA.**—The Barcarolla is a kind of song in the Venetian language, sung at Venice by the gondoliers, or watermen, in their boats or barks.—Rousseau mentions, “that these airs are composed for the common people, and not unfrequently by the gondolieri themselves. They contain so much melody, and such an agreeable accent, that there is not a musician in all Italy who does not pique himself on knowing some of them. The being admitted *gratis* into a gallery appropriated to them in all the theatres, enables the gondolieri to form their ear and taste, without trouble or expence, so that they compose and sing their airs, without altering their natural simplicity, in the style and expression of persons not ignorant of the refinements of music. The words of these songs generally partake of the nature of the conversation of those who sing them; and all who are pleased by the true picture of the manners of a people, and partial to the Venetian dialect, soon become passionately fond both of the words and music of these airs, principally known in England by the title of Venetian ballads.” “We must not forget (adds Rousseau) to remark, for the glory of Tasso, that most of the gondolieri know the chief part of his poem “*Gierusalemme Liberata*” by heart, and some the whole; that they pass their summer nights in their gondolas, singing it alternately from bark to bark; that the poem of Tasso is an admirable barcarolla, and that Homer alone has had the honour of being thus sung, before him; and that since his time no other epic poem has been thus distinguished. The Earl of Leicester, one of the subscribers to the Royal Academy of Music in 1720, used to say, that at the first establishment of operas in England, the nobility and gentry, in imitation of the Venetians, suffered their servants to have admission gratis, into the upper gallery, with a view to improve the national taste in singing; but, instead of profiting or deriving pleasure from this privilege, they became so noisy and insolent, that a stop was put to their admission, and, like our first parents, they were driven out of Paradise.

**JUDICIOUS SENTENCE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.**—A soldier in the garrison of a small town of Prussian Silesia, being suspected of making free with the *ex voto*, or offerings, made by the pious Roman Catholics, to a celebrated image of the wonder working Virgin; he was watched, and upon his being searched,

two silver hearts were found upon him. He was dragged before the magistrate, imprisoned, tried, and doomed to death, as a sacrilegious robber. In the course of his trial, he constantly denied his having committed a theft, but that the Virgin herself, in pity to his sufferings, had ordered him to take the above offerings. The sentence with the prisoner's defence, was, as usual, laid before the king. His majesty conversed with several of the Popish divines, asking them whether such a miracle was possible, according to the tenets of their religion. They unanimously answered, that the case was very extraordinary, but not absolutely impossible; upon which the king wrote in his own hand the following words.

“The culprit cannot be put to death, because he positively denies the charge, and that the divines of his religion declare that the miracle wrought in his favour is not impossible, but we strictly forbid him under pain of death, from receiving any more presents from the Virgin Mary, or any saint whatsoever.

(Signed) FREDERICK ”

**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—“Good morning to you, my young friend,” said a lady to a little boy about nine years old, whom she met on his way to school for the first time after the Christmas holidays; “are you not sorry,” continued the lady, “that the holidays are over?”—“Why, no, madam, I really am not,” responded the little gentleman, with much *sang-froid*, “for,” added he, “I have had a tolerable run of gaiety, and now that my duty calls me back to my studies, being aware of the necessity of education and so forth, I resume them without any feeling of repugnance. “Not,” continued the young gentleman, “that I would have you believe, however, my invitations are exhausted, for I assure you, that is by no means the case, as I have now two in my hand, and twenty at home; but,” added the little hero with great importance, “I like to dis-appoint!”

**MARRIAGE A LAMODE.**

“Tom, you should take a wife.”—“Now, love forbid!”  
 “I found you one last night.”—“The deuce you did!”  
 “Softly, perhaps she'll please you.”—“Oh, of course!”  
 “Fifteen.”—“Alarming!”—“Witty.”—“Nay, that's worse!”  
 “Discreet.”—“All show!”—“Handsome.”—“To lure the fellows!”  
 “High-born.”—“Ay, haughty.”—“Tender-hearted.”—“Jealous!”  
 “Talents o'erflowing.”—“Ay, enough to shrieve me!”  
 “And then, Tom, such a fortune!”—“Introduce me!”

### Caricatures.

#### LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND HUMOROUS.

Man's heart is a microcosm, the actors in which are the passions, as varied as opposed, as shaded one into the other, as we see the characters of men in the great scene of the world.

There are those hypocritical villains in the world who, if they sometimes lose a good opportunity by want of conversational powers, often catch many a gull by their gravity, and escape many an error into which a talkative rascal is sure to fall by his very volubility.

Man, unlike the insect, begins his being as a butterfly, which he generally ends as a chrysalis. Amusement, or, as it should be called, excitement, is every thing at 19; and the butterfly, though it destroys not like the worm, nor boards like the bee, still flies to every leaf that meets its sight, if it be but for the sake of the flutter.

The love of adventure is a sort of mental spirit drinking, as hard to be overcome as the passion for strong waters itself.

Nothing is more difficult to find in any man than the faculty of being convinced.

Dauncey, one of the sons-in-law of Lord Chancellor More, once alleged that even the door-keeper of the Court of Chancery got great gains, and was so perverted by the venality there practised, that he ventured to expostulate with Sir Thomas for his churlish integrity. The Chancellor said in reply, that "if his father, whom he revered dearly, were on the one side, and the devil, whom he hated with all his might, on the other, the devil should have his right!"

**THE BITER BIT.**—A celebrated punster, on lately entering Staple Inn, Holborn, and observing on a board the words, "No horses admitted within this Inn," enquired of the porter if the exception extended to asses. The wag wittily replied, "No—you may pass on."

Nadir Shah, when encouraging the Persians to attack the Turks, said, "You need not have any fear or anxiety respecting this nation, for God has given them but two hands, one of which is absolutely necessary to keep on their caps, and the other to hold up their trowsers; and if they had a third, it would be employed to hold their pipes; they have therefore none to spare for a sword or shield."

**SPINSTERS.**—Amongst our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed *spinsters*; an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

**HABERDASHERS.**—In antiquity, formerly in England, *berdash* was a name given to a certain kind of neck dress; and hence a person who made or sold such neckcloths was called a *berdasher*, from which is derived our word *haberdasher*.

Lately a daughter of Bacchus, well stricken in years, called at a spirit-dealer's shop in Haddington, and drawing a well-worn Bible from under her cloak, presented it to the shopkeeper, and requested "a *drum* for't!" He advised her to take it home and peruse it; but the woman replied, "Ah, sir, it's o' nae use to me noo, for I gied awa' my spacticles for a wee drap the ither day, an' I canna see to read ony mair!"

No feeling is more consistently inconsistent than cowardice. Children shut their eyes in the dark to avoid seeing ghosts.

The manner wherewith a thing is said, more than the thing itself, has often the power to let us into the dark council-chamber of man's bosom, and shew us the motives which govern his actions.

There is a latent moral in every look of Nature's face, which, did man but study it, would prove a great corrector of the heart.

Queen Elizabeth's notions of machinery were not exactly those of the present day. When Lee, the inventor of the stocking-frame, came to London with the view of obtaining her Majesty's patronage, though supported by many persons of influence about the Court, the queen refused to aid him either by a grant of money or of a patent, adding as her reason, "I have too much love for my poor people who obtain their bread by the employment of knitting, to give my money to forward an invention which will tend to their ruin, and thus make them beggars."

#### EPIGRAM.

Poor Bella and I were last night at a rout,  
All gaily she look'd, as if death she defied;  
In the morn she was lifeless—her case who  
can doubt?

She dreamed St. John Long was her doctor,  
and died!



**FOREIGN FORGETFULNESS.**—An Italian gentleman went one morning lately to call upon a lady, with whom he had become recently acquainted, living in apartments at the west end of the town; but it so chanced, that when he arrived at the house, and the servant had opened the door, and was waiting for the demand usually put by morning visitors, "Is Mrs. — at home," that the lady's name had vanished from his memory; slightly confused at the circumstance, he twice repeated,—"Is Mistress —, is Mistress —," but finding he could not recal the name to mind, added, "Is Mistress, *First Floor* at home."

**ENGLISH NOTION OF CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.** A Portuguese gentleman, who had been many years a resident in England, and had acquired a perfect knowledge of the language, though still retaining a strong foreign accent, went one afternoon to visit a gentleman living a short distance from town, but being unable to find out his friend's house, he enquired of a nice rosy-faced girl, whom he saw standing at a cottage door, if she could tell him where Mr. — resided? The girl answered in the negative, but dropping a curtsy, said, "she dare say her mother could tell, as she washed for almost all the gentle-

folks in the neighbourhood." "Well then, my pretty maiden, will you be so kind astogo and *ask* your mother?" said the gentleman. "Oh yea, sir, directly," replied the damsel, and away she tripped into the cottage, apparently anxious to hide a fit of laughter, with which, to the astonishment of the Portuguese, she seemed suddenly seized; in the course, however, of a few minutes, came forth the good dame of the cottage herself, wiping the suads from her arms, and evidently having only just sufficiently recovered from the effects of a fit of risibility, to demand with becoming civility the gentleman's pleasure. The Portuguese apologizing for the trouble he gave, said, he simply wished to *ask* if she could direct him to the house of Mr. —. Here the poor woman's gravity seemed nearly all put to flight; but, however, she contrived, after indulging a gentle titter, to say it was no trouble to her, and directed him as well as she could to his friend's residence; then curtsying very low, and simpering and blushing, said, "I beg pardon, sir, and hope you will excuse me and my daughter's laughing, but as you are from foreign parts, I see you do not know that we call it *ax* in our country, not *ask*."

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, March 14.

**SEED TIME.**—The copious rains of February, with which the soil has in most seasons been drenched, though well adapted for making the roots of perennial plants send forth shoots, would be unfavourable, if continued, for the germination of seeds which require to be moist, but not soaked, in order to sprig well. It is this which renders dry weather at this season so valuable, and which gave rise to the proverb, that "a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

### Thursday, March 15.

*Sea rises 7m. aft. 6—Sets 50m. aft. 5.*

### Friday, March 16.

*Full Moon, 22 min. after 3 aft.*

**MIGRATORY BIRDS.**—The earliest migratory bird which has been observed to arrive in spring, is the chaff-chaff ( *Sylvia hypoleuca*), which may be heard in every patch or copse of wood near London during this month, repeating its monotonous chaunt, as if it were calling its more tardy companions to hasten their migrative journeys. Though there is certainly little music in its unvaried note, yet, from its association with the blowing of the primrose, the violet, and other early flowers, it becomes little less pleasing than the similar monotonous of the cuckoo, inseparably associated with blossomed hawthorns, or the loud call of the Wry-

neck, which betokens the near approach of the "leafy month of June."

### Saturday, March 17.

*St. Patrick.*

The patron saint of Ireland was born about the year 370, in the village now called Kilpatrick, near Glasgow. The introduction of Christianity into Ireland was effected principally through his exertions. He died at Down, in Ulster, in the year 493.

### Sunday, March 18.

#### SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

*Lessons for the Day.*—27 ch. of *Genesis*, morn.  
34 ch. of *Genesis*, even.

On this day Edgar, king of the West Saxons, was born, in the year 962, and ascended the throne in 975. He was treacherously stabbed at Corfe Castle, Derbyshire, by order of Etrida, his step-mother, in the year 979.

### Monday, March 19.

On this day, in the year 1710, died the celebrated Thomas Ken. *ætat.* 73.

### Tuesday, March 20.

*Birth-day of the Duchess of Cumberland, born in the year 1776.*

A few complete sets in Vols and Parts may now be had.

# The Otto;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XIII.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, March 24, 1832.



See p. 196

## Illustrated Article.

### LAUTREC THE PAINTER; A PROVENÇAL LEGEND.

For the Otto,

"When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,  
Mistake shall blast or accident destroy:  
Weak man, with erring rage, may throw the dart,  
But Heaven shall guide it to the guilty heart!"

If nature had given to Count Laurent Chevillon a rough and unprepossessing exterior, she had, at the same time, moulded his disposition to fit it for a form which it was impossible to believe could belong to an amiable or virtuous being. His stature was large and commanding; his legs muscular, but ill-shaped; his chest ample; and the lineaments of his countenance, at least such as were visible through a thick beard and moustachios of raven blackness, at once forbidding and repulsive. His disposition was sullen, morose and sanguinary, and but few of his neighbours ventured to be upon

terms of intimacy with him. His conduct towards his dependants was arbitrary and cruel; to offend him was to provoke inevitable destruction, and only the most reckless and desperate were to be found among his household.

Chevillon was, in fact, the most unamiable noble in all Provence, and happy it was for those who lived near his estate that his time was chiefly occupied in the chase—a recreation he seemed to prefer to all others. If, however, there was one being who could mollify the heart of the fierce Count, it was his daughter, his only child,—as fair a maid as ever formed the subject of the countless lays for which her country has been so famed. But the beauty of the Lady Isaura was not her only attraction; as if to perfect the contrast, her disposition was as gentle and amiable as her father's was harsh and cruel, and it was a matter of astonishment to all that a being so mild and good could be the daughter of one of such opposite qualities. Carefully

watched by the jealous eye of her father, who had been left a widower upwards of five years, and who doated on his child, though he appeared to sympathise with no other earthly being, the Lady Isaura rarely left the chateau, and when she did quit it for a time, it was always in company with her stern parent. A circumstance, however, occurred that tended to relieve the monotonous life she was leading. It chanced that as the Count was one day abroad on a hunting excursion, he met, in one of the romantic dells on his estate, with a young artist, who was so busily engaged in making a sketch of the surrounding scenery, that he did not observe the approach of the Count, until Chevillion rode up to the spot where he sat. Startled at his unlooked-for appearance, and taking his visitor for a person of title, the young man sprung to his feet, and saluted the Count with a profound obeisance. The haughty noble returned the salute, and enquired the name of the young artist.

"My name," said the youth, "is Lautrec du Biez; Geneva is my native city, but I longed to see the land of which so much has been said and sung in times gone by."

"You are a cunning limner," observed the Count, looking at the sketch in progress. "Have you much skill in portraiture? I would shew thee a fair subject for thy pencil at my chateau which thou see'st yonder."

"You may command me, my lord," replied the artist, "and I will do my poor endeavour to please you; but I must to Avignon to-night—to-morrow I shall be proud to wait on you."

"Be it so, then," said the Count, turning his horse's head, "I shall expect you by mid-day."

The youth bowed, and Chevillion, with a grim smile, which he intended should be conciliating, rode off to join his attendants, who were waiting at some distance, leaving the young artist overjoyed at the prospect of a lucrative engagement with, and the patronage of, a man of such consequence.

At noon on the following day, Lautrec arrived at the chateau, a gloomy structure, erected in the twelfth century, but repaired and modernized in after ages. Its base was washed by the rapid waters of the Rhone, and a deep fosse surrounded the whole building, which was partly covered by ivy, the growth of many years. The young painter paused for a moment on the drawbridge, to indulge his love of the picturesque,

and then entered by the large gothic gate, in which the huge portcullis grinned like a row of gigantic teeth.

"Ah me!" sighed the youth, as he reached the court-yard, in which little was seen to attract the attention of the visitor, "the days of song and romance are gone, and in this dull chateau, which perhaps once echoed to the strains of Brulez or Jacques de Chison, naught now is heard but the blast of its lord's hunting-horn!"

"And what then!" said a voice near him, "wouldst thou quarrel with that, Monsieur?"

Lautrec turned quickly round, and beheld a square-built man, whose physiognomy was the very reverse of prepossessing. His swarthy complexion, hooked nose, and coarse features, added to a disagreeable squint, gave to his countenance a most sinister expression. The painter at first recoiled from this ominous looking personage, who was no other than the Count's huntsman, Gaubert; but, judging it prudent to dissemble a little, though he could ill conceal the disgust he felt, he enquired for the Count.

"You will find him in the second chamber of that tower," said Gaubert; "he bade me send you thither."

Lautrec was about to proceed there, when the huntsman, seizing his arm in a familiar manner, continued—

"Harkee, Monsieur, no talking of Trouvères and love ditties—my master likes them not; our music, as thou saidest but now, is of a rougher fashion."

He was proceeding in the same strain when Lautrec, disengaging his arm, bounded across the court-yard, and ascended the stairs of the turret to which the huntsman had pointed.—Here he found the Count sitting in a large high-backed arm-chair, and playing with a hawk which was perched on his hand.

"You are punctual," said Chevillion, "I love the man who respects the time of others. Beshrew me, you are firmly set, and would make a proper man-at-arms."

The Count spoke truly, Lautrec was indeed a comely figure; his height exceeded that of most men, and his broad, though well made, shoulders attested his great bodily strength; yet such was the symmetry of his frame, that the most scrupulous could not characterize it as rough or clownish; whilst his countenance, expressive of frankness and good temper, had in it a slight dash

of hauteur, which added to the dignity of his appearance. The young painter blushed deeply on hearing himself thus flattered by the Count, who enquired why he had adopted such a profession!

"I had ever a love for the arts, my Lord," said Lautrec, "and in happier days it proved my greatest pleasure. My father fell in the service of the Prince of Condé, in whose cause he had expended the whole of his patrimony."

"I should have chosen a more stirring employment," said Chevillon, "an I had thy frame; but, fah! you are right; your man of valour now fighteth for scars and gashes only, since your roystering Rutter or Lanznecht might be had to cut throats at per guilder.— Follow me, young man; I will shew thee this rare piece of workmanship, of which I would fain see thy representation."

He rose from his seat, and opening a door passed through a long passage, and arriving at another, struck on it with his knuckles. A waiting-woman appeared and admitted the Count, who beckoned Lautrec to follow him into the room. Here sat a young female, whose dress and mien proclaimed her rank: she was busily engaged with her women in embroidering a piece of tapestry, but rose on the entrance of her father, and offered her cheek, which the Count brushed with his huge moustaches, and turning to Lautrec, introduced him to his fair daughter. It was arranged that the beautiful Isaura should sit for her portrait on the following day, and Lautrec, until the evening came, found in the Count's library abundant amusement.

The young painter rose early the next morning, and betook himself to a romantic spot in the neighbourhood, which he began to sketch, when he was startled at a voice behind him. Hastily turning round, his eye fell on the burly figure and ominous physiognomy of Gaubert, who, grinning a ghastly smile, gave him "good morrow." Lautrec returned the salute with a slight inclination of the head, and continued to work at his sketch; but the huntsman would not be foiled.

"Why, how now!" he cried—"your's is a cold greeting, Monsieur. 'S'death! you do not hold yourself too high for me, who am the Count's huntsman."

The bullying tone with which this was uttered somewhat disconcerted Lau-

trec. He dreaded a quarrel with such a ruffian merely because he was a servant of the Count's, who might take it ill, while at the same time he wished to shew the intruder that he could not insult him with impunity, he therefore replied carelessly—

"I came not here to meet acquaintances, good fellow, and I would wish now to be alone."

"Mass!" exclaimed the enraged Gaubert, "dost thou follow me! Know that I esteem myself a better man than thee and thy whole tribe, who are a race of thieves——"

He was proceeding in this strain when the painter interrupted him.

"Insolent hireling!" said he, his blood rising at this insult, "get thee gone from my sight, or I may forget thy base birth, and punish thee for thy daring!"

The huntsman champed his teeth with fury on hearing these words; he paused for a moment, and then unsheathed his hanger.

"Look to thyself," he cried, rushing towards Lautrec—"draw, boy, and take thy last look at sun and sky."—And suiting the action to the word, he struck at the painter with all his force.

Lautrec had not time to unsheath his weapon, but, stepping lightly on one side, he avoided the blow, and ere the huntsman had recovered himself, he closed with him, threw him violently to the ground, and wrenched the hanger from his grasp. Had the painter been merely a spectator, instead of an actor, in this scene, he might have been furnished with an excellent subject for his pencil. The figures in the ancient paintings of Saint Michael and his enemy, the Arch-fiend, present not a more perfect contrast to each other than did Lautrec and his brutal adversary.—Gaubert lay foaming with rage beneath the foot of his victor, whose elegant figure, noble countenance, and long auburn hair, served to make the burly frame, uncouth visage, and black curly locks of the huntsman appear more to disadvantage. Gaubert struggled hard to rise, but the foot of the painter prevented it, and perceiving him endeavour to reach the hilt of his dagger, Lautrec, for the first time, unsheathed his sword.

"Minion!" cried he, "desist! if thou offerest any shew of resistance, I will smite off thy right hand."

"Let me rise, then—take thy foot from my throat," growled the huntsman.

"Swear," replied his antagonist, "that thou wilt cease to molest me, or, by Heaven, I will stab thee as thou liest!"

As he uttered this threat, he brought the point of his sword in contact with the prostrate ruffian's throat. Gaubert gnashed his teeth with rage, but the naked weapon of his adversary gleamed before his eyes, and he reluctantly took the oath required of him. The young painter suffered him to rise, and the huntsman, recovering his legs, shook himself, picked up his hanger, which had in the struggle flown some paces from the spot, sheathed it, and plunged into a neighbouring brake to hide his shame, muttering as he went curses upon the youth by whom he had been so roughly handled. Lautrec, much chagrined at this rencontre, returned to the chateau immediately, and shortly after commenced the portrait of the Lady Isaura.

Reader, if thou hast ever sketched the features of a beautiful woman, thou wilt readily imagine the emotion of the young painter when tracing the likeness of one of the fairest maidens in France. Lautrec had painted the peasant beauties of Italy, and his own country, and not a few dames of quality, but Isaura was the realization of his fondest dreams—he had never beheld a face and figure at once so beautiful and winning. He pursued his delightful task, wondered and loved, without dreaming for a moment of the danger of encouraging his passion. A life so secluded, with so few opportunities of observing the youth of her country, exposed Isaura to the same danger; she began by admiring the personal comeliness of the painter, and ended where hearts as young and as susceptible as her own are sure to end. A few days intercourse ripened their mutual regard into love.

The completion of the portrait was, of course, delayed,—the work of one day was obliterated the next, and excuses were not wanting. Love not only makes lovers blind to the faults of each other, but renders them insensible to the approach of danger. Our fond couple had quickly cultivated an acquaintance, and dreamt that it was unknown to all but themselves. But they erred. Lautrec's enemy, the wily and malignant ruffian Gaubert, had watched him narrowly, and waited but for an opportunity to crush him. He had, through the treachery of one of the Lady Isaura's maids, become acquaint-

ed with their evening meetings in a small apartment which the Count seldom entered; and one morning, as Chevillion rode out to the chase, he threw out some hints for his master's ear, which the Count heard in silence, but appeared not to notice. Gaubert was, therefore, agreeably surprised when, about mid-day the Count leapt from his horse, and sitting down on the fragment of a broken column, by the side of a small spring, desired him to be more explicit.

"Gaubert," said he, "I would fain hear more of this; think'st thou this painter loves—pshaw! I would say dares to——"

"Dares!" interrupted the huntsman, "what will not such as he dare, my lord! the prize is worth some risk, and——"

"Villain!" cried Chevillion, starting on his feet, and clutching his sword.

"I am your vassal, my lord," replied Gaubert, "and you may sacrifice me in your anger, but I have done my duty; I say your house is dishonoured by this beggar painter."

The Count uttered a volley of imprecations against the young painter, when he was again interrupted by the huntsman.

"My lord," said the wily villain, "command but this arm, and the cause of your anger shall not look upon to-morrow's sun."

"Thou art a fool," said the Count, "he would prove thy master: I must deal with him myself;" (Gaubert shrugged his shoulders, and gulped the rebuke, bitter as it was, for it reminded him of the morning's scuffle,) "Call together my people, and proceed homeward."

As they returned to the chateau, the huntsman took care to possess his master with all that had come to his knowledge respecting the lovers; and the Count, after dispatching a hasty meal, retired to his private room, resolving to wait the appointed time, and be himself a witness of the truth of what he had heard from Gaubert.

Evening came, and with it the hour at which the lovers usually met. Chevillion, swallowing a large goblet of wine, proceeded to the apartment, and stationed himself at the door, listening attentively. He heard voices in earnest conversation, but in an inaudible tone, and he doubted not but that the guilty pair had met; yet he resolved to wait and receive confirmation, lest

he might be deceived, and create an alarm ere he had sufficient evidence. The sound ceased for awhile—was renewed—and some one approached the door. The Count stepped aside—the door opened. A flood of light which entered at the large window on the opposite side of the apartment, streamed across the gloomy corridor; and Chevillion—his vision distempered by rage, the sudden burst of light, and the wine he had drank, imagined that he saw his enemy emerge from the doorway, and leaping forward, struck his dagger against the approaching figure. But, oh! horror of horrors!—the faint and stifling shriek of a female smote his startled ear, and his only child fell at his feet bathed in blood. A cry as of some wild animal in the agonies of death rung through the chateau, and the domestics hastening to the scene of blood, discovered the wretched father, gazing with the distorted eyes of a maniac, on the lifeless form of his child, and still clutching the fatal weapon with which he had destroyed her.

The Count was with difficulty removed to his chamber, where his paroxysms were such, that nature yielded to their violence, and ere morning dawned, Laurent de Chevillion was numbered with his fathers. Lautrec was never seen again, and his fate was unknown, until many years afterwards, when a monk received the confession of a criminal at Avignon, who was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, wherein the penitent stated, that he had murdered the young painter on the evening of the event we have recorded took place, and that he had secretly interred the body in a neighbouring wood. The prisoner was the huntsman Gaubert.

Reader, if thou would'st desire more, ask it of the murmuring waters of the Rhone, which daily receive the mouldering fragments of the ruined Chateau de Chevillion; or of the owl, that on its only remaining turret, nightly sings the requiem of its once proud owners. \*\*\*

**SEA SICKNESS.**—Ali Hazing, an eastern writer, in his autobiography, assimilates himself, while labouring under this unpleasant affection, to a *mill-horse*, "my head goes round, puzzled to know why it goes round."

CHANCE is but a coming round of some notch in the wheel, that changes the patterns in the webs of the powerful of Providence.

## THE HAUNTED MOOR.

THE narrator of the following, Peter Walker, though an enthusiast, was a man of credit. It appears in a work published by him in Edinburgh, in the year 1827, entitled, "Walker's Lives."

"In the year 1786, in the months of June and July," says the honest chronicler, "many yet alive can witness, that about the Crossford Boat, two miles beneath Lanark, especially at the Mains, on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, when there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords, which covered the trees and the ground; companies of men in arms marching in order upon the water-side; companies meeting companies, going all through together, and then all falling to the ground and disappearing: other companies immediately appeared, marching the same way. I went there three afternoons together, and as I observed there were two-thirds of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not, and *though I could see nothing*, there was such a fright and trembling on those that did see, that was discernible to all from those that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me, who spoke as too many gentlemen and others speak, who said, 'A pack of d—d witches and warlocks that have the second sight!—the devil ha't do I see;' and immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance. With as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, he called out, 'All you that do not see, say nothing; for I persuade you it is matter of fact, and discernible to all that are not stone-blind.' And those who did see, told what works (i. e. locks) the guns had, and their lengths and wideness, and what handles the swords had, whether small or three-barr'd, or Highland guards, and the closing knots of the bonnets, black or blue; and those who did see them there, whenever they went abroad, saw a bonnet and a sword drop in the way."

This singular phenomenon, in which a multitude believed, although only two-thirds of them saw what must, if real, have been equally obvious to all, may be compared with the exploit of a humorist, who planted himself in an attitude of astonishment, with his eyes rivetted on the well-known bronze lion that graces the front of Northumberland House in the Strand, and having attracted the attention of those who looked

at him by muttering—"By Heaven, it wags!—it wags again!" contrived in a few minutes to blockade the whole street with an immense crowd, some conceiving that they had absolutely seen the lion of Percy wag his tail,—others expecting to witness the same phenomenon.

THE following are amongst the verses addressed by Lord Byron to the late Mrs. Musters, and were thus authenticated by her some years ago:—"The lines addressed 'To my dear Mary Anne,' were written about a year or less before my marriage, and when Lord Byron left Annesley.

MARY ANNE MUSTERS."

#### TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE.

Adieu to sweet Mary for ever!  
From her I must quickly depart,  
Though the Fates us from each sever,  
Still her image will dwell in my heart.

The flame that within my breast burns,  
Is unlike what in lovers' hearts glows;  
The love which for Mary I feel,  
Is far purer than Cupid bestows.

I wish not your peace to disturb,  
I wish not your joys to molest;  
Mistake not your passion for love,  
'Tis your friendship alone I request.

Not ten thousand lovers could feel  
The friendship my bosom contains;  
It will ever within my heart dwell,  
While the warm blood flows thro' my veins.

May the Ruler of Heaven look down,  
And my Mary from evil defend;  
May she ne'er know adversity's frown,  
May her happiness ne'er have an end!

Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu!  
Farewell! I with anguish repeat,  
For ever I'll think upon you,  
While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

The above schoolboy rhymes, written at the age of sixteen, cannot fail to be read with interest, as amongst the dawning evidences of that genius which was so soon to irradiate the literary world.

#### THE DREAM! (NOT BY LORD BYRON.)

'Life's but a dream.'

All men are dreamers, more or less,  
As even poets must confess;  
For the best Poem in esteem  
Is merely fable—Fancy's dream.

Give me the *bona fide* snore,  
Then to Elysium I can soar,  
And fashion depths where no one goes  
Awake—or dare to shew his nose.

A ploughboy—tell him of a ghost,  
Will dream Romance as well as most  
Who writes such stuff, and quite as well  
Deplete the place where devils dwell.

Your 'castle-builders in the air'  
Oft dream of joys they never share;  
While snorers—when the fairies meet—  
Sly Puck provides with every sweet.

Those dreams for me!—I'm then at home,  
Altho' (a paradox) I roam;  
I'm hero, lover, statesman, *rad*,—  
But when awake—not half so mad!

Now there's 'pleasure in madness' we  
have heard,  
And who can doubt a trusty madman's  
word!

Then though my mighty frolics mad may  
seem,  
Yet still I'll court the pleasures of a dream.

#### WOMAN'S LOVE.

FOR THE OLIO.

I HAVE always regarded woman as man's best friend and companion; and, if I may be permitted to give advice, I would recommend every young man to enjoy as frequently as he can the society of females, instead of that exclusive herding together of the male sex, now so much in fashion; or perhaps, by so doing, he may incur the laugh of a few individuals, and acquire the title of an effeminate dangler; but I can assure him, he will ever find in the gentle sex, a friendship and affection which will infinitely counterbalance the ridicule of those who know not the value of what they affect to despise, for

The treasures of the deep are not so precious  
As the concealed comforts of a man  
Locked up in woman's love.

I would that I could write the whole history of woman's love and affection, 'tis a theme worthy the talents of the highest genius; but woman's love—let any one endeavour to paint it, let him try to place every action in its proper light, with all the magic touches which woman applies to the heart, and the looks of kindness and endearment, she throws on him she loves, making his home almost a paradise—herself the deity of the place; let him attempt this—he will find it a work beyond his power, and will fain rest himself upon the glorious vision he has conjured up, too hard a task to accomplish, yet too pleasing to resign.

But to return to female society; the softness and delicacy of female character, brought in contact with man's

\* A gentleman in Warwickshire, recently deceased, having more than thirty years ago, recovered from this afflicting malady, afterwards wrote an elegant poem, in which one of the stanzas commences—

'There's a pleasure in madness none but madmen know.'

rougher nature, corrects asperity, and renders him more capable of enjoying the elegancies of life and the finer feelings of the heart; woman possesses an instinctive elegance, and a tact in applying it to man's comfort; should the world run smoothly on, how eminently is this calculated to produce happiness; but if distress and misfortune should be his lot, 'tis then that she shews herself in her most amiable character; for a companion at such times, woman is infinitely superior to man; her meek patience in suffering is an example more touching and powerful than the finest eloquence, and the fortitude with which she bears up under accumulated misery, imparts itself to man, and renders him more capable of enduring the world's contumely. In support of this, how many great opinions could be called forth, scarcely a writer can be named, who has not been enthusiastic on the subject; but, as it would be impossible and useless to quote all that has been written, I will only refer to the works of two of Britain's sons—Byron and Scott. Byron, after describing how man sinks under adversity, writes—

But woman alone, with a firmer heart,  
Can see all the blessings of life depart,  
And love the more; she lives to bless  
Man in his utmost wretchedness;

while Scott, in a beautiful apostrophe on woman, concludes it with—

When care and sickness rears the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.

But leaving what might be drawn from books for the perusal of those who would like to read the works of authors who have written on the subject, I will endeavour to illustrate what I have written, by the relation of a little story of woman's love, which fell under my notice a few months since.

By one of the premature explosions which so frequently take place in the mines of Cornwall, when recourse is had to the agency of gunpowder, to rend asunder the masses of rock which obstruct the miner in his search for the precious minerals, one of the adventurers\* of the L— mines, who happened to be on the spot, observing the progress of the work, was so seriously injured as to deprive him of his eyesight, as well as receiving several severe wounds in other parts of his body. As soon as it was possible, he was brought from the place where the

accident had happened, and taken to his home, to occupy for an indefinite period, the couch from which he had risen in the morning full of life and activity, but which now was to be a scene of suffering and anguish.

To any one, the pains he felt from those injuries would have been hard to endure, and were such as to require great fortitude of mind, to enable the sufferer to feel their force without murmuring against Providence; but the pains felt by Charles T—, were rendered more acute, by the thought that it was probable, he should have to relinquish an idea he had much cherished—the being united to a young female whose affections he had gained, and from which union he expected great happiness; but could he, blind and maimed, now think of drawing the woman he loved into a miserable existence with him, who would ever require some one near to direct his steps, should be rise from his bed of suffering? Yet hope rarely forsakes us, and a hope which has been long cherished, lingers about the heart as if unwilling to leave it,—so it was with Charles; perhaps, thought he, she will still love me, and consent to unite herself to my broken fortunes; money I do not want, I have enough and to spare; she may yet be mine, and like a guardian angel will watch over my steps, with all the tender anxiety she formerly manifested for my happiness; but should she, cold and falsehearted, turn from me, and like the rest of the world, pass me unheeded by, to seek some more flattering prospect—that would indeed be misery.—Harassed with pain of mind and body, and with the certainty that the light of the world was shut out for ever from his eyes, the evening of the day in which this event happened, found him on his couch in all the horrors of delirium, which added to his other misfortunes, rendered him an object of commiseration; and many were the tears which were shed for him,—for all who knew Charles T—, pitied him and his misfortunes; yet after a few days, some were heard to say, they would almost submit to the same sufferings for the happiness which it appeared he would hereafter enjoy. I dare say many have guessed from whence this happiness would come, but as some may not be so happy in their conjectures, I will make all equal participators of the secret:—there was a very kind and attentive young lady, who came to be Charles' nurse, and so seriously set

\* The proprietors of shares in mines are so called.



about the business, that she did more towards the recovery of his health, than all the doctors and nurses in the United Kingdom would have done without her. In a month, with the exception of his sight, Charles T—— was nearly as well as he ever had been, and then this same little nurse undertook another task,—that as he could not see himself, she would see for him, and so well did they manage the business, in less than six months, the invalid and his nurse were married at L—— church; 'twould have done any one's heart good to hear the cheers and the bell-ringing, &c. on that occasion; and on that day (at least) there was not an allusion made to woman's inconstancy by any individual for miles round; indeed, no one could have the folly to attempt it with such a convincing proof to the contrary before their eyes. I have seen this married pair many times since, and if I may judge from what fell under my observation at those times, with truth I may say, not a happier couple exists than they are, and Charles himself confesses, that had not this misfortune befallen him, it is possible he might never have known what woman will do for him she loves, or the value of woman's affections.

This is but one of the many tales of affection which could be recounted;—I would that I were better able to perform the task I undertook; but I trust, this is sufficient to shew the truth of the assertions made at the commencement of this little sketch; that it is so I sincerely hope; in that case, my desires are gratified, and I have only to say in conclusion, may every woman's affection be sincerely returned, and her love never placed on an unworthy object.

J. S. C.

#### ANCIENT GRANT BY WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR TO A NORMAN BARON.

I William, give to thee, Norman Hunter here,  
Who art to me both Leef and dear;  
The Hop, and the Hop-town,  
And all the Bounds up and down,  
Under the earth to hell, and even  
Above the earth to heaven;  
From me and mine,  
To thee and thine;  
As good and fair  
As ever they were;  
To witness this in Sooth,  
I bite the white wax with my Tooth,  
Before Jug, Mand, and Margery,  
And my young Son Henry,  
For a Bow and a broad Arrow,  
When I come to hunt upon Yarrow.

W. C.

#### CONFESSIONS OF A "MODERN" AUTHOR.

FOR THE OLIO.

I AM one of those unfortunate wights, who, venturing to ascend Parnassus' height, had not reached far up its rugged sides, ere I was, like many of my predecessors, by an unlucky slip, precipitated headlong to its base, where I alighted in a large desert. I lay for some time stunned with the fall, but, on recovering the remaining sense left me, found myself in an apt spot for reflection. After ruminating for some time, and surveying the state of my finances and tattered wardrobe, I, at length, came to the resolution of being for the future more humble in my notions; and, instead of again venturing an ascent to the Temple of the Muses, I mounted, gentle reader, not that sacred shrine of the chaste Nine, but a garret, where I now remain an humble vender of "attic fragments" to the magazines and other periodicals of the day.

To give some clue by what standard to judge of my merits, and what opinion to form of my qualifications for the character of a gentleman; (for, although, now moving in a very humble sphere, I trust I have never forfeited my honour, though guilty of many early indiscretions;) I am the younger son of a baronet, who bestowed upon me a liberal education; but as I was never likely to come in for a very large slice of his estate, he adopted the prudent resolution of placing me in some situation, whereby I might ultimately amass wealth by my own exertions. He accordingly, made choice of the law, observing to me, that by that profession, how numerous were the persons who had risen to the highest preferment; (he might have quoted, "the gallows for instance.") I was accordingly articulated to a solicitor in London. Shortly after entering upon my clerkship, I was, by resorting to the haunts of the worthless and the vicious, singled out by my gay companions, who helped me to dissipate the small stipend allowed by my father, and initiated me into what seemed a more agreeable method of spending my time than in engrossing deeds, &c. in old Latitat's chambers in the dull purlieus of Lincoln's Inn.

It was not long ere (a natural consequence of the evil course I was then pursuing) I contracted so thorough an aversion to the use of my pen, that in less than three months, I left my em-

ployer, and gave myself up to my gay companions, hiding myself in the daytime, and seeking the haunts of pleasure at night. In this way of life, I soon expended the little that I had possessed, and contracted debts I was unable to liquidate. It was at this period came reflection, and all the horrors of my situation burst forth upon my previously benighted senses.—Poverty stared me in the face—creditors became importunate—my quondam friends deserted me, and I had no alternative but to become an inmate of a prison for debt, or preserve my liberty by flight. I chose the latter as the least evil of the two, and enlisted into a regiment of Hussars, soon about to embark for the Peninsula, which occurred in a few weeks, and I quitted my native country without ever acquainting my father or my master, with this change in my situation, or of my having laid down the peaceful quill for the more honourable profession of the sword.

I will not detain you with a tedious relation of my military adventures—of what I suffered and achieved; suffice it to say, that at the conclusion of the war on the Continent, our regiment was disbanded, and I had a second time to seek a livelihood. A wandering genius, and a desire of seeing something more of the busy world, led me once more to the metropolis, where at an obscure coffee-house, on pondering over what course to take to procure a subsistence, chance threw into my hand a newspaper, and scanning over its contents, a bookseller's announcement of the publication of Captain ——'s *Voyages and Travels*, caught my eye. This settled the point, and I resolved to publish mine: I hastily sipped up my solitary cup of coffee, and was about to depart, when I was addressed by a tall personage of meagre aspect, and much more meagre costume, who, it appeared, though seated in the same box, had been unobserved by me in my deep reverie.

"Young gentleman," said he, "pardon the intrusion, but judging by your appearance and manner, you are at a loss which course to steer; I can point out to you the road, not only to subsistence, but to fame. I discern your qualifications in your countenance, and venture to predict that your forte is literature, and that you will one day be enrolled in the foremost rank of 'modern' authors. Your way to glory is easy and expeditious. Know," he

continued, "that I am in the ranks myself, and, I trust, of no mean literary attainments, but that I cannot descend to the 'paste and scissors' system of the present day; for you must learn, that as there is nothing new under the sun — so the art of writing in the present age is no more than the art of saying over again, what hath been said a thousand times before; nothing, therefore, is requisite for what is termed a 'modern' author, but boldness in transcribing from those who have gone before him, and a dexterity in applying what they have written to his own time, and the subject which he hath in hand."

I was caught by the feasibility of his reasoning, and as I saw so easy a method of turning it to account, I at once made up my mind to close with my tutor, should he make me a proposal. He then most unreservedly, and with great good-nature, made me acquainted with his plan of future operations; I was caught with it, and became his pupil. Under his instructions, I soon became one of the "initiated," and not only an M. A., but an A. S.S. in all the mysteries of the "modern school." With a gazetteer, a French and an English dictionary, and a few old books of "*Voyages and Travels*," picked up cheap at book-stalls, after separating from my 'modern' Mæcenas, I entered upon my new profession.

My new acquaintance promised to call upon me the following morning, to which engagement he was punctual; and upon that interview it was arranged that he should pass as the agent of the "Great Unknown," who, from his high rank in society, could not descend to negotiate with the booksellers.

My first attempts were poetic, in which I succeeded tolerably well; but flushed with my success, I soon soared too high, and, as I stated in the outset of this narrative, I at length met with a fall, as the booksellers declined to negotiate for my MSS., on account of the dull sale of some of my former productions. This unlucky accident put me out of humour with the Muses, and made me determine to confine myself for the future to plain prose.

Having it suggested to me by my "modern" Mæcenas, that in the present dearth of *matériel*, a volume or two of "Modern" Travels might go down with the public, by dint of well puffing, I eagerly caught the idea, set to work, and in the short space of a

fortnight I finished my Travels through Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, without descending from my garret; and in less than a month they were ushered forth to the public in "three neat pocket volumes."

This proved a decided hit, and, emboldened by my success in *vamping*, I became a perfect Proteus in the art, and for a time myself and partner carried on a flourishing trade.

But how uncertain are all things in this transitory life!—how varied the vicissitudes which those who follow the literary trade—for it is no longer a *profession*—have to pass in their mazy road through it!—"Othello's occupation's gone"—the "Reviewers" ruined me; for, jealous of my success over some of their supporters, they blew up our *literary-steam-engine* camp, and involved myself and partner in the general ruin.

Thus once more thrown upon the world, I beg to state in conclusion, that I am resolved to trust henceforth to *originality* in my lucubrations; but, as the booksellers (whose purpose I have served) have deserted me, and declined my MSS., I have no resource left but to become my own publisher, and to request the public to judge impartially of the importance of my forthcoming works to society, (the announcement of which is subjoined) which must infallibly lead to their being generally read and duly appreciated.

On the 1st of April will be published,  
in foolscap 8vo.

A PANEGYRICAL ESSAY UPON  
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\*\*\* For flattering notices of these  
works, see the forthcoming reviews.

#### ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE. FOR THE OLIO.

The Roman Emperor, C. Julius  
Æmilianus, was a moorish slave.

Aurelian, the Emperor of Rome, was  
the son of a poor peasant.

Pope Alexander the Fifth, was a  
common beggar in the island of Can-  
dia.

Pope Adrian the Fourth was a poor  
English monk. H.S.

#### A TROUBLESOME VISITOR.

For the Ollo.

ONE of those *triflers*, who have nothing else to do but intrude their persons in the shape of "morning visitors," wherever they have had the good fortune for themselves, but the ill-fortune for others, to have gained an introduction, was in the habit of calling upon a noble lord; till, at last, by the frequency and unconscionable length of his *visitations*, he so completely tired out the good-nature and patience of the nobleman, that he resolved to bear with it no longer; accordingly, strict orders were given to the porter, that when this troublesome visitor called again, his Lordship wished to be denied.

In the course of a few days after this command, a loud knock of pretension brought the porter hastily to the door, and on opening it with as much alacrity as he was capable of, the person, of his master's aversion, was presented to his view.

"His lordship is *not* at home," grumbled out the man in office, (speaking for the first time in his life, whilst performing the duties of his vocation,) before he was spoken to.

"His *Ludship* not at home," responded the gentleman, "pon honor, vastly provoking, wanted to see him most particularly, b-u-t-a-a—my g-o-o-d friend," continued he, "are you sure his *Ludship* is not at home—q-u-i-t-e certain?"

"Yes, I am quite certain," replied the man gruffly, and then prepared by gentle degrees to close the door.

The visitor, however, was not inclined to take the hint, but deliberately applying the glass at the end of his whip to his eye, he took a general survey of the hall, (be it known the said *whip* was carried for the use of the glass only) and coolly remarked—

"Oh, how opportune, I see you have a clock there; I will just step in and set my watch by it, for it has stopped;" and in he walked, desiring the porter to put to the door as it was very cold, then pulling out his watch, was in the act of pretending to wind it up, when his lordship, perfectly innocent of the intruder's *entree*, unfortunately made his appearance on the stairs equipped for a ride. "Ah, my dear *Lud*," said the incorrigible bore, with a becoming start of feigned surprise, "what a droll mistake, why, your porter informed me you were *not* at

home; how fortunate that I just stopped an instant to set my time-piece, otherwise we should have missed, and it would have been so mortifying;" saying which, up the stairs he bounded, spite of his lordship's cold look and hints that he was on the point of going out; and not until he had kept him a full hour listening to his intolerable twaddle, did the obtruder take his departure.

The nobleman, the moment his visitor had made his exit, summoned the porter to his presence, and reprimanding him most severely for having disobeyed his orders, declared that if he ever again allowed that person to get a footing in his house, he should immediately quit his service; the porter bowed submission, resolving in his own mind not to be outwitted a second time.

At the lapse of about a week, a loud *sesarara* resounded through the hall; the porter recognised the rap, "Ah, ah," said he to himself, as he toddled from his comfortable chair, but not with the alacrity he put in force upon a former occasion; "ah, ah, my fine fellow, you do not set your foot over my master's threshold to-day," and forthwith opening the portal, the expected visitor was exposed to view.

"His *Ludship* at home?" enquired he, with that smile so peculiar to those who are ever in good humour with themselves.

"Yes, his lordship is at home," replied the man, "but he is unwell and in bed, and therefore cannot see any one," added in a tone, as he imagined sufficiently decisive to send him, or any one else, about their business.

Not so, however, with our gentleman, for after expressing his sorrow for the nobleman's indisposition, he had again recourse to the peeping system, and discovered a beautiful parrot hanging in the hall.

"Oh, what a pretty creature!" exclaimed our hero, "does it talk? dear, how odd that I should never have noticed it before—I, too, who am so fond of birds; ah, poll, pretty, p-r-e-t-t-y p-o-l-l-y,—stop, now I think of it, I have surely heard parrots are very fond of sweets, and I do think, I have some comfits, or something of the sort in my pocket—here, polly, will you have some," and into the hall our hero walked, and up to the bird's cage; and almost at the same instant, to the utter dismay of the trembling porter, down walked his lordship from the drawing-

room to cross the hall in his way to the library; and a second time had his patience and good-breeding put to the test by this incorrigible nuisance; the moment he was released, all his repressed indignation was vented upon the unhappy porter; who, however, at length, by dint of earnest entreaties, humble apologies, and solemn promises, never to be imposed upon again, obtained his pardon.

It was not long ere the house was a third time besieged by this persevering plague, when the porter, who had been on the watch for his coming, and quite certain he was under no mistake with regard to his man, roared through the key-hole—"The clock's stopped, the parrot's dead, and his lordship's out of town."

#### A NIGHT SCENE ON THE NIGER. FROM THE LANDERS' TRAVELS.

We made no stop on the river, not even at meal times, our men suffering the canoe to glide down the stream while they were eating their food. At five in the afternoon they all complained of fatigue, and we looked around us for a landing-place, where we might rest awhile, but we could find none, for every village which we saw after that hour was unfortunately situated behind large thick morasses and sloughy bogs, through which, after various provoking and tedious trials, we found it impossible to penetrate. We were employed three hours in the afternoon in endeavouring to find a landing at some village, and though we saw them distinctly enough from the water, we could not find a passage through the morasses behind which they lay. Therefore we were compelled to relinquish the attempt, and continue our course on the Niger. We passed several beautiful islands in the course of the day, all cultivated and inhabited, but low and flat. The width of the river seemed to vary considerably, sometimes it seemed to be two or three miles across, and at others double that width. The current drifted us along very rapidly, and we guessed it to be running at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The direction of the stream continued nearly east. The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most heavenly hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless, the appearance of the firmament, all

glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously. But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*; and others danced about we knew not how. But what was more vexatious than all, after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village through which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, and the sound of the people's voices ceased of a sudden, and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut,—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; every thing was as visionary as "sceptres grasped in sleep." We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could any where be discovered which was firm enough to bear our weight. Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fa-

tigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came splashing, snorting, and plunging all around the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us, that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where they say there are plenty of them. However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever, they were only sporting and wallowing in the river, for their own amusement, no doubt, at first, when we interrupted them; but had they upset our canoe, we would have paid dearly for it.—We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night, for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying, that if the Gewo Roua, or water elephant, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning, and I thought afterwards that we might have been carried off, like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yaoorie, if we had tried the expe-

rimment. Our canoe was only large enough to hold us all when sitting, so that we had no chance of lying down. Had we been able to muster up thirty thousand cowries at Rabba, we might have purchased one which would have carried us all very comfortably. A canoe of this sort would have served us for living in entirety, we should have had no occasion to land, excepting to obtain our provisions; and having performed our day's journey, might have anchored fearlessly at night. Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, I never recollect having seen such strong forked lightning before in my life. All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven p. m. it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at its height. The wind was so strong, that it washed over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little bark became unmanageable; but at length we got near a bank, which, in some measure, protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree, against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowered with fatigue, and with our legs projecting half over the sides of the little vessel, which, for want of room, we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep. There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest which is favourable to slumber, at least so thought my brother; for though the thunder continued to roar, and the wind to blow,—though the rain beat in our faces, and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle, still he slept soundly.—The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward, till midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe, drenched with water, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly baling out the water to keep her afloat. The water elephant, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but fortunately did not touch our canoe. The storm con-

tinued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads. Therefore, we again proceeded on our journey down the river, there being sufficient light for us to see our way, and two hours after, we put into a small insignificant fishing village, called *Dacannie*, where we landed very gladly. Before we arrived at this island, we had passed a great many native towns and villages, but in consequence of the early hour at which we were travelling, we considered it would be imprudent to stop at any of them, as none of the natives were out of their huts. Had we landed earlier, even near one of these towns, we might have alarmed the inhabitants, and been taken for a party of robbers; or, as they are called in the country, *jaccaloes*. They would have taken up arms against us, and we might have lost our lives; so that for our safety we continued down the river, although we had great desire to go on shore. In the course of the day and night, we travelled, according to our estimation a distance little short of a hundred miles. Our course was nearly east. The Niger in many places, and for a considerable way, presented a very magnificent appearance, and, we believe, to be nearly eight miles in width.

### Table Talk.

For the Olio.

**MARRIAGE SYMPTOMS.**—One day Madame Geoffrin was taking very severely to task an author in whose behalf she had interested herself, and who endeavoured, with some warmth, to exculpate himself; Monsieur D'Holback, who had been standing by witnessing the dispute, approached towards them, and laughingly observed, "Why, really, any one hearing you quarrel in this manner, would imagine that you were privately married."

**CHARLES FOX** once received a severe lecture from his father about his extravagance, who concluded by saying he wondered he could enjoy a moment's repose, when he considered the immense sums he owed. "Lord, sir," replied he, "you should'nt wonder at that; but rather how my creditors can."

**ANIMAL LIFE.**—Average duration of animal life, by an experienced zoologist.—Quadrupeds: the horse, from 8 to 32 years; ox, 20; bull, 15; cow, 23; ass, 33; mule, 18; sheep, 10; ram, 15;

dog, 14 to 25; swine, 25; goat, 8; cat, 10. Birds: Pigeons, 8 years; turtle dove, 25; goose, 28; parrot, from 30 to 100; raven, 100. Amphibious: turtles and tortoises, 50 to 100.

**FILIAL DEVOTION.**—This virtue is more practised by the Chinese than by any other people. The following is an instance:—A formidable leader of the Ladrões had dispatched the greater part of his force down the river, and proceeded afterwards himself almost unattended. Of this the officers of government were informed; but so great was the dread he had inspired, that they were afraid to attack him. They seized the whole of his family, from the grandfather downwards; on which the robber, finding his family in the power of Government, voluntarily went to the house where they were, saying, "It was unnecessary that so many should die for one;" but, as the soldiers still hesitated to advance, he came from the house, and, placing himself between them and his family, drew the knife which he wore and stabbed himself, telling the officers "they were now welcome to seize him."

**ETYMOLOGY.**—We picked up the following singular etymology the other day from an old paper. The word "news" is not derived, as man supposes, from the adjective *new*, but from a practice that obtained in newspapers of an early date, of prefixing to the title the letters expressive of the four cardinal points, thus—

N  
E       W  
S

meaning that their intelligence was derived from "all quarters of the globe." This must be allowed to be at least an ingenious etymology.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR CLOCKS.**—In Ceylon the day is divided into thirty parts, and the night also, each of which parts, called a *pay*, is thus computed: A small copper dish, with a hole in the bottom of it, being put into a tub of water, fills during one of these *pays*, when it sinks, and is again put into the water to reckon another interval.

**ANAGRAM.**—Pilate's question to our Saviour, "What is truth?" in the Latin Vulgate stands thus, "Quid est veritas!" These letters transposed, make "Est vir qui adest,"—"It is the man before thee."

**GROANING BOARDS.**—One of the most curious and ingenious amusements ever offered to the public, was contrived in the year 1682, when an elm plank was

exhibited to the king, and the credulous of London, which, being touched by a hot iron, invariably emitted a sound resembling deep human groans. This sensitive and very irritable board received numbers of noble visitors; and other boards, sympathising with their afflicted fellow, soon demonstrated how much they might be made to groan by similar means. A "long dresser," at the Queen's Arms Tavern, St. Martin's Lane, recently pulled down in consequence of the new improvements, eclipsed all its competitors in the exercise of this plaintive power, and, an old paper, "The Loyal London Mercury," assures us, filled the house perpetually with visitors.

**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—A gentleman one day asked a mendicant how much he collected a week on the average. The beggar replied in the following manner:—"Why, as for that, ours is like every other business, it is falling off; there are too many of us; and, to speak the truth, there is so much *competition*, that the *true beggar* is not able to get a *respectable livelihood*; it is so degenerated, that a set of *low vagabonds* crawl about the streets, and condescend to take half-pence, so that those who have been brought up to the trade, are obliged to be content with fifteen shillings or a pound a week."

**DR. BARROW.**—Dr. Barrow had nothing in his person or external appearance that was likely to command any degree of attention and respect. He was of low stature, and of a meagre, pale aspect, and so singularly negligent with regard to his dress, that it is related of him being engaged to preach for Dr. Wilkins, at St. Lawrence Jewry, in London, his slovenly appearance, awkward gait, and meagre aspect, prepossessed the audience so much against him, that when he mounted the pulpit, the congregation withdrew: and he was left almost alone in the church. Mr. Richard Baxter, the Nonconformist divine, however, was one of those few that remained; and his testimony was highly honourable to the preacher, for he declared that he had never heard a better sermon, and that he could with pleasure have listened all day to such preaching; upon which, those persons who complained to Dr. Wilkins of his substitute were ashamed of their conduct in deserting the church, and reduced to the necessity of acknowledging that their prejudice was solely the result of his uncount appearance.

**AUDIENCE EXTRAORDINARY!**—When

Mr. M—n commenced learning the key bugle, he felt some scruples as to the annoyance he feared his practising might prove, not merely to the inmates of his own house, but also to those inhabiting the surrounding ones; and turning over in his mind how he could best obviate the disagreeable of becoming a common nuisance, he resolved, as it was the summer season, to play out in the open air; he accordingly went in quest of a fitting place, and fixing upon a ditch in the fields which have been converted into the "Regent's Park," repaired thither daily to practise. It so chanced, however, one morning, soon after having begun playing, that, during the rest of a bar or so in the piece of music before him, he heard a slight noise, and, on looking up, beheld to his indescribable terror, that he was surrounded by a vast number of *horns* of all sorts and sizes, appertaining unto the heads and bodies of a grand selection from Mr. Willan's far famed nine hundred and ninety-nine cows; upon which discovery, without further pause, to the great astonishment of his listeners, Mr. M—n performing sundry flourishes *with*, instead of *upon* his instrument, scrambled out of the ditch, and, in the utmost fright, made good his escape as fast as he could; fervently ejaculating, as he thus precipitately retreated from his *horned* admirers, a safe deliverance from the horrors of such a disagreeable audience!

A LONG SLEEP!—A. D. 1545—William Foxley, pot-maker to the Mint, slept in the Tower of London (not being by any means to be waked,) 14 days and 15 nights; and when he waked, it seemed to him but as one night.

W. C.

JAMES THE FIRST.—It is reported of this king—"That having given Sir Robert Carr, (one of his favourites,) £20,000, the Lord Treasurer Salisbury, that he might make the king sensible of his folly, invited him to an entertainment, and so ordered it, that he should pass through a room, wherein he had placed four tables, and on each table £5,000, in silver; when the king came to the room, and saw the money, he started, as amazed at the sight, (having never before seen such a sum,) and asked the Treasurer the meaning of it." The Treasurer told the king, "It was the Boon he had given to Sir Robert. 'Swounds Man!' says the king, (which was the oath he usually swore,) but £5,000 shall serve his turn." By which

means, the Lord Treasurer saved the king £15,000, at once. W. C.

EDWARD THE FOURTH AND THE WIDOW, OR A GOLDEN KISS!—Edward the Fourth to raise money for a war with France, sat himself sundry hours every day to receive contributions from his subjects, who subscribed pretty liberally in consequence of their animosity to the enemy. Among others, a rich, yet niggardly old widow, brought £20, (a large sum in those days,) to him. This so highly pleased the king, "that he not only returned her thanks," but told her, "For her kindness she should kiss a king," which being done, the old woman pulled out another bag, saying "Udsbodikins, if kings sell their kisses so cheap, give me 'tother touch of the lips, and here is another £20 for you!" The king smiled at this, took her at her word, and thought his kisses well sold.

W. C.

GENUINE IRISH WIT.—A gentleman, living quite at the upper end of the New Road, much annoyed by beggars, and the itinerant venders of small-ware, daily knocking at his door, either to solicit charity or proffer their goods for sale, happened a few mornings since to be standing at his window, when he saw a man bearing a band-box in his hand, open the gate, and very deliberately proceed up the little gravel-walk, leading to the house, and guessing he had something to sell, determined to stop his further progress, and for this time, at least, prevent his knocker's being assailed, he, therefore, shook his head, frowned, and waved his hand as signals for the man to retire, but all to no purpose, as he obstinately kept advancing. Mr. — quite angry at the intruder's perserverance, hastily threw up the window, and in a loud authoritative tone exclaimed, "There, there, go away, go away, *we do not want any thing!*" "Arrah, now, and so much the better," replied Pat promptly, "*for I have nothing to give, I was only just going to enquire civilly, whether one Mrs. Harris lived here!*"

### Varities.

GOLD FISH.—This beautiful little fish, called in this country "Gold and Silver Fish," are originally natives of China and Japan, where they are held in great estimation, and are called Kinyu. From China the English carried some of them to the island of St. Helena; and from thence the captain of one of our East India ships brought some of



them to England in the year 1728. It is said by a learned foreigner (Dr. Baster) that having great quantities of them in his ponds, he used sometimes to regale his friends with them, and had them dressed with various sauces; but that egg-sauce in particular gave them an excellent relish, even superior to carp. It is of course to be understood that frying is the best mode of cookery. The *gourmand* whom we quote, states that he had them sometimes boiled, but that they were decidedly better by the former mode. These fish are said to grow no larger in China than an anchovy, but they are to be seen in England of the length of ten or twelve inches; so that our climate seems to agree with them better than that of their native country. It is in the second year of their age that they acquire that splendid appearance for which they are so prized; that they undergo but little or no change in the third year; but that there are many of them that continue always black. Linnaeus describes them as of the carp species, and distinguishes them by the name of the "Gold Carp."

**ANECDOTE OF A GREAT ACTOR.**—Returning the other evening through the Strand from an unsuccessful tour to the West-end in quest of "incidents" to supply *material* for the Daily Press

and provision for myself for the next day, I dropped despairingly into a house near the Strand, and ordered pen and ink, and a "nip" of Burton ale, in order to concoct a few "dreadful accidents," &c. which had never occurred but in the author's brain, when my attention was arrested by a jolly son of Momus seated opposite to me—

Who wrapt in delicious repose,  
Most inharmoniously was playing a tune on his nose.

Knowing who it was, and that he was only taking a "refresher," I resolved to bear with the inconvenience, and proceeded in my vocation; when having completed my task, and placing it in my pocket, exclaiming, "there is *quantum sufficit*," up started my opposite neighbour—who has the knack upon rousing up, of catching the two or three last words which he happens to hear spoken—in a great gage, and applying my unfortunate *lapis linguae* to himself, indignantly demanded of me, "What right I had to apply such observations to him! Upon my life," said he, "I was never so insulted before. I beg to tell you, Sir, that your assertion is not *bottomed* in truth, for I have not yet taken anything. Here, Tim, bring me a pint of Burton and a Welch rabbit!" I apologized for my unintentional offence, and departed.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, March 31.

#### *St. Benedict.*

The founder of the Benedictine Order of Monks was born at Norcia, in Italy, in the year 480. He was remarkable for his austerity and piety, and died, while in fervent prayer, at the age of 63, in the year 543.

### Thursday, March 22.

The planet Saturn about this time presents a beautiful telescopic appearance, and would well repay the vigilance of the skilful observer, lending there is little doubt to further discoveries connected with its mysterious structure.

### Friday, March 23.

This is the anniversary of the death of the Rev. Archdeacon Churton, who was one of the most learned men of his time.

### Saturday, March 24.

*Moon's last quar. Am af. 8 Morn.*

### Sunday, March 25.

#### THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Lessons for the Day.—*31 ch. of Genesis, morn.*  
*31 ch. of Genesis, even.*

#### *Anniversary of the blessed Virgin, or Lady-Day.*

The Festival of the Annunciation commemorates the glad tidings brought by the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary, concerning the Saviour of the World. It was first instituted in the year 350.

### Monday, March 26.

*Sun rises 7m. aft. 6—Sets 50m. aft. 5.*

### Tuesday, March 27.

Scarce does the primrose show her head,  
Though eldest daughter of the Spring;  
Nor dares the cowslip leave her bed,  
Affrighted at the northern blast,  
Who blights each blossom with his wing  
While the dun ether's overcast:  
Of violence how short the sway!  
'Tis but the pageant of a day.

†† We are sadly in arrear with our Correspondents, but when we state, that other arrangements have been entered into for the future management of the work, we trust tending to its very great improvement, we shall stand excused for what, without this explanation, might appear an unpardonable neglect of their kind and valuable favours.

To R. J. we beg to reply, that he shall not in future have cause to complain.

Our answers to Correspondents will appear on the wrapper of the next Monthly Part.



See p. 212

## Illustrated Article.

### THE AVENGER.

A TALE OF ITALY.

FOR THE OLIO.

THE busy city of Naples had sunk to almost silence in the still hour of night, and scarce was there a falling footstep to say that it was the dwelling of life, whilst at intervals the deep loud bells tolled forth the divisions of hours as they swiftly passed onward. It was that time of night when all have left the lovely city's proud streets, save the fond lover, who hastens to pour forth the feelings of his heart in words of song, or the prowling assassin, tracking his unwary victim. At the corner of one of the streets stood a man gazing upwards to the trellised window of a lofty house, whilst supported by a broad ribband thrown across the left shoulder was a guitar, over the cords of which his fingers from time to time swept, as his voice breathed forth a

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soft and gentle melody. A passer by might have observed, as the light from before an image of the Virgin shone on the countenance of the serenader, that he was one who had seen some seven or eight and twenty summers, with a form moulded in the truest proportion of manly beauty, and a face handsome, but overshadowed with a cast of pensive sadness. As the air drew towards conclusion, the trellis work was slowly opened, and a young fair creature leaning forward, entered into earnest conversation, though in a subdued tone, with the man below: the only words uttered above a whisper were—

"You will meet, then, near the church of St. Filippo Neri, to-morrow at nightfall."

"I'll not forget," replied the fairer being, and pressing her hand to her lips, softly closed the trellis work.

"Farewell, sweet confiding creature, who could wrong thee? Not I, by heaven; and yet, I fear this unsuspecting love of thine will lead to years

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of sadness; would that I could tear myself away—forget thee!—that's impossible; there is an irresistible impulse drags me forward and I must obey," saying which, he turned away and was soon lost to sight in the surrounding darkness.

The house opposite, to which he had been serenading, was that of a private gentleman named Varese, who resided there with his only daughter, to whom he was fondly attached. The fair Maria di Varese was then verging towards her eighteenth year, and though the Neapolitan women do not bear away the palm of beauty, yet here and there one shines forth so fair and beautiful, that it seems as if Nature in a fitful moment had chosen to combine all its beauties in one object and make some amends for many neglects. Such was the case with the daughter of Varese, who was one of the reigning beauties of Naples, and many were the offers made to her, which in every sense of the word, would be considered as eligible, but her father, who was a quiet, easy man, allowed her always to please herself, and she invariably did so by refusing them; her reasons for so doing she never gave, for, indeed, that would not have been an easy task. She was in love, passionately in love; but with whom she knew not; that he was young, handsome, and of a proud bearing, she did know, and that he sincerely loved her, she felt convinced; these were conclusive reasons in her own mind for her refusals, but as they would be known to the world, she prudently kept them to herself, and abstained from saying more than was sufficient without harshness, to convey her intentions.

At the appointed hour of meeting, Maria threw her thick black veil over her head, so as completely to hide her features, and without an attendant, hastened to the church of St. Filippo, where, leaning against one of the beautiful ancient granite pillars, for which that church is so celebrated, was a man scarcely discernible in the gloom from his being completely enveloped in a dark cloak, whilst his hat, slouched over his face, served to conceal his countenance. As Maria approached he went towards her.

"This is kind, Maria, very kind."

"I am afraid some one may have watched me, let us turn down this street; it is dimly lighted, and we shall not be followed," in saying which they turned down a street leading towards the bay.

"Maria, I have sought this interview with you to say much that nearly interests us both; you know I love you truly and sincerely, and have I not seen, that for my sake, you have refused some of the proudest matches in this fair city—I could almost have wished you had not done so, you could, perhaps, have been far happier."

"Nay, Paolo, there you wrong me. I do not desire ever to be a wife unless indeed it were the"—

"Wife of Paolo you would say; heaven knows how fondly I have pictured to myself the time when such might happen, but it cannot be, we must strive to forget each other."

"Forget each other!"

"Oh, Maria, 'it will break my heart to think I have seen thee for the last time, but could I wish that you should join your fate with one who dare not appear in the open day, but like a bird of night, comes forth only in the dark, who fears the gaze of men when fixed upon him, and at whose very name when mentioned, the people mutter forth a prayer for protection to their patron saint.'"

"With the opinions of men I have nought to do; I have loved you, Paolo, for yourself alone, and what the world may say or think, I care not."

"Spoken like yourself, dearest Maria, but pause a moment and consider; I have no home to lead you to—I wander forth as an outcast, seeking shelter amidst the mountains, safe only because their access is dangerous; you surely would not love to dwell there!"

"Yes, Paolo, with you, rather than in the splendid palaces of the city."

"Maria, I will disguise nothing from you; listen and judge for yourself. I was born in this proud city, the only son of one of its highest nobles, and all that wealth could procure or art invent, was mine, soon as I expressed the wish. I was educated in a country far away, where freedom is the birthright of each, whether rich or poor; there no despotic ruler tramples down those who but offend in imagination, and man looks forward to enjoying that he gains by honest industry, nor fears the powers of those above him. The death of my father recalled me to my native country, and when I arrived to assume my rank, I saw then the vast difference betwixt the country I had left and that which gave me birth; ruled with an iron hand by strangers, by the vile Spaniards, who felt no interest in our welfare, but

whose only object was to draw from it all our wealth, and render us the lowest of slaves. Think you, then, that the ideas of liberty I had inculcated were compatible with the scenes I daily witnessed. No; I strove to create resistance to the despotic will of our rulers, and upon a new tax being imposed on the immediate necessities of the already overburdened people, as a noble, and one of the highest native rank, I stood forward and denounced the tax as oppressive and unjust; what was the consequence! None supported me, and I was accused of trying to subvert the order and welfare of the State, condemned to the confiscation of my estates and perpetual banishment from my native land. Burning with rage and the thirst for revenge, I sought the mountains, allied myself with men at war with every one, and under an assumed name, became their leader; none know who or what I am; the name I have taken has become known far and wide for feats of daring. I have not sought for plunder, but to wreak my vengeance on these tyrants who have forced me to become an outcast where I was born of the highest rank. You see, therefore, what I am and what has made me such; if you are content to live with me in the mountains, we will together to a small village a few leagues hence, where there is a priest, that in former days I befriended; he fell with me, but still retains his attachment; before him we will offer up our vows of faith; what say you, my dearest Maria!"

The Italian women are fierce in their love and their revenge; the obstacles that present themselves in the minds of womankind in our colder climes are overlooked, if even for an instant they enter their imaginations; they act from the impulse of the moment, and there is such a deep toned feeling of romance within them, that if once aroused, they see not the realities of human life, but are guided by the vision they have conjured up. Maria saw only that she loved and was beloved; the object of her affections was unfortunate, and for that she loved him more; she at once gave that hand which many a rich and stately noble had in vain sued for, to one without a home; a name decreed to be blotted from his country's list, and whose life was in hourly peril of falling a sacrifice to the often violated laws.

If ever the fire of love burnt with unquenchable ardour, it did so in the

breast of Maria; the continual dangers her husband encountered, raised her feelings to the highest pitch of excitement; at times, his lengthened absence would almost drive her to madness. She knew his daring courage, and dreaded lest he should, by some rash act, have fallen into an ambuscade of the Viceroy's soldiers; then his safe return would dispel these evil forebodings, and—but who can paint her feelings: in social life the course of love runs so smooth, that though we know it does exist, yet it rarely bursts forth. Here was a woman imbued with all those strong and violent feelings of a southern clime, who had given up all to follow one she loved to devotion, and who had remained for hours the prey of every dreadful thought the imagination could depict, finding they were but the fantasy of the brain.

The daring of Paolo's band at length became such, that the Government determined, by some strong means, to endeavour to suppress it, though their principal reason for so doing was, because they found that the individual members of the Government were generally selected to wreak their vengeance upon, and to them mercy was but rarely shewn; with the nation, nobility, and others, plunder was the only object of the band; there was no cause of dread for their lives; but far different was the case when any of the Government officers fell in their way, for but few returned to tell the treatment they met with. It was no use tampering with the peasantry to endeavour to gain their assistance in leading some troops to the retreat of the band; some pretended ignorance, and if one was found who came forward, it was soon discovered that it had been merely to lead the troops into some ambuscade, whence they generally returned considerably diminished in numbers, many of them having served as a target for the unerring aim of some expert marksmen. It was clear, too, that the band was led by some man of considerable talent, but who or what he was none were able to discover; his assumed name of the "Avenger" leading to no clue by which to trace him, the Government, therefore, determined upon bringing all the troops under their command into play upon the occasion, and, by drawing an immense circle round the place near which they were known to retreat, to gradually close in upon them; and, in order that their intentions might not be known to any one, the officers did not receive

their instructions until the troops were assembled and ready to march forward. The measures were so well taken, that when the circle was formed, the band was within it, and were not aware of their danger, until informed by the peasantry; but, as it would take some days before they could effectually close in, it gave them time to see if some plan could not be devised to escape the impending danger, and, if none presented itself, to die, as they had lived, at war with all.

It soon became apparent that death was all that remained, for volley after volley could be poured in upon them, and their numbers were so insignificant, compared to the troops, that the most determined bravery would be unavailing. Paolo's heart sickened when he thought none could be spared; his wife, who had forsaken all for him, to fall thus prematurely, her beauteous form to be mangled, exposed to the insults of an infuriated soldiery, it almost drove him to madness: many times was he on the point of hastening to deliver himself into the hands of the Government, praying their forbearance, but he knew the determined nature of his band, and that they would meet death rather than surrender, since many of them were sought by the Government for political offences, who, when taken, could expect no mercy, and, therefore, preferred to die like men rather than endure the lingering tortures of their oppressors.

Maria had thought but little of herself; she had entered heart and soul into her husband's views of freedom: she had looked forward as ardently as he had done to the time when they should see their country emancipated from the Spanish yoke; and well did she know that the loss of life he would regret much less than not seeing his darling hopes accomplished—from the moment that their danger had become imminent she had thrown aside her womanish fears, and striven to shew that she feared death as little as the bravest; but still there were moments, when alone, that the feelings of the woman would burst forth in silent tears: little as she felt for herself, she could not control them, when she thought of him she loved, and how brief would then be his career.

It was a sad night to the band that was passed in looking forward to the morrow as the last that would break upon them; some few tried to recall an almost forgotten prayer, whilst others muttered forth deep and loud curses

against their oppressors, who had hunted them from house and home to slay them like beasts of the field; others there were, too, whose thoughts wandered far away, and brought them once again with those they had loved in early youth, and who had followed life's troubled path with them under the cherished name of wife, and whose sweet children that, in better days and times, had played around them, and been the source of many happy hours, ere misfortune had made them broken men, and raised their hands against their country's laws. The morning burst forth in all its southern splendour, and found the band already armed and determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The surrounding mountains which, on the preceding night, had been covered with troops, were now, to their astonishment, untenanted, save the birds of prey, which occasionally flitted across them: wherever the eye could trace not a soldier was in sight; they seemed, as heretofore, the sole possessors of the mountains, and free again to roam there, and as they could. How was this to be explained; a thousand conjectures were hazarded, and all, save the right one, surmised; they were, however, not long without the desired information, for the news flew swiftly towards them.

Our Tomaso Anello, more commonly known by the name of Masaniello, had at length succeeded in exciting his countrymen to resist the despotic rule of the Spaniards; a fresh tax on fish, fruit, &c. imposed by the Government, had exasperated the populace in the highest degree, and led to the overthrow of the Spaniards. It was to assist in quelling the disturbance that the troops had been suddenly recalled from the mountains; they arrived too late, the Fisherman of yesterday was reigning over Naples with the most despotic sway.

During the few days reign of this extraordinary man much good was effected for his country, one, amongst others, was the revocation of that decree by which Paolo had been exiled, and his estates confiscated; there were but few who ever knew that the distinguished Count di Artini had been the so much dreaded "Avenger," and oft, in after life, would he recount to his infant children, whilst his wife would stand by an admiring listener, the daring feats which had made that Chief so renowned, and little did they think, as they lent a listening ear, that it was to

the "Avenger" himself they were listening.  
J. M. B.

THE WINTER ROSE.  
FOR THE OLIO.

Go, gentle rose, and tell a tale,  
Unto the heart I prize;  
And say that tho' thou look'st so frail,  
And tho' thy leaves are faint and pale,  
Much sweetness in thee lies.

When summer's sun with fervour glows,  
Roses like friends abound;  
But friendship, like this winter rose,  
Secure 'mid storms still buds and blows,  
And scatters fragrance 'round.

H. R. WALTHAM.

ROAMINGS IN RUINS.

BY ROGER CALVERLEY.  
*For the Olio.*

"They shall call the Nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her Princesses shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be an habitation of dragons and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the Satyr shall cry to his fellow. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow; there shall the vultures also be gathered every one with her mate."—ISAIAH XXXIV.—19.

"The cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voices shall ring in the windows: desolation shall be in the thresholds; for He shall uncover the Cedar-work!"—ZEPHANIAH II.—14.

FALKLAND PALACE is a highly picturesque fabric; and, from its associations, absolutely fascinating; but, if a man goes thither, merely for architectural delights,—why then, a great square donjon, with broad turrets and notched gables, a façade of low and heavy structure, its massive cornice and thick cable mouldings, together with the peculiarity of dozens of portraits between the buttresses, every buttress containing a statue with elaborate canopies and brackets; frowning turrets enringed with noisy jackdaws; and tall chimnies with quaintly carved coronals; an assemblage of gorgeous but unwieldy decoration, will, it is to be feared, woefully disappoint him.

The chapel is a hundred feet long and forty broad; and its roof is redolent of the flattering remains of past royalty, and wretchedly false promises of future immortality; it is painted in ribbed compartments of azure, vermilion, and gold,—in scrolls, in shields, in diadems, in mantles, in cyphers, in mottoes.

Oh, House of Stuart!—oh, princely family! whose heir-loom was this fortune; whose lineage was lifted up, only to be cast down; if I had never loved thee *before*, I should surely love thee *here*. Stricken myself with sorrows, that tinge every thing bright with their own sickly hue; the very gloom of these dusty chambers—the gusts that hold their mystic converse in the place of kings—the dull light lurking by stealth and with shame through the discoloured lattices—the miserable relics of blazoned grandeur ruined below the scorn of Malice herself, are pleasing to me. Nothing now rejoices me, and these tell me that in sorrow I am not alone.

Fleur-de-llys, roses and thistles complete the faded decorations of the ceiling; in the centre of which is a large shield, containing the arms of Scotland, England, and Ireland; the Red Lion being marshalled *first*, and England quartering France *second* in the escutcheon. I observed the portcullis and crown, (the badge of the Tudor family) and the Prince of Wales' plume, with its motto of majestic humility,—*"Ich Dien."* A grand gallery, with five colossal windows looking northward, extends parallel with this apartment. How, like gilded motes in the sunbeam, appear its departed companions to the imagination. Nothing but royalty breathes in the murky air; nothing but ermines and coronets break through the dismal arcade; no echoes but of royal command and courtly adulation flit beneath that high and dusky roof. Through the windows you may see the soft hills, sheltered villages, and tinted woods of Strath-Eden; just such a warm sun as this, tinged the pale stubbles and green pastures with golden red, when kingly eyes saw, but recked not of them; but within the towered Palace *within*—where be the lamps that, with arch-coloured light, caused the departed daylight to be forgotten!—where the pictures, that made the lovely landscapes of Strath-Eden appear dull and tame!—where the bowered and pillared tapestries, which, when men saw, they said, 'Would Nature were as fair!'—where the majestic forms that dignified these scenes!—where the lustrous eyes that *defied* them?

A roseate flush of sunset flaked over the painted roofs and dismantled walls of these old chambers, as I descended by a broad turret stair to *The Vaults*. A long dreary glimmering range! No-

thing in this most painfully interesting Pile, affects one more strongly, than the immediate proximity of its sacred and festal precincts to its accursed and mourning dungeons. It is too cutting a sarcasm on human life. One moment secure and elated in self applause; the next, plunged by *one* false step into darkness and disgrace! Here the Keep soars from its foundation to its summit—one hideous chasm of gloom; for the floors of the different stages that composed it have all 'disappeared,; and Lady's Bower, and Captive's Pit, are blent in one vast shuddering height of darkness.

The court behind these buildings was once a quadrangle, which was destroyed by fire. There is a long range of saloon windows in a less antiquated style, denoting, with their melancholy orifice, the path of the flames. There is also here a noble round tower, containing abysses of the most frightful and pitchy blackness. In this *Torre del Fame*, it is said, the unhappy Alexander of Rothsay was starved to death; and, if the wounds of the mind be considered equivalent to the pains of the body, no less tragical was the destruction bestowed on Falkland Palace, by the death of the most enlightened Prince Scotland ever boasted. It is true James the Fifth died in the Tapestry Chamber instead of the reeking dungeon;—but the heartbroken king, and the hunger-pined Prince alike, quaffed to its dregs the bitterness of death. It was in his last moments at Falkland, that James was apprised of Mary's birth; and the well-known prophecy he uttered on that occasion, connects this Palace with a Princess—the very mention of whose name makes praise common-place, compassion cant, and horror an every day tale.

The most striking feature of Falkland Palace is its cumbrous magnificence of mould; even its commanding towers look low from their bulk. To see the buildings, however, in all their picturesque variety,—the roofless and the roofed—turret and hall—staircase and gateway—diamond lattices, and gaping windows of rich sculptures,—the brocades of barbaric carvings, that lace its broad buttresses, and the reverend hue of solemn gray that its huge walls disclose; while birch and pine trees, of gigantic trunks and cluttered foliage, are illumined by the calm evening-sunflame that floats upon the pile, and phalanxes of rooks hovering over the trees and towers, whose incessant cries

scarcely permitted the shrill note of the martlet, or the deep soft tones of the cushat to be heard;—thus to see Falkland Palace, makes desolation pompous, and imparts a glory to gloom.

### CLARA FARNESE.

THIS extraordinary woman was Pope Paul's third sister, and the person to whom he owed his Cardinal's cap, and, consequently, all that followed upon it, though he rewarded her ill for it; for he poisoned both her and his mother, that he might possess all their wealth. Their father was a poor man who went about selling sausages. Clara married young, and was soon a widow; she was a most agreeable woman, but possessed little personal beauty. Her brother was bred to letters, and was one of those poor churchmen who were looking about on all hands where to find patronage, when on a sudden his sister's charms, assisted by her artifices, raised him to a height, to which he was far from pretending at that time. At some public ceremony, Clara Farnese was so near Pope Alexander VI., and was so much in his eye and in his thoughts, that he ordered one of his attendants to enquire who she was and where she lived. Instruments are never wanting on such occasions to great persons, and, notwithstanding the Pope's great age, yet his vices still clung so close to him, that he could have no quiet till Clara Farnese was introduced to his presence. She resolved to sell herself at a tolerably high price, and a cardinal's cap for her brother was both asked and granted; a promise of it at least; she then became an inmate of the lewd old Pope's palace. It fell out, however, that when the next promotion came to be in agitation, the proposition was rejected by Cæsar Borgia with scorn; he had never been a slave to his word, and he had no mind that his father should observe it on this occasion.

The mode of promotion was this:—the Pope settles the list of the cardinals, and writes down all their names in a paper with his own hand, and in a consistory, when all business is ended, he throws down the paper on the table, and says to the Cardinals, *habetis fratres*; "You have now some brethren." Upon that one of the secretaries takes up the paper and reads the names aloud; the Sberri, (the Pope's

guards,) are at the door, and as soon as one is named, they run for it, to see who shall be able to carry the first news of his advancement to the party concerned.

On this occasion, the Pope, after he had concerted the promotion with his son, wrote down all the names. Clara Farnese was in great apprehension for her brother; she, being to pass that night with the Pope, rose when the old man was fast asleep, searched his pockets, and found the paper, but her brother's name was not in it, so she set herself with great care to counterfeit the Pope's hand, and wrote her brother's name the first in the list. Next morning, she kept the Pope as long in bed as possible, till word was brought that the consistory was assembled, and that the Cardinals had all arrived, for she reckoned, the less time the Pope had for dressing, there was the less danger of his looking into the paper. Accordingly, without ever opening it, he went into the consistory, and, as usual, threw down his list on the table; but to the great surprise of him and all present, the first name that was read was that of Abbot Farnese. However, the Pope judged it better to let the matter pass, than to suffer the true secret to be known. Thus began the long course of Pope Paul the Third's greatness, for he lived above fifty years after this, and laid the foundation of the family of Parma, which he saw quite overthrown, his son being assassinated in his own time, and both his grand-children having revolted against him, which, as was believed, hastened his death, though he was then fourscore. There are several pictures of Clara Farnese now in the Palestrina.

#### LINES ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT.

*For the Olio.*

Come gentle shade, yet do I want  
One power to waken memory's dream,  
Surely affection cannot thus  
Be wash'd away by sorrow's stream.

Oft, when in melancholy mood,  
These pencil'd features will I trace,  
And recognise with fond delight,  
The semblance of that lovely face.

When summer's bed, and all the earth  
Is chill'd by dreary winter's frown,  
One little simple flower will then  
Remind us of the days that's gone.

So 'twill be sweet, when years have pass'd,  
And time shall change that lovely mien,  
To gaze with wonder and delight,  
And think of what you once have been.

HENRIETTA REEBOOLD.

#### LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.

*For the Olio.*

It was noon, and the blue waters bore me merrily over, till I landed on a fair green island of short turf, enwreathed with venerable plane trees, and the hearselike foliage of black Scotch firs, that darkening on the sky, caught the noongales and imprisoned them in their mournful boughs, till they wailed and groaned again. Conspicuous on the green Islet's marge is a single hawthorn, a bough of which I religiously gathered, since its vast size, an air of hoar antiquity proclaim it undoubtedly to have waved over Queen Mary Stuart.

A donjon Tower, flinging from it, like a girdle, an ample circuit of court wall, lifts its haggard form to the sun, forming a ghastly contrast to the glossy green trees that rustle around it. A deep cornice of billeted mouldings, and a handsome projecting roundel at each angle, form the parapet of this building—a tall indented gable cresting the whole. The rooms are small and crowded, and you soon hurry from the Keep to a graceful round tower at the south-eastern angle of the court.

It was by a boldly projecting oriel in this turret, that Queen Mary escaped from the castle on a soft gloomy evening of May: the waters of the lake at that time flowing up to her prison walls. Mary's apartments were situated in the north-eastern part of the castle, where now a great plane tree waves in the centre over their down-fallen buttresses. The brilliance of the day, clothing hill and lake in luscious blue and gilded green, contrasted with the shattered melancholy towers,—and the air of complete seclusion derived from the wild distant mountains, and the mournfully calm waters that form its crystal barricade, invest this Island Castle with much of the solemn and the thrilling. No mean feature in the scene, is a monstrous ash tree, blasted by lightning, that reclines its hundred arms on the western ramparts. It is completely overthrown;—you see the scathing wounds of the levin flash; its roots are all torn, its bark ploughed open; and yet they say it continues to bud and leaf every summer;—at all events, it is now in full array.

This then is Loch-Leven! this sunny Islet of lawn and leaf so lovely in itself, and (when its fortalice, with rampart round, and turrets and windows gleams over the old bowers of



deep foliage,) so like an enchanted mansion of fairy lore;—this was the sepulchre of Mary's sovereignty! this the mean portal, under which her queenly brow could not stoop without striking off her diadem! In these island towers, her cheek of youth contracted its first wrinkles;—on these waters her eye grew dim with gazing through a captive's tears; by yonder balcony she indulged the first transports of escape from durance, the last she was ever destined to achieve. Beautiful Loch-Leven! if we gaze on thee with interest, if we sigh over thy desolation, it is less for thy deserted island throne, than for the thought of her whose calamity consecrates thy ruins; than for the regret, that a single stone of those halls, which *Mary Stuart* hath emblazoned to immortality by her abode, should share the corrosive stroke that Time deals to more majestic and less guilty fabrics!

ROGER CALVERLEY.

#### SCRAPS.

BYRON.—If I were asked what I thought of Byron, I would say, "he was a man of powerful talents and fine poetic feelings, but which, from want of fixed principles and correct ideas, were frequently misapplied; he certainly took a strange delight in representing his male characters in a distorted and unamiable light, giving them negative virtues yet making them commit the most revolting actions; and, while he thus displayed them in their wild and almost unearthly garb, his fancy became so imbued with these images, that he almost identified his own spirit with them; it is positive they give a colour to his actions, whether intended by him or not I have not sufficient data to determine, but in one of his pieces, ("Manfred," he has given the best portrait of himself, in my opinion, that has ever been written; with the alteration of a word or two which do not affect the sense, it is as follows:—

This should have been a noble creature, he  
Had all the energy which have made  
A goodly frame of glorious elements,  
Had they been wisely mingled; as it was,  
It was an awful chaos—light and darkness—  
Mind and dust—and passions and pure  
thoughts

Mixed, and contending without end or order.

J. S. C.

THE sun shines not always; neither is it good for man that prosperity should endure for ever.

#### THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

For the Olio.

I HAVE frequently remarked the immense difference that exists between the application of a popular phrase to the community at large, and when the same words are applied to individuals only; the same opinions and expressions which fill the public with exultation, are often sources of regret to men in private stations, and yet the world goes on unconscious that any other than its general interpretation can be used.—One of the favorite expressions of the age is, "the schoolmaster is abroad;" and I have often seen one of the *general improvement* gentlemen dilating upon it with the utmost self-satisfaction, unknowing that it was a subject giving anything but satisfaction to the individual now about to give his reading of that phrase to the world. It ought to be noticed ere I proceed farther, that being myself a schoolmaster, I used to give me very great pleasure when any fresh discovery or improvement was made in science, or for the benefit of mankind, to hear the general burst of "the schoolmaster is abroad;" it seemed as if every tongue was disposed to honour the profession of which I was a member; but, alas, circumstances have changed the scene from pleasure to its opposite, and it now rings in my ears like a knell, while imagination pictures the band of scorn lifted up against me in derision. This change of feeling began in the last vacation, when following a part of the schoolmaster duties, (not the most pleasant of them) seeking to be paid for the instruction given to the youthful band, of whom I was governor, and then the discovery burst upon mine affrighted vision, that the individual schoolmaster abroad was quite a different being to that one so much talked of by the world.

"The school begins on Monday," said I to the father of one of my hopeful pupils, "and I suppose Master John will be there as usual"

"Why really, Sir, I do not think he will be there—the improvement my boy made (his brow waxed wroth as he spoke) is not equal to what I expected."

"Master John, Sir, is not the most talented boy in the world, but a little patience——"

"Patience, Sir, don't talk to me of patience; don't I pay you a matter of two guineas a-year!! I'll put my boy to a school where his abilities shall be properly appreciated."

This was rather unexpected, for Master Johnny being the greatest dunce in my school, I had paid greater attention to him than any other boy, for my own credit, but I had no alternative than to submit with patience, for Master Johnny's papa had bounced off, after giving me this pleasant information, whilst I stood surprise personified, starting with stupid wonder at his display of eloquence. Not very well pleased with my first adventure, but urged on by necessity, I prepared for an attack on the pocket of another of my friends; it was an unlucky moment—here the master of the house was receiving a good round lecture from his wife at the moment of my entrance; never was there a more favourable diversion for the husband, but, alas! it was no diversion to me, for ashamed of being found quarrelling they united their forces and prepared to give me a warm reception. Think of my situation,—a scolding wife discharging on me the abuse intended for her husband, and the husband, willing to appear master of his own house, ready to pour in a volley (if permitted) when the fire of his wife's tongue slackened.

"My boy, Sir—"

Mrs. C.—"Why do you not hold your tongue, cannot I speak?"

"Yes, my dear, but—"

"But what, Sir, (darting a look of fury on the husband), then turning round on me: my husband and me, Sir,—(I had heard her audible enough)—Well, Sir, we have been talking, and I says our Billy is a disgrace to any master what pretends teaching."

"Yes, Sir, a disgrace, as my wife says."

"I do not want any interference, Sir, cannot I speak?"

"Yes, my dear, but—"

She turned round to give the poor man another shot, when, seeing the door open, I made my exit with all possible dispatch, though with the loss of a scholar who, when I opened school, was found among the missing. Several times since then have I found the school-master's being abroad was not at all to the benefit of the working Dominie, and with me in particular. Macbeth's airy daggers were not more difficult to clutch than the money which I dare boldly to aver I have fairly earned. My pupils are gradually leaving me for a more fashionable master, who has learnt the art of flattering the vanity of the parents by a display of talents their children never possessed; and, to

crown the whole, it is more than probable my landlord will, by forcible ejectment, oblige me to quit his house, and make me, in reality, a *schoolmaster abroad* in its strictest sense, for I shall then be an outcast upon the world.

J. S. C.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. FOR THE OLIO.

There is as usual, in this exhibition, an assemblage of good, bad, and indifferent pictures. The sculpture room has but a poor show, although there are a few specimens which do credit to the design and execution of the respective artists.

835. *A Boy and a Lizard in Marble*. T. Sharp. Prettily conceived and cleverly executed. The explanatory scrap from the "MS. Poem" (!) were needless. The marble tells the tale expressively enough without it.

844. *A Horse's Head, studied from Nature, and executed in Bronze*, by M. C. Wyatt.

This head reminds us strongly of some of the finest specimens of Grecian art. It has not, to be sure, that peculiar sharpness and freshness which characterize the antique, but is full of spirit and vigour.

*The Forsaken*, (858.) by J. Dinham, is cleverly grouped, but the arms of the female are somewhat clumsy. We do not envy that man his taste who can waste his talent upon the effigy of the monster King Henry VIII. (862.) *Eve reclining at the Lake*, in marble, by G. Rossi, is a beautifully executed figure; but the subject has been too often treated. This will have nevertheless many admirers.

With regard to the paintings, there are, as heretofore, but few historical subjects. To make amends for this, *Portrait of a Gentleman*, and ditto of *a Lady*, &c. &c. tire the eye, and make the beholder execrate the taste of his countrymen. The artists are not to blame for this. Wealth and genius are not often found together; and men of the wildest imagination, are, alas, too frequently reminded of their mortality. He, therefore, who paints historical pictures will look long for patrons, and starve, whilst his brother artist and his inferior, perpetuates the likenesses of some "tenth transmitters of a foolish face," and *lives*. There is the portrait of an *Officer* as ugly and as sinister looking as a satyr,

and another of a young gentleman engaged in study, with a skull, and a diseased lung preserved in alcohol on a side table. The physiognomy of the precocious youth indicates the good opinion which he entertains of himself. John Hunter's self might envy him his thoughts.

To turn, however, from these objects, these real eye-sores, we must do justice to a few pictures, which of themselves will repay any one for a visit to the exhibition.

115. *The Baptism*. G. Harvey. This is a beautiful illustration of a scene described in the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," which appeared a few years back. The colouring is rich and harmonious; and the face of the female on the right hand of the minister is singularly delicate and lovely. It is a faithful representation of the scene described by the novelist—a scene, the contemplation of which would have softened the heart of any but the cruel cold-blooded Claverhouse and the savages he commanded.

352. *The Courier, or Fate of the Battle*, by W. Kidd, is full of humour, and the colouring is rich and Rembrandt-like.

384. *The Gamester's Last Fit—not a Miss*, by T. Clater, represents a handsome young man in the act of "popping the question" to an ugly harridan, who, though long past the age when ladies look for partners, is not altogether convinced that she is without charms. There is, nevertheless, an expression of doubt and incredulity in her wrinkled features which contrast strongly with the smiling face and bright hair of her wooer. This is really a very clever picture.

There are a few other subjects; but our notice of them must be deferred for the present.

### Notices of New Books.

*Ancient Coins of Greek Cities and Kings. Illustrated and explained by James Millengen, Esq. 4to. London.*

This is a book which no collector of Greek coins ought to be without. It may, however, be perused with pleasure by those who love learning and research, but have never turned their attention to the interesting study to which it relates. The author is the same gentleman, who published a few years since a work of much labour on

a somewhat similar subject, which, strange to say, in this country, so celebrated for its patronage of the arts and sciences, was discontinued after the appearance of ten numbers. We envy not the feelings of that Englishman, who can read the preface of the present work without feeling his ears tingle with very shame for his countrymen. The author, in that preface, informs us that his former volume had but *twenty subscribers*, and he abandoned his original intention to extend it, in consequence of this lamentable want of patronage.

The volume before us contains upwards of one hundred beautifully executed engravings of Greek coins, many of which establish the existence of cities, to which but faint and obscure allusions are made by the ancient historians. The literary portion is excellent. Mr. Millengen is evidently an enthusiastic admirer of this branch of archaeology, but he does not indulge in the rash speculations and inconclusive theories of former writers. We shall look with great anxiety for the appearance of a work from the same pen on the coins of other Greek cities: the catalogue of those which were formerly in the cabinet of Doctor Hunter, is but a meagre production; it is an excellent *book of reference*, but is unfit for the student. We hope Mr. Millengen will supply the deficiency.

*Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the years 1836-7-8. By a German Prince. Vols 3 and 4. London: Edinham Wilson.*

These are the concluding volumes of a work which has, as the phrase is, made a considerable sensation in the literary world. Much has been written about these singular letters, and some have even gone so far as to hint that they were not written by a German. We think, however, that the many allusions to German manners and customs, which are scattered throughout the pages of this work, will induce the most incredulous to believe that they were actually written by a "German Prince." The author is in politics, as well as in religion, a latitudinarian, and this has brought upon him the censure of one part of the English press, and of course, the praises of the other. Indeed, he is rather prodigal of his opinions of men and things, and talks a little too much of himself; he is certainly a puppy, but by no means of a mongrel breed; moreover, he is

very careful of his hands, which we are to suppose are of an aristocratic paleness,\*—"a porkish whiteness," as Mr. Satan Montgomery terms it. Prince Puckau Muskau is an exquisite; but, nevertheless, a shrewd observer of men and manners; and he tells us a few homely truths, which shews that he was not entirely engaged, while in England, in hunting out the best houses for dinners and wines, an employment in which some of our English travellers on the Continent are known to be mostly engaged. These volumes are deservedly popular; they are not stuffed with dry metaphysical dissertations, but are dashed off with a freedom and spirit quite surprising for a German, one of a race who have been always characterised as dull and phlegmatic. A beautifully executed portrait of the author "en costume militaire," accompanies the concluding volumes. We must venture upon a few extracts. The following is a little too severe, but it may answer a good purpose.

"Before I left Brighton, I was forced to be present at a musical 'soiree,' one of the severest trials to which foreigners in England are exposed. Every mother who has grown-up daughters, for whom she has had to pay large sums to the music-master, chooses to enjoy the satisfaction of having the youthful 'talent' admired. There is nothing, therefore, but quavering and strutting right and left, so that one is really overpowered and unhappy: and even if an Englishwoman has the power of singing, she has scarcely even either science or manner. The men are much more agreeable 'dilletante,' for they, at least, give one the diversion of a comical farce. That a man should advance to the piano-forte with far greater confidence than a David, strike with his forefinger the note he thinks his song should begin with, and then 'etonner,' like a thunder-clap, (generally a note or two lower than the pitch) and sing through a long 'aria' without rest or pause, and without accompaniment of any sort, except the most

wonderful distortions of face,—is a thing one must have seen to believe if possible, especially in the presence of at least fifty people. Sometimes the thing is heightened by their making choice of Italian songs; and, in their total ignorance of the language, roaring out words which, if they were understood by the ladies, would force them to leave the room. It did not appear to me, that people constrained themselves much in laughing on these occasions; but such vocalists are far too well established in their own opinion to be disturbed by that." p. 361, v. 3.

The contrast which the author finds in the inns of his own country and those of England must be taken as a set off against the foregoing.

"In the country, even in small villages, you find them equally neat and well attended. Cleanliness, great convenience, and even elegance, are always combined in them; and a stranger is never invited to eat, sit, and sleep in the same room, as in the German inns, in which there are only ball-rooms and bed-chambers."

The Prince complains of the want of *spittoons* in the English drawing-rooms, and tells us of a Dutchman who often wished to expectorate on the carpet of his English hosts' rooms.

"A Dutchman who was very uncomfortable for the want of one (*vide* licet, a spittoon or "spitting box"), declared with great indignation that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach. These are things, I repeat, more than trivial, but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost always regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—In Naples treat the people brutally; in Rome be neutral; in Austria don't talk politics; in France give yourself no airs; in Germany a great many; and, in England, *don't spit*."

*History and Description of Woburn and its Abbey*, By J. D. Parry, M. A. pp. 350. 8vo

THE first part of this work comprises the history of the town and the ancient abbey, together with a biographical sketch of the Russell family, and the family of Gordon, to which they are allied. The second is devoted to a description of the various, rare, and precious objects in art and nature, which are contained in this princely residence, and, in this respect, must prove a va-

\* All the biographers of a late noble poet have taken care to perpetuate his foibles: and, among many others, his absurd opinion that small white hands are a mark of aristocracy. What an aristocratic race must the Turks be, whose small hands are proverbial! We marvel much whether the fist of John of Horestan, his Lordship's ancestor, was one of the lightest. It may be necessary, lest our remarks should be supposed to originate in envy, to add, that ours are neither clumsy nor the colour of beef.

luable guide to the visitors of Woburn abbey. This volume will prove highly interesting to the historian and the antiquary: it contains a vast number of curious anecdotes, with a few of which we shall venture to make free in our present number.

### Table Talk.

For the *Olio*.

In the church at Truro, Cornwall, is a monument in memory of John Robartes, Esq. who died March 1814. This monument is decorated with many figures, and wanting repair some time since, the following humorous bill was sent to the lady of the Hon. Charles Agar, by the mason employed: "To putting one new foot to Mr. John Robartes—mending the other: putting seven new buttons to his coat, and a new string to his breeches knees—to two new feet to his wife Philippa, mending her eyes, and putting a nosegay in her hand—to two new hands and a new nose to the captain—to two new hands and mending the nose of his wife, repairing her eyes, and putting a new cuff to her gown—to making and fixing two new wings on Time's shoulders, and making a great toe, mending the handle of his scythe, and putting a new blade to it."

**REPLY OF JAMES YE FIRST.**—A corporation, in addressing James the First, hoped that he might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured! "Gude faith, mon," said the king, "then my son maun reign by candle-light."

*Parry's History of Woburn.*

**Dogs.**—In 1612 we find a trifling circumstance on record, illustrative of the importance attached to dogs, as serviceable for the sports then in fashion. Edward Alleyn, the celebrated actor, afterwards the munificent founder of Dulwich College, was at that period master of the king's Bear garden, and, by virtue of his office, was empowered to impress or seize upon all mastiff dogs, of well favoured and deserving aspect, for the especial benefit and delectation of his most gracious majesty "Gentle Jamie," when he should think fit to emit the breath of his nostrils in the atmosphere of that refined place of amusement. In pursuance of this privilege, the servants had taken a mastiff from the Earl of Bedford's servant, Edward Parkines, of Woburn. Upon which the Earl writes a very civil but pressing letter to Mr. Alleyn, parti-

cularly requesting that his dog might be restored. Whether he received his favourite again is not ascertained.—*Id.*

**THE RESTORATION.**—In the old churchwarden's book an entry occurs of £1 12s. 6d. for erasing what are contemptuously termed the "Rebel's Arms" in the church, and substituting the Royal Arms.—*Id.*

**REMARKABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.**—At Nuneaton, near Coventry, the first sign is peculiarly facetious, *i. e.* "The Cheshire Cheese, Nuneaton, (*none eaten*)."

In the same town is the following curious announcement, and at an inn:—"Coaches four times a day, and returned chaises *stop going and coming*."

**NEW MOTTOES.**—The following new mottoes are submitted to the following professions and trades:—

*Carpenters*—"Full of wise saws."

*Shoemakers*—"True to the last."

*Turners*—"One good turn deserves another."

*Wine Merchants*—"Any port in a storm."

*Cutlers*—"Sharp's the word."

*Tailors*—"A stitch in time saves nine."

*Innkeepers*—"Charge, Chester, charge!"

*Dancing-masters*—"Nothing so fluctuating as hops."

*Watchmakers*—"An honest face and clean hands."

*Pugilists*—"Britons, strike home!"

*Fiddlers*—"Bowling and scraping."

*Lolly-pop Makers*—"An arrow to fit, And the bull's-eye hit."

*Tallow-chandlers*—"The deeds of the wicked will be brought to light."

*Linen-drapers*—"Measure for measure."

*Painters*—"We'll never desert our colours."

*Barbers*—"The cause of the Polls."

**CURIOUS GAME IN SPAIN.**—Every evening while I remained in Bilbao, I spent half an hour in the Swiss Coffee-house, the only one in the town; and one evening I was much amused by a very curious scene I witnessed there. Four gentlemen were seated at a card-table when I entered the coffee-room, and at first I paid no particular attention to them; but accidentally resting my eye upon them while sipping my coffee, I was surprised to see one of the persons shut one eye, and at the same time thrust his tongue out of his mouth; from him my eyes wandered to another, who at the same moment

squinted with both eyes, and thrust forward his under lip : I now saw that it was a constant succession of face-making, while all the while the game went on. It is impossible to describe the strange, ludicrous, and hideous faces of the players. I was at first dumb with astonishment, and then convulsed with laughter ; and all the while dying with curiosity to know the reason of so grotesque an exhibition. It was a Biscayan game, called *mus* ; answering to each card there is a particular contortion of the face, which interprets its value ; and the point of the game consists in the dexterity with which partners are able to convey to each other by grimaces the state of each other's hands. This is a favourite game in Biscay ; but is said to require a lifetime to become expert in it.

*Ingli's Spain in 1830.*

**BLACK MAIL IN SPAIN.**—There is undoubtedly some exaggeration on the subject of robbing of the public conveyances in Spain ; but it is certain that the mails are occasionally stopped, especially in the southern parts. It is beneath the dignity of the Government to enter into a treaty with banditti for the safety of the mails ; and, as resistance must be made in case of an attack, the traveller by the mail is placed in a dangerous position ; but in the diligence he runs comparatively little risk. A traveller through Spain in the year 1830 states, upon certain information he received in Madrid, that every one of the principal Spanish diligences, with the exception of that from Barcelona to Perpignan, pays *Black Mail* to the banditti for their protection. This arrangement was at first attended with some difficulty ; and from a gentleman who was present at the interview between the person employed to negotiate on the part of the diligences and the representative of the banditti, the same gentleman learnt a few particulars. The diligences in question were those between Madrid and Seville, and the sum offered for their protection was not objected to ; but another difficulty was started. " I have nothing to say against the terms you offer," said the negotiator for the banditti ; " and I will at once ensure you against being molested by robbers of consequence ; but as for the small fry, (*Ladrones de segunda consideracion*), I cannot be responsible ; we respect the engagements entered into by each other ; but there is nothing like honour among the petty

thieves." The proprietors of the diligences, however, were satisfied with the assurance of protection against the great robbers, and the treaty was concluded ; but not long afterwards, one of the coaches was stopped and rifled by the petty thieves. This led to an arrangement which has ever since proved effectual. One of the chiefs accompanies the coach on its journey, and overawes by his name and reputation the robbers of inferior degree.—*Ibid.*

**SINGULAR TENURES.**—John Compes had the manor of Finchfield given him by Edward the Third for the service of turning the spit at his coronation.

Geoffry Frumbrand held sixty acres of land in Wingfield, in the county of Suffolk, for the service of paying yearly to the king a pair of white doves.

The town of Yarmouth is by charter bound to send to the sheriffs of Norwich a hundred herrings, which are to be baked in twenty-four pies or pates, and delivered to the lord of the manor of East Carlton, who is to convey them to the king.

The privileges of the great officers of the ancient British court were peculiarly striking. Each was annually presented by the king and queen with a piece of linen and woollen cloth, besides some old clothes from the royal wardrobe. The king's riding-coat was three times a year given to the master of the mews ; his caps, saddles, bits, and spurs, became the perquisites of the master of the horse ; and the chamberlain appropriated to himself his old clothes and bed-quilts.

The third in rank in the court of the Anglo-Saxon kings was the steward, who had a variety of perquisites ; the following are the most remarkable : as much of every cask of plain ale, and as much of every cask of ale with spices, as he could reach with the second joint of the middle finger ; and as much of every cask of mead as he could reach with the first joint of the said finger.

H. S.

**ETYMOLOGY**—Every body is not acquainted with the etymology of the word "Humbug." It is a corruption of "Hamburgh," and originated in the following manner : During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports, and lying bulletins, were fabricated at Hamburgh, that at length, when any one would signify his disbelief in a statement, he would say, " O, you had that from

Hamborough;" and thus, "that is Hamborough," or "Humbug," became a common expression of incredulity.

**CLEAR EVIDENCE.**—A notorious swindler, who had a great impediment in his speech, was one day brought up before the sitting magistrate, and by his monotonous stuttering, completely annoyed the learned judge, who exclaimed—"Hold your tongue, fool;" to which the prisoner replied, "I am not such a fool as your worship—" the enraged magistrate was about to order him to be locked up, when the fellow, seeing the danger of his situation, pretended he had not finished the sentence, and stammered out—"tu—tu—takes me to be."

**RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.**—In a small town in one of our northern counties, a strolling company lately arrived to "astonish the natives," and the gentle Desdemona of the dramatic corps, consented, during her short sojourn, to domicile at a humble cottage near the scene of mimic action. The barn, we beg pardon, the theatre, being duly prepared, the play-bills thundered forth the tragedy of "Othello," our heroine, of course, sustaining her "original" part. The rustic cottagers received a complimentary card of admission; and during the progress of the tragedy, expressed themselves "wondrously pleased." All proceeded well, until the scene between the Moor and our heroine, where he taxes her upon the subject of the "handkerchief," which he says—

"An Egyptian did to my mother give."

This was not to be borne, and the bumpkin roared out, "That's a nation lie, Maister Black Chops,—it wer' nae gypsy that did gie it, but my Meary, who lent it the poor thing to come here to hact wi' it; I bought it mysen' yestere'en, and if she hae lost it, why she mun buy another.—there be plenty more like 'un at John Tummas's in t' High-street." The effect was indescribable.

### Varieties.

**AMERICAN SERVANTS.**—Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper-mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive in service; but they think their equality is compromised by the latter, and nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will ever induce them to submit to it. A

kind friend, however, exerted herself so effectually for me, that a tall stately lass soon presented herself, saying, "I be come to help you." The intelligence was very agreeable, and I welcomed her in the most gracious manner possible, and asked what I should give her by the year. "Oh Gimini!" exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, "you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most 17 already; besides, mayhap I may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and a half a week; and mother's slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t'other side the water, to help me clean." I agreed to the bargain, of course, with all dutiful submission, and seeing she was preparing to set to work in a yellow dress parseme with red roses, I gently hinted that I thought it was a pity to spoil so fine a gown, and that she had better change it. "'Tis just my best and worst," she answered, "for I've got no other." And in truth I found that this young lady had left the paternal mansion with no more clothes of any kind than what she had on. I immediately gave her money to purchase what was necessary for cleanliness and decency, and set to work with my daughters to make her a gown. She grinned applause when our labour was completed, but never uttered the slightest expression of gratitude for that or for any thing else we could do for her. She was constantly asking us to lend her different articles of dress, and when we declined it, she said, "Well, I never seed such grumpy folks as you be; there is several young ladies of my acquaintance who goes to live out now and then with the old women about the town, and they and their gurls always lends them what they ask for; I guess you English thinks we should poison your things, just as bad as if we were negurs."

**A LAZY AUTHOR.**—Thomson, the poet, was one of the most indolent of mortals. He seldom rose from his bed before noon, and when once reproached for his slothfulness, he observed, "that he felt so comfortable, that he saw no motive for rising." In his "Seasons," he speaks of the delight he used to experience in roaming through the grounds of his patron, Mr. Doddington, and "stealing along the sunny wall." It is related, that tempted with the wall

fruit, but too lazy to take his hands out of his pocket to pluck it, he used to snatch it from the tree with his mouth!

**MARCH OF REFINEMENT.**—A well known confectioner of Cambridge was lately requested by an equally well known bootmaker in the same town, to send him some ice, as he was going to give a party. The confectioner returned the following laconic reply:—"Mr. L.— never freezes for snobs."

Quills are things that sometimes are taken from the *pinions* of one *goose* to spread the *opinions* of another.

**THE BEST OF THE BAD.**—At a late concert, a testy old fellow, who had suffered much annoyance from the incessant coughing of his neighbour behind him, turned round with "That's a very *bad* cold you've got, sir;" which met with this gentle reply, "I am sorry for it, sir; but it is the *best* I have."

**PERSONALITIES.**—A member of Parliament calls another a liar; the attacked party, demented with rage, says, "that is personal, and I must have satisfaction." He might as well have called it a griffin; for the other answers, "No, sir; I beg to explain that I meant nothing personal by calling you a liar; and, I must add, that there is no man breathing for whose personal character I have more respect than for your's." The gentleman who lies impersonally is perfectly satisfied. We lately read of a case much stronger, in which one man kicked another, and afterwards disclaimed personality, saying that he kicked upon public grounds. The kicked had no notion that the invaded part was public ground, but he was content with the explanation.

**WORTH A JEW'S EYE.**—A most veracious Rabbi in the *Targum* says—"One Abas Saul, a man of ten feet high, was digging a grave, and happened to find the eye of Goliath, in which he thought proper to bury himself, and so he did, all but his head, which the giant's eye was unfortunately not quite deep enough to receive."

**AN INVISIBLE ANTAGONIST.**—A Gascon officer, who was present at a skirmish, fired a pistol at one of the enemy, and afterwards boasted that he had killed him. "That can't be," said another; "for not a man was left on the field." "Poh!" said the Gascon, "don't you see, I must have blown him to atoms!"

When the mind has been shaken up from the bottom, a long time must elapse after the cause of the agitation has subsided, before a calm comes again.

**TRADE** may be compared to farming, producing sometimes a good, and sometimes a bad harvest, and so it will continue to the end of time. There's no steadiness in trade, more than in seasons.

If a man marry once for love, he is a fool to expect he may do so twice,—the chances are against him; therefore, in the choice of a second wife, one scruple of prudence is worth a pound of passion.

A very small fortune is one of the greatest faults a young woman can have, as regards the airs and vanities it begets in the silly girl, especially if her husband profits by it.

The Sabbath is the oldest of blessings—the day of rest; the property of individual man. No master may exact labour from his servant on that day; nor may the willing slave exert his sinews in toil without sinning against himself; for his own frame, after six days' labour, is needful of rest, and hath been enjoined to receive it by a hallowed and everlasting ordinance.

**LAYS OF BATHOS.**—A poet of self-elected excellence, having written a long poem, in which was a high-flown eulogy on the virtues and bravery of George the First, having, by great interest, procured for the effusions of his Pegasus an introduction to royalty; the late elector (who, be it remembered, did not speak his adopted tongue with great fluency, and therefore could not be supposed to be a very great judge of the sublime,) addressed the author in the following words, to the great amusement of the courtiers, and the horror of the unfortunate follower of the Muses, "Sir, the *boom* is *peautiful*—I may say, all *bathos*."

**CURIOUS FACT.**—Dr. Buchanan, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Brown of Calcutta, dated "Borders of Travancore, 18th of October, 1806," mentions a curious fact in Natural History.—He says, "I write this at the bottom of the lofty mountain called Cape Comorin, whose rocky head seems to overhang its base. The birds which build the pendulous nests are here very numerous. At night each of their little habitations is lighted up, as if to see company. The sagacious bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then picks up a fire-fly, and sticks it upon the clay, to illuminate the dwelling, which consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four flies, and their blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young of these birds."



**SAGACITY OF DOGS.**—An officer in the 44th regiment, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well-polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he

was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge.

**STERNE.—FINE SENTIMENT.**—What is called fine sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the produce of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of very tender heart; yet I know, from indisputable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run-in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of the scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—A beggar some time ago applied for alms at the door of a partizan of the Anti-begging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he, "we canna gie ye naething." "You might at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of arch dignity, "have refused me grammatically."

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, March 28.

**ENCKE'S COMET, 1858.**—A variety of surmises on the subject of this comet having prevailed for some time past, and these surmises being of a nature to insinuate its prejudicial effect on our own globe, even to the extent of engendering prophetic denunciations of the mischief which it will occasion, that learned astronomer, Professor David, of the University of Prague, has thus set forth his opinion upon the subject. He says—"It appears high time to allay the apprehensions which have been excited, and to state the results at which an accurate calculation of its course has enabled us to arrive. This comet has frequently appeared in former years, and was observed from the observatory at Prague in 1825 and 1828. On the present occasion it will be discovered, though only by the aid of the best and clearest telescopes, in the sign Pisces, in the western firmament, and will set about a quarter before 9 o'clock in the evening, between the middle and latter end of the present month (February). It will traverse this sign in the month of March, enter Aries in the beginning of April, and set at half-past nine. Towards the end of that latter month, and in the course of its progress through Taurus, which it will enter at that period, it will continue gradually to draw nearer to the sun, with which its setting will be simultaneous after the middle of May. It will approach nearest to the earth after the middle of June, but will then cease to appear above our horizon in consequence of its lying too much to the south; from this circumstance it will be no longer visible to us. As, at this stage of its course, the comet will attain to more than 30 degrees, southern latitude, it will be far removed from the plane of the earth's orbit; and even in its nearest proximity to our globe it will be at a distance much exceeding twenty millions of miles.

From the preceding data, as well as from the bodiless nature of the matter, which appears to constitute planets, every individual may infer for himself that no prejudicial effects whatever on our own globe are to be apprehended from the appearance of the present comet."

### Thursday, March 29.

Sun rises 41m. aft. 5 Morn.—Sets 24m. aft. 6.

### Friday, March 30.

The beautiful planet Orion will about this time well repay telescopic observation.

### Saturday, March 31.

Sun rises 38m. aft. 5—Sets 30m. aft. 6.

### Sunday, April 1.

#### 4 FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Lessons for the Day.—43 ch. of Genesis, morn.  
45 ch. of Genesis, even.

The fourth Sunday in Lent, and midway between Quadragesima and Easter Sunday. It was formerly sometimes called "Mothering Sunday," from an ancient usage of visiting the mothers or cathedral churches of the dioceses, when volunteer offerings were made by the parishioners, which, by degrees, were settled into an annual composition, and gave rise to what is now termed Easter offerings.

### Monday, April 2.

This month derives its name from *aprilis*, or *aperis*, I open; because the earth, in this season, begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables.

### Tuesday, April 3.

Changeful April, thou dost bring  
Tidings glad of lovely spring.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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Saturday, April 8, 1832.



See p. 230

## Illustrated Article.

### THE MOUNTAIN PASS. AN OUTLAW'S TALE.

"My father was a soldier. He was a tall and handsome fellow; frequented fairs and wakes, and hurling-matches; and, by all accounts, was handier with the cudgel than the spade. From his wild, unsettled habits, a dragoon officer, who accidentally met with him while grouse-shooting on the moors, easily persuaded him to enlist. He did so, and left his native mountains, and while on detachment in an English village, married the daughter of a wealthy yeoman, who discarded her for the match. She followed her husband to Flanders; he fell in battle; and my mother having conveyed me to my uncle's house, died there soon after, leaving me in his care.

"My uncle was the parish priest: he was a kind-hearted simple man. Having no near relative but myself, he became much attached to me as I grew

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up, and formed the resolution of educating me for his church, that I might assist him when old, and eventually succeed him in the parish. Poor man! his stock of learning was not so extensive; but such as it was, he took care to impart it to his nephew.

"From my infancy I felt averse to the idea of becoming a priest. I suppose my father's habits had descended to me. I would follow a grouse-shooter all day; or employ myself in digging for foxes in the hills, and spearing otters in the river. If an eagle's airie was to be robbed, I must be present at the perpetration. I fished with skill; and, for my opportunities, none shot better. I was sent for to all hurling-matches, and, at foot-ball was considered to be unrivalled. All this was but a poor preparation for divinity; but I was unsuited for the cowl, and circumstances occurred which made me abandon the church for ever.

"My uncle's parish was one of the remotest in Erris; it was separated by

a chain of mountains, from the more open parts of the country ; and, besides the peasantry and fishermen, there was but one family of the better order within the limits of his spiritual charge. This was a gentleman's of ruined fortune. He had been in early life extravagant, and having destroyed a property which came to him overloaded with debts, he had been forced in his declining years, to retire to the miserable remnant of his patrimony, a large mountain farm, situated by the side of my uncle's.

"Mr. Percival had an only daughter ; like her parent, she had seen happier days ; but she had cheerfully followed him to his retirement, and every exertion of her's was used to make their humble home comfortable, and render his declining years as happy as their limited means would permit. There was naturally an intimacy between the priest and his principal parishioner. They were every day together ; and Agnes Percival and I, became inseparable companions. She was a young, artless, interesting girl, and before I even suspected danger, I found that I loved her passionately. I never once considered that a barrier was placed between us which could never be removed by me. I was an orphan, a dependant ; my uncle had not saved, as I believed, a shilling from his small income ; for he was hospitable and humane, and consequently his parish was scarcely able to support him. I was destined for a churchman—I had no other hope in life. My uncle was well stricken in years, and if he could defray my education at Maynooth College, it was the utmost I could expect from him. Yet I madly persevered in loving. 'The Fathers,' and the few dull tomes of dogmatic theology, which formed my uncle's library, were abandoned for Shakespeare, and some lighter books ; which Percival had brought with him. My time was spent in killing game and fish, for presents to my mistress—or in wandering on the sea-shore—or reading by the side of a mountain stream, the magic pages of the bard of Avon ; and when twilight fell, I mused on imaginary days of happiness, which, in all probability, I was never fated to realize.

"But this dream was soon to be dissolved. I had spent the evening with Agnes ; our conversation had been free and unreserved ; we sat on the heathy bank of the little garden, which, with my assistance, she had formed. Insensibly I became excited, till, throw-

ing off all restraint, I confessed my secret attachment, and implored her to return my love. Her face was crimsoned—her eyes were filled with tears ; she trembled and was agitated ; and I was kneeling at her feet when, at the moment, Percival stood before us ; his countenance flushed with rage ;—he shook with violent passion—he indignantly cursed my presumption, upbraided me with my poverty ; scornfully contrasted his daughter's family with mine, and then ordering me to quit his presence, he took Agnes harshly by the arm, and hurried her from my sight, leaving me rooted to the spot. When I recovered my recollection, I hurried to the shore and for some hours wandered among the rocks. It was dark when I returned to my uncle's ; Percival had been there, and from the priest's manner I could easily guess, that he had received from the father of Agnes no favourable account of the evening scene in his garden. The old man reproached me with duplicity ; I had deceived him. He had educated me carefully for the priesthood, and I was about to throw away an opportunity of settling myself for life.

"I was silent, and he marked my irresolution. 'Pat,' said he, with much emotion, 'I have hitherto been a father to you, and out of a small income, I saved this purse for your college expenses.' He took out from his bureau an old glove, filled with old coins and a few bank-notes. 'I have promised Mr. Percival, that you shall leave this place to-morrow. Enter Maynooth forthwith ; take this, it will defray your expenses there ; come back to me a student, or never come again.' So saying, he rose abruptly, entered his little sleeping-room, bolted the door, and left me standing in the kitchen, with the old glove filled with dues and offerings in my hand.

"Left to myself, I quickly formed my determination. I collected my small stock of linen, wrote a tender epistle to Agnes ; bidding her adieu, and telling her that for her I had left home and kindred ; entrusted my letter to an idiot boy who lived with my uncle, and with my bundle over my shoulder, and the priest's purse in my pocket, I started ; crossed the mountains by moonlight, and ere morning dawned, had reached the town of Bal-linagh, and finding a recruiting party there, I enlisted, and entered the dragoon guards.

"A year passed away. My squadron was quartered in Ballinroben; my fate was unknown to my friends; and my poor uncle little thought that the youth he had destined for theology, had abandoned the Church for the riding-house. I was already made a corporal, and was a general favourite with the regiment.

"One evening I was cleaning my appointments at the stable-doot, when I perceived a wild-looking lad, wandering through the barrack-yard, and staring at every dragoon he passed. His appearance was familiar to me. I approached him, and discovered the well-known features of little Martin, my uncle's idiot servant. The poor creature uttered a cry of delight, and with strange grimaces and great caution, gave me a sealed letter. I broke it open, my heart beat, my cheeks burned as I read it. It was from Agnes. She told me that I had been recognized by a herd, while driving cattle from the mountains to an inland fair—she implored me, if I still loved her, to return to her without a moment's delay. Percival had determined to marry her to a wealthy trader from Galway; he was old, ugly, dissipated, and disagreeable, but he was immensely rich, and had offered settlements which her father had accepted. The suitor was now absent, completing all arrangements for the marriage and her removal to Galway; and on the third evening, unless I found means to prevent it, she would be a bride.

"I had a comrade, who had since I joined the regiment been my bosom friend. I showed him Agnes's letter. By his advice I applied to the commanding officer for a few days' leave of absence. Unfortunately the colonel was absent, and the major was cross and gouty. He refused me. I attempted to expostulate and plead my cause; but he cut matters short by swearing he would send me to drill for my impertinence. My blood, already in a fever, now boiled with rage, and I determined to desert that night. Accordingly, I conveyed by Martin a suit of coloured clothes, which I had fortunately preserved, to a public-house in the town, told my friend my desperate resolution, and, unmoved by his remonstrances, once more put the priest's purse in my pocket, and waiting till all was quiet, scaled the wall, changed my dress, and, accompanied by Martin, left the dragoon guards, as I had left my uncle's house, by moonlight.

"We walked all night, and to avoid

pursuit, rested during the day. On the third morning, [the morning of that night which would see Agnes united to another, I gained the mountain pass above my uncle's house. I stopped to rest myself, and contrive some plan for seeing my mistress privately, when suddenly one of my former companions appeared below, and, waving his hand, hurried up the hill to meet me: he had been watching for me.

"The news of my desertion had already reached the mountains; for on the same night an officer's room had been plundered of a considerable sum; and as I had been observed counting money where I had changed my dress, I was suspected to be the thief, and a military party had been dispatched after me. Heavens and earth! accused of theft; and how strongly would circumstances tell against me! I had unfortunately been remarked by the publican reckoning my uncle's purse, and from my flight, no wonder I was denounced as the robber of the barrack-room.

"What was to be done? I dared not to approach the village, lest I should be seen and apprehended, and in a few hours Agnes would be lost to me for ever. I told my friend my situation, and showed him the priest's purse, with my uncle's name on the notes, and at once removed any suspicion which might be attached to me for the felony. My friend took a warm interest in my affairs, and leaving me concealed in a ravine, hastened to collect my young friends, and to consult with them which was the best course to pursue in my present emergency.

"I remained in my retreat till evening, when Austin Malley, my friend, returned. He brought me refreshments, and also the welcome news that he had seen my mistress, and removed from her mind the disgraceful charge of robbery which had been insinuated against me. He told me that Percival had heard of my desertion, and, alarmed at it, was determined that the Galway trader, who had just arrived, should be married that night to Agnes, and set off next morning for his own residence with the bride. Austin had sounded my old comrades, and found them ardent to evince their affection by assisting me in this my hour of need. We held a council of war, and it was resolved that Agnes should be carried off that night.

"Late in the evening I left my place of concealment, and by the light of a

full harvest moon approached the dwelling of my mistress. About a dozen fine able young fellows were waiting for me, well mounted and armed. We left our horses in a hollow, and with Austin and half a dozen of his friends, advanced to Percival's house. All within was noise, and joy, and revelry; the servants were dancing in the kitchen: the guests were drinking in the parlour; and this being the room where the principal company assembled, it was literally crowded.

"Conolly had brought a strange priest with him; for my uncle's being apprised of Agnes' aversion to the marriage, had refused to perform the ceremony. Suddenly there was a bustle among the company; the priest put on his vestments, and the missal was open in his hand; the doughty bridegroom was vainly endeavouring to bring my handsome mistress forward, when I burst into the apartment. The women uttered a tremendous yell; the men pressed on to see what had caused this unexpected interruption. I threw them aside right and left, until I gained the place where the bride was standing. In vain Conolly interposed.—I hurled him to the end of the chamber, and, lifting Agnes in my arms, carried her fainting to the door. In vain Percival and Conolly's friends would have tore her from my grasp. My comrades seconded me gallantly, and covered my retreat until we reached our horses, when, mounting with the bride, we spurred them to a gallop, and defied pursuit.

"Next day I made Agnes my wife. We were obliged to leave the country and conceal ourselves in the mountains here; and through the winter we have had a perilous and wretched life. I need not conceal that necessity obliged me to lead a lawless band; but, except in prosecuting contraband adventures, I never commanded or joined them. I restrained them from robbery, and prevented the commission of any act of violence.

"Gibbons and Garland, two of the band, were my deadly enemies. The former attempted to deprive me of the command; but, in a personal conflict, I defeated and disarmed him. The other ruffian, who fell by my hand, way-laid and fired at me a few days since. I saw him steal from his ambush; but I had devoted him to death. I overheard him, with Gibbons, plotting my murder, and, what sealed his fate with me, the violation of my wife." The outlaw's face flushed as

he alluded to the intended injury of Agnes.

"But, Dwyer, why did you interest yourself for me? I was a stranger to you, and you owed me no favours.

"Pardon me, captain," said the outlaw, "I did, and a heavy obligation it was. Last winter, on a desperate snowy night, you surprised the cabin where I was sleeping. I had hardly a moment to conceal myself. There was a hollow in the wall beside the pallet where my wife and I lay, into which I crept. She, alarmed, shrank to that side, and effectually hid me. You entered; the soldiers searched the cabin; their information of my being there was positive; and, irritated at not finding me, they attempted to remove the bed-covering from my wife, and even threatened to pull down the roof. My poor wife was nearly dead with terror. You approached the humble pallet where she lay,—'Fear not, my girl; I would rather a dozen ribbon-men escaped than one unprotected female should be injured; yourself and your poor hut shall be respected. Turn out, lads!' and bidding my wife 'good night,' you took the men away and left the bovel.

"I then swore that I would repay the life you unintentionally saved; and when I saw you, I stopped the spy who was hastening to apprise Gibbons and Garland of your being in their power. Both had vowed to be revenged on you, for you had often exposed them to imminent danger, by following them in dark and stormy nights, when they did not believe that the soldiers would leave their quarters.

"And now, Dwyer, what can be done for you? said Kennedy.

"Let me go with you," said the outlaw. "Let me, by loyal and honest service, prove that necessity, not choice, led me to oppose the laws.

"Your wish shall be granted; you shall be enrolled in my own company."

The outlaw bowed in grateful acknowledgments; and, on arriving at head-quarters, the commanding officer received Dwyer into the 28th, and promised him his protection.

An opinion may be formed of the comparative difference in the expense of housekeeping in the different counties of England from a statement lately made by a lady residing at Penzance, Cornwall, in a letter to a friend at Chichester, in which she said she had for dinner a small turbot and a duck, which together cost her 1s. 8d.

ANCIENT POETS OF THE SIXTEENTH  
CENTURY.  
FOR THE OLIO.

SONNET.

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses; Cupid pay'd:  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The corall of his lippe, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)  
With these, the crystal of his browe,  
And then, the dimple of his chaine;  
All these did my Campaspe winne.  
At last, he set her both his eyes,  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise,  
Oh love! has she done this to thee,  
What shall, alas, become of mee?

JOHN LILYE.

ON A TOMB.

Tyrant o'er tyrants, thou who only doest,  
Clip the lascivious beauty without lust,  
What horror at thy sight shoots thro'  
each sense,  
How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,  
Which never flatters. Thou instructs the  
proud,  
That their swollen pompe, is but an empty  
cloud,  
Slave to each wind. The faire, those flow-  
ers they have  
Fresh in their cheeks, are strowed upon a  
grave.  
Thou tellst the rich, their idoll is but earth,  
The vainly pleased, that syren-like their  
mirth  
Betrays to mischief, and that onely he  
Dares welcome death, whose aimes at vir-  
tue be. HABINGTON.

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY ROGER CALVERLEY.

For the Ollo,

*Leonato*—Neighbours, you are tedious.  
*Dogberry*—(It pleases your worship to say  
so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but  
truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious  
as a tingle, I could find in my heart to bestow  
it all on your worship.)

*Leonato*—All thy tediousness on me! ha?  
*Dogberry*—Yes, and 'twere a thousand  
times more than 'tis.

*Much ado about Nothing.*

RARELY, in this pilgrimage of  
chequered events, where sorrow and  
care cast their shadows both in ad-  
vance and retrospect; while happiness  
discloses its transient sunburst, scarce-  
ly seen till vanishing; rarely have I  
experienced sweeter and deeper en-  
joyment than the occasional glimpses  
of old times, places, and persons, with  
which memory indulges me; and  
surely, it is no *idle* speculation (all  
admit it is *delightful*) thus to acquire,  
by habit, the power of summoning from  
'the years beyond the flood,' the shades  
of departed pleasures; to recover, in  
imagination, all the cheerful—all the  
familiar—all the beloved of our by-gone

existence, decked in those hues which  
feeling knows how to make so brilliant  
in compensation for their being so  
evanescent.

What is this, but to redeem what  
death, time, or distance, have cruelly  
torn from us? What is it but to defy,  
and in some measure, to baffle all the  
changes and chances of this mortal  
life—to double, treble, quadruple our  
moral existence! to carry about with  
us a talisman, at whose mystic touch  
delight springs up as a pleasant plant  
in the bosom, that misfortune hath  
made cold and sterile!—to possess an  
immortal elixir, by which, at the brink  
of the gloomy grave, in the very sha-  
dows of the valley of death, youth,  
glowing, hopeful, careless youth, un-  
folds its painted landscapes redolent of  
vigour and joy! For my part, I es-  
teem it a choice gift of Providence,  
when I am permitted (for it comes not  
at command) to release my mind from  
the *present*, that it may dreamily lux-  
uriate in the *past*.

For this purpose, my rambles are  
chiefly directed to those scenes that my  
boyhood haunted; and thus even the re-  
mains of old — Hall, whose cupola'd  
form I never saw without all the  
qualms of a schoolboy, excite in me  
a thrill of sorrow and delight, succeed-  
ed by such a pageant of thick coming  
fancies and remembrances that I can  
hardly tear myself from the spot. But  
nothing affects me more powerfully  
than the recollections associated with  
the old Residential House, where my  
sister was born, and where I first tried  
my infant paces on the floor.

It was built by Bishop Halse, about  
the close of the fifteenth century; and  
at that period, they used to dine in its  
huge hall, in the collegiate manner. It  
is supposed to have been one of the  
earliest brick buildings in the king-  
dom. What a quaint old labyrinth it  
was of halls, galleries, and closets!—  
Who can forget the deep porch, with  
its stone seats; the enormous door of  
black polished oak, carved in old Ro-  
man arches, with iron studs; the  
gloomy brick vestibule; the vast hall  
with its wide transomed windows, hung  
round with portraits and landscapes;  
the blaze of its Christmas fireplace,  
and the shadowy rings that the great  
lantern from the centre of the roof flung  
on the shimmering floor! From hence,  
doors and stairs opened in all direc-  
tions; here ascending to a lurking pas-  
sage that led, with many a twist, to the  
parlour, the drawing-room, and that

idolized repository of sprawling monsters and painted vases, the *China closet*;—there descending through a yawning aperture to the kitchen; and, in another corner by voluminous brick steps, tapestried with Virginia creeper and jasmine, to the arbours and flower-plots of the garden. Here, too, was the great staircase with its heavy and shining balustrade, which you climbed, not by the graceful sweep of modern times, but straight as a ladder, close to the wall; and, near its summit, a landing like a closet, with a tall diamond latticed window, which afforded a muffled light to the long narrow matted gallery, in which the staircase terminated. From this gallery opened numberless chambers; but we will, at present, tap at 'Grandmama's room,' as it was called. No—not that—'tis the nursery—a little further on, and to the left—that is it. But hark! 'tis an old ballad! who is singing "Stella, darling of the Muses;"—'tis the old lady herself, and her constant practice when alone; not in the wanderings of imbecility, (for though nearly ninety, she is in the full enjoyment of health in mind and body,) but in the happy vacation of a cheerful mind.

A long apartment, tolerably lofty, though somewhat disproportionately narrow, lighted by a high latticed window at one end, and with a wide fireplace at the other, storiéd with Dutch tiles, presents itself.

In the day time, there was an air of inalienable solemnity about the small green window panes, the faded hangings, and the massively wrought cabinets. The colossal bed, with its shadowy tester, gave a mysterious air to the whole; it was all in such admirable keeping of ancientry; not one step had modern improvement adventured within its venerable walls. And when a drowsy sky of wind and rain looked in through the long solitary casement, and the old quaint furniture stood grouped in the ghastly light, its aspect of dreariment made a deep impression on my young mind. Indeed, in my romance-reading days, I never poured over a deed of blood; never followed, in imagination, the gliding phantom; and never trembled at the sorcerer's incantation, without picturing the scene to have been some such awful, dismal place, as 'Grandmama's room.'

It was my favourite haunt, however, in the long winter nights, when the old lady, in her chair of state, by the

blazing fireside, was wont to utter that interminable series of legends, histories, and anecdotes, to which the looming of the wind in the chimney, or the clattering of the hail against the rattling, but thickly curtained lattice, bore such appropriate burthen. Methinks I see, even now, the ruddy firelight flashing over the old bed, and flinging varied shapes and shadows over the distant recesses of that ample chamber, which my cowering glance feared to investigate. On one side of the fireplace, my grandmother, in her high stiff cap, rich laced apron, and fine flowered gown of chintz, with hanging sleeves and vast embroidered ruffles, her snuff-box (an Egyptian pebble set in gold) on the table before her; and, leaning against the mantel-piece at her side, her tall ebony cane, with a head of inlaid silver and ivory. On the other side of the hearth, and nestled close to its cheering flame, sat old Margaret Dean, my grandmother's attendant, in a snow-white coif and pinners, (from which straggled many a tuff of silvery hair,) a sober suit of rusty black (for she was a widow) and a check apron. My sister and myself on little stools, used to sit opposite the fire, making out, in the red phantasmagoria of the grate,—the castles—the woods—the wilds—the spectres—the murderers—the dragons, &c. which, to our infinite contentment, we poured into either ear, old Dame Margaret taking up the legendary thread on the right, when my grandmother had spun it out on the left.

Old Father Redcap—Marshal Saxe and the Coiners—The House with the Haunted Chimney—The Skeleton Lady—The Story of Mr. Fox and his murdered Wives, with its fearful distich that saluted the lady as she explored his chambers,—

'Be bold, be bold, but not too bold,  
Lest that your heart's blood should run cold.'

The immense treasure found by a poor labourer, from the inscription over an old mansion,

'Where this once stood,  
Stands another twice as good.'

The murder discovered by a toad—The gentleman preserved, by his dog, from assassination, in a lone hostel on the woody skirts of a moor, together with the most approved feats of Mother Shipton, and a thousand and one tales of good and bad fairies, contributed to weave the many coloured yarns of Mid-night Lore.

This was, nevertheless, a pleasant chamber in summer, for it was always cool; and the western sun streamed kindly in, as if in compassion to its gloom; and, when the casement was open, it admitted a delicious odour from the jessamine that trailed up the high wall side from the garden below. But winter was its season, and night its hour.

One more feature of the Old House I will venture to describe, before I tear myself from recollections, which, though fascinating to me, may be dull to my readers. There was a long beetle-browed vault, penetrating under the entire north-front of the house, and forming the approach to the offices and the garden. We used to call it *The Gateway*—it had a brick pavement, was wide enough for a carriage to turn, and extended nearly fifty feet. I know nothing it resembled, except some old monastic crypt, such as one sees at Fountain's Abbey or Kirkstall, saving only that it wanted the green treillage of summer wildings, or the broad foliage of elm and oak, to overshadow its gloomy hollows. On one side, a rude arcade of recesses, or rather caverns, for such our youthful fancy termed them, yawned pitchy dark as the black dog's mouth, containing (they say) divers mysterious posterns and passages, and particularly, a secret stair in the thick of the wall, communicating with the great hall.

The large folding gates at the upper end, (through which the only daylight that illuminated this old souterrain, stole, like a pale, thin, hesitating beggar, down the cold and rugged walls,) used to stand open all day; and it is a matter of astonishment to me, that, affording as it did, places of concealment absolutely alluring to the burglar, this extraordinary gateway was never used as a means of breaking into the house. Of course, we peopled it with all the demons, spectres, and bugbears, proper to so strange and dreary a place.

I know not whether this curious old oubliette still exists; for modern improvement has now, alas! completely sacked the Old House.

Hope, that solace to our woes—that balm to our griefs—that ministering angel that descends upon our hearts in the midst of their bitterest sorrows, like a brilliant gleam of sunshine, breaking through the murkiest clouds of winter.

## SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE portraits of this worthy man are numerous. Vanderbame's engraving, from Sir Peter Lely's, is particularly fine. Vertue's engravings, from Sir Peter, in the folio editions of 1720 and 1740, are also fine. This same portrait is neatly engraved in the late Mr. Nichol's Collection of Poems. Houbraken has also engraved the same for Birch's Lives. Sir William Temple, after spending twenty years in negotiations with foreign powers, retired in 1680 from public life, and employed his time in literary pursuits. He was ambassador for many years at the court of Holland, and there acquired his knowledge and taste in gardening. He had a garden at Sheen, and afterwards, another at Moor Park, where he died in 1700: and though his body was buried in Westminster Abbey, his heart was enclosed in a silver urn under a sun-dial in the latter garden. His Essay "Upon the Gardens of Epicurus, or of Gardening in the year 1685," is printed in all the editions of his works.\*

Lord Mountmorris thus speaks of him:—"The retirement of this great man has bequeathed the most invaluable legacy to posterity. Of the taste and elegance of his writings too much can never be said, illuminated as they are by that probity and candour which pervade them, and those charms which render truth irresistible. Though other writers may be more the objects of imitation to the scholar, yet his style is certainly the best adapted to the politician and the man of fashion; nor would such an opinion be given, were it not for an anecdote of Swift, which I had from the late Mr. Sheridan, who told me the dean always recommended him as the best model, and had repeatedly said the style of Sir William Temple was the easiest, the most liberal, and the most brilliant in our language. In a word, when we consider his probity, his disinterestedness, his contempt of wealth, the genuine beauty of his style, which was as brilliant, as harmonious, and as pure as his life and manners; when we reflect upon the treasures which he has

\* In this delightful essay, he says, 'the most exquisite delights of sense are pursued, in the contrivance and plantation of gardens, which, with fruits, flowers, shades, fountains, and the music of birds that frequent such happy places, seem to furnish all the pleasures of the several senses.'



bequeathed by his example and by his works to his country, which no man ever loved better, or esteemed more; we cannot avoid considering Sir William Temple as one of the greatest characters which has appeared upon the political stage; and he may be justly classed with the greatest names of antiquity, and with the most brilliant characters which adorn and illustrate the Grecian or Roman annals."

Hume records that "he was full of honour and humanity." Sir William thus concludes one of his philosophic essays:—"When this is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

His garden was one of his last delights. He knew what kind of life was best fitted to make a man's last days happy. Mr. Walpole, though he censures Sir William's warm panegyric on the garden at Moor Park, yet scruples not doing him full justice in styling him an excellent man, and an admired writer, whose style, as to his garden, is animated with the colouring and glow of poetry. Sir William thus allures his readers: "*Epicurus*, whose admirable wit, felicity of expression, excellence of nature, sweetness of conversation, temperance of life, and constancy of death, made him so beloved by his friends, admired by his scholars, and honoured by the Athenians, passed his time wholly in his gardens; there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of air, the pleasantness of smells, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercises of working or walking; but above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind."

[From a lately published volume, 'On the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening.'

**SYCOPHANCY.**—A man's sycophancy is commonly in proportion to his sense. Can a really sensible man be a sycophant? Voltaire was a sycophant. Then he was more—he was base, and sinned against light and knowledge; but this is only an exception to a general rule.

## THE HAUNTED RIDING-HOUSE.

FOR THE OLIO.

THE circumstance here recorded, strange and incredible as it may appear, was related to the writer by a veteran (lately deceased) who served in the regiment, and since his secession from it, entitled to the respect he received from all who knew him, and whose veracity was never doubted. We shall simply state the fact, as related to us, without embellishing it with that ridiculous interspersal of fiction, with which such narratives usually abound.

It was in the autumn of the year—, that the —regiment of Light Dragoons was ordered to march to the town of —, in the county of Suffolk; where they duly arrived, and occupied for some time its spacious barracks. Contiguous to the barracks was situated the riding-house, near which a sentinel was posted night and day.

The regiment had occupied the barracks about three months, when one evening in the Autumn, remarkable for its serenity and stillness, the sentinel on duty heard an unusual noise, accompanied by the shrieks of a female, between the hours of 11 and 12, apparently proceeding from the riding-house. The man, though greatly alarmed, preserved sufficient firmness to proceed to the arena, and search into the hidden cause of his fear. All was silent as the grave, and discerning nothing, he resolved upon not alarming the garrison, but to resume his post, and relate the circumstance to the commanding officer in the morning. This he performed, but his tale received little credence, and was scouted as a mere chimaera or fantasie, having no existence but in the distempered brain of the narrator. Thus the matter rested, until it became the same soldier's turn to occupy the same post. Left to himself by the relief-guard, his thoughts naturally recurred to what had passed on the former night; he, however, having been so rallied by his comrades, determined not to give further thought to what he now almost conceived to be a 'fantasie of the brain,' and became himself again, until the witching hour of midnight arrived at which his fears were so excited on the former occasion. His present alarm was not without reason, as the sequel proved; for precisely at the same time, he heard the noise as on the former night, though unaccompanied by the shrieks, repeated and proceeding from the riding-house.

Petrified with fear, he stood for some minutes a motionless statue; when judge his horror upon looking up, to behold a female form glide from the riding-house, and passing near him, through a gate leading to a meadow, proceeded to a lonely spot, and, pointing to it, suddenly vanished. Overcome by his fears, he discharged his musquet, which instantly aroused the garrison, and a party, headed by a sergeant, came to ascertain the cause of the alarm. They found the soldier so overcome by fear, as to be unable to give a proper explanation, and another sentinel being posted in his stead, the poor fellow, who was presumed to be intoxicated, was marched to the guard-house, and kept close prisoner for the night. The next morning he was brought before his commanding officer, and having become more collected, he related what had passed; when the officer, knowing him to have a good character for sobriety, attributed his fears to a nervous excitement, and restored him with a slight reprimand, to liberty. This second affair brought again upon the poor fellow the jeers of his comrades with redoubled force, one of whom, more courageous than his fellows, volunteered to take the post on the following night, bombastically declaring that if any one passed him, and did not give the pass-word, they should carry away the contents of his carbine. This man took his post on the following night, and at the witching hour, having screwed his courage to the 'sticking-place,' he remained awaiting the appearance of what he had jeeringly termed 'the ghost.' The clock of the barracks had just tolled the midnight hour, when the figure appeared, and approaching towards him, the soldier levelled his piece and declared he would fire, if it did not surrender. The figure still came nearer to him, when he challenged it, and not receiving an answer he fired. The report of the carbine aroused the garrison, when a party rushed to his assistance, who found him prostrate on the ground insensible, and in that state he was carried to the guard-house, where he remained several hours in a state of stupor. Upon coming to himself, his account corroborated that given by the other soldier; and all that he remembered was, that upon discharging his piece, a violent blow felled him to the earth, where he remained insensible until discovered by his comrades.

The affair became the theme of con-

versation and alarm among the soldiers, and in the town, where it is told to this day; but the matter was never solved till some years after, when it was thus cleared up.

During the late war with France, the regiment having been ordered on foreign service, greatly distinguished itself in the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, on which field the day after the battle, was discovered among the wounded, a private of the regiment, who was conveyed to one of the French hospitals, where, to the relator of this singular narrative, he confessed to a horrid murder, committed by him, on the body of a young woman, to whom he had promised marriage; which promise he never fulfilled, but completed her ruin, and by whom she was pregnant. Deserted by her family, she had followed him to the barracks of the town of —, where, to rid himself of her, he murdered her on the spot in the meadow described by the soldier, as that where the phantom pointed to, and vanished. Soon after this confession, the miserable man was a corpse!

#### A RAMBLE THROUGH ST. HELENA. FOR THE OLIO;

NONE but those who have experienced the monotonous existence attendant upon a long voyage of ten weeks, can sympathize with the extravagant joy of the traveller, on first catching a glimpse of land after a tedious passage,—the keen excitement of anticipated pleasure on shore—the bustle of the seamen—the preparation for departure—the anxious faces peering through glasses to view that which in appearance, presents nothing but a distant and indented cloud, all give a life and animation to the scene, that almost repays the wanderer for his previous confinement.

It was on a glorious morning in March 1827, that our ship, under the influence of a fresh breeze, as if participating in the lightness of heart it was bearing, seemed to dance on the bosom of the blue waters, as she threw the white foam from her bows, leaving behind her a long dazzling line of light, as transient, and evanescent, as our former cares and sorrows, when St. Helena, the "Isle of Rock and Water," the prison, and the grave, of him who "left a name at which the world grew pale," arose in sullen majesty before us.—Its harsh, and rugged outline, clearly attenuated on the light and feathery clouds

at its back—its dun, and sombre mantle, unrelieved by any sign of life or motion, except where an occasional exhalation hung like a fleece half way up the mountain, struggling to gain an eminence which, when attained, would consign it to the pure ether. The tremendous surf dashing against its rocky base—the wild song of the seamen, as she fitted before our bowsprit—all presented a scene, which even the sublime genius of a Salvator would have failed to inspire with interest.

The first sign of the hand of man in this strong hold of waters, displayed itself on the apex of a rock, perhaps 1000 feet high, called from its great resemblance, "Sugar-loaf Point," on the dizzy height of which, the British flag, diminished to an infant's toy, expanded its broad folds to the morning breeze. After rounding another abrupt promontory, we came in view of St. James's town. Nothing can present a more striking resemblance than to imagine the scene of a country village at a theatre; a long narrow street, built up a ravine, formed by two lofty mountains, on one side, the village Church on the other, the Town Hall, a barn-like-looking building, the float\* displaced by a long stone battery, and the illusion is complete.

The sails were scarcely furled, ere our barge was running to the piers, a long bricked embankment, stretching perhaps a quarter of a mile along the base of the mountain; at every boat's length, the rocks assumed a more blackened and scorched appearance, clearly indicating their volcanic origin; whilst a cave, cast into deep shadow by the beetling cliffs above it, and into which the surf ran madly lashing its iron-bound sides, added to the savage grandeur of the scene. A quarter of an hour's walk over the burning sands, and two strongly fortified drawbridges, brought us into the centre of the little village; the houses are nearly all inhabited by English, and are built in the European style; the shops presented their projecting bow-windows to the street, whilst placards of Day and Martin's Blacking, and Rowland's Macassar Oil, would almost tempt the traveller to believe, he had alighted by necromancy into some sequestered village within a few miles of London, were it not for the stern and rugged mountains overhanging his head, which by their giant height, seemed frowning

on the pigmy attempts of man, in erecting habitations on a domain, in which nature seemed to have constituted *them* lords of the soil. Rough shaggy ponies, the only conveyance the island afforded, were soon procured, and our gay party in spite of the glaring sun, set out at a round trot to view the grave. The road ascending spirally soon conducted us over the town we had just left; nothing could exceed the difference of scene; upwards, the mountain reared its rugged and sterile head high above us, not a tree or bush to relieve the eye from its russet livery, save where a few stunted rushes fringed the course of a tumultuous stream, which was occasionally seen, at times, broad and considerable, foaming and tumbling down the steep declivity, and again, dwindled to the fineness of a silver thread. Below at the depth of a thousand feet, lay the little town, not as would be seen in our misty isle, but every building, meadow, and plantation, shewing as distinctly through the clear atmosphere, as if traced with the minuteness of a map, and seemed not unlike a rich English landscape, viewed through the inverted end of a telescope. Our sure-footed conductors, in the meantime, as if delighting in their accuracy, and firmness of step, cantered along the extreme edge of the road, unprotected by the slightest embankment from the abyss below, so that it not unfrequently happened, there was nothing, save the blue air of Heaven, between the sole of one's shoe and the peaceful quiet village a thousand feet below. An hour and a half's ride over country, as barren as rock and sand could make it, brought us at length to an abrupt turning, down which the road as rapidly descended as it had before risen, but the whole face of the country was changed; nature, as if to make amends for the barren tract we had passed, here displayed herself in the utmost luxuriance; wild flowers skirted the path at every step, whilst perfect hedges of geraniums lined each side of the road; at the bottom of this delightful valley, lay the object of our toilsome ride, but ah! with what disappointment must the enthusiast be struck, who expects to find a tomb worthy of *his* career. "No sculptured urn" marks the grave, of "him who kept the world awake," not even his name "spelt by the unlettered muse" records who sleeps beneath. Three oblong stones from his kitchen floor, and a part of the iron railing

\* Float, the long row of lamps in front of the stage.

which surrounded his house, form the last resting-place of the greatest man who ever lived. This is as it should be; every attempt to erect a mausoleum in commemoration of his exploits must be abortive, when he has left such memorials on Mont St. Bernard and the Simplon, monuments, unperishable as his fame, and gigantic as the mind that created them. Four weeping willows overshadow this simple tomb, and by the soft—and peaceful shade they afford, give the spot an air of calm repose, trebly enhanced by the burning atmosphere around. At each side of the head of the grave, we observed three flower-sticks; on enquiring of the sergeant who shews the spot, an old weather-beaten veteran, with cheeks burned to the colour of the rock he was guarding, we learned, Madame Bertrand had planted a forget-me-not on either side of the grave, which she carefully watered every morning during her stay in the island. The flowers have long mingled with the hallowed dust they were intended to adorn, but their frail supports still remain, a simple but touching memorial of woman's constancy and tenderness.

We were next directed to an artificial excavation cut in the rock, from which a clear and delightful spring of water poured like an oasis in the desert, its cooling tribute rendered doubly grateful from its situation. This was Napoleon's favourite beverage, his table was regularly supplied with it, although Longwood is seven or eight miles distant; indeed, the whole spot was his constant resort, and it was by his express desire that his remains were interred there. A book is kept in the cave, in which every visitor is requested to insert his name and sentiments as they may have arisen impromptu on the spot; most of them are in French, many expressive of regret at his death, but more containing invectives against the English for his captivity. It was with feelings of regret we quitted the verdant valley, to traverse the uncouth road which led to Longwood, no object of interest appearing until we arrived at the Devil's Punch-bowl, this is without doubt the most picturesque spot in the island.—On one side the boundless expanse of waters viewed from a height of two thousand feet, seemed to encompass us like a wall of adamant; the truth of this metaphor will I think, be acknowledged by those who have been used to view the sea from a lofty eminence; on the other, an

immense amphitheatre of rocks descending to an immeasurable depth, wreathed into every fantastic shape the imagination can picture, seemed when viewed by the garish sun, as if the foaming ocean in the midst of its wildest gambols had been petrified by the wand of an enchanter. The solitude of the place was oppressive; the chirp of a bird, or the bleat of a sheep, would have been music, no sound met our ears, no moving thing greeted our eyes, all was solitariness and desolation. It is in scenes like these, man feels his insignificance—it is here, he feels that meekness and humility, so essentially required by the Christian creed, and is it not to be expected, that the human heart will feel more deeply impressed with a sense of religion, whilst placed in a spot where nature rules in her grandest scale, than when following the monotonous chaunt of a paralytic incumbent, in a temple raised by man? Every object he casts his eyes on, the fretted roofs—the sculptured walls—the clustered columns—are all the works of his own hands, and tend to raise him, in his own estimation; but place him on a lofty mountain, a fathomless abyss on one hand, the boundless expanse of ocean on the other, and it is there man acknowledges the speck he occupies in the space of creation.

Half an hour's ride brought us to some traces of vegetation, a few straggling, stunted cork trees, all inclining in one direction, by the action of the south-east trade-wind, indicated our approach to old Longwood; at first sight, it appears not unlike three or four cottages thrown into one; their gable ends in some places projecting, in others receding, from the front. An air of desolation pervades the place, straw was scattered around to a considerable distance, in fact, Longwood, once the sojourning place of the greatest man that ever existed, is now little more than a granary; after buffeting sacks of grain and sheaves of barley piled in the apartments occupied by Bertrand and Las Casas, we were shewn the room in which Napoleon drew his last breath; the spot where he expired is pointed out between two windows; the room is of moderate dimensions, and hung with a plain green paper; time, neglect, and that passion for relics, which pervades all nations from the nail of a Redeemer's cross to the stone of a murderer's grave, has already nearly denuded the walls of their simple hanging; a chaff-cutting machine and a quantity of loose chaff,

constituted its present furniture; the glass was nearly all broken, and the rain had penetrated into some parts of the room, but even in the midst of this extremity of desolation, could we help lingering until the hour warned us to depart; how truly has the Poet said:

'You may break, you may ruin, the vase, if you will,

'But the scent of the roses will reign on it still.'

New Longwood, built by the Government for Napoleon at an inconsiderable distance, would be called in England a handsome villa; the grounds around it are all laid out in some taste, and there are spacious suites of apartments within. It is singular it was Napoleon's intention, to have moved here the very day he died; the furniture had all arrived from England, the fires were even lighted, and the messenger who was sent (in the midst of a storm, never equalled in the island) to announce that it was ready for his reception, brought back the news of his death. The only portion his mortal remains required, were the three stones from the kitchen floor (even now unreplaced) and part of the iron railing from the garden.

Three weeks after his death, the house was dismantled; the furniture stripped from the walls was exposed for competition at a public auction, scattered to all quarters of the globe, and the abode, destined for the greatest general the world ever produced, is still tenanted by a private soldier.

A visit to St. Helena is an epoch in a life. The Temples of Elephanta—the City of Palaces—the rose-covered plains of Guzerat—have all faded from my remembrance, but "till life or memory part" will my ramble through the lone and rocky isle ever be obliterated from my recollection. C. O. P. A. R.

### Notices of New Books.

*A Numismatic Manual; or, Guide to the Study of Greek, Roman, and English Coins: with plates from the originals.* 12mo. pp. 170. London, Effingham Wilson.

THE scarcity of Numismatic works has long been felt by collectors of ancient coins, who have frequently in the purchase of a few books on this subject, expended as much money as would buy a small collection. The present volume will be found to contain a vast deal of information for its small

size, and its price is in proportion to its bulk. The estimate of the comparative variety of every known Roman coin must be extremely advantageous to the collector. To those who have neither time nor opportunity for the perusal of the heavy folios of Goltzius, Vaillant, Bunderi, Pellerin and a score of others, or the now scarce works of Folkes Snelling, Cardonel, and Ruding, the "Numismatic Manual" will prove a great acquisition.

### Table Talk.

For the Olio.

**BRIGANDS.**—Formerly, music books would find purchasers enough, when their titles were merely ornamented with copper-plate flourishing; but now, so prodigal are we grown, young ladies have a music book and an album combined in one quarto volume:—scarcely a sheet appears; scarcely a song, or ballad, sung by Mr. —, or Miss —, "with (of course) great applause," issues from the music publishers' without a lithographic embellishment, and moonlight scenes, gondolas, weeping willows, Swiss youths and maidens, cupids and brigand chiefs appear in endless succession. The last subject is sickening and repulsive. We are surprised, since brigands have been so much the fashion, that our Gallic neighbours have not given the English women instructions for fastening their sandals in the true Italian method, and wearing ribbons of various hues in their bonnets! It is a marvel that we have not the "chapeau de Brigand," and the tie "a la Massaroni." We have just seen a copy of a song called *The Brigand Chief*, with an illustration. It represents one of these worthies on the ledge of a rock, looking down into the valley below, through which a horseman is proceeding, some traveller in search of the picturesque. The thief is poisoning his rifle, and, of course, intends to lodge a bullet in the heart of the traveller. A delicate subject for a boarding-school miss! There is a lamentable want of taste in this, and a good deal of deception into the bargain. The thieves of the Italian states are villains of the lowest class; cowardly, and, of course, cruel to excess. Our Turpin and Jack Sheppard, were noble fellows compared with the wretches of the Abruzzi. The most horrible enormities committed by pi-

rates and robbers of past ages, do not surpass in iniquity those which have been perpetrated by "Brigands" in the papal states, during the last fifty years. Outlaws of old could be generous and brave at times, but these detestable villains are destitute of every virtuous quality, and do not hesitate to murder in cool blood when disappointed. \*\*\*

**A NIGHT ATTACK.**—The following highly wrought description of a night attack on a party of Indians by the English soldiery in the year 1637, is given by Morse, an American author, who quotes from Turnbull, in his "Narrative of the Pequot War."

"The army silently moved, by the light of the moon towards the nearest fort. Wequash, their guide and spy, brought them word that the Pequots in the fort were all asleep; seeing the English vessels pass them in the course of the day, and supposing they had returned home in terror, they had sung and danced with joy till midnight, and were now buried in deep sleep. Captain Mason approached the east side, and Underhill the west side of the fort; a dog barked; the centinel awoke and cried "Wannux! Wannux!" (i.e. English! English!) the troops entered the fort, which consisted of trees set in the ground, two winding passages being left open; a dreadful carnage followed. Instantly the guns of the English were directed to the floors of the wigwags, which were covered with their sleeping inhabitants. Terrible was their consternation to be roused from their dreams by the blaze and fire of the English musketry; if they came forth, the English swords waited to pierce them; if they reached the pallisades, and attempted to climb over, the fatal balls brought them down;—their combustible dwellings were soon in flames; many of them were roasted to death rather than venture out; others fled back to the burning houses to escape the English swords. The English endeavoured to save the women and children alive, which the men observing in anguish and dying terror, cried, "I squaw! I squaw!" in hopes of finding mercy, but their hour was come. The dwellings being wrapped in fire, the army retired and surrounded the fort: to escape was impossible; like a herd of deer they fell before the deadly weapons of the English. The earth was soon drenched with their blood, and covered with their bodies. In a few minutes five or six hundred of them

lay gasping in their blood, or silent in death! The darkness of the forest, the blaze of the dwellings, the rivulets of blood, the ghastly looks of the dead, the groans of the dying, the shrieks of the women and children, the yells of the friendly savages, (meaning those in the interest of the English butchers,) presented a scene of sublimity and horror indescribably dreadful." Shall we talk of the atrocities of Pizarro, Cortez, and other Spanish Monsters after this? \*\*\*

**DRUNKENNESS.** "Drunkenness," says Montaigne, "seems to me to be a stupid brutal vice. The understanding has a greater share in all other vices, and there are some which may be said to have something generous in them. There are some in which there is a mixture of knowledge, diligence, valour, prudence, dexterity or cunning, while drunkenness is altogether corporeal and terrestrial." \*\*\*

**COMMENDABLE CAUTION.**—A tanner lately invited a superior to dine with him; after pushing the bottles about pretty freely, the visitor took his leave; but, in crossing the tan-yard, unfortunately fell into a vat, and called loudly for assistance, the tanner speedily ascertained his friend's situation, but declined interfering; "for," he observed, "if I draw a hide without giving twelve hours' notice, I shall be exchequered; but I will run and inform the exciseman."

**KEY, THE PROMPTER.**—From the necessities of a northern theatre, this worthy was obliged to add the duties of call-boy to those of prompter. He was naturally indignant; but the manager said, "Dan, you *must* do it."—He did. The piece was the 'Beggars' Opera,' and he made his call as follows: "Captain Macheath, and the rest of the thieves; Lucy Lockit, and the rest of the ———."

**GLADIATORS.**—Gladiator Fighting was very common in the old world.—The ancients, with their usual barbarity and grossness, imagined that the effusion of blood was agreeable to departed souls; and hence human sacrifices were at early periods performed at the tombs of the great. It was a refinement, that the poor victims were made to fight and slay one another; and such was the origin of that inhuman custom. The gladiators came in time to be slaves, trained to arms by fencing masters, by whom they were let out for hire; and ambitious men, courting the populace, gave shows of

their sanguinary battles. Thus Julius Cæsar, on one occasion, exhibited no less than three hundred and twenty pairs of them; and the Emperor Trajan ten thousand of them, all in deadly conflict. To such a height did this evil come, that Lipsius acquaints us, that no wars were in fact more destructive than those which had entertainment only for their object; for that over Europe, there sometimes fell in them twenty thousand men in a single month. And here Christianity came forward to lessen, and ultimately to put an end to what was so disastrous. The early Christian writers reprobated such battles; and the first Christian emperor prohibited them. Those, however, had little effect. A pious anchorite, having in his zeal travelled from the East to Rome, to use his exertions in putting an end to the practice, was stoned to death by the people. The Emperor Honorius was so enraged at this, that he forbade the custom under severe penalties. But it was not until long afterwards that, during the sixth century, in the reign of the Emperor Justin, it was abolished; so much were men addicted to so barbarous and unnatural an enjoyment as the sight of fellow-creatures mangling and killing one another.

**GLAD NEWS FOR TOBACCONISTS.**—In Prussia and Russia the cholera has spared all persons employed in the manufactories of tobacco or snuff, the tan-yards, and medical laboratories. The smoke of tobacco seemed to neutralize most animal miasma, and it is generally considered as a preservative against the cholera; accordingly, the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian magistrates have given permission to smoke in the streets.

### Curiosities.

**WISE LAWS.**—In the year 1457, a proclamation was issued by Henry the Eighth, "that women should not meet together to babble and talk; and that men should keep their wives in their own houses." We are not aware whether the act has been repealed; if it has not, we would recommend its strict enforcement for the future, even though the suggestion may endanger our popularity with the fair sex.

**WINDMILLS.**—It is not generally known, that we are indebted for these universal and very useful machines to

the Saracens. They are said to have been originally introduced into Europe by the Knights of St. John, who took the hint from what they had seen in the crusades.

**MARCH OF MENDICITY.**—A lady, whilst taking a walk, a few days since, with her little daughter in the neighbourhood of Islington, was accosted by a man "wot had seen better days," according to his own report, in humble language, soliciting charity.—Caught with the man's appearance and manner, the lady placed a penny in the hand of her child, desiring her to present it to the 'poor man,' who received it with becoming humility, and thus acknowledged the favour:—"Thank you, madam; you are a tactician, I perceive, and kill two birds with one stone; for you have relieved my wants, and at the same time taught your daughter a lesson of benevolence."

**INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON THE VOICE.**—The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration.—Habits of querulousness or ill-nature, will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exists amiable tunes is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is, to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked, that the low soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of the mind. For instance, compare the vulgarity of a ballad-singer, her repulsive tone of voice and hideous graces, to the manner of an equally uncultivated singer in good society; or watch the treatment of a pretty melody from the concert-room, at the west end of London, until it reaches the ears from under the parlour window, and observe how it gains something new of vulgarity with every fresh degradation.

**EARLY TROUBLES.**—A very little girl, who had a greater love for sitting in her mamma's lap, or playing with a doll, than she had for her book, having one morning been unusually troublesome, her papa took the book in hand, under the notion he could manage the matter better than the mamma, but after endeavouring *most patiently*, for the

space of *ten minutes*, to teach her how to spell c-a-t, d-o-g, to no purpose, he reprimanded her rather sharply, and the result was, a shower of tears. The following day, the gentleman conversing with a friend upon the difficulties of the times, and a variety of troubles, in the midst of his gravity, hardly thinking what he was doing of, and much less imagining his child had been attending to the conversation, gently patted her head as she sat on his lap, saying, "Ah, my little pet, you are the best off, you have no troubles—have you?" when the child, looking innocently in his face, lisped out, "Oh, yes, papa, c-a-t, papa, d-o-g!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—Mrs. F——, accompanied by her little girl, about six years old, went to call upon a friend named Hopkins, a lady, whose notions being more sentimental than her name, had endeavoured to make up for this deficiency of romance in the surname, by giving her daughter the Christian ones of Clementina, Madelina. When the visit was paid, and Mrs. F—— and her daughter were on their return home, the following dialogue took place between them:—"Well, Emma, how do you like your new young acquaintance?"—"Very much, mamma, only do you know I cannot recollect her name, will you tell it me again?"—"Clementina, Madelina, Hopkins, my love, now, try to repeat it after me, Cle-men-ti-na, Ma-de-li-na, Hop-kins!" The little lady after several attempts, being unable to get nearer than, Tementina, Mattenina, artlessly looking up in Mrs. F——'s face said, "Suppose I call her *nonsense, nonsense*, Hopkins, Mamma, 'twill do just as well!"

#### WOMAN'S LOVE.

There is a feeling of the heart,

A thought within the bosom's swell,

Which woman's eyes alone impart,

Which woman's blush alone can tell.

Man may be cold in love's disguise,

And feel not half the flame he *speaks*;

But woman's love is in her eyes,

It glows upon her burning cheeks.

NOTIONS OF DECORUM.—At Cincinnati there is a garden where the people go to eat ices, and to look at roses. For the preservation of the flowers, there is placed at the end of one of the walks a sign-post sort of daub, representing a Swiss peasant girl, holding in her hand a scroll, requesting that the roses might not be gathered. Unhappily for the artist, or for the proprietor, or for both, the petticoat of this figure was so short as to shew her ancles. The ladies saw, and

shuddered; and it was formally intimated to the proprietor, that if he wished for the patronage of the ladies of Cincinnati, he must have the petticoat of this figure lengthened. The affrighted purveyor of ices sent off an express for the artist and his paint-pot. He came, but unluckily not provided with any colour that would match the petticoat; the necessity, however, was too urgent for delay, and a flounce of blue was added to the petticoat of red, giving bright and shining evidence before all men of the immaculate delicacy of the Cincinnati ladies.

#### FAMILIARITY.

Old Nick, who taught the village school,

Had wed a maid of homespun habit:

He was as stubborn as a mule,

And she was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,

Before her husband sought to make her

The very pink of polished life.

And trim and formal as a Quaker.

One day, the master went abroad,

And sadly simple Jenny missed him:

When he returned behind her lord,

She gently stole, and fondly kissed him!

The husband's anger rose, and red

And white his face alternate grew:

"Here's free'om, ma'am!" Jane hung her head,

And said, "*I didn't know 'twas you.*"

DR. BULLER, of Hamburg, is said to have invented a surgical instrument with which a diseased leg may be amputated in less than a second. The pressure exercised so completely benumbs the part that the patient suffers little or nothing under the operation.

A gentleman had a poodle dog, possessed of more than ordinary sagacity, but he was, however, under little command. In order to keep him in better order, he purchased a small whip, with which he corrected the dog once or twice during a walk. On his return the whip was put on a table in the hall, and the next morning it was missing. It was soon afterwards found concealed in an out-building, and again made use of in correcting the dog. It was, however, again lost, but found hidden in another place. On watching the dog, who was suspected of being the culprit, he was seen to take the whip from the hall-table, and run away with it in order again to hide it. The late James Cumming, Esq. was the owner of the dog.

TOO DEAR.—A Yankee schoolmaster, a teacher of chorography, not long since located himself in Rensselaer county, New York, and commenced a school under the most favourable auspices. He gathered round him a score



of papils, most of whom were of the fairer order of creation. One in particular was a very angel in features—one of your beautiful country maidens, which spring up in their seclusion, fair as the wild flowers of their native valleys. As might have been expected, she played iniquity with the heart of the schoolmaster. Day after day he sat by her side—guided her taper fingers, and felt her dark tresses lightly sweeping his cheek, as she leaned with him towards the manuscript. It was too much—human philosophy could not stand it. In a luckless moment he pressed his lips to her cheek, and imprinted upon it one of those kisses, in which

"The lip will linger like some bee  
Sipping a favourite flower."

And what think you, gentle reader, was the result of all this! Why, the unfortunate chirographer was prosecuted for his lecture on kissing, and turned adrift with a fine of 1000 dollars hanging over his shoulders, like the pack of Bunyan's pilgrim! "Far be it from us," adds the American narrator of the anecdote, "to undervalue the charms of the young lady; but really

if she sets such an exorbitant price on her cheek, it will be a long day, we opine, before she has another opportunity of exacting it."

Among the many duties anciently attached to the high office of Earl Marshal of England was the following, which, if now put into practice, would not merely increase the business of that great officer, but would create some bustle in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace. "The Earl Marshal has a verge to be carried before the King, whereupon the space about the King, containing twelve miles, is called the verge. It is his charge, and the charge of those assigned unto him, to keep the verge free from harlots. The Marshal shall have free every common harlot found within the limits of the house, four-pence the first day; if she be found again, she shall be forbidden, before the Steward, not to enter the King's palace, nor the Queen's, nor their children's. If the third time she be found, she shall be imprisoned, or abjured the court;—if she be found the fourth time, she shall be shaved; and the fifth time, her upper lip shall be cut off."

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, April 4.

To those possessing gardens, this is a month of busy interest, and much industry is required.—But how ample is the reward, as thus beautifully expressed by the Rev. W. Munsey:

How lovely is a garden,

With all its perfumes, and its various hues;  
The blushing rose, Clematis sweet, and fair  
Narcissus of poetic tale, and all  
The scented tribe; in number far beyond  
The art of man to tell, so endless is  
The offspring at great nature's call. What can  
Skill, and man's device, invent, so lovely,  
And so fair? Not Solomon in all his  
Sheen, was deck'd like one—the least of these!  
And wondrous is the change in these fair  
forms,

In spring, in summer, autumn and in death—  
How like the course of man's eventual round,  
Of youth, of manhood; feebleness, and age.  
And as the sweet and beautiful race will rise  
From cheerless winter's cold and torpid state,  
To meet the glories of the vernal sun,  
So from the gloomy grave, will man spring  
forth,

To see the more resplendent Light of Christ—  
The Saviour—Intercessor—God.

### Thursday, April 5.

**DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.**—The perfection of astronomical instruments has afforded the prospect of being able to determine the Annual Parallax, and consequently the distance of the fixed stars; but the quantity of deviation is so small as to have hitherto eluded the closest observation. It cannot amount to a single second in the most conspicuous and probably the nearest of the stars. These luminous bodies must therefore be more distant at least two hundred thou-

sand times than the measure of the diameter of the earth. The light emitted from such neighbouring suns, though it flies with enormous rapidity, must yet travel more than six thousand years before it approaches the confines of our system. But, scattered over the immensity of space, there may exist bodies which, by their magnitude and predominant attraction, retain or recal the rays of light, and are lost in solitude and darkness. Had the celerity of the luminous particles not exceeded four hundred miles in a second, we should never have enjoyed the cheering beams of the sun. They would have been arrested in their journey, and drawn back to their source, before they reached the orbit of Mercury. But a star similar to our sun, and having a diameter sixty-three times greater, would entirely overpower the impetus of light.

### Friday, April 6.

OLD LADY DAY.

### Saturday, April 7.

Sun rises 22m. aft. 5 Morn.—Sets 38m. aft. 6.

### Sunday, April 8.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Lessons for the Day.—3 ch. of Exodus, morn.  
5 ch. of Exodus, even.

First quarter of the Moon, at 1 Morn.

### Monday, April 9.

**INDUSTRY OF ANTS.**—Those who are not deep in the technical terms of entomology, may spend many an amusing hour in studying the habits of these ingenious insects, who are now busily repairing the damages which winter may have produced upon their domiciles.

### Tuesday, April 10.

Sun rises 15m. aft. 5.—Sets 42m. aft. 6.

A few complete sets may now be had.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVII.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, April 14, 1838.



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## Illustrated Article.

### THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

FOR THE OLIO.

TIME was, when the grandfathers of the present race of cockneys, could, by travelling a couple of miles north or south of their great land-mark, enjoy a walk *in the country*, smoke a pipe at a village ale-house and drink prosperity to the House of Hanover, and perdition to the Pretender. Time was when the almost eternal roar of the great metropolis could not be heard at Walworth turnpike; when he who had escaped for a short period from the toils of business found at that distance, the rumbling of carriages, the hum of voices, and the shuffling of countless feet, exchanged for the tinkle of the sheep bell, the occasional music of the country team, and the buzz of the bee and the cockchafer. In those days some few people of fashion did not disdain to reside at Peckham and Camberwell, when

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their important duties required not their attendance "in Town." It is not so now. A continuous line of dwellings stretches from the city to these villages, and a rapid succession of short stages, whisks you in a few minutes from one to the other. We have authors of quality now, and so we had a century ago, witness the neglected duodecimos on the book-stalls: "A Satyr; written by a person of honour" (alas! that such aristocratic productions should be tumbled about by the paws of plebeians) our nobility, as heretofore, seek alliance with actresses; but our very merchants despise the red-bricked long-windowed houses, of the two last generations of aristocrats; nay, your retired tailor displays his carriage and liveries in "the west-end" and scorns to live in such habitations. These neglected tenements have their traditions as well as the castles of our feudal barons. Two or three houses of this description, overlook the Green at Camberwell, and one of them, if we

may credit the domestic servants, is the scene of strange pranks; but they are of such a description, that the vulgar origin of the ghost who haunts it is quite obvious. Who, for instance, ever heard of the shade of a peer or a baronet, suddenly shutting the drawer and crushing the fingers of him who had opened it? Whose ghost, save that of a washer-woman or a cook-maid, would take the trouble to turn a ramp-steak, whilst hissing on the gridiron, or entering the larder at the "witching hour," stick a mould candle bolt upright in the centre of a jam tart! Such things *have* occurred, or I have been grossly deceived. But to my story:—

In the year 179—, a gentleman whom I shall name Mr. Charles Aspinall, purchased of the proprietor, the house referred to. He was a tall handsome man, with a pale oval face and dark hair, but, although apparently not more than thirty, he had the staid demeanour of a man of nearly twice that age. He kept but little company, and seemed to find in his books the delight and amusement which most men endeavour to discover in society. Mr. Aspinall was a very temperate man; he ate and drank but sparingly, slept little, and studied hard. Constant attendance at church led the more grave part of his neighbours to look upon him as a man of singular piety, and he had performed some acts of charity, which the officious who wished to cultivate an acquaintance with him, took especial care to magnify.

It is a false and dangerous philosophy which teaches a man to avoid the society of his fellows: excessive mortification and self-denial is as dangerous. The crimes of recluses have not been the least in the black catalogue of human iniquity, and not a few, who in early life devoted themselves to a life of austerity, have perished in infamy. Mr. Aspinall was not conscious of this: he did not perceive that the extremes of self-denial and dissipation, often lead to the same results. He had resided at Camberwell about twelvemonths, when he became acquainted (the world never knew how) with a young lady of considerable beauty, who lived with her family in the immediate neighbourhood. Their acquaintance was, for some time, kept a profound secret, but it was afterwards discovered by the brothers of the lady, who insisted upon her seducer making her his wife. They expressed their determination to wreak their vengeance upon him, in case of

his non-compliance with their wishes, but in the event of his accepting their terms, they solemnly assured him the circumstance should not be known beyond their own circle. These conditions would have been spurned by many men, however they might have wished to make reparation to an injured woman and an insulted family; yet, strange to say, Mr. Aspinall consented to make the lady his wife, and the marriage was immediately solemnized, but in the most private manner.

Mr. Aspinall was a dissembler and a coward. He dreaded a *rencontre* with the brothers, and to avoid it had married their sister, but whatever love he might have entertained for her previous to his adopting this alternative, it is certain that every trace of affection was obliterated by this forced marriage—he conceived the most deadly hatred against his bride, and resolved to destroy her. The accomplishment of this was, however, deferred until the congratulatory visits of his wife's and his own friends had ceased. But he was repeatedly thwarted in his designs, and during the whole time never treated his partner with cruelty, although his cool behaviour occasioned her much unhappiness. The birth of a child would have appealed to the heart of one less cruel than Aspinall's, but his was the fell determination of a coward, the most cruel of mankind, if an indifference to human suffering accompanies his natural timidity. About two months after the birth of the infant, Aspinall resolved to put his diabolical plan into execution. His wife had one evening retired to rest and dismissed her servant, when the monster entering the bed-chamber closed the door, and approaching the bed-side, presented a phial and a glass to his victim, telling her that he had procured a draught which would relieve the headache, of which she had complained during the day. The unsuspecting woman took the draught, and uncorking the phial, poured the liquid into the glass. It was thick and of a dark colour, but supposing it to be in reality a draught prepared by a chemist she drank it off, while her fiend-like husband regarded her with a look of deep intensity. He then took the phial and glass from her hand, and placing both on the table, walked hurriedly up and down the room. Mrs. Aspinall was not surprised at this strange demeanour of her husband, she had become familiarized to his peculiar habits, and not wishing to disturb

him whilst in what she supposed to be one of his moody fits, she endeavoured to compose herself to sleep. Her sleep was the long and dreamless slumber of the dead, for when her husband approached the bed, he found that the fatal draught had effected his deadly purpose. Those who are aware of the sympathy between the mother and the child, will scarcely need be told, that the poison which deprived Mrs. Aspinall of life, had closed the earthly career of her infant; the little innocent had breathed its last on the bosom of its mother. The cold grey eye of Aspinall regarded the bodies for a few moments, but no tear of pity or remorse dimmed its sullen glare; he turned from the spectacle and striding across the room, whispered to some person on the landing-place, and his Italian servant Jacopo entered. We must draw a veil over the scene which followed. To dwell on such, would argue a bad taste and want of feeling. The lovers of such tragedies may find its like in that chronicle of crime, the Newgate Calendar. Mr. Aspinall and his servant that night secretly buried the bodies of his victims, in one of the wine cellars.

To account for the disappearance of his partner, required the utmost ingenuity of the murderer; but a tale was soon trumped up, and ready by the next morning. Mrs. Aspinall in due time was missed—the household was in alarm, and every one in a state of anxiety, when Jacopo, with apparent reluctance, stated that having occasion to rise early in the morning, he had seen a carriage waiting at day-break on the green, and that, suspecting it was there for some improper purpose, he had kept watch, until he saw with surprise, his mistress pass out and proceed towards it, when she was received by a gentleman in an undress military frock, who handed her into the carriage, which immediately drove at a rapid rate towards town.

He who had planned so diabolical a murder would not, it may be supposed, find much difficulty in counterfeiting surprise and grief at this piece of pretended information. Mr. Aspinall acted his part so well, that the story was never for a moment doubted by any one.

From that day, however, he became an altered man; his demeanour, always haughty and unprepossessing, was now harsh and repulsive; he was more gloomy than ever, and seemed as though

worn down by inward grief, which those who knew him, attributed to a far different cause from the true one. Remorse haunted him like a shadow; his slumbers were broken by ghastly visions, in which his murdered wife bore a prominent part; the blood of the innocent was upon him, and he knew not where to turn for refuge from the phantoms that incessantly pursued him. Such a state of mind so harassed a constitution naturally healthy and vigorous, that Mr. Aspinall was near sinking under this accumulation of misery. Physicians were summoned to his aid, and change of scene and climate were recommended; he was urged to travel, and he did so. He proceeded to Paris, and revelled with the gayest of that great city; but he could not drown the recollection of the past. He visited Switzerland; but the smiling faces and cheerful hearts of the inhabitants, contrasted too strongly with the tumult of his own bosom. He affected an air of gaiety in Rome and Naples, though his haggard features too plainly told of the inward fire that consumed him, and he returned to England pale and attenuated the remnant of a man, with his Italian servant, who had accompanied him in his travels. It was observed that this man took greater liberties with his master than his situation warranted, and it was evident that, although Mr. Aspinall did not relish the fellow's familiarity, he did not like to part with him; perhaps he feared him, but no one could divine the reason, and the death of this man which happened but a short time after, was not regretted by any of the household. Mr. Aspinall, evidently relieved of a cause of much uneasiness, now kept company at his house and endeavoured to be gay, but it was an abortive attempt, to scare the demon that haunted him; his mirth was forced, his smile was the grin of a skeleton, and the sound of his laugh was cheerless. Still he lacked not visitors. The second anniversary of the murder of his wife and her infant arrived, and Mr. Aspinall, dreading the recollection of that frightful evening, had a large party to sup with him. They did not break up until late, when several of the guests were invited to stay until the morning, and beds were accordingly provided. One of them was a hair-brained young man of fortune named Powis, who, complaining of a violent headach, besought his host to allow him to retire to rest a little earlier. The request being complied

with, the beau was conducted to his chamber; he knew not that it was the one in which the wife of his entertainer had been so foully murdered—Mr. Aspinall dared not sleep in *that*. The guests dropped off one by one, till at length those only remained, who had resolved to pass the night where they were, when suddenly, a loud shout was heard, and some one hastily ascending the stairs, burst into the room. It was Mr. Powis: his right hand, which shook violently, grasped the candlestick from which the candle had escaped in his flight; his cravat and perriwig were left behind, and he stood before them in an agony of affright, without the power to articulate a word.

"Powis! Powis!" said Mr. Aspinall, affecting a composure which he was far from feeling, "What ails thee man! art thou mad?"

"Aye, I believe so," faltered the beau, "but if I be not, I have seen *that* which would turn the head of a wiser one than I; give me I beseech you, a glass of brandy (he sunk into a chair) or I shall surely faint with terror."

"This is foolery, Powis," said Aspinall, whitening with alarm, "one of thy mad pranks."

"Yes, it *was* a mad prank, to follow a ghost into your wine cellar, Aspinall; I'll say with the school-boys, that I'll never do so again—some foul play has been acted in this house. I believe I was drunk just now, but this has sobered me."

"Let us know what you *have* seen," said several of the company, pressing round him. In the meantime, Mr. Aspinall unobserved, left the room.

"Let me have breathing room, then," said Powis, "and you shall hear all. You must know that I had stolen off to bed, in the hope that a sound sleep would rid me of the cursed headach, which I feel returning. I had fastened my chamber door, and hung my perriwig on a chair-back, when, finding my cravat had become too tightly knotted, I approached the glass and endeavoured to unfasten it. I had not been engaged thus many seconds, when, Oh Heavens! I became conscious that some one was standing near me, and turning my head I saw, as plainly as I see you all before me, a lady with a little child in her arms."

"A lady and a child?" echoed half a dozen voices.

"Ay, a lady and a child," said Powis, "but hear the issue of it; I was disposed to be a little merry with the

intruder, but when I looked in her face, there was an expression in it which assured me—unbeliever as I have hitherto been—that my visiter was not of this world. I was about to address the figure, when it laid its finger on its pale lips, and glided out of the room, —not through the keyhole nor the panel of the door, for it flew wide open at her approach, and then proceeded down stairs. I was literally confounded, but, after a moment's pause, I snatched up the candle, and followed the figure.—A rushing wind, which seemed to fill the house, extinguished my light; but I had no need of one;—a pale glimmering guided my steps, and I followed my conductor into the cellar, when she appeared to enter one of the vaults;—I pressed forward, and striking my head violently against the door, fell backwards. My fit of courage, or rather desperation, had now ended; and quickly regaining my perpendicular, I flew up stairs, and entered the room just as you beheld me."

All who heard this wild tale stared for a moment on the narrator, and then each began to make his comments.—One agreed with Powis, that it told of some foul deed of murder; another voted for an investigation of the cause of the fearful visitation; while a third inquired for Mr. Aspinall, who they then found had quitted the room. A servant was desired to request his attendance; but the messenger returned in a few seconds, and informed them that he had been to the door of his master's chamber which was locked, and that he had heard a low moaning within.

All flew to the chamber: the door was immediately forced, and Mr. Aspinall was found stretched on the floor deluged in blood, and quite insensible. He had with his penknife severed the radial artery with such fatal determination, that his wrist was fairly cut to the bone. A surgeon was summoned, but the hemorrhage had been too great; the wretched suicide was lifeless before his arrival. A scrap of paper lay on his dressing-table, and on it was written in pencil a confession of his crime. It expressed his resolution rather to perish by his own hand, than be made a spectacle for the multitude.

The bodies of Mrs. Aspinall and her infant were discovered in the vault, and consigned to a more hallowed spot; whilst that of their destroyer, was interred in a neighbouring cross road with the customary formalities—the stake and the quick lime. \*\*\*

## A VISIT TO POMFRET CASTLE. FOR THE OLIO.

THE golden hue of an autumnal sun still lingered in the sky, as a traveller entered the vestibule of the above ancient fabric. There is something indescribably awful and solemn, just as you ascend the wide staircase leading to the picture gallery, which is now in a dilapidated state; no vestiges can be traced, to show that it was once an habitation of royalty, save a battered habergeon hanging in the centre of the spacious hall, which reminds the observer of the feudal discord and bloody opposition which raged with irresistible fury during the reign of that pusillanimous monarch, Richard the Second; every thing connected with this ominous castle, heaps on the already crowded list of crime, and pollutes with indelible dishonour, the annals of English history. There is a subterraneous cavern leading from a gloomy dungeon to a deep moat, which runs on one side of the castle, so that when any doughty and noble peer was to be a victim of their inhuman barbarity, they would convey him through this dismal passage blindfold and there leave him, when three or four myrmidons, initiated in their ruthless trade, would rush upon him and beat him to death. In this lurid prison, Richard the Second drank deep of the cup of misery, and so did others of a more brighter model, whose names alone would rouse Ate from her calid zone, to vindicate their fallen parentage. O Pomfret! thine is indeed a horrid name; within thy cloistered walls the bravest sons of England have closed their eyes for ever. Not a single piece of costly tapestry, or rich crimson velvet, remains to adorn the bare walls, which are left to the mercy of the destroying hand of Time—not a jot of its once splendid magnificence; yet, when you look on it, it excites compassion for the loss of its murdered heroes, whose blood stains the marble floor on which the proudest kings of England stood surrounded by their household.

To a stranger, Pomfret may be viewed with inconceivable grandeur, which inspires you with a feeling that, although it has been a receptacle for bones of kings and princes, and a horrid charnel-house for sanguinary bloodshed, yet still, its exterior being much decayed, presents to you a glorious ruin. The more you see it, the more you admire it; the portcullis, and

the arched vaults, which range under the east angle of the building, alone speak volumes of its antiquity. Pomfret Castle is erected on a hill, and commands a fine prospect over the beautiful scenery which emblazon the picturesque landscapes of the west-riding of Yorkshire. Farewell to Pomfret, and all its former pomp and splendour!

ASHBURY.

### REASONS FOR SORROW.

On his death-bed poor Labin lies,  
His wife is in despair;  
By mutual sighs and sobs and cries,  
They both express their care.

'A different cause,' says parson Sly,  
'The same effect may give;  
Poor Labin fears that he may die,  
His wife, that he may live!'

### LOUGH MASK. AN IRISH LEGEND.

THERE is a great charm about Irish legends, and the following reminds us forcibly of Ossian. It is from one entitled "Lough Mask." Cormac is away, and Eva busies her heart and eyes in watching for his return.

Another glance across the lake.  
'Tis yet unrippled by an oar. The faint outline of the dark gray mountains, whose large masses lay unbroken by the detail which day-light discovers—the hazy distance of the lake, whose extremity is undistinguishable from the overhanging cliffs which embrace it—the fading of the western sky—the last lonely rook winging his weary way to the adjacent wood, the flickering flight of the bat across her windows—all—all told Eva that the night was fast approaching; yet Cormac was not come. She turned from the casement with a sigh.—Oh! only those who love can tell how anxious are the moments we pass in watching the approach of the beloved one.

She took her harp; every heroine, to be sure, has a harp: but this was not the pedal harp, that instrument *par excellence* of heroines, but the simple harp of her country, whose single row of brazen wires had often rung to many a sprightly planxty, long, long before the double action of Erard had vibrated to some fantasia, from Rossini or Meyerbeer, under the brilliant finger of a Bochsá or a Labarre.

But now the harp of Eva did not ring forth the spirit-stirring planxty, but yielded to her gentlest touch one of

the most soothing and plaintive of her native melodies; and to her woman sensibility, which long expectation had excited, it seemed to breathe an unusual flow of tenderness and pathos, which her heated imagination conjured almost into prophetic wailing. Eva paused—she was alone; the night had closed—her chamber was dark and silent. She burst into tears, and when her spirits became somewhat calmed by this gush of feeling, she arose, and dashing the lingering tear drops from the long lashes of the most beautiful blue eyes in the world, she hastened to the hall, and sought in the society of others, to dissipate those feelings by which she had been overcome.

The night closed over the path of Cormac, and the storm he anticipated had swept across the waves of the Atlantic, and now burst in all its fury over the mountains of Joyce's country. The wind rushed along in wild gusts, bearing in its sweeping eddy heavy dashes of rain which increased to a continuous deluge of enormous drops, rendering the mountain gullies the channels of temporary rivers, and the path that wound along the verge of each precipice so slippery, as to render its passage death to the timid or unwary, and dangerous even to the firmest or most practised foot. But our hero and his attendant strode on—the torrent was resolutely passed, its wide roar audible above the loud thunder peals that rode through the startled echoes of the mountains; the dizzy path was firmly trod, its dangers rendered more perceptible by the blue lightnings, half revealing the depth of the abyss beneath; and Cormac and Diarmid still passed on towards the shores of Lough Mask, unconscious of the interruption that yet awaited them, fiercer than the torrent, and more deadly than the lightning.

As they passed round the base of a projecting crag, that flung its angular masses athwart the ravine through which they wound, a voice of brutal coarseness suddenly arrested their progress with the fiercely uttered word of "Stand!"

We must break the current of the story, to tell that Cormac and his companion are beset by more than their own numbers, and a scuffle ensues, in which Cormac is killed by a rival who had waylaid him. Eva is still on the watch.

"Restlessly had Eva passed that turbulent night—each gust of the tempest,

each flash of living flame and burst of thunder awakened her terrors, lest Cormac, the beloved of her soul, were exposed to its fury; but in the lapses of the storm, hope ventured to whisper he yet lingered in the castle of some friend beyond the mountains. The morning dawned, and silently bore witness to the commotion of the elements in the past night. The riven branch of the naked tree, that in one night had been shorn of its leafy beauty, the earth strown with foliage half green, half yellow, ere yet the autumnal alchemy had converted its summer verdure quite to gold, gave evidence that an unusually early storm had been the forerunner of the equinox. The general aspect of nature too, though calm, was cold; the mountains wore a dress of sombre grey, and the small scattered clouds were straggling over the face of heaven, as though they had been rudely riven asunder, and the short and quick lash of the waters upon the shore of Lough Mask, might have told to an accustomed eye, that a longer wave and a whiter foam had broken on its strand a few hours before.

But what is that upthrown upon the beach? And who are those that surround it in such consternation? It is the little skiff that was moored at the opposite side of the lake on the preceding eve, and was to have borne Cormac to his betrothed bride; and they who identify the shattered boat are those to whom Eva's happiness is dear; for it is her father and his attendants, who are drawing ill omens from the tiny wreck. But they conceal the fact, and the expecting girl is not told of the evil-boding discovery. But days have come and gone, and Cormac yet tarries. At length, 'tis past a doubt; and the father of Eva knows his child is widowed ere her bridal—widowed in her heart at least. And who shall tell the fatal tale to Eva? who shall cast the shadow o'er her soul, and make the future darkness!—Alas! ye feeling souls that ask it, that pause ere you can speak the word that blights for ever, pause no longer, for Eva knows it. Yes! from tongue to tongue—by word on word from many a quivering lip, and meanings darkly given, the dreadful certainty at last arrived to the bewildered Eva.

It was nature's last effort at comprehension; her mind was filled with the one fatal knowledge—Cormac was gone for ever; and that was the only mental consciousness that ever after employed the lovely Eva.

The remainder of the melancholy tale is briefly told. Though quite bereft of reason, she was harmless as a child, and was allowed to wander round the borders of Lough Mask, and its immediate neighbourhood. A favourite haunt of the still beautiful maniac was the Cave of Cong, where a subterranean river rushed from beneath a low natural arch in the rock, and passing some yards over a strand of pebbles, in pellucid swiftness, loses itself in the dark recesses of the cavern with the sound of a rapid and turbulent fall. This river is formed by the waters of Lough Mask becoming engulfed at one of its extremities, and hurrying through a subterranean channel, until they rise again in the neighbourhood of Cong, and become tributary to Lough Corib. Here the poor girl would sit for hours; and, believing that her beloved Cormac had been drowned in Lough Mask, she hoped in one of those half-intelligent dreams which haunt a distempered brain, to arrest his body, as she fancied it must pass through the Cave of Cong, borne on the subterranean river.

Month after month passed by; but the nipping winter and the gentle spring found the lovely Eva still watching by the stream, like some tutelary nymph beside her sacred fountain. At length she disappeared—and though the strictest search was made, the broken-hearted Eva was never heard of more; and the tradition of the country is, that the fairies took pity on a love so devoted, and carried away the faithful girl, to join her betrothed in fairy land."

### THE OLD LYONS'.

BY ROGER CALVERLEY.

*For the Olio.*

"VAIN pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!" exclaimed the poor Cardinal, when, at one fell swoop, all his princely honours, his more than eastern wealth, were torn from him; and the glorious tiara itself when it seemed waiting to invest his haughty temples, faded like the meteor of the morass!—He might well say so, since the very bitterness that elicited the exclamation, while it shewed how he had once loved them, taught him too the cureless pangs it costs to lose them. They had been to him as to others, like the ivy foliage clustering and glittering round some noble trunk; their luxuriance increased, while they enfolded him in

splendour not his own, obscured the intrinsic majesty of his mind, and enthralled the energies of his character; and their baleful embraces rooted myriads of fibres in his heart only to leave myriads of wounds when they were torn from it.

There is a cottage by the road side, near the city of L——, which has often impressed me with a practical moral more forcible than a hundred philosophical treatises on this subject. It is about twelve feet square and sixteen high; it is old and partly timbered and thatched, but the wood-work is sound and strong, and the brick-work which it laces, is of the brightest and reddest, while the thatch is of that golden hue that speaks recent repair; and, where it shoots its smooth shorn margin over the eaves, displays a warm ledge more than half a foot thick. A cherry-tree, rubied with fruitage in summer, and, in winter, uncoiling its branches like the lines of a map, covers the southern wall, enjoying at once the tiny warmth of the single chimney at its back and the noontide radiance in front.

A strip of garden stretches on either side; a few orchard trees—a potatoe plat, and a sunny angle with one nestling beehive, and its inseparables, a golden patch of marygolde—a blue gleam of lavenders—a sprinkling of thyme, and one scraggy rosemary bush, occupy in all about three roods. Close behind it, a high sandstone bank, with a very old and lofty hedge of hawthorn, screens it from the east: the thrush loves to warble there; and if you pass in the golden calm of a June evening, you may mourn your rash steps, from the sudden pause which they effect in a honied song, when he of the sable-plume and saffron beak, sweeps from the starry blossoms. In this hut,

'Cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,'

dwelt old Thomas Lyon, his wife, and an idiot girl, half protegee and half servant. It hath but two apartments, one in each story. No pewter glitter on the shelves; no fiitch looks swarthy on the rafters; go by when you will, no savoury steams proclaim the rustic dainty; yet look within, and you seem to miss nothing that a comfortable cottage should possess. If but few be the crockery, they are gay coloured, and arranged with the utmost neatness; if the chairs be many coloured, and the table ricketty, they glisten with cleanliness; if there be but a spark of fire



in the grate, it has no unseemly look—no choking ashes; its little flame goes brightly up, as if it were to produce the costliest viands that ever made groan the tables of the great; and the smoke, as it curls amidst a high hedgerow, is as blue and feathery as ever poet could wish. Nor, at due times, is the Lilliputian pot or kettle wanting, and an added faggot crackles under it, and a denser smoke undulates from the chimney. The old couple are in perfect keeping; he in one eternal old coat, Sundays and working-days, that yet, by some magic, never looks shabby; she without one gleam of rustic gaud in her attire,—her very cloak and hood being of the dingiest drab,—and her cap guiltless of a ribbon, yet neat to a faultless nicety.—This is poverty yoked with a rare companion, self-respect. Themselves, and every thing about them, proclaim stinted means, and a firm struggle to make those means go to the uttermost.

You seldom pass their abode without seeing the old dame at her huge wheel by the open door; the old man deloins in the garden above; or the half-witted girl crossing with black pitcher, or swinging bucket to the rocky well on the other side of the road. Their manners, too, complete the picture; there is no cringing, not a glimpse of that whining expression, which people in their circumstances are apt to put on. The senior, as you pass, raises his habitually bent body, and doffs his straw hat, but it is accompanied with the salutation of an equal. The dame even affects a mincing primness in her mouth; and once she heartily rated me for letting my brown spaniel plunge into her silvery well.

The other evening, returning from a summer ramble, I met old Lyon, forsooth, taking a gentle stroll as leisurely as a lord, up the long hill, whose green hedgerow banks display such a world of herbage to April suns. A calm flood of glory, streaming from the west, laced the old man's sunny path; and his grey locks, and his ruddy wrinkles, and his old blue coat, and his knotted kerchief, seemed as if they were sworn inseparables, calmly pacing together through this vale of tears,—together to quit, as the Indians believe, for realms of unclouded radiance and repose.

To people like the old Lyons', what is it to die? What terrors can death possess for them? What can they see revolting in the tomb? Look at their

narrow tenement! Four walls, ten feet square, have been to them, the world, from the hour that he took her from the village dance on the green, to the present moment.

An hebdomadal journey to the market and to church, have been all that they have known of its wonders and its ways! That narrow house has been the orbit of their lives;—one *scarcely narrower*, will be their shelter in death—their portal to immortality!

They have no splendid palaces—no gilded saloons—no hoards of wealth to hold them back with convulsive tenacity to life, when the inevitable call shall summon them away. They have none of those countless ties of rank and kindred, that fling their fond but ineffectual fetters round the beat of us, and add a pang to the most resigned deathbed.\*

Are they not then enviable beings, with just enough of this world's good to make life comfortable, but not so much as to make death terrible!

#### REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

We were dispatched from the squadron in order to draw the attention of the American troops from Baltimore, whilst our troops advanced upon Washington; and consequently, we were engaged in some annoying and offensive operations every day and night. \* \* \* \* \* We had, on the morning of the day on which the following event occurred, not only burnt, but robbed, a house, from the parlour of which we had filched a mahogany table for our berth; we, therefore, got rid of our old oaken affair, and placed our ill-gotten furniture in its place. As this genteel apparatus was none the better for long neglect on shore and the careless manner in which it had been handled in sending it on board, I, as the caterer of the mess—to which high situation I had been lately appointed—proposed that we should take it by turns to polish the table, in order to render it a proper bright appendage to our berth. Poor Sands, who was seated in a corner, looking wofully wretched, refused to assist; alleging as a reason, that he felt perfectly convinced he should never eat off the

\* They both died 1830, within a brief interval.

table, as that night he was to be killed. In vain I attempted to rally him from the strange melancholy which had overtaken him; he sat in a state of almost perfect stupefaction. I ordered some supper; of which, however, he would not partake; but opening his desk he made all his oldest friends a trifling present; to me he gave a silver knife, and, with a sad countenance, said, 'I have nothing to send home, but my death will be severely felt there.' We, not having exactly the same awful feelings as our messmate, burst into a fit of laughter, which however, neither excited the resentment nor the spleen of poor Sands. At this time he was the only midshipman destined to remain on board, the rest being appointed to the different boats and different divisions of small-arm men to be ready for service by nine o'clock. As it was requisite to avoid any thing like suspicion in the eyes of our enemies (the frigate being placed within about pistol-shot of the shore,) instead of using the boatwain's mate's pipes to call the boats away, the order was merely whispered along the decks. Martin (who afterwards died in command of the *Nautilus*, I believe, in the Havannah,) being asleep, and not being roused by the slight bustle, was absent when his boat was manned; and Sands, who had officiated in preparing the boats, was desired to command her in Martin's stead; thus he was thrust into service unprepared, and here he felt the certainty that his death was approaching. That morning, Sir Peter Parker (the captain,) in leaning backwards over the taffrail to make remarks upon the rigging at the mizen-top-gallant-mast head, let his laced cocked hat fall off. He said, very thoughtfully, and in a very unusual manner, 'I much fear my head will follow, this evening.' From this moment he became thoughtful and reserved; he prepared his will with the purser; he destroyed his letters; he made several allusions to his wife and children; and at dinner—I dined alone with him that day—he was unusually reserved and dull; a kind of melancholy settled upon his countenance, and every feature indicated some secret foreboding awfully present to his imagination. Nine o'clock came; the boats were manned, and I, as his aid-de-camp, took my usual seat in his gig.—All the boats left the ship at the same time, and with muffled oars and breathless silence, we approached the land-

ing place. When the gig's keel grated on the sand, and the boat stopped, I was surprised to find Sir Peter Parker remain motionless on his seat; and knowing his usual ambition to be first, I was rather slack in asking, which I was obliged to do, if I should land first. This awoke our chief from his lethargy, but instead of walking over the gang-board, he stepped overboard alongside in the water, and walked on shore.—The preparation of forming the men, selecting the advance-guard, and giving necessary orders, diverted Sir Peter from his melancholy, and he appeared as animated, and flushed with as much hope and confidence, as on any former occasion. \* \* \*

Sir Peter Parker mounted a steed, and, turning round to his army, gave the word, 'Battalion, advance!' Having some orders to deliver to the different officers, I passed in the rear, and on my return saw poor Sands; he expressed himself more and more satisfied that his end was approaching, and seemed only vexed at the idea of his marching a measured step to his inevitable destruction. I left him watchful as to his men, but irrevocably lost as to moral courage. \* \* \*

To this moment Sir Peter Parker cheered on the Marines with his usual determined courage; but now his voice failed, and he fell in my arms—a buck shot had cut the femoral artery, and he was bleeding to death. \* \* \*

We sent on shore a flag of truce in the morning. The Americans were aware they had killed the Captain; for they produced his shoe which had fallen from his foot. They likewise mentioned the death of poor Sands; a grapeshot struck him just above the heart. *Metropolitan.*

**A RETENTIVE MEMORY.**—A young man, a short time since, solicited a favour of a neighbour in opulent circumstances in the village in which he resided: the answer was, "No, you have nothing to expect from me, until you return the nine-pence your father charged me for the pounding of my pigs, thirty years ago this very day!"

Those minds are most prone to suspicion that are the most intimate and familiar with vice, as the perpetrator of a crime is ever in dread of treachery in an accomplice: guilt may, in fact, be compared to the heart; and suspicions are as so many ramifications, like the veins and arteries, that carry their own nourishment to and fro.

## MRS. SIDDONS.

A review of Miss Fanny Kemble's new Tragedy, in "Blackwood's Magazine," introduces the following eloquent sketch of Mrs. Siddons. It is supposed to be from the pen of Professor Wilson:

"We trust that we have too much good sense to attempt painting a picture of Sarah Siddons. In her youth, 'tis said, she was beautiful, even lovely, and won men's hearts as 'Rosalind.' But beauty is a fading flower. It faded from her face, ere one wrinkle had touched that fixed paleness which seldom was tinged with any colour, even in the whirlwind of passion. Light went and came across those finest features at the coming and going of each feeling or thought; but faint was the change of hue ever visible on that glorious marble. It was the magnificent countenance of an animated statue—in the stillness of its idealized beauty instinct with all the emotions of our mortal life. Idealized beauty! Did we not say that beauty had faded from her face! Yes—but it was overspread with a kindred expression, for which we withhold the name, only because it seemed more divine, inspiring awe that overpowering while it mingled with delight—more than regal—say rather immortal. Such an image surely had never before trode, nor ever again will tread, the enchanted floor. In all stateliest shews of waking woe she dwindled the stateliest into insignificance; her Majesty made others mean; in her sunlike light all stars "paled their ineffectual fires." But none knew the troubled grandeur of guilt, till they saw her in 'Lady Macbeth,' walking in her sleep, and, as she wrung her hands, striving in pain to wash from them the engrained murder. 'Not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten this little hand!' The whisper came as from the hollow grave, and more hideously haunted than ever was the hollow grave, seemed then to be the cell of her heart! Shakspeare's self had learned something then from a sight of Siddons."

## TO MY BOOKS.

My faithful monitors! amusing friends!  
To whom in sorrow, sickness, and despair,  
And when by grief oppressed, my spirit bends  
To earth, with sure reliance I repair  
And solace find, and kindred hearts to share  
And sympathize with feelings, which the  
cold,  
The proud, and selfish, deem it weak to bear.  
Oh! ever let me sweet communion hold  
With ye, the immortal shades of minds of  
heavenly mould!

## RETROSPECTIVE.

## MAHOMETANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

—History relates a singular anecdote of an Arabian caliph, named Omar, who, on arriving at Jerusalem to receive the submission and surrender of that famous city, was shewn the stone which tradition said, served Jacob as a pillar, when he had the vision of the mystical ladder. The Christians had taken no care of the stone, or the place where it was fixed, inasmuch that it was almost buried in filth. Omar, being greatly offended at the neglect they had shewn to so venerable a monument, resolved to cleanse the place himself; to which end, he took up in the skirts of his robe, as much filth as they could contain, and carried it to some distance, where he threw it down. The other Mussulmen who accompanied him, took a pride in following his example, and in a few minutes the stone, as well as the ground about it, were rendered tolerably clean. The caliph then ordered his attendants to wash the stone, after which he fell on his knees and prayed. This incident is a manifest proof of the veneration which the first Mussulmen shewed to the ancient patriarchs. On the other hand, the Asiatic Christians of those days, were equally corrupt both in heart and mind, being Christians only in profession, giving themselves up to every species of vice, and seem to have been left unpunished, only that they might be the scoff of the Mahometans.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—The following historical fact will shew with what punctuality and exactness this monarch attended to the most minute affairs. An English lady, being possessed of shares in a commercial company, and having occasion to raise money on them, repaired to Antwerp, and made application for that purpose to a director of the company, established there by the king of Prussia, for the managing all affairs relative thereto. This person very willingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to lend, being far short of what the shares were worth, and also insisting on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in twelve months, she broke off with him, and had recourse to some merchants, who were inclinable to treat with her on much more equitable terms. The proceeding necessarily brought the parties before this director to receive his sanction, which was essential to the solidity of

the agreement; and he, finding he was likely to lose the advantage he had flattered himself with obtaining from the transaction, disputed the authenticity of the shares, and thereby threw her into such discredit, as to render all attempts to raise money on them ineffectual. Upon this, the lady wrote by the common post to the king of Prussia, accompanied with a memorial, complaining of the treatment she had received from the director, and likewise enclosed the shares in another letter to a friend at Berlin. By return of post, his Majesty condescended to answer her letter, and the shares were returned authenticated, which so restored her credit, that in a few hours all difficulties were removed, and the director felt the king's resentment for his ungallant behaviour.

Our fair readers will be astonished at their great grand-dames when they read the following order of King Henry the Eighth, for the supply of Lady Lucy's table and household requisites:

HENRY, By the King.

We wol and commaunde you to allowe dailly from hensforth, unto our right dere and wel beloved, the lady Lucy, into her chambre, the Dyat faire hereafter ensuyng :

First—Every morning at brekefast, oon chyne of beyf, at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon manchet at our pantrye barr, and a golen of ale at our buttrye barr :

Item—At dyner, a pese of beyf, a stroke of roste, and a rewarde at our said kechyn, a caste of chete bread at our pantrye barr, and half a galon of ale at our buttrye barr :

Item—At afternone, a manchet at our pantrye barr, and half a galon of ale at our buttrye barr :

Item—At supper, a moss of porage, a pese of mutton, and a rewarde at our said kechyn, a caste of chete bread at our pantrye, and a galon of ale at our buttrye :

Item—At after-supper, a chete loff and a manchet at our pantrye barr, a golen of ale at our buttrye barr, and half a golen of wine at our seller barr :

Item—Every morning, at our wood-yard, four tall shyde and twoo fagots :

Item—At our chaundrye barr in winter, ev'ry night, oon picket and four syes of waxe, with eight candells, white lights, and oon torch :

Item—At our picker-house. weekly, six white cuppas :

Item—At ev'ry time of our removal,

oon hool cart, for the carriage of her stuff :

And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe, at all tymes hereafter. Given under our segnette, at our manour of Esthampetede, the 17th day of July, the 14th yere of our reign.

To the lord steward of our household, the treasurer, comptroller, cofferer, clerks of the green clothe, the clerks of our kechyn, and to all other our hed officers of our kechyn, and to all other our hed officers of our said houshold and to ev'ry of them.

### Table Talk.

HINT TO THE FAIR.—A gay young lady, rather disposed to enjoy the sighs of her admirers, without holding any hopes of her favour to any particular one among them, once asked an old bachelor, "Why love-making should always commence with the gentlemen?" The question being popped rather suddenly the old gentleman was posed for a few moments, but recovering himself said "Wooing, madam, is but an affectionate seeking,—now we never seek for what we have, but for what we have not. It is therefore more proper for the man to seek for what he has lost, than for the woman to seek for what she has already. The man, you know, has lost his rib, and he seeks after her that has it, because she has it; and that is a sufficient reason why women woo not, but are wooed." "I wonder who has got your rib," said the lady, laughing. "Never mind my rib," replied the old gentleman, and then slyly added, "take care that you yourself are not like the man who had liberty given him to go through a wood and make choice of the best staff he could find, provided he chose one in *going on*, and not in his returning." "What did he do?" enquired the lady, not aware of what was to follow. "Why," continued her friend, "he walked along, and with a curious eye, where he might best suit himself; he saw many that were straight, tall, and good-looking, and that would answer his purpose, well,—but no, these would not content him, so on he goes still expecting a better, till at last he came to the end of the wood, and then he found none but crooked and ill-looking ones to choose from, and no great choice of them either." The lady now perceiving the

meaning intended by the sly old gentleman, not a little mortified, replied, "I know, however, at which end of the wood you grow." And 'tis said, from that day she ceased to be a coquette.

**LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.**—The chief magistrate of London was anciently called "The Bailiff of the City," which title remained in use until the coronation of Richard I., when it was changed by that monarch into the present one of Mayor, or Lord Mayor; the Mayor assisted at that ceremony, and during the coronation feast was chief butler. The word mayor is derived (as well as many other names introduced about this period) from the French, who had their "Maire du Palace," or "Mayors of the Palace." Though history has given Henry Fitzalwyn the honour of being first Lord Mayor (at the coronation of Richard) no written record is extant, in which that title can be found before the year 1203, when in a charter granted by John, the preamble sets forth "the Mayor and citizens of London."

J. S. C.

**ELIZABETH WOODVILLE**, wife of Edward IV., had been noticed in the history of her times, on account of the great variety of fortune which it was her lot to endure. By the death of her first husband, Sir John Gray, who died fighting on the side of Henry VI., she was reduced to great distress, as her estates became confiscated, on the ascendancy of the Yorkists to power; for the recovery of part of the property thus lost, she appeared at court as an humble suitor, when Edward\* (although at the same time engaged in a treaty with the French king for his daughter), struck with her appearance, having vainly attempted seduction, married her; by him she had ten children. Excepting a short period when Edward was obliged to fly the kingdom (on account of her marriage with him) during the whole of his life she enjoyed much felicity; but after his death, by the usurpation of Richard III., her fortunes experienced a change, as severe as it was sudden; she saw her own brother beheaded, and her children (Edward V. and the Duke of York), cruelly murdered. After this, on Henry VII.'s ascending the throne, and his marriage with the Lady Elizabeth her daughter, she again appeared likely to

pass the remainder of her life in happiness, but on some frivolous pretence, Harry committed her to close confinement in the nunnery at Bermondsey, where, after some years, she ended her life in poverty and solitude. She founded Queen's College, Cambridge.

J. S. C.

**A DROUTHY PORT.**—One hot, sultry Sunday, in July, several years ago, when a late Minister of Carnwath in Scotland, was discharging his important duties in the parish church, to a crowded audience, the attention of the congregation was diverted from the discourse of the Rev. Gentleman, by the following singular occurrence:—An individual, whose appearance bespoke him a denizen of that quarter of the parish, "where heather blooms, and moorcocks crawl," yclept Lang Whang, and who has since become celebrated through all Clydesdale, as the poet of Wishawtown, left his seat, walked along the passage to the pulpit, deliberately ascended the stair, and grasping with both hands the basin of water which was to be used in celebrating the ordinance of baptism, coolly drank off the contents, to the no small astopishment of the whole assembly, then replaced the utensil, and resumed his seat with the greatest composure. The bellman having supplied an additional supply of water, the services of the day were concluded in the ordinary manner, the Minister giving the kirk officer a hint to watch the delinquent at the dismissal of the congregation, and request his attendance in the session house. The bard appeared accordingly, when the following colloquy took place:—"Well, James, what was the reason of your extraordinary conduct this day, in drinking the water set apart for celebrating the sacrament of baptism."—"Indeed, Sir, ye needna speir that, I think! I was in a stove o'heat, and like to perish wi' dronth; I could not help it; it was the last shift."—"The last shift, James? could ye not have left the church?" "Oa, I dare say I might, Sir, but it would alarm my freens; and do ye no min' saying yeersel, that whoever was thirsty, was to come and tak the water o' life freely."—"But that was in a spiritual sense, James." "Aweel, yon wought o' caller water put baith life an' spirit in me. I assure ye, Sir, if it hadna been it, I wadna heard you to amen; an what the waur was Jock there, o'trouin awa' for anither jug foun' the time o' the Psalms; ye've much to

\* On Edward's first addressing her on the subject of love, she is said to have told him, "that though too low for his wife, she was too high for his concubine."

mak a wark, or elso no;" and so saying, the Poet turned on his heel, and left the Minister and his elder gaping at each other in silent astonishment.

**SINGULAR HABITS.**—The Emperor Joseph used to intimate the close of a private audience by rubbing his hands, which was a signal for the party to retire; and Mr. Pitt, while listening to any scheme or application would gradually raise his right arm, and its falling was an indication that he had heard enough.

**MILITARY JUSTICE.**—The following story gives a lively idea of the Russian rule of Poland:—A Jew met a Cossack in the forest; the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town he lodged a complaint with the Major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reputed to be a most rigorous disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when with the utmost effrontery he declared that he had found the horse. "How?" replied the Jew, "I was on his back." "Yes," returned the Cossack, "I found you too; but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was deemed sufficient, and the Jew lost his steed.

A few days since, a gentleman complained to his neighbour of having been very severely stung by a wasp; to which the friend replied, "that he was quite certain he was mistaken, for wasps were never to be seen at this time of the year, and it must have been some other insect."—The gentleman not being easily persuaded to think otherwise, firmly alledged, "that he was confident of it, for he saw the wasp;" but suddenly, doubting himself for a moment, he continued, "but then it might have—it may be though—" "Oh no, my dear fellow," replied the other, smilingly interrupting him, "that idea is equally ridiculous; for this is April, and *May bees* never appear till next month."

ASHBURY.

**MR. POPE—ABBE RAYNAL—MALHERBES—LA QUINTINIE.**—Sir Joshua Reynolds used to tell the following anecdote relative to Pope:—When he was a young man, he was present at an auction of very scarce pictures, which attracted a great crowd of connoisseurs and others; when, in the moment of a very interesting piece being put up, Mr. Pope entered the room. All was in an instant, from a scene of confusion and bustle, a dead calm. The auctioneer, as if by instinct, suspended

his hammer. The audience, to an individual, as if by the same impulse, rose up to receive the poet; and did not resume their seats till he had reached the upper end of the room.

A similar honour was paid to the Abbe Raynal, whose reputation was such, that the Speaker of the House of Commons observing him among the spectators, suspended the business of the house till he had seen the eloquent historian placed in a more commodious seat. It is painful to relate, that this powerful writer, and good man, who narrowly escaped the guillotine, expired in a garret, in extreme poverty, at the age of eighty-four; the only property he left being one assignat of fifty livres, worth not threepence in ready money. Perhaps one might have applied the following anecdote (told by Dr. Drake in his Literary Hours) to Abbe Raynal:—"A respectable character, having long figured in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length, he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. "Do you live alone?" said the curate, "With whom, sir, is it possible I should live? I am wretched, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, sir, if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog.—"Ah, sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor took his purse, and giving it to him, "take this, sir," said he, "this is mine—this I can give."

Mons. Malherbes loved to relate an answer made to him by a common fellow, during his stay at Paris, when he was obliged to go four times every day to the prison of the Temple, to attend the king; his extreme age did not allow him to walk, and he was compelled to take a carriage. One day, particularly, when the weather was intensely severe, he perceived, on coming out of the vehicle, that the driver was benumbed with cold. "My friend,"

said Malherbes to him, in his naturally tender manner, "you must be penetrated by the cold, and I am really sorry to take you abroad in this bitter season."—"That's nothing, M. de Malherbes; in such a cause as this, I'd travel to the world's end without complaining." "Yes, but your poor horses could not."—"Sir," replied the honest coachman, "*my horses think as I do.*"

The famous La Quintinie, director of the royal gardens in France, obtained from Louis XIV. an abbacy for his son, in one of the remote provinces; and going soon afterwards to make the abbot a visit, (who was not then settled in his apartments) he was entertained and lodged by a neighbouring gentleman with great friendliness and hospitality. La Quintinie, soon examined the gardens of his host; he found the situation beautiful, and the soil excellent; but every thing was rude, savage, and neglected; nature had done much, art nothing. The guest, delighted with his friendly reception, took leave with regret, and some months after, sent one of the king's gardeners, and four under gardeners, to the gentleman, with strict command to accept of no gratuity.—They took possession of his little inclosure the moment they arrived, and having digged it many times over, they manured, replanted it, and left one of their number behind them, as a settled servant in the family. This young man was soon solicited to assist the neighbourhood, and filled their kitchen gardens and fruit gardens with the best productions of every kind.

### Varieties.

CLEM and Dinah went to a magistrate in Virginia to be married. Clem asked the magistrate his price. It was, said he, two dollars for marrying coloured people. Clem asked how much he had to marry white people—five dollars, said the magistrate. Well, said Clem, you marry Dinah and I as you do white people, and I will give you five dollars. And, so, after the ceremony, the magistrate demanded his fee: Clem said, "O no, massa, you no come up to de agreement—you no kiss da bride." "Get out of my office, you rascal," said the magistrate. So Clem got married for nothing.

CURRAN AND THE COW.—A few days before his death, he was taking an airing with some friends, and as the state

of his health would only allow the carriage to proceed at a very slow rate, a cow that was grazing at the road side, put her head in at the coach window. "What a very curious circumstance," exclaimed one of the gentlemen. "Not at all, sir," replied Mr. Curran, "she knew you were Irish, and was looking for a Bull."

HUNTING BY STEAM.—A friend of mine startled me a little by declaring that he occasionally took the same horse ninety miles to cover, and, after a day's hunting, brought his horse a like distance. "Unless you hunt by steam," I exclaimed, "it is impossible!" "Why," says he, "that's the whole secret; I go with my horse on board the steamer at Quebec, and reach Trois Rivières, in good time to breakfast, hunt with my father-in-law, who keeps a pack, and return to Quebec by the afternoon boat."—*Ferguson's Notes on a Visit to the United States and Canada, in 1831.*

An Irish rustic was once indicted for stealing some sheep from Gerald Fitz-Maurice, Esq. and pleaded his ignorance of the owner, or that they were not common property, as (he said) he found them on the commons in the neighbourhood. "What," said the magistrate, "did you not see G. F. M. the initials of the owner's name, on the sheep?" "Yes, I saw the letters; but I thought they meant *Good Fat Mutton*, and given for me."

ROYAL REPROOF.—The king (Geo. III.) ordered Mr. S—, a tradesman of some eminence in London, to wait upon him at Windsor Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning of a day appointed. Mr. S— was half an hour behind the time, and upon being announced, his Majesty said, "Desire him to come at eight o'clock to-morrow morning." Mr. S— appeared the next day again after the time, and received the same command—the third day he contrived to be punctual; and, upon his entrance, the king said, "Oh, the great Mr. S—! What sleep do you take Mr. S—?" "Why, please your Majesty, I'm a man of regular habits—I usually take eight hours." "Too much, too much!" said the king, "six hours sleep is enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool; eight for a fool, Mr. S—!"

Mr. Fox, while one day walking up Bond-street, with an illustrious personage, laid him a wager that he would see more cats than the Prince in his walk, and that he might take which

side of the way he liked. When they got to the top, it was found that Mr. Fox had seen thirteen cats, and the Prince not one. The royal personage asked for an explanation of the apparent miracle, and Mr. Fox said, "Your Royal Highness took, of course, the shady side of the way, as most agreeable; I knew that the sunny side would be left to me, and cats always prefer the sunshine."

A CELEBRATED oculist, after performing the operation of couching an old woman, inquired if she could read a book of a certain sized print, to which she replied in the negative; another coat of film was to be displaced; when, just as the operator was about to resume, she cried with admirable *naïveté*, "Mayhap it be, Sir, 'cause I never larnt, I be no scholar."

THE life of William the First, of the House of Orange, was preserved by the sagacity of his lap-dog. Some Spanish troopers having penetrated into his tent while he was reposing, the little animal jumped on the couch, and scratched the face of his royal master till he was roused to a sense of his danger. When William fell, at length, a victim to assassination, the dog refused food, pined, and died; and on the magnificent tomb of the Prince in the cathedral at Delft, it is represented sleeping at his feet.

*Lines written in pencil at the back of 'Paine's Rights of Man,' which a Friend had left open by accident.*

Hath Woman then no rights, presumptuous Paine?

Is Man thy idol, arrogant and vain?

Woman be mine, but still on reason's plan

Her rights I raise above the rights of Man.

'Tis her's to rule with absolute control

Each rude excess of his too lordly soul;

Yet rule with such a just, persuasive sway,

That Man shall be both proud and happy to obey.

Rev. Wm. Cowper.

A VERY SINGULAR FACT.—Insects are actuated by feelings somewhat similar to those possessed by the higher animal—they rob and spoil, defend their homes, are jealous, revengeful, and disputative, and war in armies. Thus bees, if the meat of one hive be spent, will assail their next neighbours, with intent to rob and spoil them of their provisions: the white ants have a portion of their community set apart for the duties of war, and they exhibit the most perfect form of insect tactics.—Ant-battles have been recorded from the oldest times.

AFFECTION OF PIGEONS.—A man, set to watch a field of peas, which had been much preyed upon by pigeons, shot an old cock pigeon which had long

been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many a year cooed, and nourished from his own crop, and assisted in rearing numerous young ones, immediately settled on the ground by his side, and showed her grief in the most expressive manner. The labourer took up the dead bird, and tied it to a short stake, thinking that it would frighten away the other depredators. In this situation, however, his partner did not forsake him, but continued, day after day, walking slowly round the stick. The kind-hearted wife of the bailiff of the farm at last heard of the circumstance, and immediately went to afford what relief she could to the poor bird. She told me that, on arriving at the spot, she found that the hen bird was much exhausted and that she had made a circular beaten track round the dead pigeon, making, now and then, a little spring towards him. On the removal of the dead bird the hen returned to the dove-cot.

GENEROSITY may sometimes be carried to so great an extent, that, if it be not a fault, it is at least a culpable weakness: such it is when we make those sacrifices to others which produce unhappiness to ourselves, much more than counterbalancing the pleasure resulting from the consciousness of our having contributed to the happiness of another.

ANECDOTE OF A FARMER.—An extraordinary instance of avarice and speculation has lately been discovered in France. Mons. Foscue, one of the farmers general of the province of Languedoc, who had amassed a considerable wealth by grinding the faces of the poor within his province, and every other means, however low, base, or cruel, by which he rendered himself universally hated, was one day ordered by the government to raise a considerable sum; upon which, as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty: but fearing lest some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved on hiding his treasure in such a manner, as to escape the most strict examination. He dug a kind of cave in his wine cellar, which he made so large and deep, that he used to go down a ladder to it; at the entrance was a door with a spring-lock on it, which on shutting would fasten of itself. Very lately Mons. Foscue was missing; diligent search was made after him in every



place; the ponds were drawn, and every method which human imagination could suggest, was taken for finding him; but all in vain. In a short time after his house was sold, and the purchaser beginning either to rebuild it, or make some alterations in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened, and on going down, they found Monsieur Foscoe lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle in it, which he had eat; and on searching farther, they found the vast wealth which he had amassed. It is supposed that when Mons. Foscoe went into his cave, the door by some accident shut after him, and being out of the call of any person, he perished for want of food. He had gnawed the flesh off both his arms, as is supposed for subsistence. Thus did this miser die in the midst of his treasure, to the scandal of himself, and to the prejudice of the state.

We are often prone to doubt even the object most dear to us; selfish in our attachments, we expect the undivided love of those to whom we are attached, and the merest trifles will often excite our most torturing jealousies and fears.

AFFECTION is the monster that can cloud the beauty of the finest form, and prevent the qualities of the noblest mind. Surely then; if woman did but

see it in its naked and sickening deformity, she would shrink from imitating—nay, from the very thought of an object so loathsome, as she would flee at sight of the poisoned basilisk.

VESALIUS prepared the first skeleton that lent regular assistance to the progress of science, and suffered the persecution generally allotted to the early champions of truth. When he began to dissect human bodies, he was considered by the people as an impious and cruel man; and before he could practise publicly, he was obliged to get a decision in his favour from the Salamanca divines. They would not let him settle in France, but the Republic of Venice gave him a professor's chair at Padua, where he dissected openly, and taught anatomy seven years. He was but eighteen when he published his celebrated book *La Fabricque du Corps Humain*. The first complete skeleton he presented to the University of Bale; where it was lately to be seen. Vesalius (Andrew Vesal) was shipwrecked on the isle of Zante, in the year 1564, and was famished to death in the deserts! His body was found by a goldsmith of his acquaintance, who happened to land there not long after, and by this man buried.

#### EPIGRAM.

On her is soft beauty shewn the lily and rose:  
True—the former her cheek—the latter her nose.

### Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, April 11.

*Sun rises 55m. aft. 5—Sets 47m. aft. 6.*

Thursday, April 12.

First Anniversary of the death of that eminent, and ever to be lamented divine, the Rev. Basil Wood, etat 70; author of numerous popular tracts and discourses.

Friday, April 13.

CAMBRIDGE TERMS ENDS.

Saturday, April 14.

OXFORD TERMS ENDS.

Sunday, April 15.

*Lessons for the Day.*—9 ch. of *Exodus*, morn.  
10 ch. of *Exodus*, even.

PALM SUNDAY.—In the missals, this day is denominated *Dominica in ramis palmarum*. It is a commemoration of our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, recorded in Matthew xxi, Mark xi, and Luke xix. Palm Sunday was also called *Dominica Magna*, 'the great Sunday,' in reference to the following week. It was formerly the custom in some of the northern parts of England, for the young men and maids who receive the sacrament, to walk after dinner in the corn fields, and repeat some forms of blessing the corn and

fruits of the earth.—About ten o'clock at night, on the eve of Palm Sunday, the 'unwashed and lean artificers' of the eastern part of London, proceed in a body, often amounting to several hundreds, (many of them accompanied by their wives and children), to Stuka-house, at Hornsey, where, and in the adjoining fields, they carouse till the break of day, 'murdering the sleep' of all the faithful lieges in the neighbourhood with their obstreperous and John Bullish rejoicements. When morning dawns, they do not scruple to commit sundry trespasses on the grounds of the 'nobility and gentry,' collect their 'palm branches,' and in 'maudlin mood,' quarrelling with their spouses and castigating their turbulent brats, they *relax* their weary way to dirt and wretchedness, not failing to insult every respectable person they meet *en route*.

Monday, April 16.

EASTER TERM COMMENCES.

Tuesday, April 17.

Those who feel interested in astronomical occurrences, will derive much pleasure in telescopic observation of the fixed stars about this period, for which the fine nights are peculiarly favourable.



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## Illustrated Article.

### THE MERCHANT OF LYONS.

FOR THE OLIO.

JACQUES St. Julien and Suzette de Vallois, the father of the former, who was one of the principal merchants of Lyons, had seen with unbounded satisfaction, that his son was passionately enamoured with the amiable daughter of one of his oldest friends. It was a match in every way suitable for him. Monsieur de Vallois was a man of considerable wealth, though not engaged in commerce; he had at first been much averse to the union taking place, on account of the wild and reckless disposition of the young St. Julien; and strange accounts had reached Lyons, of his proceedings during a two years residence at Paris; but upon his return to Lyons, the charms of the fair Suzette had so worked upon him, that his irregularities were abandoned, and he sank from the gay and dissipated man

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of fashion, into the staid and industrious merchant; and it is but justice to him to say, that it was not outwardly alone, that he had become an altered man. Some scenes in which he had borne a part at Paris, and his narrow escapes from infamy and destruction, had determined him to make a strong effort to effect a total change in his habits and dispositions; and the presence of his dear Suzette had strengthened these resolutions, until their practice had shewn him, that during the eighteen months he had been at Lyons, after his return from Paris, he had been for the first time in his life, a happy and contented man. There was but one thing galled him, and that was, any allusion to his residence at Paris. It was clear there was something connected with it, which he could not drive from his remembrance, and since it seemed sensibly to annoy him, all mention of it was studiously avoided.

The change that had taken place, removed the only objection entertained by

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Monsieur de Vallois to the marriage, who willingly gave his consent to the union taking place; and on the appointed day, young St. Julien led to the altar the fair and blooming Suzette, and in the face of Heaven, they interchanged their vows of constancy and fidelity.

Jacques St. Vallois felt that he was now a truly happy man; possessed of the being he so fondly loved, enjoying the sweet communion of reciprocal affection, unclouded by the discontent of poverty, his course of life flowed on as gently and as calmly as the summer's brook that musically ripples on, without impediment.

He was one day sitting with his wife in their dining-room, conning over some circumstances of domestic life, looking upon the busy groups that thronged the Quay, and at times, upon the merry laughing tenants of the boats that shot along the Rhone's swift stream, whose loud joyous laugh gave token of their presence, even when the gloom of the closing summer's evening had begun to envelope them in its obscurity. He was holding one of his wife's hands, listlessly playing with her fingers, and felt that he was enjoying one of those moments of life, when the lightness of our spirits bids us feel for a short space, a sensation of true and pure happiness;—the door opened, and the servant announced a gentleman, who wished to speak with Monsieur "St. Julien."

"Did he mention his name?"

"He said his name was not of consequence, though his business was."

"Oh, shew him into the counting-house, some of the clerks will attend to him."

"I wished to have done so, Sir; but he said he was no merchant, and that his business was with you alone."

"Well, shew him in, since he is desirous of seeing me."

The person advanced; he was a man of middle age, with a countenance of a dark and sinister expression, and his clothes, which were covered with dust, shewed that he had just completed a long journey. After cautiously looking to see the door was closed, he approached towards de Vallois, and gazing at him, said—

"You have not forgotten me, have you?"

"Good Heavens! it cannot be the Chevalier Arnaud?"

"The same."

"Why is this? why Sir am I to be hunted down in this manner, do you

again seek to entangle me in your meshes?"

"Softly, softly, my good Sir; you are alarming this lady without cause."

"Suzette, my love, will you leave us a few moments? It is long since I have seen this gentleman, and we have something of importance to speak about."

His wife obeyed with reluctance, pausing at the door, to say they were engaged to spend the evening at her father's, and it was almost time they were gone. She scarce noticed the Chevalier's attention in opening the door as she passed through, and left him and her husband together.

"Arnaud," said St. Julien, advancing; "you have broken the compact betwixt us; when I furnished you with money, to begin the world as an honest man, you promised never again to obtrude yourself upon me."

"I did."

"Nay, more; you professed gratitude to me, for doing that you had no right to expect."

"I did so, and felt it."

"Felt it," echoed the other, with a bitter laugh.

"Yes, I say again, felt it."

"And yet, yet you shew it, by breaking the only promise I exacted from you."

"Listen to me, and I will explain my conduct. You, of course, remember that night at Paris, when having lost at the Salons far more than you were enabled to pay, we passed a forged Bill of Exchange."

"Oh! merciful heaven! after all the anguish I have suffered, must I still have my crimes thrown in my face by my very associates?"

"Be calm, and listen: you remember too, it was a bill at three years' date, and that a few days after we had passed it—you gave me the money to take it up."

"I did! I did!"

"Of course you did, and I don't deny it; and I was going to the person to do so, but somehow or other, passing by the Salons, I just looked in to see what they were about, and—and—I lost the money before—I knew I had been playing—I was afraid to tell you the circumstance, so I said the bill had been taken up, and that I had destroyed it—but it was all a fiction."

"Ha, ha, ha," said the agonised St. Julien, "now you are laughing at me; come, laugh and say it is all a jest."

"I wish it were, but the worst part of the story is, that the bill being due,

has been discovered to be a forgery, and is now in the possession of the police, who are tracing it through the hands of the different holders until they will come upon you; now, as I felt I owed you a debt of gratitude, I have travelled day and night from Paris, to give you notice to save yourself."

"Then am I a lost and ruined man!"

"Not at all, the Frontiers of Savoy are but a few leagues from hence, and there you are in safety."

"I will not fly."

"Not fly?"

"No!"

"Are you mad?"

"If I am not, I soon shall be."

"This is folly."

"Call it madness, desperation, or what you will. Oh, thou villain, you taught me first to play—led me on step by step, squandered my money, and then planged me in the lowest depth of crime. I am lost for ever," saying which, he paced the room to and fro with quick and agitated steps, until a gentle knocking at the door attracted his attention, and his wife's voice, saying—

"St. Julien, shall you be much longer? I am dressed, and only waiting until you are ready."

"Longer! Heaven only knows. I will follow you to your father's—do not wait for me."

"I cannot go without you," replied his wife. "I'll wait up stairs," and she slowly turned away.

"Well, St. Julien," said Arnaud, "are you determined not to seek your safety in flight?—come, think better of it, and be guided by me."

"Yes, I have before trusted to your guidance, and what has been the result: I am a lost and ruined man—no, I will stand and face the danger. My reputation—my name—all blasted and destroyed. Oh! guilt! guilt! when once a man has been contaminated by thee, thou wilt not be shaken off by him, but with the course of time, com'st rushing on to overwhelm him."

"Well, I can see no use in moralizing; I shall not consider myself safe until I am at Chambery; I have horses waiting at hand—so, for the last time, will you accompany me?"

"I will not."

"Then, fare thee well," said the chevalier, leaving the room, muttering to himself about the folly of staying for the police, when he might so easily gain the start of them.

The night brought neither rest nor

sleep to St. Julien; his wife, who perceived the agony of mind under which he laboured, forbore to question him; she saw that she could not alleviate his sufferings, but determined in the morning to see his father, and mention the circumstance of the preceding evening to him, not doubting, that if any thing were wrong, it was in his power to rectify it.

As St. Julien ascended the stairs in the morning, he was informed a gentleman was waiting in the breakfast room to speak to him; as he entered, he perceived a person dressed in black, who rose to return his salutation.

"I am speaking I believe to Mons. St. Julien?"

"The same, sir."

"I am sorry to say my business is of an unpleasant nature: I am the commissary of the town, and have this morning received orders from Paris, to arrest you. I am afraid there must be some mistake, but as your name and address are so particularly described, I have no alternative but obeying my instructions."

"Heaven's will be done," said St. Julien, passing his hand across his eyes, and trying to suppress a rising sigh. "Oh that this had happened, ere I had mixed my wife's fate with mine. Suzette! Suzette! I did not wrong thee willingly; as Heaven knows all, I have striven to be an honest and an upright man; but the crimes of former days are marshalled against me, and cry out for justice."

The commissary turned away, to avoid hearing the sentence uttered by St. Julien; "my instructions Sir," said he, "are simply to arrest you; they do not state the cause, but merely say, further instructions will be sent; in the absence of these, I do not wish to act harshly; from the known respectability of your family, I am willing to run some risks, if you will promise me not to leave the town, I will not alarm your family by taking you from them, until I hear from Paris, that such a proceeding is absolutely necessary—have I your promise?"

"This is indeed, kind; I can safely promise you, since my inclinations do not prompt me to avoid any charge that may be brought against me."

The commissary rose to withdraw, after this assurance, expressing his belief that the charge against him arose from his having incautiously uttered some expressions against the Government, and which a little explanation might set to rights.

St. Julien thought, and knew, otherwise; he saw that he was now lost, without the least chance of escaping the impending accusation; nothing would now avail him; not even the high character and respectability of his connections would have any influence; justice would have its victim, and he must be that victim.

As soon as she had risen, Suzette hastened to her father-in-law to inform him of the agony of mind under which her husband suffered, and to beseech him to ascertain the cause, if it were not in his power to alleviate it. The elder St. Julien was surprised at Suzette's recital; he could not conceive that any thing could have occurred to distress her husband, as she had told him their affairs were in a highly prosperous situation; he would walk over, however, and speak to him on the subject.

On arriving at the house, they entered the breakfast-room—St. Julien was not there; they therefore ascended to his own room, it was true they found him, but what a sight for a wife and father! The body of St. Julien lay distended on the ground, whilst in one of his hands was grasped a pistol, the contents of which had been lodged in his head; the blood oozing from his forehead, streamed down his face, working its way along the ground. The unhappy man, driven to desperation by seeing his character and prospects in life blasted for ever, and unable to bear the dreadful images conjured up by his excited imagination, had, in a moment of phrenzy, seized the pistol, and by his own hand closed his career of life.

J. M. B.

#### MR. PITT.

THE following effusion of wit richly deserves to be preserved. When first published it fascinated every reader; and no one laughed at it more than Mr. Pitt himself.

#### CORONER'S INQUEST.

"On Saturday last the jury sat on the body of Mr. Tibbs, late overseer of the poor of the parish of Parlington, near Walmer Castle, Kent.

"The first witness examined was Mr. Ezekiel Wigsby, a respectable officer of the excise, who deposed, that ever since the first reading of Mr. Pitt's Defence Bill, the deceased had manifested an unaccountable degree of melancholy and depression of spirits; that, two days before he hung himself,

he heard the deceased say, that if Mr. Pitt's Bill passed, there would not be ten churchwardens in the kingdom who would not endeavour to make away with themselves, and that he for one would prefer leaving this world with the unspotted fame of an overseer of the poor, rather than be stigmatized after death with the name of Crimp or Recruiting Officer.

"Mrs. Tibbs, the inconsolable widow of Mr. Tibbs, was next sworn; and deposed, that Mr. Tibbs, ever since the Defence Bill was talked of, frequently started in his sleep, uttering expressions of the most unintelligible sort, such as 'Quota! Quota! Quota!' That the deceased often spoke in terms of great disrespect of a person of the name of Pitt, who, he said, would give him more trouble in running up and down the country, than his health and strength were equal to. That the deponent supposed the person so alluded to must be some one whom Mr. Tibbs, as a parish officer, had a warrant against, as the father of some illegitimate child; but she has since heard, and believed, that the deceased spoke of and concerning Mr. William Pitt, of Walmer Castle, Kent, a gentleman whose character has ever been irreproachable as to any such charge.

"Mr. Oliver Orifice, surgeon and apothecary, deposed, that he was called in to view the body of Mr. Tibbs, and had applied, though unsuccessfully, the various experiments advised by the Humane Society, such as thumping, scratching, and blowing into the deceased. The relations of Mr. Tibbs, unwilling to impute his death to suicide, attributed it chiefly to indigestion at a vestry feast held the day before. Accordingly, at their request, the deponent opened the stomach of the deceased, and found only the ordinary remains of a parish dinner, and a few pellets of printed paper, which, though certainly of an indigestible nature, could not have been the cause of his death. On unfolding the pellets of printed paper, there appeared the words, 'Be it farther enacted; 'Permanent Defence Bill; 'Overseers and Churchwardens; 'Fines and Penalties.'

"The worthy rector of the parish of Parlington deposed to the moral and religious conduct of Mr. Tibbs. He was confident, that as a man and a Christian, he would never have committed an act of suicide, but that he had merely hung himself in his pub-

lic character as an overseer. The rector owned that he had a vote for the University of Cambridge, but still must say, that he thought Mr. Tibbs's catastrophe was ascribable to Mr. Pitt's new Defence Bill, and the more so, as it had already driven great numbers of parish officers to acts of despair in the western and midland parts of England, who were found in canals and horse ponds daily and hourly, having destroyed themselves as the Chinese do, from mere motives of alarm and apprehension.

"Mr. Coroner informed the parson he could not receive this as evidence.

"Serjeant Flanagan was lastly called in, and deposed, that he had known the late Mr. Tibbs ever since he had been with his recruiting party in Kent; that on Wednesday last, Mr. Tibbs enquired of him, the deponent, what a parish officer could do to raise men for an army? That the deponent told him, he must refuse parish relief to all who refused to enlist; that Mr. Tibbs replied, that he had a soul to be saved, and so had several of the neighbouring justices, and that he would take no such step;—that the deponent then informed the deceased, that he must buy a drum, and three hundred yards of ribbon for cockades. Mr. Tibbs said, if he bought a drum, he did not know how to beat it, and looked very melancholy; that he saw him soon after go into a collar-maker's shop, hard by, who sells halters, patent blacking, and other quack medicines.

"Here the evidence closed, which Mr. Coroner summed up with his usual clearness and impartiality. The jury retired a very short time, and brought in a verdict of 'Wilful murder of Mr. Tibbs, overseer, by Mr. Pitt's new Defence Bill.'"

#### A WORD OR TWO ON BEGGARS.

*For the Olio.*

I SHALL begin by noticing those beggars who attack one in the street. To describe them all would require a volume of no ordinary size; the insect tribe have not a more numerous species; "their name is legion for they are many." I speak not of the numberless wretched creatures who now haunt the streets of London, with wan countenances and attenuated frames, who have not served their apprenticeship to beggary and vagabondism.—These miserable beings have my pity;

the beggars by birth and education,—the downright "cadgers,"\* (whence is the word derived?) are the very refuse of our species;—they are the English Lazzaroni.

Observe that bleared-eyed old man wipe with the back of his left hand his colourless lips, as the door of the gin—I beg pardon, the "Wine Vaults," bangs behind him. His right, palsied by intemperance, grasps a bundle of religious tracts. He advances with a look of assumed humility, and, offering you his wares, eructates his gin in your face. You refuse him, he turns upon his heel and growls a curse upon your stinginess. See, he is more successful with the fat woman who is about to turn the corner. She gives him a penny, and his eye is again turned upon that terrestrial hell—the gin-shop.

There is another of the race, but in a different garb. He has a paper cap and a white apron, and solicits you to "lay out a trifle with a poor tradesman." Listen to his canting drawl; his voice is gentle and soft now, but he will be the loudest in the shilling gallery to-night.

There is another. This vagabond has nought of dress save a Guernsey frock, a pair of white coarse canvas trousers, and a sailor's hat; his feet are guiltless of shoes, for he needs them not; the soles are harder than those of a pair of dancing pumps. He sets up his back and shivers, and would have us believe that, like poor Tom, he is "a-cold." Not he, his skin is like leather. Could you get a peep at his naked back, you would find evidence of the frequent 'startings' he has received on board the man-of-war in which he served. Should a war come, the hangman may be saved a labour, and his name be found amongst those "who fell in their country's cause."

Look at that woman on the step of the door with a couple of babies in her lap—twins! She is reaping a plentiful harvest by her imposture. The children are not her's; does she look as though she had just risen from her accouchement? No—her face is round and ruddy, and the corners of her mouth are puckered into a smile of mingled delight, at her success and derision of

\* A waggish friend of our's says the name was formerly written 'cagers,' in consequence of the affinity between the bodies corporate of these worthies and the country habitations y'cleped cages.

those who compassionate her condition. Oh! what a glorious evening will she spend with her gossip in St. Giles's.

But these are not the only creatures who live by begging. You will hardly take up the Times journal, or, indeed, any other newspaper, without finding at least a couple of advertisements appealing to "the affluent and humane." There are a few hundreds in London who live by this description of begging. These rogues have, however, the advantages of education; their 'appeals' are generally couched in good language, and are, I am credibly informed, attended by astonishing success.—I had almost forgotten the humbler portion of this latter class, who bore the wealthy with "begging letters," as they are called. These precious vouchers are written by fellows who earn a tolerable livelihood by the sale of them. They were once most successful, and the bearers have been known to make twenty pounds in the course of a day. But the newspapers have now opened the eyes of the dullest, and begging letters are consequently at a discount.

There are few counting-houses in the city which have not been visited at certain periods by a woman who was once an actress, but who now subsists upon the profits of a work, (her own composition) copies of which she carries about with her in a little basket. Woe unto the unfortunate wight upon whom she happens to call; there is positively no getting rid of her. Like Abernethy, "you must buy her book," or she will bare you to death, and tell you a long story of her sufferings, with an air and tone as though she had a part in a melo-drame. Her voice, too, is gentle and soft; but her nose inclines to the rubicund, and her breath savours somewhat of rum; you may avoid the sight of the one and the scent of the other, for "the small charge of a shilling." Take chambers in the Temple, and she will find out the new comer in less than a week; she knows every stairs within the sacred precincts, and will pounce upon you as soon as you are settled in your new abode.

But these are not all the beggars I would describe; the rest of their fraternity shall have the benefit of some further remarks when an opportunity offers. For the present, rogues of all kinds adieu! \*\*\*

## A SUNSHINE SKETCH.

*For the Olio.*

The sun—the sun is rising! I know it by the gleam  
Of shadowy crimson trembling upon the mountain stream;  
The soft cool grey of morning is deepening into blue—  
The sparkling mist wreaths gather a bright and silvery hue;  
And now a flush of amber with warmer beauty glows,  
Where crimson clouds are scattered like leaves shook from a rose  
O'er all the lovely heaven; the shadows, one by one,  
Are brightening into glory and heraldry; the sun,  
Now warmer, blushes, kindles, and rays of living gold  
Are piercing through the purple clouds that sweep in gather'd fold  
Around the shrine of splendour!—the dwelling of the dawn!  
'Till brightened into amethyst their veil is half withdrawn!  
And in triumphant radiance shines out the conquering sun,  
Night—night has gone with all her clouds—the bright day has begun!

E. S. CRAVEN.

## A SKETCH OF A NORTH-WESTER OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

*For the Olio.*

It was on one of those dark, gloomy days, in the month of June, which characterises the winter season at the Cape of Good Hope, that I embarked on board the brig *L——*, then lying at anchor in Table Bay, full of the delightful anticipation of again seeing my native land and friends.

It was at the time blowing a gentle breeze; but the heavy clouds that were rolling in dense masses along the dusky sides of Table Mountain, the moaning of the sea, which fell with a solemn and foreboding sound upon the ear, and the portentous blackness of the heavens all around, announced the speedy approach of the north-wester, that so often proves destructive to the shipping in the bay, by driving them with irresistible fury from their anchorage, on to the much dreaded beach.

The captain having remarked that it was a threatening day, and that we should have a stiffish bit of a breeze directly, judged it expedient to put out to sea, and there to brave the violence of the storm, rather than run the risk of being driven on shore.

"Get the ship under weigh, my lads," he shouted.

The cheerful "ay, ay, sir," and the heavy clanking hauls of the windlass indicated that his orders were instantly

in execution;—the topmasts that were hanging loose and flapping in the wind were sheeted home,—down fell courses and top-gallant sails;—the jib and stay-sail were run up, the yards braced up sharp; and the vessel began to cut her way through the waters, gracefully bending to the influence of the breeze, and reeling under the press of her lofty sails; after several successful tacks we beat out of the bay. The land was now entirely hidden from our view by the thick haze;—the sea birds, with a screaming cry, winged their flight towards the land, instinctively aware of the approaching tempest, and as night set in the rain-fell heavily.

"It looks devilish dirty to windward," exclaimed the captain, "we shall have it just now I take it. Furl your top-gallant sails—all hands upon deck to reef the topmasts."

He had scarcely given these orders, when the gale came on with tremendous fury; the ship was hove down 'till her lee gunwale was completely under water; the baulyards were let go,—but it was too late, the main-topmast giving way to the heavy pressure of the wind, went over the side with a dreadful crash. The wreck was cleared away as quickly as the darkness of the night would permit;—the wind whistled loudly through the rigging, but the captain's hoarse voice was heard shouting his orders amidst the howling of the storm; the ship pitched violently, at every heave her head plunged into the boiling foam, that sparkled with phosphorescent light around her bows.

The fore top-gallant and royal yards were sent upon deck,—and the masts struck—the topsail close reefed—the hatches battened down, and every thing made tolerably snug for the night.

Being exhausted with fatigue, I retired to my berth in the hope of obtaining a little rest; but the creaking of the bulk heads—the violent motion of the vessel, and last, but not least, the incessant din of various articles of crockery clashing together in the steward's pantry, put the idea of sleep out of question, but to any one who has been in a similar situation, the assertion is unnecessary. I continued holding on by my hands and knees for about two hours; and was, at length, literally hove out of my berth.

Gentle reader, when thou art seated before a cheerful blazing fire, and hearest the hollow blast whistling

loudly around thy dwelling, and the rain beating against the windows thereof, think of the dangers of the poor mariner, who is exposed to all the pitiless fury of the contending elements, on a cold dreary night, drenched with the soaking spray, 'till he has not a dry thread left, his hands and feet benumbed with cold, and his whole frame scarcely susceptible of pulsation, and then draw thy chair a little closer to the fire, and think thyself happy thou art not in his comfortless and perilous situation; and congratulate thyself again, when reclining on thy pillow, that thou art not liable to be rumbled and jolted about, until every bone in thy skin acheth, and then to be hove out of thy berth without a minute's warning.

Having too much value for my bones to risk a second summerset, I fortified myself with a glass of grog and went upon deck;—the pitchy blackness of the night rendered it impossible to see half the ship's length,—we were now under close reefed fore topsail and foresail; the mainsail had been shivered during my watch below; the vessel was muddy, plunging her way through the mazes of the ocean,—now borne up on the bosom of an enormous billow, and now sweeping into a deep hollow trough of the sea, with a gigantic wave on either side, rising higher than the topsail yard, presenting a terrific, but grand, and majestic scene, calculated to impress a degree of awe in the breast of the spectator, on beholding the sublime working of one of the noblest productions of the great Creator.

At intervals, a sea would curl over our weather bow, and drench the deck clean fore and aft; the gale was increasing every moment, when an order was given to furl the fore topsail, but before the sail was stowed, a sea struck the ship, which caused her to give a more than ordinary lurch, by which two poor fellows were precipitated from the topsail yard; they uttered a wild despairing cry for help as they whirled past us, and then naught was heard but the fearful howling of the tempest, and the dashing and roaring of the angry surges that lashed around us; to save them was impossible, they must have drifted a considerable distance astern before the ship's way could have been stayed, and no boat could have lived a second in such a hurricane.

Sea after sea broke over us, 'till the



bulwarks were carried away—the boats washed from the davits—the hencoops, pigs and sheep, were all swept overboard, and the decks were completely cleared. In this way we continued for three days under reefed foresail and storm staysail. Toward the evening of the third day the gale moderated, and gradually died away. As morning dawned, the wind veered round to the south-west—the reefs were shaken out of the remaining topsail—a jury topmast and royal masts swayed up, the yards slung across, stunsail booms rigged out, and with all the canvas she could carry, bore away right before the wind for St. Helena.

LILIAS VERNON;  
OR,  
THE BOY FRATRICIDE.  
FOR THE OLIO.

It was the close of a beautiful autumnal day, that romantic portion of the year which presents the loveliest objects and images to the poet's dreaming fancy, when the thick woods, with all their trembling leaves, seem as if transformed by magic to a wilderness of rainbow hues, spray, bough, and leaf, glowing with every imaginable shade of crimson and golden orange, as if tinged by the very dyes of sunset; their vivid beauty harmonized by the cool verdure of an unchanging evergreen, or the sober colouring of some, which, having unfolded their emerald freshness to spring's first call, had now, indeed, assumed the dim and darkening tint of the falling leaf; the beautiful day was departing, and the sun almost at its setting, was reflected from the crystal of a fairy lake, on whose surface a solitary lily reared her silvery diadem—the "nymph queen of the waters."

A rich flood of the parting glory streamed through the open casement of a dwelling, the unpretending style of whose simple architecture was scarcely above that of the many cottages whose white walls shone out like half-hidden pearls in the windings of the glen below; but a certain air of elegance in the arrangement of its little garden, now only rich with autumnal flowers; the fretted window open to the lake, festooned with the heart-shaped ivy's richest garlands, and the aromatic break of fragrance wafted from some exotics in an alabaster vase, all spoke it the abiding place of some gentle

heart, which the romance of feeling had made its own—it was indeed such; the pastor of the hamlet dwelt there, and the pure spirit of the sweet and smiling Lilius Vernon, his gentle daughter, had given a chaste and joyous beauty to all around that quiet sanctuary of innocence and peace.

How beautiful was she!—not the beauty of bright festivals—the rose queen of gay vernal fetes, when the proud city's loveliest daughters come out to the cool forest glades with laugh and song, and in the very heart of nature's temple, the leafy greenwood sigh for the artificial enjoyments of masque and revel in their far off palaces, leaving without regret the sweet quiet of the wilderness of boughs and the green sunnynooks, where, perchance, a young fawn has crept to slumber, tired out with its own frolicsome chase,—the shadow of trembling leaves playing over its white quivering sides, and its graceful head, pillowed by the emerald moss and clustered wood violets at the trunk of an aged tree, till startled by the light laugh of the fair forest rangers, it opens its large bashful eyes, and springs away like a shooting star far into the depths of its own solitudes. Lilius was not one of those gay winged Psyches of the world—those bright creations of art: her beauty had the touching eloquence of sensibility—the charm of thought. I can almost fancy I see her now in the small apartment she loved so well,—for there she could sit in the hallowing light of sunset, till her spirit was wrapt in dreams of a brighter land beyond the radiant west. I wander strangely from my story, but let me not call it such—'tis a mere recollection of the past, and there are sad and fearful words to speak ere it closes, so I would fain linger over what is yet too beautiful for tears.

Lilius Vernon stood by the open casement; the clear beauty of her cheek deepened to a richer glow, and even the transparent fairness of her neck,

"Like a lily leafe just blown,"

tinged with a passing rosebloom from the reflection of the crimson west; the light playing over her bright chestnut curls, seemed as if encircling her graceful head with a celestial halo;—this and the light flow of her white and simple dress, her aerial form, and the picturesque beauty of her attitude, as with her small white hands clasped, and half raised as in devotion, she looked up to the glowing sky

"Of sapphire and ruby mingled,"

made her almost appear to my romantic imagination, like the personification of that seraph who spoke to mortal ears the "word of power," and was condemned to earth;—but the penance seemed accomplished, and the wings of Paradise once more about to wave their plumes of light around the forgiven.—There was a sudden flash and report—wild and thrilling shriek, and Lilius Vernon lay dead at my feet! A fair haired boy sprang wildly and madly from amid the thick ivy into the room, a forest rifle in his grasp.

"Lilius! oh Lilius! speak to your Edmund. I aimed it but in sport."

Alas! how vain that cry—the seraph had indeed departed; the virgin soul of Lilius past with that thrilling shriek, and her pure blood darkened around the feet of the innocent murderer.

E. S. CRAVEN.

## A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

FOR THE OLIO.

Now repeat the freezing story  
Of the murdered traveller gory.

And how still at twelve he stalks,  
Groaning o'er the wild woods walks.  
KIRK WHITE.

THE clouds in heaving masses rolled across the blue and tranquil sky, their sides were tinged with the sun's fast lingering rays, as he was departing from this busy scene of human life, and the hills tree-covered tops were reflected in his shining beam.—The crow was seen, as from the fields he held his liquid journey to his solitary roost, and the rooks in one thick compact body filled the air with their discordant noises.—The moon peeped o'er the hills, as she arose in glorious majesty and splendour as queen of night.—The halls of Glenalvon were lighted up.—The banners floated in the gentle breeze.—The noble Earl of this rich domain had this day gained his five-and-twentieth year. Five years his noble father had departed from this life in a most strange manner. He died suddenly—how was never learnt—how was never known. The handsome apartments were filled with costly plate of every description, and shone a gorgeous spectacle—the company were arriving in rapid succession, one party followed another up the lofty avenue of trees, and then ascending the lofty

steps they entered the castle, and took their seats at the banquet. Glenalvon himself sat as emperor over this most splendid scene. But why is his noble eye dark? why does his lip quiver, why does his face grow pale, as with the ghastly hue of death? why does his bearing, once so lofty, stoop in fearful agony? He surely cannot feel unhappy, he, the possessor of the most splendid domains. He who can command thousands of retinues armed and ready for war, can he be unhappy? Alas, it is but too true. He is one and not the only instance, of a possessor of riches feeling the withering hand of wretchedness.—He is not the only one, who can for a time conceal or cover a wretched and blighted mind with the outward appearance of gaiety and joy, whilst the heart burns with long concealed crime and iniquity.—The bowl is filled and often filled, the minstrels strike their joyous chords.—The Troubadours' songs make the hall re-echo to their sweet and glad some tune. But the bowl is filled in vain. The minstrels strike their chords uselessly. The Troubadours' songs no longer strike upon his ear with their wonted pleasure, and gloomy forebodings darken o'er the lofty brow of Glenalvon's noble Lord. The lamps blazing around the tapestried halls, attract not his attention; nor do the frequent questions of his gay and laughing companions obtain responses.—His retainers bring him costly Malmsey of every description. They, bending low and cringing at his feet, look into his thoughtful face. Oh how gladly would that person whom they think so happy, have changed with the meanest of the lot! but no such happiness was portioned out for him. 'Twas near eleven, he arose and thus addressed his friends:

"It is growing towards midnight, my social companions; let the banquet stop. Dull care sits heavy upon my weary brow, and affairs of importance must be executed by me before the sun again approaches this land; therefore, I will e'en seek my tranquil couch. The first dawn also, must see me departing on a journey."

They all arose, drinking the health of the noble speaker, who, bowing low to the compliment, departed. Sleep had gained the victory over all the castle, and Silence held his awful dominion over all the darkened apartments. The owl alone repeats his fearful screech, as he arose flapping his

wings out of an old yew tree, which stood opposite to the castle walls, and portended evil to its sleeping inmates. The castle clock sends forth its hollow sounds, through the vaulted halls, and fearfully reverberates the hour of midnight. The fearful earl aroused, lifts up his eyes—he shrieks—he gives a hollow groan, his eyes are fixed in startled haste on a form which stands beside his bed. It speaks not—it moves not. Its hollow eyes stare wildly on him—its arrow is bent—its hand points to some blood which trickles down its vest, which, flowing round him as shaken by the passing night air, opens wide and shews a horrid gash, from which it was dropping—its face was pale and haggard. It seems no earthly form, but appears like some dead inmate of the grave, who travels o'er his old accustomed haunts, when midnight flings its dreary stillness around. Thus still and motionless, it stands and turns upon the earl its ghastly look. He stares wildly, and fearful words escape his trembling form.

"Why cam'st thou here? it was not I; why dost thou point? I know not what thou meanest. Why dost thou turn thy sepulchred smile on me? depart in peace."

The form moved slowly forwards, and seemed about to touch the gasping lord. Then lifting up his left arm, he held a bloody poignard to startle his view, and a hollow tomb-like voice gave forth the following words:

"Glenalvon, base degraded son of a loving father, who is permitted to roam from out the tomb which you have consigned to him, once in five years, beholds thee now—knowest thou me not—dost thou not know this wound—dost thou not know this dagger trembling with a parent's blood? Hast thou so soon forgotten all these things? does not thy conscience smite thee, and does not thy tortured face betray thee, if nothing else did? Yes, truly; thou hast obtained what thou wishedst for. Art thou not happy, supremely happy, you must be." A wild unearthly laugh resounded through the lofty chamber. "Hast thou not murdered thy aged parent—didst thou not do this for the wealth that you anxiously longed for; thou hast obtained it; but thou hast lost thy happiness, thy peace of mind is gone."

As thus he spake, the moon, which before had cast its beam around the chamber, suddenly immersed amongst the thickening clouds. A livid light

shone around the spectre, as it slowly walked with unheard steps along the marble-covered floor. When it approached the door, it beckoned with a majestic air to the horror-stricken earl, who followed every movement with his eyes half starting, and spake the following words:

"Earl of Glenalvon, follow me."

Tottering forwards hesitantly obeyed, followed through the opening door, and moved along the pictured gallery, down the noble flight of steps into the chief hall. The phantom then turning, beckoned to its staggering follower, who hastily unbound the gate. They passed out into the open air, the breezes freshly blew upon them, and dreary darkness covered all things with its mild and sleeping influence? the spectre's airy garments flung around their shining white, and made a fearful contrast. Thus, on they passed o'er hill and dale, and still they speak no more—and still they have no check; until they came to a crag, a deep unfathomed abyss, opened wide its mouth with meagre destruction. The spectre pointed, then turning to his companion, thus addressed him:

"Thou knowest well this crag, this you have seen before. This abyss, these trees, this land, are all well known, to the most noble and generous Earl of Glenalvon. Why dost thou tremble—why is thy cheek so blanched—why sinks that guilty eye—why does that lip of thine quiver—why do thy teeth chatter? art cold?" Another hollow laugh rang through the frightened vale. The owl screaming, burst from its solitude—the bats come hovering round—the wild beasts started from their lairs and ran with wildness through the woods; his taunting words are not yet concluded, but again he spoke: "O illustrious Glenalvon, behold! dost thou know this piece of green earth? The poignard reached a father's heart just on this spot; here it was that thy grim smile, frightened thy very self, as you obtained thy wretched desire; this is the very part of the crag where you threw my human form over the deep gulf; and now brave Glenalvon you must follow me. Thy life of sin has lasted long enough upon this earth—follow!" Having thus spoken, he moved towards the edge of the cliff, then looking down, he again addressed his frightened companion: "The water reaches mine ear with a deep murmuring sound—an awful depth below—wretched shall be the one who

ever sees the edge of this depth; never shall he see the light of day again; cursed be the man who passeth this way; but now, most wretched, miserable man, thy death approaches near thee; three minutes I grant thee, and then thou must come with me." The dreadful parricide fell to the earth, he groaned aloud: "Spare me, spare a wretch; I know not—I did not—I have spent a horrid existence, since I committed that terrible deed." Thus he in broken sentences, implored for pity: "Spare me, if only to live in wretchedness, to make some atonement for guilt; spare me; Oh! spare me." He rose, he tottered forwards again, and fell at the phantom's feet, who, seizing him, addressed him for the last time, "Thou wantedst thy life, to live in misery: Behold thy death; thou hadst no pity—thou didst not spare thy father's life, when on his knees he implored thee, giving up all his wealth; think, parricide, on that! Think, glut thy mind with thy ferocity; but now, thy time is up; we must away." Thus speaking, he raised the almost dying murderer from the ground, and leaped from the precipice. A shriek, a long and quivering shriek, burst from the heart-stricken Glenalvon—a fearful plunge—a horrid, fiendish laugh, and the parricide had expiated a life of wickedness and sin.

### THE FAIR PENITENT.

It was evening. The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the richly painted windows of the Abbey, and threw a "dim religious light" upon the marble floor beneath, and the fretted pillars that rose on all sides. A young female, dressed in virgin white, advanced up the aisle, with slow and irregular steps, her eyes timidly bent upon the ground, and her lovely locks half shading a countenance in which health and innocence seemed to vie with each other, which should add most beauty to features, the form of which were beauty itself.

She stopped for a moment, as she reached the open portal of the chapel that formed a recess on one side of the aisle, and then turned suddenly into the recess, entered a confessional, and fell upon her knees.

What "ignorant sin" could this sweet one have committed, that required absolution at the hands of her holy father confessor?

We shall see.

Having first pronounced her accustomed prayers with a timid voice, she seemed to gain confidence by this act, and proceeded to relate, first, her little acts of contumacy towards her school-mistress (for though bordering on womanhood, she had not yet left the convent school); then her little sins of actual commission; reserving the gravest to the last. At length, though she had evidently not concluded her confession, she made a full stop, as if reluctant to proceed farther.

"Come, daughter," exclaimed the good priest, "proceed; you must not permit a false pride or delicacy to deter you from that full confession, without which, absolution were vain. What more?"

"I'm afraid to tell you, good father."

The priest said something to encourage her; but the pretty penitent still hesitated; and, as she covered her sweet face with her two hands, as if ashamed to have it seen, the tears made their way between her pretty fingers.

"Come, come," said the holy father, "this must not be. I must interrogate you. What is it that thus troubles you?—Have you done any thing to injure or offend your good parents?"

"Worse, father."

"Have you been reading in wicked books?"

"I've not been reading at all, father."

"Did you play or laugh, last Sunday, during service?"

"A great deal worse, father."

The good priest began to be seriously alarmed; yet he did not know how to frame his questions so as to avoid suggestions, which (if he should prove wrong in his suspicions) might render the remedy more mischievous than the disease.

At last, the young beauty, as if by desperate effort, relieved him from his embarrassment. "Father," said she, with a trembling and half-suppressed voice, "I will tell you all, if Heaven will give me strength to speak. But, pray be indulgent, good father. It was the first time—and I'm sure I never thought that so much harm would come of it. Besides, it was not all my own fault, it was partly *his*. And he is so very handsome too, (the good priest trembled) and so fond of me; he used to follow me about wherever I went—he seemed to think and care about nobody but me.—(She paused a moment, then continued.)—"Well, father, one night after I had retired to rest, I—

would you believe it! I found him in my chamber." (The holy father groaned aloud.) "I never could tell how he got there, for I shut the door after me, and fastened it carefully, as I always do."

"Well!" exclaimed the confessor, in an anxious tone, "what more?"

"Oh, father! the worst is to come. That night, in particular, it was last Thursday, father; he looked so very handsome, and seemed so very fond of me, and—that—in short—"

"But," exclaimed the pious priest, with a sudden show of indignation, "did your mother never warn you of the terrible danger of such conduct? Did she never tell you the fatal consequences of—"

"No, father," interrupted the terrified penitent, "she never told me there was anything wrong, in being fond of such a very beautiful cat; and,"

"A cat! was it a cat?"

"Yes, father; a large beautiful white Angola, that I was so wicked as to steal from the pastry-cook's opposite where we live, and have kept him concealed in my room ever since."

"*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti, te absolvo.*" said the good priest; and never did he pronounce the words with a more full and gratified feeling of pious satisfaction.

#### CONVERSATION WITH A CYNIC.

FOR THE OLIO.

ARDENT.—So Goethe is dead! Literature has sustained an irreparable loss in the decease of this great man, and—

SNARL.—You are bitten, like the rest. Cant is contagious. Shakspeare has said, "the evil that men do lives after them," but our critics now sink the faults of a man as soon as he is in his coffin, treat you to an account of his virtues and talents, and magnify them ten-fold when life has left him.

ARDENT.—But you will not deny that Goethe was a genius of the first order!

SNARL.—Certainly not, although I prefer Schiller, "Faust" is a grand performance, which Byron admired and did not disdain to copy, for certain it is, that our poet's "Deformed Transformed" is a palpable imitation of the German original. But, in acknowledging the evident merit of "Faust," I must not forget that its author gave

birth to as sickening and mawkish a production, as ever disgraced any age: I allude to the "Sorrows of Werter," a book which has, as a journalist observed, turned the heads of many girls, and disgusted men of all ranks in this country.

ARDENT.—Yet it was translated into every European language! Italy and France acknowledged its merits.

SNARL.—Aye, truly, what book could be more appropriate to the land of *Cavalier Servente*? The sentiment would, of course, fit the calibre of the Salons of Paris, but it has disgusted every man of sense here.

ARDENT.—You are blinded by your national prejudices. Goethe was a master-spirit, and Germany has, with him, lost her brightest ornament. Like our own Pope, he encouraged genius for its sake, whether in the prince or the peasant. Apropos, have you heard that the the editor's notes in that much-talked-of book, the "Tour of a German Prince," are by Goethe? I am told that the Tour was first published in Germany, under the direction of Goethe, who saw in Puckler Muskau, a fellow of some promise, despite of his flashy uniform, mustachioes, and self-conceit.

SNARL.—And yet they surely differed in politics! The prince was a citizen of the world, but Goethe breathed only the air of Weimar: he was, in fact—

ARDENT.—Hold! we will not discuss their politics. You will allow that the author of "Faust" has done much for the literature of his country?

SNARL.—Certainly; but you will not surely have divine honours paid to a man, who prostituted the hallowed dignity of the poet at the feet of petty despots!

ARDENT.—You are reversing the picture. Are you not aware that the King of Bavaria once, in the garb of a private individual, paid a visit to the poet at Weimar? The story has been going the round of the newspapers.

SNARL.—And what then? Am I to think the higher of Goethe's genius, because his Bavarian majesty took it into his royal head to visit a man of letters privately? Heaven forbid that we should ever couple the name of Goethe with our Shakspeare and Milton.

ARDENT.—You are too national.

SNARL.—Perhaps I am: I love prejudices: they are honest; but I will not—it would be absurd to deny, that France, Italy, Spain and Germany, have produced a great many men of talent and genius. I can laugh at the humour

of Cervantes, philosophize with Montaigne and Rousseau (although I hate the latter for his sophistry), and sympathize with the Heroes of Schiller; but I have yet to learn, that "The Sorrows of Werter" indicate any thing like real feeling. I have always despised Sterne, notwithstanding his fine writing; I could never forget as I read, that the author found a subject for sentiment in a dead Jack-ass, whilst he left his mother to the tender mercies of a work-house and the parish overseers!

ARDENT.—This may be true, but are we to infer that the dealers in sentiment are themselves insincere?

SNARL.—Invariably.

ARDENT.—I fear I shall not be able to induce you to alter your opinion upon this subject, but I shall gladly renew the argument upon some future occasion.

SNARL.—Agreed.

†††

### THE GREEN GOBLINS.

THE following almost incredible circumstance was related to Sir Walter Scott by a gentleman connected with the sufferer. A young man of fortune, who had led what is called so gay a life as to considerably injure both his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult a physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints, was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness, though he knew, to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician immediately informed him, that he had lived upon town too long and too fast, not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He, therefore, prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue; and assured him, that by so doing, he might bid adieu to black spirits and white, blue, green, and grey, with all their trumpery.—The patient observed the advice, and prospered. His physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the

success of his regimen. The green goblins had disappeared, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to which their visits had given rise; and the patient had ordered his town-house to be disfurnished and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to spend his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well-devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old mansion house, than the former delusion returned in full force—the green *figurantes*, whom the patient's depraved imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming with great glee, as if the sufferer should have been rejoiced to see them, "Here we all are! here we all are!" The visionary was so much shocked at their appearance, that he retired abroad, in despair that any part of Britain could shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballet.

### Table Talk.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.—"When at Geneva, I was invited to Ferney, to assist at the presentation of the Prince Dolgouroukie, a young man of very high rank in Russia, who came to Voltaire at the head of a deputation from the Empress Catharine the Second, than whom, perhaps, no one has ever been more anxious as to what should be said of her by the world. Voltaire had contributed to foster, at the same time that he gratified, this passion, by writing a great deal in the empress's praise; and the presents which were brought the Prince Dolgouroukie were probably intended either as a reward for past praises, or as a retaining fee for the future. I say nothing of the truth of what he has written, but content myself with recording what I witnessed at the reception of the embassy. The presents were produced by the prince in succession, and exhibited with great state and ceremony. The first was an ivory box, the value of which consisted in its being the work of the empress's own hands. The next was her Imperial Majesty's portrait, brilliantly set in diamonds, of very great value; and I could not resist the

idea that the eyes of the philosopher sparkled with delight at the splendid setting of the picture, rather than at the picture itself. Then followed a collection of books in the Russian language, which Voltaire admitted that he did not understand; but he admired them, and very justly, as rare specimens of typography, and as being bound in a style of magnificence, befitting an Imperial gift. The last of the presents was a robe, the lining of which was the fur of the black fox, from the Kurile Isles. It was certainly of immense value, and such only as the Empress of Russia could give. The prince, on producing it, begged to be shewn into a darkened room, where, on drawing his hand across the fur, it produced so much electrical fire, that it was possible to read by it. This was ascribed to the extreme closeness or thickness with which the hair was set on the skin. In return for these princely gifts, Voltaire had his portrait drawn by my friend Hubert, in which he was exhibited in rather an extraordinary position, rising out of bed in an ecstasy upon the presents being presented to him. The picture was accompanied by a copy of verses in the empress's praise, in the taste of the period, and, of course, sufficiently nauseous and fulsome."—(From a very curious and amusing publication, entitled *Memoirs of Sir James Campbell*, of Ardkingglass, written by himself. The writer is the father of Mr. Thomas Sheridan.

**ANECDOTE OF LORD CARHAMPTON AND COLONEL LUTTREL.**—The father and son had long been at daggers-drawing, and it is known that the earl so far forgot himself, in a fit of exasperation, as to send a challenge to his son to fight a duel. "If you can again forget that I am your father," such were the words of this extraordinary message, "I expect you to meet me," &c. The answer of Colonel Luttrell was not less extraordinary. "My lord," he said, "I wish I could at any time forget that you are my father." Is.

**TAILING A LAWYER.**—Oglander, in his *Memoirs of the Isle of Wight*, written in 1700, gives the following record:—"I have heard, and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore, was there no lawyer nor attorney in the Isle of Wight, but in Sir George Carey's time, 1558, an attorney coming to settle there was, by his command, and with a pound of candles hanging at his breech, lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted out of the island."

**STORY OF FASHION.**—Sir Philip Calthorp purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich, in the time of King Henry the Eighth, of the *proud humour* which *our people have to be of the Gentleman's cut*. This knight bought on a time, as much French tawny cloth as would make him a gown, and sent it to the tailor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to this said tailor's, and seeing the knight's gown-cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the tailor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price, to the same intent, and further bade him to *make it of the same fashion that the knight would have his made of*. Not long after, the knight came to the tailor's, that he might take measure of his gown, and perceiving the cloth lying there, asked the tailor whose it was. Quoth the tailor, "It is John Drakes', the shoemaker, who will have it made of the selfsame fashion that your's is made of."—"Well," said the knight, "in good time be it. I will have mine as full of cuts as thy shears can make it."—"It shall be done," said the tailor; whereupon because the time drew near he made haste to finish both these garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the tailor's till Christmas-day, for serving his customer's, when he hoped to have worn his gown. Perceiving the same to be full of cuts, he began to swear at the tailor for making his gown after that sort. "I have done nothing" quoth the tailor, "but what you bid me; for as Sir Philip Calthorp's is, even so have I made your's."—"By my latchet," quoth John Drakes, "*I will never wear gentlemen's fashions again*."

**GENERAL WOLFE.**—Professor Robinson, who when a young man went to the American coast as tutor to the son of Admiral Knowles, used to relate that he happened to be in the boat in which General Wolfe went to visit some of their posts the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was very fine, and the scene, considering the work they were to be engaged in, and the morning to which they were looking, was sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General with much feeling repeated nearly the whole of Gray's *Elegy*, (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known,) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat, adding, as he concluded, that he would prefer being the author of

that poem, to the glory of beating the French to-morrow. To-morrow came, and the life of that illustrious soldier was terminated amidst the tears of his friends and the shouts of his victorious army.

**FEMALE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.**—Three females, and only three, have in this country worn the insignia of the Garter, viz. Lady Harcourt, Lady Gray, and Lady Suffolk. Lady Harcourt was daughter of Sir John Byron, and wife of Sir Robert Harcourt, K. G. (temp. Edward III.) Her tomb is at Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. The garter is above the elbow of the left arm. It has the motto. There is at Nuneham-Courtenay, Oxfordshire (the seat of the Earl of Harcourt), over one of the doors of the dressing-room, a painting of that Lady Harcourt, wearing the garter on her arm.—Lady Gray was daughter of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter. She married, first, Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and, secondly, Sir John Gray, K. G. (temp. Henry V.) Sir John was afterwards Earl of Tankerville. Her tomb (now defaced) was in St. Catherine's Church, near the Tower of London.—Lady Suffolk was daughter of Sir Thomas Chaucer. She married William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk (temp. Henry VI.) Her tomb, with her effigy, wearing the garter on her left arm, is in good preservation in Ewme Church, in Oxfordshire.

### Statistics.

A PATIENT recovering from a bad accident, which had deprived him of his nose and one eye, was congratulated by the surgeon upon his improvement and reformed appearance:—

\* My face is quite reformed, you say,  
And by the glass I see—  
My nose is placed in schedule A,  
My eyes in schedule B.

**TEA.**—The quantity of this exhilarating beverage drank in these kingdoms is most astonishing. Every three months the East India Company put six millions of pounds weight to sale, viz.

Bohea .. .. .	3,600,000 lbs.
Congou, Campoi, Souchong, and Pekoe, .. .. .	4,500,000
Singloe and Twankay .. .. .	850,000
Hyson Skin .. .. .	100,000
Hyson .. .. .	250,000

or twenty-four millions of pounds per annum! capable of making *ten thousand millions of cups* of a decoction, which one hundred years ago was un-

known in England, but now almost universally drank.

A NEGRO fellow, previous to the revolution, being suspected of having stolen goods in his possession, was taken before a certain Justice of the peace in the county of Philadelphia, and charged with the offence. The negro acknowledged the fact, and made the following decisive defence:—  
"Massa, Justice, me know me got dem tings from Tom, dere, and me tink Tom teal dem too; but what den, massa? dey be only a piccaninny knife and a piccaninny cork-screw: one cost sixpence and tudder a shilling, and me pay Tom for dem honestly, massa."—  
"A very pretty story, truly," said his Worship, "you knew they were stolen, and yet allege, in excuse, you paid honestly for them: I'll teach you better law than that, sirrah! don't you know, Pompey, the receiver is as bad as the thief! you must, you black rascal, be severely whipped."—"Very well, massa, if de black rascal be whipt for buyin stolen goods, me hope de white rascal be whipt too, for same ting, when you catch him, as well as Pompey."—"To be sure," replied the Justice.  
"Why den," says Pompey, "here be Tom's massa; hold him fast, constable; he buy Tom as I buy de piccaninny knife, and the piccaninny corkscrew. He know berry well poor Tom be tolen from him old fadder and mudder; de knife and de corkscrew hab nedder." Such was the justice as well as the severity of Pompey's address, that after a short pause, the magistrate, with the consent of Tom's master, dismissed him, and discharged the action.

At St. Patrick's dinner, a warm-hearted "gem" was called on for a toast, when he gave the following, involving a genuine spice of over-the-water antithesis:—"Tom Moore—may he never be no more!" The *bon vivant* stared at one remarking, that two negatives were equal to an affirmative, and that the English of the affair would be, "May Tom Moore be no more!"—"By J—s, and that's your Saxon prosody! (with an earthquake of encomiums on the patriotism of the Lyrist;) but if ever he lives to be no more, the sooner he dies the better!"

### EPIGRAM.

Installments then—cried Mr. Dun,  
I care not, if you pay me so;  
Said I, Sir take this little work  
You'll find it is the whole I owe. (Olio)  
G. T. E.

A CONVERSATION IN THE BACK WOODS OF AMERICA.—"What is the



land!"—"The atmosphere!"—"Foga."  
 —"What do you live on!"—"Hoga."  
 —"What are your draught animals!"  
 —"Dogs."—"What do you build  
 your houses of?"—"Loga."—"Any  
 fish in your ponds?"—"Froga."—"What  
 are your women?"—"Cloga."—"Whose  
 map do you travel by?"—"Mogg's."

LORD W—r was looking very  
 sour and blue at a long bill, from Ma-  
 dame Maradon Carsons, enlarged, not  
 contracted, by her ladyship;—"W—r,  
 my dear," said her ladyship, in a tone  
 of bewitching tenderness, "are you  
 angry with me, that you look so very  
 cross!" "Far from it, my dear," re-  
 sponded his lordship, "I feel at this  
 moment you are *dearer* to me than  
 ever!"

STRANGE ACCOUNT RESPECTING  
 A TOM-TIT.—Some years ago, a man of  
 the name of Tom Otter, murdered his  
 sweetheart, at a place called Drinsey  
 Nook, in Lincolnshire; the assassin

suffered the extreme penalty of the  
 law, and was gibbeted near the place  
 where he committed the foul deed. It  
 appears, that whilst the carnivorous  
 tom-tit was feeding on the flesh of the  
 malefactor, he had an eye to a comfort-  
 able habitation in the vicinity of so  
 much good cheer; and, as there was no  
 hole in the gibbet-post to suit his pur-  
 pose, he actually took possession of the  
 dead man's mouth, and he and his mate  
 brought forth a brood of young canni-  
 bals; and more than that, they built  
 there the next year, and were equally  
 successful in rearing their young.

INSECTS.—The fertility of insects is  
 one of the most striking subjects in  
 their economy. The *musca meridiana*  
 lays two eggs; a flea, 12; the silk-  
 worm, 500; the goat moth, 1,000; va-  
 rious cocci, from 2,000 to 4,000; the  
 wasp, 30,000; the bee, 40,000 or  
 50,000; the *aleyrodes protetella*,  
 200,000; while the *termes fatale* is  
 computed to lay 211,449,600 in a year.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, April 18.

First Anniversary of the death of that eminent  
 surgeon, John Abernethy.

### Thursday, April 19.

#### MAUNDY THURSDAY.

This day is a commemoration of our Lord's  
 washing the feet of his disciples. Annually, on  
 this day, the lord almoner, or the sub-almoner,  
 relieves as many poor men and as many poor wo-  
 men as agree with the years in the King's age.  
 This practice was instituted by Edward the Third,  
 in the year 1363. On this day, at Rome, called  
*The day of the Lord's Supper*, a particular Bull,  
 called BULL in 'Cena Domina,' is read every  
 year, in the Pope's presence, containing excom-  
 munications and anathemas against heretics, and  
 all who disturb or oppose the jurisdiction of the  
 Holy See. After the reading of the Bull, the  
 Pope throws a burning torch in the public square,  
 to denote the thunder of his anathemas.

### Friday, April 20.

GOOD FRIDAY.—Holy Friday, or the Friday  
 in Holy Week, was its more ancient and general  
 appellation; the name *Good Friday* is peculiar to  
 the English Church. It is the anniversary of our  
 Saviour's crucifixion, and has been held as a so-  
 lemn fast, from the earliest ages of christianity.

### Saturday, April 21.

The fields once more their gay embroidery wear,  
 And hills and dales in lively green appear;  
 The daisies peep from forth their vernal beds,  
 And purple violets raise their velvet heads;  
 The Sun, the glorious father of the year,  
 Gilds with his beams again our hemisphere;  
 The tow'ring lark again repeats her lays,  
 And lowing herds in painted vallies graze,  
 Where'er we tread, where'er we turn our eyes,  
 Gay Nature revels, and gay scenes surprise;  
 By her enriched, how valueless all earthly things,  
 Ambition, pride, and e'en the wealth of kings.

### Sunday, April 22.

#### EASTER SUNDAY.

Lessons for the Day.—12 ch. of *Exodus*, morn.  
 14 ch. of *Exodus*, even.

This day commemorates the anniversary of our  
 blessed Redeemer; and is kept with great soli-  
 munity in most countries, particularly at Rome,  
 where the Pope assists personally at high mass.

### Monday, April 23.

#### EASTER MONDAY—ST. GEORGE.

The patron saint of England, of whom very  
 little is known. He is said to have been born at  
 Cappadocia, and was a soldier by profession.  
 Having presumed to complain to the Emperor  
 Dioclesian of his cruelties to the Christians, he  
 was, in consequence, thrown into prison, and  
 afterwards beheaded, in the year 303.

### Tuesday, April 24.

Anniversary of the death of the immortal bard  
 of Avon, *etæ* 52. Mr Brewer, in his Topog-  
 raphy of Warwickshire, speaking of Stratford upon  
 Avon, says:—"The most interesting of the an-  
 cient domestic structures, is the *house in which*  
*Shakspeare was born*. This building was situate  
 in Henley-street, and remained the property of  
 the Hart family, descended from Jane, the sister  
 of Shakspeare, until 1806, in which year they  
 parted with it by sale. The premises, originally  
 occupied as one dwelling, are now divided into  
 two habitations; the one being used as a butcher's  
 shop, and the other as a public-house, known by  
 the sign of the Maiden's Head. The outer walls  
 of the whole were divided into panels by strong  
 pieces of timber, but a brick front has been sub-  
 stituted in that part of the building now used as  
 a public-house or inn; the ancient form is yet pre-  
 served in the other half, or butcher's premises.



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## Illustrated Article.

### ALICE DACRE; OR, THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER.

"THEN you have no faith in witches, wraiths, second-sight, and all the wonders wrought by supernatural agency," said my gay young college chum, Frank Evelyn, as we sat together one winter night, in the oriel chamber at the Priory, his paternal estate; (bearing no doubt, that sacred title, from being erected on the site of some monastic establishment, levelled to the dust in the reforming days of the Eighth Harry.) "And yet," continued he, "if you look at my fair ancestress in the corner, and listen to the legend I could tell of her, your scepticism would be put to flight;" and rising, he stirred the already blazing fire into fresh brilliancy, and holding the wax candles to a picture, rallied me on my infidelity, which I confess I persisted in the more steadily, in

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hopes of luring him on to the promised story; for Frank was one of those careless creatures, who are apt to whet your curiosity to the utmost, and then fly off to some other subject, leaving you in all the tortures of uncertainty, as to whether you may ever hear the termination of the previous anecdote. His "fair ancestress" was painted in the attire of an Arcadian shepherdess, but with all the free and graceful outlines and classical arrangements of drapery, which distinguish the productions of the Italian school. Her large round pastoral straw hat, with its floating green ribbons and cluster of wild roses, which caught up on one side some of the rich profusion of her fair silken curls, suited the expression of a sweet girlish face, whose features had no pretension to regularity, but to which their smiling youthfulness, and a certain piquant air of archness, gave an indescribable charm; blue eyes, whose "violet light" had more of fire than languor; lips like twin strawberries,

fresh with the honey dew of morning, and dimple cheeks tinted with the delicate bloom

'The apple blossom shows,'

were the principal beauties of the pastoral nymph; her form was slight and graceful, her attitude airy and Dryad-like, and you might gaze upon her picture, till amid the floating and varying light, it almost appeared that with that bounding joyousness of motion, she was about to step forth from her sylvan paradise, to woo you to her dwelling in Arcadia. "Don't you expect," said Frank, smiling, "this prettiest lass that ever ran o'the greensward, this Perdita, to offer you her store of

—violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Jano's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.

"But come, you must not fall in love, for the original was my great grandmother, so we will remove from the fascination of eyes, whose light has long been in the tomb, to the emerald gleam of my father's veritable Hockheim glasses, whose antique tracing, and good old German inscriptions, never shew to such advantage, as when the rich wine sparkles through the green lustre of its crystal prison; and now we are comfortable again, I will try to confute your sceptical arguments, by the simple facts which have been handed down to the descendants of the fair Alice Dacre.

"Sir Reginald Dacre inherited from his ancestors not only their unsullied name, but extended possessions whose revenue was almost princely; his establishment at Dacre Hall, his principal seat, was magnificent in the extreme; and he wedded early in life, the orphan daughter of a noble house, whose rich dowry increased his almost boundless wealth. The beautiful Blanche had been his betrothed from childhood, and blest alike by love and fortune, the heir of the house of Dacre was the brightest star of "exclusive society." Years fled away, and a change was in the hall of his fathers, dissipation had bowed the proud form of Sir Reginald, and the young and broken-hearted Blanche, had faded away into the grave. Gambling, "the worm that dieth not," was the fiend which had blighted his paradise; and the vast possessions of his ancestors, the princely dowry of his bride, were madly cast upon the altar of the demon. Old in heart, and scathed by the conflicting passions attending his infatu-

ated career, Sir Reginald found himself at thirty-five, an irritable hypochondriac, whose morbid feelings could only be excited by the fatal passion which had destroyed him, and whose revenues were bounded by the produce of the rents attached to the estate of Dacre Hall, where he lived in comparative obscurity, a prey to wild and unavailing memories of the past. Alice, his only child, grew up there, disregarded by her father, a lady of nature's own—

'A maid whom there was few to see,  
And very few to love.'

but those who did see, loved her. Dora Evelyn, her school friend, rather older than herself, was Alice's chosen one; and how joyous were the gay holidays they spent, chasing the deer through the green sunny glades of Dacre, with the sylvan founts of cream and wood strawberries, in some pastoral nook where they sat and sang together, sweet as wild thrushes in the depths of the green woods,

'In the leafy month of June.'

And oh, how sad was their partings, when Dora Evelyn returned to school, and Alice, by the stern decree of her inflexible father remained alone at the hall, with no companion save her own favourite fawn, and a pair of white doves, the parting gift of her friend. Occasionally, she was summoned from her little aviary and her fairy garden, to appear before her father and amuse him with the playful sallies of her wit and youthful gaiety of imagination, (which even solitude, and a certain dread which in spite of herself, mingled with her love for her father, had not the power to repress;) even the cold heart of the misanthrope seemed yielding to the charm, and the few ancient domestics he retained, dared to hope for smiles once more on the countenance of Sir Reginald. The silvery laugh, and joyous carol of Alice, met with no reproof, and she was allowed to bring her dewy violets and fresh strawberries to his morning meal, at which she presided with looks of sunshine and of love. Sir Reginald appeared about to enter on a new era of his life, a second Eden, the bias of a peaceful home—the happiness of a father, when a nobleman, one the inseparable associate of his short and splendid career, purchased a hunting-box near Dacre Hall, and with a select party, stormed the "Castle of Indolence," as they called it, and carried

off "Giant Despair" in triumph. A few convivial parties, from which he returned early, gave Sir Reginald a fresh zest for that society he had so long abandoned, and which he now wondered how he could have forsaken; the re-action of his spirits gave a flush to his cheek, and a firmness to his tread, which had long been banished. Alice was exiled to her garden and her birds, and invitations given and received, filled the halls of Dacre, and led Sir Reginald day by day, to the gay revels of his noble friends. Time thus passed away, till after one of those "petit soirees," Sir Reginald returned home long after midnight much excited, and his noble steed exhausted by the speed to which he appeared to have been urged. Sir Reginald was heard pacing his room for a long interval of time, and in the morning his countenance bore the traces of some strange revulsion of feeling. Alice was summoned, but she had wandered away far into the forest glades, and some time elapsed ere she could obey the call; with a bounding step she rushed into the apartment, but suddenly stopped on perceiving two gentlemen, with whom her father appeared in violent dispute. "Robbers! demons!" furiously exclaimed Sir Reginald, "do you come to brave me in my own halls! the spirit of my ancestors rises within the degenerate bosom of their son; begone, can I not produce the evidence of your guilt, and brand ye to the world as ye deserve! begone, or dread the chastisement which your indignant victim"—rising suddenly as he spoke, Sir Reginald raised his hunting-whip, his daughter rushed forward to arrest the blow, and the next minute he lay at her feet a lifeless corpse!—a blood vessel had burst, and without a groan, the spirit of Sir Reginald Dacre passed to the world we know not of. \* \* \*

"Dora, the only friend of the orphan Alice, wrote to her father, the Rev. Arthur Evelyn, who, alive to the call of sorrow, arrived instantly at Dacre. Sir Reginald had few relations, and those so distant, and so long banished, that no one came forward. Mr. Evelyn arranged the funeral ceremonies and followed as mourner. When Sir Reginald was laid amid his ancestors, the nobleman with whom the fatal quarrel originated, produced such proofs of debas (cf honour) with the signature of the deceased, that the impoverished estate of Dacre could hardly satisfy them. Mr. Evelyn had no legal

right to contest his claims, and after making some slight arrangements in favour of Alice, the noble gambler took possession of the hall; the old servants were discharged—the antique furniture (for there had always been preserved the Gothic grandeur of the olden day), sold or scattered about the world, and Alice Dacre left the hall of her fathers, an almost portionless orphan!

"Business called Mr. Evelyn to London, and Alice and Dora accompanied him; his son was about to make his debut at the bar, and the anxious heart of the father was too interested in the success of his boy to remain at a distance. The enchantments of the metropolis, the gay society of Clarence Evelyn, the young advocate, and the true kindness of her friends, ameliorated the (at first) excessive sorrow of the orphan girl, but she still loved the solitude of her own chamber and the mournful reveries which she could not help indulging. Seated one evening alone, just as the twilight began to deepen around her, Alice fancied she saw an unusual appearance at the extremity of the apartment,—a slight mist appeared to gather, and as it became more defined, it was broken and confused, like the fleeces of summer clouds driven by the wind; forms and hues floated over its surface, and growing stronger, it at last resolved itself into what almost seemed a picture reflected on the surface of a polished mirror—it represented part of an oriel chamber; through the windows of richly stained glass, a faint light dimly gleamed like the departing sunset, only so shadowy, that though the gorgeous colouring of crimson and azure in the heraldic devices was distinguishable, the forms were indistinct; a Grecian tripod stood on each side of the window, supporting white marble vases filled with flowers, and the centre space was occupied by an Indian cabinet, which Alice instantly remembered as having been in her father's study, and whose nest of fairy drawers inlaid with ebony and mother-of-pearl, always appeared to her as treasure cells of Indian wonders;—the scene was so distinct, and became every moment so palpable, that Alice almost imagined it must be reality, and stepped forward to assure herself of its truth, when the hues became broken and dim, the objects confused and shapeless, the mist gathered up in dark and cloudy masses, and as she approached it, suddenly vanished, leaving the apartment with its usual appearance.

"Alice, amazed and terrified, sank upon a sofa, almost disbelieving the evidence of her own senses ; for a long time she remained debating with herself, whether to mention the circumstance or not, but her dread of the laugh of Clarence, who had rallied her on the superstitious romance of her disposition, at length prevailed, and the mysterious day-dream remained a secret which even Dora was not allowed to share.

"The time of the family's departure arrived, and Alice still accompanied her friends ; it was sunset when the carriage drove up the avenue of the Priory, and as the crimson light gleamed through the boughs of the magnificent chestnuts, Alice thought of far distant Dacre, and wept in silence.

" ' Welcome to my home, to your home, my Alice, my sister ! ' whispered Dora, as they entered the portal ; Alice blushed—she knew not why, but the paternal welcome of Mr. Evelyn, banished all feelings save reverence and gratitude, and the happy group entered the oriel chamber of the Priory. Alice gazed around her with a sudden exclamation of surprise ; the setting sun gleamed through the richly tinted panes, casting a thousand hues of amethyst and amber on the white marble vases with their store of silvery lilies and Provence roses, and the gold and ebony of the Indian cabinet ;—it was the very apartment of the vision, and she could no longer be silent on a subject which appeared to her so wonderful ; a new thought seemed on the recital to strike the mind of Clarence—the Indian cabinet had been purchased at the sale of Dacre for Dora to arrange her shells and specimens of mineralogy—in a moment the carpet was covered with corals, spars and glistening shells, but the search was vain—no private drawer was discoverable, and even the enthusiastic Dora was about to yield, when her hand accidentally pressing the head of an enamelled bird, which fluttered on one of the compartments, the whole slid back, and a roll of papers fell from the secret receptacle it disclosed ; they were eagerly examined, and amongst them carefully folded was a written paper, which contained the secrets of the petit L'Enfer established at the noble Marquis's hunting seat ; it appeared from this document, that after luring Sir Reginald by slow degrees again to the gaming table, they had by one desperate effort left him a beggar ; after obtaining his

signature, which he gave in a paroxysm of frenzied agony, he rushed out of the apartment into the garden to cool, if possible, his burning brow ; throwing himself on the wet grass beneath the window, he lay long meditating suicide, when the loud laugh of the revellers within struck upon his ear, and some indistinct words thrilled through his frame like lightning ; in the heat of the evening banquet, some one of the party had thrown open the French window, and the crimson curtains were all that intervened between the speakers and Sir Reginald—they made a mockery of his easy folly, his blindness to the artifices by which they had long made him their prey, and echoed with triumphant laughter their fiendish joy at having levelled with the dust the once proud Lord of Dacre ;—in a moment their victim stood before them, the pistols, with which he had meditated his own destruction, levelled at their heads. Paralysed with the mean fear of their coward hearts, the discovered traitors signed a paper which he produced, acknowledging their guilt, as well as giving up all claims on his possessions ; and with this document in his possession, Sir Reginald left the den of infamy with the speed of a whirlwind. Through the long night he debated within himself whether to disclose them at once to the world, and save others from the ruin they had lured him to—but then to blight so many illustrious names with infamy ! his noble nature disdained the thought, and placing the record of their guilt in the secret pannel of the Indian cabinet, he determined never to reveal the circumstance. Urged and aided by the fiendish daring of one of his desperate colleagues, the Marquis arrived at Dacre in the morning, and discovering the transactions of the evening, slightly mentioned his claims of honour ; the sudden paroxysms of Sir Reginald's rage at the audacity of the attempt, was too much for his enfeebled and excited frame, and the triumph of the gamblers was complete.

"The discovery of this paper was sufficient for Clarence Evelyn ; proceedings were instantly instituted against the noble Marquis and his colleagues ; the brilliant and pathetic oratory of the young advocate as he alluded to the orphan Alice, touched every heart ; the production of the written document banished all doubts, and Clarence left the court in triumph, bearing with him the decree, which reinstated the daughter of

Sir Reginald in her lawful rights. The noble Marquess evaded the hands of justice, for long before the decision of the trial, he had fled a seducer and a murderer to the continent, and was supposed to have fallen in some midnight broil in one of the low gambling houses of Paris. The day of Alice's triumphant return was indeed a festival to every heart, whether in the college or the hall; but the bells rang a blyther peal, and the flowers were scattered with more profusion in her path, when, as the white streamers floated in the summer wind, Clarence Evelyn led forth from the village church his wedded wife, the lady of Dacre hall."

E. S. CRAVEN.

### CONTRARIETIES.

How pleasant to sit by the fire—  
 But horrid when smothered with smoke;  
 How pleasant to hear the soft lute—  
 But shocking to hear a bad joke.  
 How pleasant to take a nice walk—  
 But horrid to follow the plough;  
 How delightful to hear people talk—  
 But shocking to kick up a row.  
 How pleasant to go in a boat,  
 With father and mother and daughter;  
 How charming to row with the tide—  
 But shocking to fall in the water!  
 How pleasant to skate or to slide—  
 But horrid to have a bad fall;  
 How charming to see a child smile—  
 But shocking to hear the brat squall.  
 How pleasant to go to the play,  
 To see Wood, or Vestris, or Kelly;  
 How delightful to be in a crowd—  
 But horrid when jammed to a jelly.  
 How pleasant to ride out in summer—  
 But horrid when covered with dust;  
 How charming to read the new novel—  
 How shocking!—but finish I must.

### THE INQUISITION IN PORTUGAL.

*For the Olto.*

THE inquisition is an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, introduced into Italy, Spain, Portugal, and even the Indies, by the See of Rome, for the purpose of extirpating infidels, jews, and heretics.

In order, however, to avoid the suspicion of our endeavouring to render this tribunal odious by a false statement, the following account of the rise and progress of the office of the Holy Inquisition is taken from the summary of a Latin work, written by Louis de Paramo, inquisitor in the kingdom of Sicily, and printed in the year 1598, at the royal press of Madrid.

Without going back to the origin of the inquisition, which Paramo pretends to have discovered was instituted by the deity against Adam and Eve, we

will limit ourselves to the time of Jesus Christ, who, according to Paramo, was the first inquisitor. \* \* \*

After Jesus Christ, St. Peter, St. Paul, and other of the apostles, exercised the office of inquisitors, which office they have transmitted to the popes and bishops. St. Dominic, arriving in France with the Bishop of Osma, to whom he was archdeacon, acted with so much zeal against the Albigenses, as greatly to ingratiate himself in the esteem of Simon Count de Montfort; and the said St. Dominic, being appointed by the pope inquisitor in Languedoc he there founded the order of Dominicans in 1216, confirmed and approved of by Honorius the Third. The Count de Montfort, under the auspices of St. Magdalen, took the town of Beyliers by assault, and massacred all the inhabitants; and at Laval there were burnt at one single time, four hundred Albigenses; upon this subject Paramo remarks, that in all the histories of the inquisition he has ever read, he never met with an act of faith so celebrated, or a sight so solemn, as this. At the village of Cazeras were burnt sixty persons; and at another place one hundred and eighty.

In 1229, the inquisition was adopted by the Count de Toulouse; in 1233 it was confided to the Dominicans by Pope Gregory IX.; and in 1251 was established by Pope Innocent the IV., with the exception of Naples, throughout all Italy. At the commencement of the inquisition, the heretics in the Milanese were not under pain of death owing to the popes not being sufficiently respected by the Emperor Frederick who possessed that state. A short time afterwards, however, heretics were burnt at Milan, the same as at all other places in Italy; and our author affirms, that in the year 1315, many thousand heretics having spread over the Cremasque, a little country completely enclosed within the Milanese, the Dominican brothers caused the greater part of them to be burnt, and thus stopped by fire the ravages of such a plague.

In the first canon of the Council of Toulouse, it was ordered that the bishops should appoint in every parish a priest and two or three laymen of good repute; who must make oath to search scrupulously and frequently for heretics, in such houses, caves, or other places where it was possible they might conceal themselves, and the moment any were discovered, to give

notice of the same to the bishop, lord of the domain, or his bailiff, first taking the utmost precaution that the heretics should not escape. The inquisitors and bishops at this time acting in conjunction, the prisoners of the bishops and the inquisition were often the same; and although, in the course of the procedure, the inquisitor could act upon his own authority, he was not allowed, without the intervention of the bishop, to apply the torture, pronounce final sentence, or condemn to perpetual imprisonment, &c. The frequent disputes between the bishops and inquisitors, respecting the limits of their authority and the spoils of the condemned, obliged Sixtus IV. in 1473, to render the inquisition independent of the tribunal of the bishops. He created a general inquisitor for Spain, invested with the power of nominating private inquisitors; and in 1478, inquisitions were founded and endowed by Ferdinand the Fifth\*.

At the solicitation of the brother Turrecremata, grand inquisitor in Spain, the same Ferdinand the Fifth, surnamed "The Catholic," banished all Jews from his kingdom, granting them three months time, from the publication of the edict, to depart; after which period, they were prohibited under pain of death, from being found in any part of the Spanish dominions.—He allowed them, however, to quit his kingdom with such of their effects and merchandize as they had bought, but forbid them from carrying away any kind of gold or silver.

The brother Turrecremata backed this edict at Toledo, by forbidding all Christians giving, under pain of excommunication, the slightest succour, or the most common necessities of life, to any Jews whatever.

After the promulgation of these laws, there departed from the kingdoms of Catalonia, Arragon, Valencia, and other countries subject to the dominion of Ferdinand, about one million of Jews; the greater part of whom perished miserably; in fact, the sufferings they underwent at that period, may be compared to the afflictions they endured under the reigns of Titus and Vespasian. This expulsion of the Jews caused incredible joy to all the Catholic kings.

In consequence of the various edicts made by the kings of Spain, and the

general and private inquisitors in that kingdom, about two thousand heretics were in a very short space of time burnt at Seville, and between the years 1482 and 1520, upwards of four thousand were burnt, besides an immense number who were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, or obliged to perform different kinds of penance. The emigration, in consequence of these laws, was so great, that it was reckoned five hundred houses were left empty in this city; in the bishop's diocese, three thousand heretics were either put to death, otherwise punished, or expatriated themselves to escape punishment. Thus did these pious fathers make havoc among the heretics.

\* \* \* \* \*

The introduction of the inquisition at Toledo was a fertile source of riches to the Catholic church. In the short space of two years, fifty-two determined heretics being burnt, and two hundred and twenty condemned for contumacy; hence may be conjectured the immense utility of an establishment, which had performed such great works in so short a period from its foundation.

From the commencement of the fifteenth century, Pope Boniface the Ninth had in vain endeavoured to establish the inquisition in the kingdom of Portugal, where he created the Provincial of the Dominicans, Vincent de Lisbonne, inquisitor general. Innocent the Seventh, some years afterwards having named the Minim, Didacus de Sylva, inquisitor, King John the First wrote to that pope, telling him the introduction of the inquisition in his kingdom was not only against the happiness of his subjects and his own interests, but even against that of religion.

The pope, touched by the representations of this prince, revoked the powers granted to the newly established inquisition, and authorized Mark, bishop of Sinigaglia, to absolve the accused, which was accordingly done; and those who had been deprived of their places, were reinstated in their offices and dignities, and many others delivered from the fear of having their property confiscated.

But the Lord is admirable in all his ways! continues Paramo; for that which the sovereign Pontiffs could not obtain by the most earnest entreaties, King John the Third granted voluntarily to a skilful impostor, whom God made use of for this good work.

\* Ferdinand the Fifth as King of Castile, was only Ferdinand the Second as King of Arragon.

Indeed the wicked are often made useful instruments in the hands of the Almighty, who reproves them not on account of the good they work. Thus when St. John said to our Saviour:—"Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us." But Jesus said, "forbid him not, for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part." Paramo relates subsequently, that he saw in the library of St. Lawrence at the Escorial, the document in Saavedra's own hand writing, where this impostor explains at full length, that having fabricated a false bull, he made his entree in Seville in quality of Legate, with a retinue of a hundred and twenty-six servants, and during his twenty days abode in the archbishop's palace, he deprived the heirs of a rich nobleman of Seville of thirteen thousand ducats; this money he extorted by producing a false obligation of the above mentioned sum, which that nobleman acknowledged having borrowed, whilst residing at Rome, of the Legate; at length, arriving at Badajoz, Saavedra there presented certain forged letters as from the pope to King John the Third, upon the strength of which, that sovereign permitted him to establish tribunals of the inquisition throughout the principal towns of his kingdom.

These tribunals soon began to exercise their jurisdiction by condemning and executing a prodigious number of relapsed heretics, and absolving such as were penitent. At the expiration, however, of six months, came to be fulfilled the words of the Evangelist, "that there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known." For the Marquess de Villanova de Barcarotta, seconded by the governor of Mora, carried off this charlatan, conducted him to Madrid, and obliged him to appear before John de Tavera, Bishop of Toledo. This prelate, thunderstruck at all he heard of the impostureship and address of this false legate, sent the minutes of the case to Pope Paul the Third, as well as the acts of the inquisitions which Saavedra had established, and by which, it appeared a great number of heretics had been already judged and condemned, and that this impostor had extorted by his skill more than three hundred thousand ducats.

The pope, however, could not help acknowledging that through the whole affair might be traced the finger of God, working a miracle by his Providence; and he formed an assembly of this tribunal in 1545, under the name of the Holy Office, which in 1583 was confirmed by Sixtus the Fifth.

*To be concluded in our next.*

#### SCARCE ARTICLES.

Sincerity—in patriotism.  
Honour—among attorneys.  
Friendship—without interest.  
Love—without deceit.  
Charity—without ostentation.  
Fair play—among gamblers.  
Beauty—without pride.  
An advocate—without a fee.  
A fashionable man—without foppery.  
A fashionable woman—without paint.  
A blustering man—without cowardice.  
A subaltern officer—with money.  
Administration—inattentive to private interests.

#### CROMWELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

FOR THE OLIO.

"BEAUTIFUL scenery!" exclaimed Roger Stapylton, as he crossed the style into a field of ripened corn.—Hinchinbrook House stood before him, the residence of the Sandwich family—the domicile of wealth and influence. What a noble structure of magnificence and beauty—lovely even in its beggarly attire, amidst malignant weeds that shoot up their heads in spite of the sterility that environs Hinchinbrook!—thou art indeed an invaluable relic of antiquity—emblem of faded grandeur; thou hast been a regal nursery—there the ambitious Protector Cromwell was cradled and fostered,\* and there the major part of his infancy was spent, as we glean from historical accounts, in debauchery and lasciviousness;—there grief and sorrow hang low their heads, meditating on the inevitable excision which must eventually crush this aged edifice;—pity and distress creep through the silent gloom, and mournfully weep over the bodies of those they once loved and cherished; and discontent, weary of rebellion, no longer delights "in blood unprofitably shed," but is fast dwindling into ruins; while tyranny and oppression lift up their arrogant heads, and with folded arms, stalk unmolested by, bidding defiance to the

\* Cromwell was born in the town of Huntingdon; the house itself is entirely taken down, with the exception of two rooms—the birth chamber and the apartment under it.



destruction which their maledictions have brought upon them.

As you pace the moth-eaten boards, your imagination is enhanced to that pitch of assumed dignity, that you fancy you can see the grand equipages—the fine gallant steeds, gorgeously attired, with their splendid retinues following, come riding up the court-yard in all that brilliant resplendency of titled grandeur, which Hinchinbrook alone can boast of. House of chivalry! how I adore thee!—when I think of thee, you remind me of those days when mirth and revelry rang through thy cloistered halls; while luxury, surfeited with the most costly viands, reeled like a drunkard to its couch—there to sleep away its senses. The floor is bedewed with the tears of Cromwell's mother—ill-fated woman! how she pined away in melancholy,—for why! the thought of her dear son, who was then the terror and scourge of the nation.

Over this decayed fabric, the flickering moon throws a faint but dismal light, which makes solitude miserable, and reflection a source of bitter regret. Oh! Hinchinbrook—thou wert once the resting-place of the noble and the mighty—but now, alas! art a remnant of rude antiquity; how long wilt thou totter on the threshold of despair;—wilt thou never again receive thy regal visitants with hospitality and welcome smiles—no, thou frownest yet with sympathy pictured in thy countenance, as if to say, “Look on me, I am but a shadow of what I was.” So much for Hinchinbrook!

Near the above house stands a venerable oak,\* which spreads its huge branches with becoming dignity around, almost reaching the greensward;—whenever this tree is a theme of discourse with the neighbours, the esteem and veneration they bestow upon it, plainly shows in what estimation it is held by the peasantry.

MORTIMER.

#### “LA CONICS.”

*For the Olivo.*

CONTENTMENT of opinion has a tendency to enlarge the mind; but unluckily, it is injurious in a moral however desir-

\* Under this oak, Cromwell, when a child, frequently amused himself, and was often seen, like a snake, basking in the sun, and might without adulation, be, 'cleped the royal oak.

able it may be in an intellectual point of view; opinion is indeed, a most powerful engine whether to restrain or to impel, for it proves equally a check to vice, and a stimulant to excellence.

THAT some men are so devotedly attached to the amusement of “Angling,” is scarcely to be wondered at, and a very little insight into the philosophy of mind will solve the difficulty. Not only is the exercise of power called forth, but some display of skill is required; again, the feeling of uncertainty and the pleasure of expectation, both concur in exciting an unusual interest.

THE power of application is surely a natural gift, as much as memory is; both, without doubt are improbable, but as we find some men who can commit nothing to memory, so we find others who, however well intentioned, find it impossible to apply.

LONG uniformity will make any thing insupportable; a never-varying metre in a poem of any length, renders it fatiguing; a straight road wears the traveller more than a winding one, and there are some men, whose novelty is such, that they would descend from the mountains of Switzerland disgusted with scenery, and out of love with the picturesque.

SUCH is our natural propensity to exaggerate, that the credibility of a fact, we are told, is lessened not in a simple, but in a compound ratio, according to the number of hands, through which an account of it has been transmitted.

THE dog barks before he bites; but man, insidious man, adds treachery to unkindness, and seizing upon the unguarded moment, steals upon the confidence of his fellow.

ADMIRATION of a man, if he be present, is better shewn indirectly by respect, than directly by praise; applause is indeed a very equivocal compliment, for he who officiously applauds another, assumes the right of hissing him as well.

PITY is a more acceptable tribute to our feelings than gratulation; we are more inclined to communicate our miseries than our good fortunes, and consequently, expect more sympathy with the former. “Ah! but you're not half so glad as I am,” was replied once to the congratulations of a friend; the reply was most ungracious, but it was not therefore the less natural.

PRIDE and poverty go hand in hand, as well as pride and plenty; but which

is the nobler, the insolence that springs from a well-filled purse, or the manly spirit that scorns dependence?

THE painful feeling attendant upon silence in company, or a general pause in conversation, we have all experienced; but even this is preferable to the shallow monotonous small-talk, of a fashionable coxcomb!

So inconsistent and incomprehensible is the mind of man, that it requires more philosophy and strength of mind to bear a jest heroically, than to put up calmly with more serious annoyances!

He who is indolent, however talented he may be, can never arrive at eminence; but this is far from being all the mischief, for indolence is not simply a negative evil. The mind that is not at work, will ere long turn to something bad; it is a soil that must be cultivated, or it will run to waste, and either flowers or weeds must rise upon its surface.

As great people are dependent upon little, sometimes for their origin, always for their subsistence; so great events owe their being to a combination of minor and petty causes. The philosophy of history gains but little dignity from the relation of movements that have taken place in the world, where the historian has been candid enough to tell us how ridiculous the springs of those movements often are.

It is fortunate that the blaze of beauty goes out so soon, or more men would be burning their fingers than there seem to be. Beauty is but a "will o' the wisp" at last; half the surprise it creates is the consequence of novelty, the other half the effect of imagination; and he that will calmly examine, will be surprised in the end at his own infatuation.

It may easily be known whether a man in argument aims at the real improvement of his audience, by observing whether he says any thing to irritate them, and whether he keeps watch over his own temper. The fact is, in most controversies, pride is at the bottom of it all, and a desire of victory is a far more powerful motive with disputants, than a knowledge of the truth.

THE reason why so few men arrive at eminence in literature is this; a work must have two perfections, which we rarely see combined,—simplicity of style, and novelty of ideas. The mind eagerly loves variety, so that it must not only be enabled to comprehend what is written, but the additional stimulus of variety must be given to in-

duce it to do so; that is to say, "a work must be simple enough to be understood, and novel enough to be understood with pleasure."

"A POUND of care will not pay an ounce of debt;" then why distress ourselves unnecessarily, and in order to get rid of one evil, burden ourselves with another, that in proportion far exceeds the annoyance it would remove? "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

THE most trifling theft is virtually punished by our laws; and men do in reality suffer, when they venture to wound the worldly interests of others; while adultery, a crime that wounds our feelings and our honour escapes retribution, exactly in the proportion that wealth puts in a man's power to avoid it.

As there is no fact however incredible, which may not be vouched for by testimony; and no theory, however absurd, which language may not dress out at least with the appearance of truth; so there is no argument so clear as not to be in some measure, open to the quibblings of a sceptic.

IGNORANCE is the poor man's best friend, for we can scarcely call that man unhappy, who is not conscious of his misery.

SOME lands make every thing degenerate; grapes remain sour, and instead of vegetables spring up thistles; thus the best subject, even religion itself, grows tedious and insipid in some hands; and there are people who, like Midas, convert every thing they touch into lead.

ERROR alone seems privileged to be gay, and it is the melancholy attribute of reason to torture her votaries. Perhaps it is nature's intention that we should not be wise over-much, or think too refinedly; for she revenges herself by entailing melancholy on the curious, and her secrets are only to be bought at this extravagant price. We are sent into the world to live in it, and as life consists in action, and action is precluded by too much thought, it is clearly our duty to bring reason in subjection.

OF the numberless kinds of pride, religious pride is that which least becomes man; it is that to which he is least entitled, and besides, pride is from its very nature, utterly inconsistent with the spirit of religion.

"What do you cry for? I am very comfortable;" said a young prince to his nurse, and so it is with the world.

He who is comfortably settled in life, feels convinced that things are as they should be; while the man who has nothing to lose, is equally confident that the State is "at sixes and sevens." As long as we hold bad cards, we cry out that the cards want shuffling, but a return of luck silences us in a moment.

WITHOUT the aid of judgment, genius is but a splendid, for it never can be a useful, gift; where is the great advantage of generating ideas, if we have not also the faculty of digesting and arranging them.

"He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," saith the scripture, and truly the experience of every man, must confirm this judgment of Solomon. Wisdom is assuredly not happiness, and it seems equally unsatisfying, to the soul and the understanding. The melancholy conclusion that the greatest man that ever lived arrived after a life spent in study, was this, "Nothing can be known!"

HISTORY itself, majestic as it is, serves only to shew us the inaccuracy of evidence; compare historians of different politics, and you might almost believe they treated of different countries. By a slight twisting of circumstance, and a scarcely-perceptible shifting of the ground, you gain a totally different impression of facts; by omitting or casting into the shade good qualities, and by excusing vice with all the aid of sophistry, we are compelled to form a false estimate of character. In the hands of a skilful pilot, the insinuation and the sneer are powerful weapons.

WE arm ourselves against adversity by moral strength, and store up with care all the maxims of philosophy; they are forgotten, however, at the precise moment they should be called into play, and the practical benefit is lost. To what end then, do all our studies tend? Let us look at the poor wretches around us, and read in living pages! How many thousands are there, who suffer privations with heroism, every day of their miserable existence; who act with patience the farce of life, though they knew neither reason nor precept, though they speculate not with Plato, nor argue with Aristotle.

It would seem common to observe, that "Motive is every thing," yet however irrefutably it presents itself, and however common it may be in its theory, the maxim is but a dead letter when we have differences with each other. Unintentional wrong is too often done, and is the effect of thoughtlessness;

but as long as the venom of malice is away, no real insult (morally speaking) can be said to have been inflicted.

WHY should we wonder that great moral and religious truths are perverted, when we know that the very laws, though worded with particular and even tiresome exactness, do not escape quibbling? How many hundreds derive a daily and even "honourable" subsistence, from distorting the virtual meaning of our statute books, or laying hold of some flaws in their expression?

THERE is a great disposition at the present day, rather to find out the reasons and causes of things, than to know the truth of them; now an acquaintance with causes cannot concern us, who have to undergo, not to conduct things; and to be flying off to means when effects only are our concern, is as absurd as it would be unprofitable.

INDEPENDENCE carries with it its magic influence, through every department of life; even the literary man can ill dispense with its aid; genius has reached glorious heights indeed, but it could never have climbed to them, had there been any fear of a fall; and he who has a patron to please, must both analyse the tendency of his ideas, and chain down their expression.

BELIEF is not always an involuntary act of the mind; on an abstract question it may be so, but in matters where their pride is concerned, or their interest involved, men put an unfair restraint on their judgment, and suffer it not to stray too far against themselves; when once we hope a thing is true, we are also inclined to believe it so.

LIFE is not so miserable but it has its pleasures as well as its pains; at the same time we must bear in mind, that pleasure is not necessarily happiness, though the reverse of this is true. Happiness is a state of calm settled contentment, while mere pleasure is a transient gratification, that the veriest wretch on earth may occasionally experience.

To entertain a friendship for a man, simply because he happens to be of the same disposition with ourselves, or to agree with us in our sentiments, is only a more refined and less offensive species of self-love.

IN a commercial country like England, how absurd is pride of family. The annual revolutions that take place in families, are greater in degree and more in number, than would well be believed; and there have been instances of men living to enjoy the benefit of their own original charity.

THAT the feeling of self-love is not so predominant in all our actions, as misanthropes would persuade us, may be proved by a variety of occurrences. There have not only been relatives who have sacrificed themselves for one another, but history can tell us, that many servants have died for their masters, both in ancient and modern times. To look at more trifling incidents, when we have perused a composition so often, that it would weary us to dip into it again, we can yet partake of the pleasures it conveys to a friend, and enter anew into his admiration.

BACON has told us "that in a great wit, deformity is an advantage towards rising." Certain it is, that those who are not favoured by nature in their outward appearance, feel a constant spur to rescue themselves from contempt by mental exertions; and observation will shew us, that personable people are not always the most amiable. From filth and manure proceed the sweetest flowers.

THOUGH the society of equals will give a man an independent spirit, and dispose him to declare fearlessly what he thinks, yet this habit is attended with great disadvantage as well. From an absence of all restraint the mind becomes captious, sometimes peevish and self-willed; and any long continuance of such unbridled licence, must produce (for we see it always does produce) melancholy effects in after-life.

THERE are few who have not calmness enough to put up philosophically with the calamities of their neighbours; however weak and chicken-hearted a man may be, he will be found to have sufficient strength of mind for this.

WE ridicule and we pity barbarians, when we read of their exchanging the substantial advantages of life, for beads or other trinkets; why should we be grave then, when we see one man puffed up with the possession of a star or a title, and another man giving him honour for it. These distinctions are equally contemptible in themselves, conferred on their owners by accident; and we too, should utterly condemn them, were we not also tainted by these artificial gradations of society.

HE who assents in an argument, because he has nothing farther to say in his defence, assents from necessity; and though he is clearly beaten, (because he is silenced for the present) yet cannot be said to be overcome. "The dog will return to his vomit again."

F.

## HORRORS OF WAR AT LEIPZIG, 1813.

THE nearer you approached to the Ranstadt gate, the thicker lay the dead bodies. The Ranstadt causeway, which is crossed by what is called the Muhlgraben (mill dam,) exhibited a spectacle peculiarly horrid. Men and horses were every where to be seen, driven into the water, they had found their grave in it, and projected in hideous groups about its surface. Here the storming columns from all the gates, guided, by the fleeing foe, had for the most part united, and had found a sure mark for every shot in the closely crowded masses of the enemy. But the most dreadful sight of all was that which presented itself in the beautiful Richters garden, once the ornament of the city on that side where it joins the Elster. All along the bank, heads, arms, and feet appeared above the water. Numbers in attempting to ford the treacherous river, had there perished.

The smoking ruins of whole villages and towns, or extensive tracts laid waste by inundations, exhibit a melancholy spectacle, but a field of battle is assuredly the most shocking sight that eye can ever behold. Here all kinds of horrors are united; here death reaps his richest harvest, and revels amid a thousand forms of human suffering. The whole area has of itself a peculiar and repulsive physiognomy, resulting from such a variety of heterogeneous objects as are no where else found together. The relics of torches, the littered and trampled straw, the bones and flesh of slaughtered animals, fragments of plates, a thousand articles of leather, tattered cartouch boxes, old rags, clothes thrown away, all kinds of harness, broken muskets, shattered waggons and carts, weapons of all sorts, thousands of dead and dying, horribly mangled bodies of men and horses, and all these intermingled! I shudder whenever I recall to memory this scene, which for the world I would not again behold. Such, however, was the spectacle that presented itself in all directions; so that a person who had before seen the environs of Leipzig, would not have known them again in their present state. Barriers, gardens, parks, hedges, and walks, were alike destroyed and swept away. The appearance of Richters garden was a fair specimen of the aspect of all the others. Among these the beautiful one of Lohr was particularly remarkable. Here

French artillery had been stationed towards Gublis; and here both horses and men had suffered most severely.—The magnificent buildings, in the Grecian style, seemed mournfully to overlook their late agreeable, now devastated groves, enlivened in spring by the warbling of hundreds of nightingales, but where now nothing was to be heard, save the loud groans of the dying. The dark alleys, summer houses and arbours so often resorted to for recreation, social pleasures, or silent meditation, were now the haunts of death, the abode of agony and despair. The gardens, so late a paradise, were transformed into the seat of corruption and pestilential putridity.

### Retrospectiana.

THE Epistle of Publius Lentulus, written to the senate and people of Rome, concerning the true description and portraiture of our Saviour, gathered out of an old MS. in Brazenose College, Oxford, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, when it was accustomed, that those who were governors of provinces and countreys, under the senate and people of Rome, did certify the senators, who were at Rome, of all strange events and novelties, which happened in their several countreys of the world. Publius Lentulus, being at that time in Jewry, the governour over that country, wrote unto the senate and people of Rome in these words:—

“There arose in my days, and yet there is a man of great power, whose name is Jesus Christ, who is called the prophet of the truth, and of his disciples is called the Son of God; he raiseth the dead, and healeth the maladies and diseases of the people. Hee is of stature tall, and comely of countenance; grave, whom so behouldeth, but love, and withal fear him; his hairs are of the colour of a ripe filberd, plaine and smooth, almost to the ears; from the ears curld and smooth, and sum what paler and brighter of colour, from the shoulders tossed and carried with the wind, being divided in the midst of the head, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead smooth, and passing faire, without any the least wrinkle, beautified with a moderate ruddyness; his mouth and nose very well proportioned, having his beard very full and copious, with the same color of his haire, not long but forked in the midst; his look quick and cheerful; his eyes shining and cleare; he is

merry, but with modesty and gravity, whom no man ever knew to lause, but often to weep; in reproof he is terrible; in admonition mild; his hands and arms comely to behold; in talk sober, distinct, and modest, but beautiful and faire above others the sons of men.”

### Table Talk.

ANECDOTE OF SELDEN.—This learned man, some days before his death, sent for Archbishop Usher and Dr. Laingbaine! amongst other matters he told them, that he had surveyed most of the learning which was amongst the sons of men—that his study was filled with manuscripts on various subjects; yet he could not at that time recollect any passage, out of infinite books and papers wherein he could rest his soul, save out of the sacred Scriptures.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF A WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIER.—In the disastrous retreat of the French army, after the conflagration of Moscow, the following melancholy history of a poor wounded Russian is given by Surgeon Begin, of the French army:—

After leaving Moscow, says M. Begin, we found all the villages in ashes, and a dead silence reigning every where around us. Having wandered a little from the main route of the army, I was roused from a melancholy reverie on the misfortunes of our army, by the groans of a human being, who appeared, by the sounds, to be close to me. I stared around, but could see nothing, except scattered and half putrid corpses. The groans continued, and I alighted from my horse to make a more careful examination of the place. After several minutes search, I discovered in the ditch of a redoubt, and lodged in the disembowelled carcass of a horse, a wretched Russian soldier, whose right leg had been carried off by a cannon shot, and who had existed in that horrid asylum for six weeks—namely, from the battle of Moscow! During this time he had lived on the carcass of the animal, whose bones and skin served him for a habitation. Almost every particle of flesh was clean scraped from the interior of the animal, the thorax and abdomen of which protected the wounded soldier from the pelting storm. The stump was nearly healed by the efforts of nature alone, and the Russian, though pale, squalid, and haggard, was apparently firm in strength, and by no means ill in health.” All M. Begin could do, was to give him

a dram from his canteen, which set the poor Muscovite almost in ecstasies. He left him where he found him, but had no doubt that the Russian army, who were pursuing them, would relieve the unfortunate soldier from his dreary abode in a day or two afterwards.

**RALEIGH AND SYDNEY.**—How opposite were the characters of these two men. Both are considered ornaments of the Elizabethan era, but, contrasted with Sydney's, the character of Raleigh loses much of its brightness. The former, proud, imperious, and petulant, had the prudence to keep aloof from the dangerous court of Elizabeth, and chose the rough life of a soldier; he was a gentleman, a poet, and a scholar; yet it might be said of him as was said of Cato that he had more of the admirable than the amiable in his composition. Raleigh, preferring a life of gaiety, flouted in rich attire before his royal mistress, and his fulsome adulation of her, is, perhaps, the worst charge that can be brought against him. If the account of his conduct subsequent to his fatal expedition in search of the gold mine, published after his death by order of James the First, be true, his greatest admirers must own that Raleigh betrayed a weakness unworthy of so great a man; few, however, can read the history of his sufferings and his unjust execution without feelings of pity for the victim and disgust for his destroyers \*\*\*

**NORTH AND WEST; OR, DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.**—A short time since, two horse-dealers, the one a Yorkshireman, the other from the West country, met together at an inn in Hampshire, when they mutually resolved to cheat each other. Both of them had unsound horses, and after some conversation the Yorkshireman offered to change cattle with his new acquaintance, which the latter agreed to, but the transfer had no sooner been made, when the Yorkshireman exultingly exclaimed, "I've doone thee lad! the poor beast is most danubly spavined!"—"Ha!" replied the other with a knowing grin "and I forgot to tell thee that when I looked into my horse's mouth this mornin, I vound's tongue a hanging by a vibre!" \*\*\*

WHEN Dr. Samuel Johnson lodged at Kettle Hall, in the University of Oxford, at a Mr. Thompson's a cabinet-maker, the maid, by an unfortunate mistake, one day brought him a *chemise* of Mrs. Thompson's to put on instead of his own shirt. The Doctor, contemplating on nothing but Ramlers, and

Idlers, and colossal Dictionaries, shoved his arms, head and shoulders, into the lady's linen before he discovered his error. "Who has cut off the sleeves of my shirt?" exclaimed the enraged and hampered moralist, with Stentorian vociferation—dancing and tugging, and roaring for freedom. This roar brought up poor Mrs. Thompson, who, with the most consummate delicacy, shutting her two chaste eyes, slipped her hand into the room, and delivered her giant guest from his enchanted castle.

**TOO WISE TO LIVE LONG.**—Baker, the historian, after an eulogium of the qualities of the youthful prince, Edward the Sixth, adds "and after this, when he had scarce yet attained to the age of fifteen years, and died before sixteen; that from hence we may gather, that it is a sign of no long life, when the faculties of the mind are so ripe and early."

In an old Chronicle of the sixteenth century, "*Resin Ecclesia e Rolitia Christiana gestos ab, anno 1500, ad annum 1600.* Autore. T. Roeffing, H. Rudolstadt 1676," is related the following interesting historical anecdote:—

"A German lady, descended from a noble race, which had distinguished itself early by its heroism, and to which Germany was once indebted for an emperor, caused by her determined and courageous behaviour, the much dreaded Duke of Alba, almost to tremble. In the year 1577, after the battle of Micklberg, as Charles passed through Thuringen, on his way to Franconia Swabia, the widowed countess Catherine of Lohwarzburg (who was by birth a princess of Kenneberg) obtained from him a *Sauve garde*, which secured her subjects from the annoyance they might otherwise suffer, from the Spanish troops which were to pass through her territory. On the other hand, she pledged herself for a moderate return, to supply them with bread, beer, and other necessaries, which were to be conveyed to the bridge on the Seal, over which their route lay. She took, however, the precaution to order the bridge which was close to the town to be broken up, and to have another built as quickly as possible, further up the river, and at a greater distance from the town, in order that the proximity of the same might not tempt the rapacity of her rude guests. At the same time, she permitted the inhabitants of all the districts through which the troops were to march, to convey all their property which was of any value, to the castle of Rudolstadt.

In the mean time, the Spanish general who, accompanied by Duke Henry of Brunswick and his sons, was on his way to the town, sent a messenger to the Countess, requesting to be allowed the favour of breakfasting with her. So modest a request from a commander at the head of an army, could not be otherwise than complied with; he received for answer, whatever the house afforded, was at his service; his Excellency might come and be contented with the best that could be given to him. It was not omitted at the same time, to remind the general of the *Sauve Garde*, and to require from him the most strict and conscientious observance of the same.

"The Duke was received in a most friendly, and hospitable manner at the castle. He did not, of course, fail to pass many encomiums on the domestic arrangements of the Countess, and to extol the excellency of her kitchen. Scarcely were they seated, when the arrival of an express calls the Countess from the breakfast-room; by this, she receives advices that the Spanish troops had committed acts of violence in many of the villages and districts, through which they had passed, and had plundered the peasants of their cattle, &c. Catherine was a mother to her subjects, what befel the poorest of them, was felt by her. Much incensed at this breach of faith, she orders, with great presence of mind, her domestics to arm themselves as quickly as possible, and to secure all the approaches to the castle, after which she returns to the breakfast-room, where the princes are still at breakfast. She relates to them in the most moving terms, the accounts she had just received; complaining, at the same time, of the manner in which the imperial promise had been broken. The princes answer her laughingly, that such is the custom of war, and that it is impossible to prevent such little mishaps during a march. "We will ascertain that," replied the Countess enraged, "my poor subjects shall have restored to them what is their own, or, by the living God!" added she, raising her voice in a threatening manner to its highest pitch, "Princes' blood for Ox's blood!" With this plain declaration she left the room, which was in a few minutes filled with men in arms, who, with their swords drawn, nevertheless with great respect, placed themselves behind the seats of the princes, and attended at their breakfast. At the entrance of this determined band, the

Duke of Alba's colour fled, the guests looked at each other in mute astonishment. Cut off from the army, and surrounded by a determined handful of men superior in number, they could do nothing, but await patiently the return of the offended Countess, and endeavour to conciliate her, by acceding to any conditions she chose to dictate. Henry of Brunswick was the first to recover his presence of mind, and bursting out into a loud laughter, turned the whole occurrence into ridicule; praising the Countess in high terms for the motherly care she took of her subjects, and the determined courage she had evinced, he entreated her to be perfectly at ease, and took upon himself to persuade the Duke of Alba to accede to any fair conditions. In this he was so far successful, as to obtain an order from the duke to the army, commanding the immediate restitution of the stolen cattle to their respective owners. As soon as the Countess had ascertained that this order had been fully complied with, she returned her guests her most grateful thanks, who, in the most courteous manner, took their leave of her."

It was without doubt, this circumstance, which gained for the Countess Catharine of Scharzburg the name of the "Heroic." Her persevering activity in furthering in her own land the Reformation which had been introduced by her husband, Count Henry the Thirty-seventh, in abolishing the monasteries and in improving the system of scholastic education, is still a subject of praise. She protected many Protestant preachers who suffered persecution for their religious tenets. Among these was one Caspar Aquila, minister of Saalfeld, who, in his youth had served as military chaplain in the Imperial army then in the Netherlands, and whom the drunken soldiery had placed in a mortar, intending to blow him up, because he had refused to baptize a cannon-ball, which was about to be charged. This fate he however escaped, as his persecutors were unable to light the powder. He was a second time in danger of his life, from the rage of the emperor, of whom he had spoken in contemptuous terms from the pulpit, and by whom a reward of 5000 guilders was offered for his apprehension; Catharine, at the request of the inhabitants of Saalfeld, had this man secretly brought to her castle, where she kept him many months in concealment, and treated him with the greatest possible kindness, till all danger of arrest was

over. She died in the fifty-eighth year of her age, and the twenty-ninth of her reign, mourned and respected by all who knew her. Her remains are deposited in the church of Rudolstadt.

A. K. J.

### Varieties.

A BRA' Highlander, as gude a trencherman e'en as Dandie Dinmont himsel', in travelling lately through Scotland, breakfasted at an inn he had previously sojourned at, where the landlady had charged him a shilling for his repast; but, after better, or perhaps bitter experience, she on this occasion, raised the price to eighteen-pence. To this additional demand the guest demurred, and after a lengthened higgie, told the hostess plainly, "I'll pay the odd sixpence, if ye'll put on the pan and fry another collop." The careful matron foresaw the consequences, and deemed it safer to take the shilling, than hazard the experiment.

A FARMER, a short time since, standing three feet high without his shoes, attended a horse-market in the north, with whom a dealer, wishing to drive a bargain, sent his son in quest of. The son, not knowing the man, enquired what he was like, and so forth. "Just look for the longest man in the market, and bring him here directly," was the abrupt reply. The messenger did as he was bid, scanned the crowd carefully, and at length fastened on the carter of the parish, who happened to exceed the farmer in height, and whom he summoned to a conference with his father. His reverence, somewhat puzzled, obeyed the summons, and great indeed was the father's surprise, when the son ushered the minister into his presence; but, in place of apologizing, he merely stammered out in his own blunt way, "I bad the booby bring me the longest man he could find, and feggs he's brought a longer one, which I did na' think possible."

PLAY BILLS.—These bills were very early in use. On the Stationers' books is the following entry: October, 1587. John Charlewoode, lycensed to him by the whole consent of the Assstants, the only ymprinting of all manner of bills for players, provided that, if any trouble arise herebye, then Charlewoode to bear the charge." These play bills were then affixed to the numerous posts which formerly encumbered the metropolis; and hence the phrase "posting-bills," which is still retained. The following "merrie jest, on this subject,

is related by Taylor, the "Water Poet.:"

"Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet-street, at a great pace, a gentleman called to him, and asked him what play was played that day. He, being angry to be staid on so frivolous a demand, answered, that he might see what play was to be played, on every post. "I cry your mercy," said the gentleman, "I took you for a post, you rode so fast."

CARDS.—"I think it wonderful," says Addison, "to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation than what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas than those of black or red spots, ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?"

EARLY RISING.—Dr. Doddridge remarks "that the difference between rising at five and at seven of the clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life." The Dr. who was a voluminous writer, said, that he owed the production of most of his works to this economy of time.

RANK.—Pope Sixtus V. on his elevation from the condition of a swineherd to the tiara used to say in contempt of the squibs that were made upon his birth, that he was 'domus natus illustri,' born of an illustrious house; because the sun beams, passing through the broken walls and ragged roof, illustrated every corner of his father's hut.

BORROWED BOOKS.—Those who have collected books, and whose good nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the sting at an answer which was made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes that he lent them. "Sir, your acquaintance find, I suppose, that it is easier to retain the books themselves than what is contained in them."

SOLITUDE.—"Although retirement is my dear delight," says Melmoth, "yet, upon some occasions, I think I have too much of it; and I agree with Balzac, que la solitude est certainement une belle chose, mais il y a plaisir d'avoir quelqu'un a qui on puisse dire de tems en tems que la solitude est une belle chose."



**GRATITUDE.**—John Brognier, bishop of Geneva, was a swineherd in his youth. Being one day at Geneva, he went to the Tarconnerie to purchase a pair of shoes, but found, upon examining his scrip, that he had not sufficient money. The shoemaker observing his confusion, took compassion upon his poverty; "Go friend," said he, "you shall pay me when you become a cardinal." Not long after a cardinal taking a liking to Brognier, carried him to Avignon, and made him a learned man. He came at last to be in reality a cardinal, when he made the kind-hearted shoemaker his house-steward. \*\*\*

**A CHARM.**—In a small volume of "*Choice and Experimental Receipts*," published in 1698, and affiliated upon the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby, is the following recipe for the tooth-ache. "With an iron nail, raise and cut the gum from about the teeth till it bleed, and that some of the blood stick upon the nail; then "drive it into a wooden beam up to the head;" after this is done, you shall never have the tooth-ache in all your life. But whether the man used any spell or said any words while he drove the nail, I know not. This is used by several certain per-

sons." Our dentists have done some good in the present day by lancing the gums of "several certain persons," and the cure has been as effectual without driving the instrument with which the experiment was performed, up to the handle into a "wooden beam."

I come from Rotherham to Wentworth House, the seat of Lord Fitzwilliam, a truly regal domain, for extent, richness, and splendour; but (like many English parks) melancholy and monotonous; the immense tracts of grass, with a few scattered trees, and the tame sheep-like deer grazing upon them, in time become intolerable. Certainly, it is a most tasteless custom, to have these green deserts extend on one side to the very houses; it makes them look like enchanted palaces, inhabited by deer instead of men. It is the easier to give one's self up to this notion, since there is seldom a human being to be seen outside the house, which is usually shut up, so that you are often obliged to ring at the door for a quarter of an hour before you can get admittance, or the lady "Châtelain" appears to play the Cicerone, and receive her fee.

*Tour of a German Prince.*

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, April 25.

*Duchess of Gloucester, born 1776.*

**ST. MARK.**—The evangelist and patron saint of Venice, by birth a Jew, but becoming a convert to Christianity, he was sent by St. Peter into Egypt to propagate his new faith. During his residence at Alexandria, the populace dragged him from the church, and through the streets, till he expired. Numerous ceremonies are observed on this day, in various Catholic countries, particularly at Venice.

Thursday, April 26.

*Sun rises 43m. aft. 4. sets 18m. aft 7.*

Friday, April 27.

This is a busy time for Astronomers, in watching the conjunctions of the moon with the fixed stars, the fine nights being peculiarly favourable for telescopic observation of those beautiful planets, Venus and Mercury.

Saturday, April 28.

**THE MORNING AIR.**—There is something in the morning air that, while it defies the penetration of our philosophy, adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigour to the whole frame—the freshness of the lip, by the way, is, according to Dr. Marshall Hall, one of the surest marks of health. If ye would be well, therefore—if ye would have your heart dancing gladly, like the April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook—up with the lark—the merry lark,—"as Shakspeare calls it, which is "the ploughman's clock," to warn him of the dawn;—up and breakfast on the morning air, fresh with

the odour of budding flowers and all the fragrance of the maiden spring; up from your nerve-destroying down bed, and from the foul air pent within your close drawn curtains, and with the sun, "walk o'er the dew of the far eastern hills." But we must defend the morning air from the aspersions of those who sit in their close airless studies, and talk of the chilling dew and the unwholesome damps of the dawn. We have all the facts in our favour that the fresh air of the morning is uniformly wholesome; and, having the facts, we pitch such shallow philosophy to fools who have nothing else for a foot-ball.—*Times' Telescope for 1832.*

Sunday, April 29.

**LOW SUNDAY.**

*Lessons for the Day.—16 ch. of Numbers, even.  
22 ch. of Numbers, even.*

This is called Low Sunday, because formerly, the service of Easter Sunday was repeated on this day in a *low*, or abridged form.

Monday, April 30.

Sweet April, farewell to thee!

Thou art dear as the daughter of Spring;  
Smiling nature receives thee with glee,  
Whilst the woodlands with melody ring.

Tuesday, May 1.

May comes, queen of flowers! she is loaded with bloom;  
Her voice is wild music, her breath is perfume;  
Lightly touch'd by her wand, buds and blossoms unfold,  
And the meadows are dress'd in her livery of gold.

# The Otto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XIX.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, May 5, 1859.



See p. 201

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### Sales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the Otto.

### BLAUNCHEFLOR.

A TALE OF HANSTAL.

**FOLKS.** By these dead princes,  
From whose descents you stand a star ad-  
mired,

Lay not so base alloy upon your virtues!  
Take heed—for honour's sake, take heed!—  
The bramble

No wise man ever planted by the rose,—  
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine,  
When her full blushes court the sun, dares  
any

Choke up with wanton ivy. Good, my lord,  
Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,  
And the main body brick?

**S. LORD.** You wrong your worth.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

This legend pretends to be nothing more than the old fashioned and highly painted romaunt of the chivalric period, when some such a story may be  
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imagined to have been told, in the winter, after supper, in a castle, when the family of a rich man, as was the custom with the Great, were sitting round the fire, and recounting antique transactions.\*

Our ancestors shut up by winds and storms in their great and gloomy battlemented houses, wanted something, besides the festal table and the roaring chimney-vault, to overpower the melancholy drifting of the gusty snow against the windows. The interminable diversions that these enlightened times afford, to relieve the monotony of a tedious evening, they knew not. Consequently, whenever a company was assembled, if a jongleur or minstrel were not present, they made it a practice, either in the castle hall, or by detached groups in their several bedchambers, to entertain each other with a mutual recitation of the romantic—the terrible and the strange.

\* Gesta Romanorum.

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In the glorious reign of King Edward the Third, the Lady Blauncheflor de Ridware became, by the death of her father, at Cregy, the mistress of Hamstal Hall in Staffordshire, as well as of several feudal dependencies in other counties.

Even in those golden days of pictorial building, when England was one vast treasure-house of proudly fortified cities,—of pinnacled monasteries nestled by the river's meadowy marge,—of towered castles glittering over their forests from the hill-brow, and of ample hostleries, with their red lattices and open galleries basking in the sun, —a fairer mansion than the Ridware Hamstal was rarely to be seen.

It stood on a gentle green acclivity, laved by the blue abounding Blythe, on the same spot where the widely scattered remains of a much later manor hall still exhibited their bay-windows dim with stained glass, their porches, their pools, their gateway, and their watch tower, a great mass of brick-work grey with lichens and muffled with ivy, the whole occupying, with wall and court, upwards of two acres.

At the time of our tale, however, a very different building occupied that situation. It was a majestic and mighty fabric, adorned with towers and battlements, and enriched with all those new decorations which so beautifully distinguish the architecture of that period, intermingled with and overshadowed by woods and groves. Such a house Chaucer loved to describe :

With many subtil compassings,  
As baribicans and pinnacles,  
Imageries and tabernacles,  
I saw, and full eke of windowis,  
As flakis fallen in grete showis,  
And of a sute were al the towris,

Subtly carven after flouris,  
The towris hie, ful plesante shal ye finde,  
With fanails fresh turninge with everie winde,

The chambris and parlirs of a sorte,  
With bay windowes goodlie as may be thoughte;

As for dauncing or otherwise disports,  
The galleries be all right wel wrought.

The knightly house of De Ridware had ever been celebrated for a display of hospitality remarkable even in those days, worthy of their opulence and far transcending their rank in society.—The bread and the ale of Hamstal were for ever in requisition. Nowhere were vaults so stored with wines. The house was always steaming with the savoury odours of baked meats, venison, fish, and fowl of every description; so that, to use a contemporary phrase,

"it snowed in that house of mete and drink, and of all deintees;" and to give the last touch to the picture of a baronial homestead in the fourteenth century, a mighty board stood in the great hall, which was termed the Table Dormant, and remained covered night and day with supplies of provisions.

The slain Sir Bertram had signalized himself in the wars of the barons, and long before his heroic death, which of course had considerably strengthened the connection, both he and his family were in high favour with Edward and Philippa. The Lady de Ridware had been nurse and foster-mother to the young Prince of Wales; and various members of the royal family had not unfrequently been lodged and feasted at Hamstal.

Of this noble abode was Blauncheflor de Ridware left at the age of nineteen sole mistress, under the wardship of her widowed mother. Born, as it were, in the meridian of royal favour, and educated in all the high toned ideas of the chivalric court of the Plantagenets, it need scarcely be said, that the beautiful Blauncheflor, added to all the softest affections of a very woman, a romantic grandeur and resolution of heart, that in those days was exalted as heroic, and in ours would be ridiculed as enthusiastic, or rejected as false.—Thus much it was needful to premise, that our story may not be deemed extravagant.

The noontide meal was finished at Hamstal Hall. Blauncheflor and her lady mother had retired to the bower; a pleasant chamber in one of the highest towers, wainscotted in minute panels of cedar and cypress wood; the cornice being a deep ribwork painted with scarlet, olive-green, and gold.—Each pannel contained a highly coloured landscape or portrait painted by an artist from Brabant, who had been sent from the court, as a mark of especial favour by Queen Philippa herself. The richly wrought mullions of a narrow, tall, and extremely deep oriel, were filled up with the flushed enamel of painted glass, except where the open lattice admitted flakes of May sunshine, far milder than the coruscant splendours that gushed upon the floor through the robes of prelates or the canopies of kings. The pavement in small glazed quarries of crimson and white, each emblazoned with an armorial coat, was only partially covered with fresh and large rushes.

The Lady de Ridware, a noble-look-

ing dame of the house of Waldeshof, was attired in widow's weeds, and sate on a high selle of elaborate carvings, resembling the tabernacle work we see in old shrines;—she had a faldstool of embroidery; and, over her head, projecting from the back of her chair, was a square tester variegated with stripes of red and blue, having in its centre, azure an eagle displayed argent, the arms of Ridware. She was looking affectionately on her only child, who, also in deep mourning, with an air of much respect, seemed listening;—her lovely face was half averted towards the window; but the crimson mantling on her cheek, the glistening of her eye, and the compression of her lip, shewed that some speech of more than ordinary interest had just proceeded from her parent.

At length, turning on her mother's eyes, where the mists of anguish seemed dried up by the splendour of high resolve, and with a smile that overcame the painful hectic amidst which it played—

"Urge me not, my beloved mother! mother tempt me not," she said, "thy Blaunchefflor will neither be foolish enough to let her hopes soar so near the sun, that they be blasted, nor greedy enough to grasp at more than her due."

"Ah! my child! reflect—it is no every day difficulty; to relinquish is often as hard as to achieve, and royalty hath a power to command, even though love hath no voice to plead."

"Love has a voice," replied Blaunchefflor, in a very low but clear tone; "love has a voice, but not unanswerable. Mother, the prince, you tell me loves your poor child honourably—of that I am assured, for he never knew 'dishonour.' You say his love amounts to doteage, that too I can believe, since mine for him is adoration!"

"Why then, avoid him! and whence this mighty difficulty with which you have permitted him to visit you once more in the castle of your ancestors?"

"Oh mother! is there not cause?—would you provoke the anger, and wound the royal pride of two such sovereigns? and, when men ask 'What is the cause that the king veils his helm from the battle, and the queen sits weeping in her bower?'—would ye have them answer that Blaunchefflor of the Hamstal had, like a cherl plundering the palace which she was admitted to admire, inveigled the affections of their princely heir, and confined to a peakish grange—what was meant for Europe!"

"The House of Ridware!" haughtily replied the knightly widow, "is not wont to produce scions unworthy of graftage on the loftiest tree. And thou, untrue to thy dignity, unjust to thy deserts,—art thou not Lady of the broad woods of Hamstal and Seil?—is it not for thee that the Mease washes the fairest meadows of Edinghale? Think of the fertile vales of Rossington and Boyleston—of Fridlesham—of Callingwood—of Retelberstone! A knight's daughter, a comely virgin with vassals in five provinces, might exchange rings methinks with any prince in Christendom!"

"But Christendom contains not a prince that is Edward's pheere! and mother, had I a dukedom at my girdle, know that I would not presume to barter it with the surpassing qualities, and the world's hopes of the Prince of Wales."

"Blaunchefflor! thou art either too proud, or too meanhearted!"

"Both! beloved mother, both—too meanhearted to be wooed by the heir of my Suzerain—too proud to dare permit myself to be won."

"At least, child, if thine own interests stir thee not in this matter, shew compassion on thy royal lover. His Highness is even now pining with his concealed passion. The change it has produced in his cheer—the effects it betrays in his person, have astonished the court, and penetrated the king and queen with the most lively grief. When I left Tutbury yesterday, the prince's melancholy was the theme of every tongue. Marry, but when he poured his tale into the ears of his old foster-mother, she gave him an opiate."

"And that was?" said Blaunchefflor eagerly.

"Why what should it be, but the truth?—that, in spite of all your coyness, you loved his Highness, and that so well, that you would not long know how to conceal it."

"The Lady of Hamstal did not surely say that of Sir Bertram's daughter?" said Blaunchefflor, her maiden honour kindling the colour and tone of grave displeasure, which her habitual respect could not altogether controul.

"By our lady of Lapley but she did!" rejoined the dame, slightly blushing; "nay, Mignon, look not such reproach on your mother! If I said you loved him, I hid not from his view all that fine coloured tissue of romance forsooth, which makes true love treason:"

"And the prince?" faltered Blancheflor.

"Changed from the rosy hue of glittering hope, to the wan ashiness of blank despair! but by all the saints," ejaculated lady Joanna, starting from her stately siege, "Thou art following his example." Blancheflor had turned deathly white, and tottering against the window, caught at a cluster of wild roses to prevent her falling; for, during this dialogue, she had continued standing, in strict accordance with the respectful usage of the period, in the presence of her lady mother.

Starting, we say, from her stately siege, Lady de Ridware caught Blancheflor as she was sinking, and her eyes involuntarily glancing out of the open window, a share of the daughter's emotion (but, as heralds say, with a difference), immediately communicated itself to the mother.

Unless one had lived in that refulgent æra of romance, it would be impossible to image forth the extent to which it coloured over the kingdom with its ambrosial tints. It hung over the country like a gorgeous canopy, from cliff to vale.

Speaking of the multifarious glitter and solemn pomps of the chivalric age, thus writes a Benedictine monk of Ely Monastery:

Some men delighteth beholding to fight,  
Or goodly knightes in plesaunt apparayle,  
Or sturdie souldiers in bright harness and mail,

A number of people appoynted in like wise,  
In costly clothing after the newest guise;  
Sportes disguising; fayre coursers mount and prauce,

Or goodly ladies and knightes sing and daunce;

To see fayre houses and curious picture,  
Or plesaunt hanging, or sumptuous vesture,  
Of silke, of purpure, or golde moost orient  
And other clothing divers and excellent.

High curious buildings, or palaces royall,  
Or chapels, temples fayre and substantiall;

Images graven, or vaultes curious;  
Gardayns and meadowes, or places delicious,

Forests and parkes well furnished with dere,  
Cold plesaunt streames, or welles fair and clere.

If a man set forth from his home in the morning, his road led him through noble forests over glades and uplands of deep luxuriance, whose distances of misty sunlight glimmered the castle vane, in whose green holmes the brown buttresses of the abbey, or the dignified steeple of the Minster, courteously revealed their venerable piles; or in whose sequestered villages, the wide hostel nestled under its cluster of sycamores on the edge of the green.

If he chose to shelter in the monas-

tery, there were the stately Abbatic hospitalities, the decorous abundance of the refectory, and the enlightened society of the monks, who, themselves the depositories of art and science, imparted of their stores with liberality to the stranger. If he preferred the place where knight or nobleman resided,

Building royally,  
Their mansions curiously.  
With turrets and with toures,  
With halles and with boores,  
Steeching to the starres;  
With glasse windowes and barres;  
Hauyng about the wallies;  
Clothes of golde and pallies;  
Arras of ryche arraye,  
Fresche as floures in Maye:

there he found the festive hall, the gallery of minstrels, the jester, the troubadour, the chess-board with its regal, pontifical, and chivalrous appurtenances, itself an epitome of the time; while promises of hawk and hound, tilting-match, or perhaps a tournament, were all urged, to induce the stranger to prolong his stay. Or if the hostel, with its enormous chimney-alcove, blazing in ruddy light, its raftered roof laden with rustic stores, its savoury messes, its ale-ambered flaggons, and its red-boddied Dorcas received his weary feet, he was sure of enjoying the long stories and loquacious merriment of mine host, with almost a certainty of encountering some wandering Palmer or Disour, a walking cabinet of ballads and traditions.

Before the Lady Joan had time to summon a domestic to her daughter, the great bell was heard jangling over the lofty pile, then thundered the gateway and jarred the drawbridge, and last of all, horses' hoofs clattered over the pavement of the Bas-court. On the bridge close by the mill, leading over the Blythe from the woody hamlets of Sandburgh and Morhay, the cause of her sudden emotion had first caught the eye of Blancheflor. That cause had now penetrated into her very castle—ah! had it not reached her heart itself?

It was a young man apparently about seventeen, bravely attired, and mounted on a large and beautiful red roan, whose caparisons were cloth of gold embroidered with scarlet and purple raised-work. His surcoat was of that costly cloth called Tartarian, on which were emblazoned the lilies of France, quartering the leopards of England, with a label of three points, thickly powdered with pearls of extraordinary size and whiteness. As he

halted in the quadrangle, the bustling servitors noted that his saddle was of burnished gold, and the bridle a broad tissue of goldsmith's work on a blue ground fringed with small silver bells, that tingled melodiously at every proud movement of the noble courser's arching neck. His mantle was of orfraz, with a collar of rubies that glowed like live coals; and he wore a short tunic, with long wide sleeves deeply scalloped and brocaded like a meadow with many coloured flowers. Two white aiauns of distinguished size, with collars of crimson velvet purpled with pomegranates and roses, the turrets and pendants being silver and gold, conched themselves at the foot of the long flight of steps, leading under an arch up the great hall-tower, their lolling tongues, depressed ears and dewy flanks, testifying their recent exertions. His right hand, protected by a glove of red morocco, whose sumptuous branch-work of gold reached to his elbow, bore a young eagle, white as lily, and hooded with bright green velvet.

If every other token, however, were wanting, the effects of his violent and misplaced affection, as betrayed by his countenance, were sufficient to proclaim the youthful Prince of Wales,—the first, and perhaps the last, who was to woo and be rejected by a subject who loved him; his aspect and demeanour contrasted strongly with his magnificent attire, and he looked the very prototype of Chaucer's unhappy lover—

His slepe, his mete, his drink is him berefte,  
That lone he wep, and drie as is a sheft;  
His eyne holowe, and grisly to beheld,  
His hewe faile, and pale as ashen cold;  
And if he herde songe or instrument,  
Then wold he wepe, he mi. ht not be stent.  
So feeble were his spiritres and so low,  
And changed so that no man colde know  
His speche, ne his voice, though men it herd.

His Highness was only attended by a yeoman, attired in a green hood and coat, a sheaf of peacock arrows under his baldric, which, excellently feathered, spoke him skilful in his tackle; a large bow in his hand, and on his arms the defensive armour called 'bracers gaily wrought.' On his breast he wore a silver image of St. Christopher, the saint who presided over the weather, and a green scarf supported his horn handsomely gilt and tasselled. They had, that morning, left Tutbury Castle, the palace of Henry Earl of Derby, from whom their Majesties were then receiving a series of magnificent entertainments.

The Lady de Ridware, with all her anxiety to secure so dazzling an alliance for her daughter, and all her desire to indulge her royal foster-child, had too much right feeling to interfere beyond persuasion; and the honest representation she had made to the prince both of Blancheflor's affection for him, and her high-principled resolution to subdue it, had agitated the youth's mind with such conflicting emotions, that when, to avail himself of Blancheflor's hardly extorted consent to receive him, he set forth that morning for Hamastal, he scarcely knew whether he was most excited by the conviction of her love, or daunted by his knowledge of her immoveable self-control.

We must leave the Lady of Ridware (after she had dutifully welcomed the prince), in deep conference with the Seneschal, respecting the evening banquet; the red deer to be dished up in his own blood; the pheasants to be drenched with ambergris, together with,

The rumney and malespine,  
Both ypercrase and verrage wine;  
Wine of Greck and Muscadell,  
Both Clary, Piment, and Rochelle,

which were to adorn the table of Dais; though there was a long discussion of the spices, good and fine—the dates and other desserts; together with the number of torches to be lighted, and the various appointments of the prince's bed-chamber; the fustian blankets, the sheets of cloth of Rennes, the counterpane of damask and pery; and the golden cage hung up in the state room, for burning the long pepper-cloves and frankincense; all these, and a hundred other matters of equal importance, we must leave to the lady hostess, and betake ourselves to the two embarrassed lovers.

*To be continued.*

## THE FESTIVAL OF THE MONTHS.

ONCE upon a time the Months determined to dine together. They were a long while deciding who should have the honour of being the host upon so solemn an occasion. The lot at length fell upon December; for although this old gentleman's manners were found to be rather cold upon first acquaintance, yet it was well known that when once you got under his roof, there was not a merrier or more hospitable person in existence. The messenger too (Christmas-day), whom he sent round with his cards of invitation, won the hearts of

all, although he played several mad pranks, and received many a *box* in return. February begged to be excused coming to the dinner, as she was in very bad spirits on account of the loss of her youngest child (the 29th,) who had lately left her, and was not expected to return for four years. Her objection, however, was overruled, and being seated between smiling May and that merry odd fellow October, she appeared to enjoy the evening's entertainment as much as any of the company.

The dinner was a superb one, all the company having contributed to furnish out the table. January thought, for the thirtieth time, what he should give, and then determined to send a calf's head. February, not being a very productive month, was also a little puzzled, but at length she resolved to contribute an enormous cake, which she managed to manufacture in a fine style, with the assistance of her servant Valentine, who was an excellent fellow at that sort of ware, but especially at bride-cake. March and April agreed to furnish all the fish,—May to decorate all the dishes with flowers,—June to supply plenty of excellent cider,—July and August to provide the dessert,—September sent a magnificent course of all sorts of game, excepting partridges and pheasants,—October supplied these exceptions, as well as a couple of hampers of fine home-brewed ale,—and November engaged that there should be an abundance of ice. The rest of the viands, and all the wine, were provided by the worthy host.

Just before sitting down to table, a slight squabble arose about precedence; some of the company insisted that the first in rank was January, and some that it was March. The host, however, decided in favour of January, whom he placed in the seat of honour at his right hand. November, a prime blue-nosed old maid, sat at his left,—and June, a pleasant good-tempered fellow, although occasionally rather too warm, sat opposite him at the end of the table.

A short squab little fellow, called St. Thomas's Day, stood behind December's chair, and officiated as toast-master. Much merriment was excited by the contrast between the diminutive appearance of this man, and the Longest Day, who stood behind June's chair, at the other end of the table. Master Thomas, however, was a very useful fellow; and besides performing the high official duty which we have men-

tioned, he drew the curtains, stirred the fire, lighted and snuffed the candles, and like all other little men, seemed to think himself of more importance than any body else.

The pretty blushing May was the general toast of the company, and many compliments were passed upon the elegant manner in which she had decorated the dishes. Old January tried to be very sweet upon her, but she received him coldly. January, at length, ceased to persecute her with his attentions, and transferred them to November. Poor May had scarcely got quit of her venerable lover, before that sentimental swain, April, began to tell her he was dying for her. This youth was one moment all sunshine, and smiles, and rapture, and the next he dissolved into tears: clouds gathered upon his brow, and he looked a fitter suitor for November than May. May having at last hinted as much to him, he left her in a huff, and entered into close conversation with September, who, although much his senior, resembled him in many particulars.

July, who was of a desperately hot temper, was every now and then a good deal irritated by March, a dry old fellow, as cool as a cucumber, who was continually passing his jokes upon him. At one time July went so far as to threaten him with a prosecution for something he had said; but March, knowing what he was about, always managed to keep on the windy side of the law, and to throw dust in the eyes of his accusers.

On the retirement of the ladies, viz. February, May, August, and November, the host proposed their health, which was drunk with the usual honours. April, being a soft spoken youth, and ambitious of distinction as an orator, began in a very flowery speech to return thanks for them, but he was soon coughed down by December and March. October told the host, that with his leave he would drink no more wine, but that he would be glad of some good home brewed and a pipe. To this December acceded, and said he would be happy to join him, and he thought his friend March would do the same. March having nodded assent, they set to, and a pretty puffing and blowing they made among them.

After repeated summonses, they joined the ladies at the tea-table. November drew herself up, and affected to be quite overcome by the smell of smoke, which March, October, and De-

ember had brought with them; although it was well known that the old lady herself could blow a cloud as well as any of them.

Tea being over, the old folks went to cards, and the young ones (including October, who managed to hide his years very successfully), to the piano-forte. May was the "prima-donna," and delighted every body, especially poor April, who was alternately all smiles and tears during the whole of her performance. October gave them a hunting song, which even caused the card-table to be deserted for a season, and August sang a sweet melancholy canzonet, which was rapturously encored.

At length, Candlemas-day having returned from seeing old January home, his mistress, February, took leave of the company. April was a little the worse for the wine he had drank, and insisted on seeing November home, although she had several servants in waiting, and her road was in an opposite direction to his own. May went away in her carriage, and undertook to set June down, who lived very near her. July and August both walked home, each preceded by a Dog-day, with a lighted torch. September and October, who were next door neighbours, went away in the same hackney-coach, and March departed as he came, on the back of a rough Shetland pony.

### THE PHANTOM OF THE SHIP.

*For the Olio.*

A most respectable person, whose active life has been spent as master and part owner of a large merchant vessel in the Lisbon trade, relates the following extraordinary circumstance. He was lying in the Tagus, when he was put to great anxiety and alarm, by the following incident and its consequences: One of his crew was murdered by a Portuguese assassin, and a report arose that the ghost of the slain man haunted the vessel. Sailors are generally superstitious, and those in the narrator's vessel became unwilling to remain on board the ship; and it was probable they might desert, rather than return to England with the ghost for a passenger. To prevent so great a calamity, the captain determined to probe the story to the bottom. He soon found, that though all pretended to have seen lights, and heard noises, and so forth, the weight of the evidence lay upon the statement of one of his own mates, an Irishman and a

Catholic, which might increase his tendency to superstition, but in other respects a veracious, honest, and sensible person, whom Captain S—— had no reason to suspect would wilfully deceive him. He affirmed to Captain S——, with the deepest attestations, that the spectre of the murdered man appeared to him almost nightly, took him from his place in the vessel, and, according to his own expression, worried his life out. He made these communications with a degree of horror, which intimated the reality of his distress and apprehension. The captain, without any argument at the time, privately resolved to watch the motions of the ghost seen in the night; whether alone, or with a witness, he did not state. As the ship-bell struck twelve, the sleeper started up, with a ghostly and disturbed countenance, and lighting a candle, proceeded to the gallery or cook-room, of the vessel. He sat down with his eyes open, staring before him as on some terrible object, which he beheld with horror, yet from which he could not withhold his eyes. After a short space he arose, and took up a tin can or decanter, filled it with water, muttering to himself all the while, mixed salt in the water, and sprinkled it about the gallery. Finally, he sighed deeply, like one relieved from a heavy burden, and returning to his hammock, slept soundly. The next morning, the haunted man told the usual precise story of his apparition, with the additional circumstances, that the ghost had led him to the gallery, but that he fortunately, he knew not how, obtained possession of some holy water, and succeeded in getting rid of his unwelcome visitor. The visionary was then informed of the real transactions of the night, with so many particulars, as to satisfy him he had been the dupe of his imagination; he acquiesced in his commander's reasoning, and the dream, as often happens in these cases, returned no more after its imposture had been detected.

**SINGULAR HEAD GEAR.**—When the Landers, in their journeyings in Africa, fell short of presents, they gave away the tin cases containing spoiled portable soups; and other savoury matters. The labels attracted the attention of the natives, and they used the cases as ornaments. In one instance the travellers were highly diverted by seeing a fellow strutting about with "Concentrated Gravy" stuck on his head in no fewer than four places.



## FORGET THEE!

FOR THE OLIO.

Forget thee! yes, when you pale moon  
 Forgets to aid us in the night,  
 Forget thee! nay, not till at noon  
 The sun forgets to give us light.

Forget thee! no, the very thought  
 Makes my hand tremble while I write;  
 Forget thee! 'tis with danger fraught,  
 For fortune would my prospects blight.

Forget thee! who to me art dear,  
 On whom alone I can rely;  
 Forget thee! who would'st shed a tear,  
 Were I to sicken and to die.

Forget thee! not until the flowers  
 Forget to shed their fragrance round;  
 Forget thee! who in yonder bower,  
 Spread'st smiling comfort all around.

Forget thee! yes, when the God above,  
 Forgets to shield the little wren;  
 Yes! then I will forget thee love,  
 But mark my words - not until then."

E. M.

## A DOLPHIN CHASE.

SHORTLY after observing the cluster of flying-fish rise out of the water, we discovered two or three dolphins ranging past the ship in all their beauty, and watched with some anxiety to see one of these aquatic chases of which our friends, the Indianmen, had been telling us such wonderful stories. We had not long to wait; for the ship, in her progress through the water, soon put up another shoal of these little things, which, as the others had done, took their flight directly to windward. A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather gangway at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor dear little friends take wing than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air, gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying fish, the start which his fated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time. The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant

coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap a series of circles were sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze, although enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below. The group of wretched flying-fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it; at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and more vigorous flight. It was particularly interesting to observe that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying but too obviously that they had detected their fierce enemy, who was following them with giant steps along the waves, and now gaining rapidly upon them. His terrific pace, indeed, was two or three times as swift as theirs—poor little things! The greedy dolphin, however, was fully as quick-sighted as the flying fish which were trying to elude him; for whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of a hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen, that the strength and confidence of the flying-fish were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skilful sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying-fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may have been said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards.—

*Captain Hall's Fragments.*

## A TALE OF GENOA.

*For the Ollo.*

THE noise and clamour of the city of Genoa was fast subsiding into a low and humming sound; the artizan and merchant were wending their way homeward after the toil of the day; and the setting sun hung over the wave of the gulph, which in his rays seemed of molten gold; whilst a small but slender thread of purple cloud stretched itself over his broad disc, like an enchanter's wand interposing itself between a sinful world and a good and saving angel.

"God save you, gentle sir," cried a youth, as he passed a tall and thoughtful man, who had seated himself on a bale of silk which had been laid on the broad and spacious quay, and who was amusing himself with gazing intently on the setting sun; the tall dark man averted his eyes from his engrossing object, looked at the youth, and replied in a soft voice, "Save you, fair sir!" and again resumed his contemplative position.

"Why, Doria, Lazarus Doria!" cried the youth, "art thou fascinated, that thou sittest there and gazest on the setting sun, as though thou hadst never seen him in thy life before this day."

"Not so fast," replied Doria, "not so fast, fair sir; external objects will frequently harmonize with inward feelings; just such sympathy now exists within my breast, and I may not be laughed at nor ridiculed—away to thy home and sleep."

"How now!" said the youth, in astonishment, "what serpent hath bitten thee?—wilt thou turn cur and snap at those who caress ye! by my faith, I seek not to penetrate thy secret, not I—if that thou thinkest me unworthy of thy confidence, in God's name, keep thy bosom locked and lose the key, and no one will seek to find it;" and here the young man shifted his sword-belt, adjusted his hose, and having looked at his companion, (who regarded him with an eye that seemed to read his very heart) averted his eyes, crossed his hands firmly in each other, and began to sing an air.

"Prosper Adomo!" cried the dark man, "I will trust thee; there is that about thee which extorts my secret from me; if thou art patriot,—if thou lovest this fair Genoa of ours as I do, thou wilt draw and strike for her liberties; but if within thy bosom there beats not a heart in unison with mine own, why then—"

"What then!" cried Adomo.

"One of us must lie a corpse on these broad stones;" and solemnly saying which, he drew his shining rapier, and placed it over his knees.

"Agreed," said the youth, "let our palms touch in token of this covenant between us; but sheath thy rapier, methinks we shall not disagree;—and now for thy secret."

"'Tis done," replied Doria, as he gave back his weapon to its place, and in the same moment rising to his feet, he thrust his long arm forward, and pointed to the sun, which now had set full half in the horizon, but still the small purple streak remained over its dull scarlet frontlet.

"Look there—behold! the sun, the type of our glorious Genoa! 'tis smiling, sinking in the crimson waters, like our city engulfed in the blood of her children; see! at thou that strip of cloud like a devil's finger over its glorious face, and is there no foreign rule, no hated, accursed strange dominion, to which that may bear comparison! for mine own part, the very elements talk, and partly with me; these swelling waters which lash the quay we stand on, are as the troubled opinions of my countrymen, and the dark night which is now gathering rapidly round us is the void, the nothingness in which our Genoa is to fade, and be lost for ever."

"Heaven and the saints forbid," cried Adomo, "while her children have hands for weapons, [and resolution to use them."

"But will they do it?" interrupted Doria, "have we but got rid of an archiepiscopal robber, to put ourselves in the power of grinding haughty rivals."

"Speak not in parables," said Adomo, "but to the point at once."

"Thou shalt have it," quickly rejoined Doria, and he caught the young man's hand, and whispered into his ear "the Milanese,—why cannot we expel them!"

"'Tis a bold attempt," replied Adomo, "and should we not succeed—"

"We must die!" thundered Doria, and throwing the hand he held from him, he strode heavily and hurriedly backwards and forwards on the quay.

"Hold! Lazarus Doria, I conjure thee," said the youth, "I deserve not this, do with me as thou wilt, I will not yield to thee in ardour for my country."

"Good," abruptly interrupted Doria, "Good! this is as it should be, let us part then in that wise resolution to—"

night, least circumstances; certain prudent circumstances (thou markest me; I said not fears), should change thy purpose—"when on looking round; and perceiving that the young man seemed hurt and offended, he clasped him in his arms and ejaculated, "Pardon, pardon, noble Adomo, I am not as I should be; but forgive me if I have said ought to disturb thee; 'tis my humour for the night, let me have it."

"Thou art indeed disturbed," said Adomo, "but it hath passed to thy purpose."

"'Tis late," rejoined Doria, "and I have marked that we are noticed, hush; they come this way and suspicion is awakened; strike me I pray, and run quickly, that they may not take us for friends, or draw thy rapier and wound me,—anything that we may appear as foes;" and seeing that Adomo hesitated, he rushed on him and gave him a slight blow with his hand, fled away, and was lost in the growing darkness.

"Hilloa my fine youngster," cried the Milanese captain, as he came up with a guard, "how's this? dwelling on the public quays, by my faith I have great will and mind to lock ye in dungeons, for breach of the law; but troop," and saying which, he seized him roughly by the arm, and pushed him forward. "Ah! would ye!" cried he, as the young Genoese started on his feet, and half unsheathed his rapier, "drive him on men," and in a few minutes he was forced from off the quay.

"Lazarus Doria," muttered the youth, "in the cause thou hast embarked, be it for good or evil, soul and body I am thine."

We must now suppose that the night has passed away, and that we are standing in a narrow street in the city of Genoa, surrounded by a crowd of nobles, citizens, soldiers, &c., who are looking anxiously at the movements of an active, lively, but positive man, in the costume and livery of the Duke of Milan (who carries in his hand a long crimson cord), attended by a host of soldiers, and servants in the same uniform as himself.

"Paulo," cried a citizen to a neighbour, "does thy house come down to enlarge the fortification? the cursed minions came to my dwelling soon after sunrise, and have told me to be gone, for the ground was required; now I could have got over all this, but for two or three reasons: I was born in that house, my father was born in it, my children were born in it, and I thought

I should have died in it, on the very couch on which my father breathed his last, but times are altered now, neighbour."

"Ah, the good old times," granted his friend, "those were times indeed; why, when the archbishop Paul Fulgosio used to send his banditti through the streets robbing and murdering people, times were better than now; daggers and stilettes were in great demand, but there is no sale for them now, and I have a large stock to dispose of."

"This house must come down," said the officer at that moment.

"Have mercy great Sir," said our unfortunate armourer, "mercy, mercy, I shall starve without my shop."

"I have no time to parley with thee," said the officer, "pull the cord tightly there."

"No," said the first citizen, "thou art one of those too ready to do a tyrant's work; how much money wilt thou get, to turn women and children from their houses?"

"Insolent!" cried the officer, "be gone, or I will lay thee by the heels for this."

"Ere thou mayest do this," said a tall, dark stranger, "thou, perhaps, mayest lie a corpse."

"Am I to be interrupted in the performance of my duty," cried the officer; "pull tightly there, and see that ye fix the white staves; then begin, and level the houses with the dust; 'tis fit we ruin the city and enlarge the fortification, as our noble Duke John Galeazzo hath enjoined us speedily, were it only to keep in check these beggars."

"Beggars!" shouted the stranger, and the crimson blood mounted into his face till his eyes glistened with passion, but he calmed himself—"Yes," he resumed, "we are indeed beggars; if to draw from our purses the gold which circulated among us in the shape of exactions, fines, taxes, and so to leave us poor and needy, we are indeed beggars; if that our unfortunate government is not sufficiently powerful to rule us, and we seek protection from John Galeazzo, we are indeed beggars; if—"

and here his powerful voice rose loudly on the air,—"if to be without courage and spirit to resist foreign interpolation and unjust oppression be to be poor indeed, we are worse, more deeply plunged in poverty, we are beggars."

"On with ye, my men," cried the officer with a smile, "he will preach, and ye shall work: and now begin with this house first. Out of the

way with ye;" and he seized the armourer by the front of his doublet, but his adversary being strong and active, sent his fist into the face of the officer, and in an instant he sprawled on his back in the mire.

"If all the city be without courage, and ye reduce me to beggary, take that in token of the courage beggary will create in a man; I care for nothing now, and ye may do your worst," cried the citizen, as he crossed his arms and stood at his door; "but the man who dares to attempt to cross my threshold without my permission, shall lie a corpse there, or step over my dead body."

"'Tis done," shouted Lazarus Doria, who was no other than the stranger who had originally confronted the officer, "'Tis done, and we are free," and with his rapier he severed in a moment the cord which the officer had tied to the staves. "To arms, citizens and Genoese, to arms! One blow more and Genoa is free; heed not this vain alarm" (for the cry had arisen, that the Milanese governor was hastening down on them with the garrison), "but shout aloud, and let the cry go upwards to heaven, Liberty and Genoa!" and the cry did indeed go forth, and the words "Doria, Liberty and Genoa," were echoed by thousands.

Still, on came the veterans, headed by the governor, and the people fled before the servile pikes which were levelled against their bosoms, when Doria brandished his rapier and retired step by step, with his face towards his enemies, till having by this conduct lured them into a small square, he blew a shrill whistle, and in one second, every window of the houses presented the chiefs of the families of Adomo, Doria, Fiesco and others, who had been exiled by the Milanese men, armed at all points, who levelled their long arquebusses with deadly aim, while a strong party of tall pikemen blocked up the narrow entrance to the square, so that to escape was impossible.

"Thanks, noble Adomo," shouted Doria, "this is indeed well done, and for thee, Lord Governor, yield, thee and thy men; or scorning that, make thy peace with Heaven, for, by my father's soul, ye shall accede to the terms we offer ye, or none of ye shall live to remember in after-times, the adventure of this day."

"Villain!" cried the governor; but seeing that it was in vain to resist, he acceded to the terms which were pro-

posed to him, and consented to repeal the most odious of the taxes. The sequel may be best told in the words of the historian:—"This agreement gave great offence to John Galeazzo, as it set bounds to his authority; he therefore, levied troops to make the Genoese again subject to the yoke, but was killed at Milan, where his tyranny was as odious as at Genoa." *A.*

## MAY DAY.

FOR THE OLIO.

MAY Day! The very mention of it makes the Cockney erect his ears, and fancy that he hears the rattling of the sweeps' drum. The rattle did I say; it should be the rumbling; it is as dull and as heavy, as the sound of a heavy laden wheelbarrow, over a rough pavement, but then it is relieved by the dulcet sounds of the pandean pipes, or the strains of one who execrates on a superannuated fiddle. Oh the joys of May day! how the sooty rogues are bedizen'd; the brawny wench who holds up her ladle to our window, literally reeks with the exertion she has made, and the rouge trickles down her face in streams. But your pardon gentle reader or rather readers, I am painting "from the life," and forgot that my subject is not one of the most delicate.

May-day was always ushered in by the ancients with feasts and rejoicings, and, among northern nations, where their long dreary winter lasts from October to April, it is customary to welcome the return of Spring with songs and dancing. To mention the festival of Floralia of the Romans would be to repeat what all the world already knows.

In olden days the Goths and Swedes were wont to perform a mock battle between Summer and Winter, in which, of course, he of the icicles and chilblains was rendered hors du combat in a very short time. Chancer tells us of the "going a maying" in his days, and the voracious old chronicler, Hall, treats us to an account of Henry the Eighth riding a maying from Greenwich to Shooters' Hill, with his queen, and many lords and ladies. We are also told that the same king, in the beginning of his reign, rose early on May morning to fetch May or Green Boughs, and that he and the gentlemen of his court went with their bows to the woods to shoot.

Who has not heard of the May-poles of our forefathers, now as obsolete as

the parti-coloured poles of the barbers. They are gone, without the assistance of such fierce fanatics as the curate of Creechurch, who, we are informed by Stowe, had the famous May-pole of St. Andrew Undershaft, sawed into logs for fire wood. But there was a time when the curates of our church did not disdain to mingle in the innocent recreations of May day. If any of my readers should be sceptical, let them, when they next travel in that direction, inspect the books of the churchwardens of St. Lawrence, Reading, where they will find entries something after this fashion,

Item.—Paid for V. ells of Canvas for a Coat for maide Marian, at 11d. per ell. — 1s. 11jd.

In the books of the same officers at Kingston-upon-Thames, there occurs an entry of 6s. 8d. paid for two pairs of gloves for Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and 8s. 4d. for two ells of worsted for Maid Marian's Kirtle.

A Tract, printed in the year 1623, informs us that the Cockneys (I have reverence for the word, for Milton was a cockney), had a custom of eating cakes and cream at Hoxton and Islington, when those places were in the country (!) as may be inferred from this couplet:

'To Islington and Hogsdon runs the streame  
Of giddle people, to eate cakes and creame."

Alas! the people of England are too refined now. Who would go to Hoxton or Islington to drink cream, when splendid gin-shops greet them at every turning! the "March of Improvement" will do wonders ere it come to a halt!

But I am getting prosy. May day is past, and of course, every country lass has by this time washed her ruddy cheeks with May-dew, to make her fair for the remainder of the year! \*\*\*

## THE INQUISITION IN PORTUGAL.

Concluded from page 379.

ALL authors agree with Paramo respecting the establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal. Anthony Souza alone, in his "Aphorismes des Inquisiteurs," doubts the authenticity of Saavedra's history, affirming, that he thought it very probable that this man might accuse himself without being guilty, for the sake of having his name handed down to posterity by the glory which would accrue to him for such an act.

But in the recital of the affair which Souza substituted in the place of Paramo's, he lays his own veracity open to

suspicion by quoting two bulls of Paul the Third, and two others also of the same pope to the Cardinal Henry, the king's brother; bulls, which Souza has not only omitted inserting in his own work, but which have never been found among any of the collections of Apostolical bulls; two cogent reasons for rejecting his opinion of the matter, and coinciding with those of Paramo, d'Illescas, de Salazar, de Mendoça, and others.

When the Spaniards passed over to America, they carried the Inquisition with them; and it was introduced into India by the Portuguese as soon as it was authorized at Lisbon. This makes Paramo remark in his preface, "that this verdant and flourishing tree has extended its roots and branches over the whole world, and produced the sweetest fruits."

No true idea, however, can be formed of the jurisprudence of the Inquisition without referring to the "Directory of Inquisitors," written in Latin by Nicholas Eymeric, grand inquisitor in the kingdom of Arragon about the fourteenth century, and addressed to his brother inquisitors, in virtue of the authority of his office.

A short time after the invention of printing, there appeared at Barcelona in 1503 an edition of this work, which soon got distributed into all the inquisitions. A second edition in folio made its appearance in 1578, with a short exposition and commentaries by Francis Pegna, doctor of divinity and a canon. This edition is dedicated to Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. The Abbe Marellet gave an abridgment of Eymeric's work in 1762, from which we take the few following quotations—

Eymeric says, page 58, "Commiseration for the wretched condition to which the children of the condemned are reduced, ought not to lessen the scarcity of this office, since, according to all laws both divine and human, "The sins of the fathers are visited upon their children."

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Page 193, "If an accusation be entered in their annals, though there be every appearance of the said accusation being false, yet the inquisitor must not erase the same from his books, lest what may not be manifested at the time, should ultimately come to light."

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Page 391, "It is necessary that the inquisitor meet the cunning of the heretic with cunning, that he may say

with the apostle, "Nevertheless being crafty, I caught you with guile."  
\* \* \* \* \*

Page 332, "When the culprit has been delivered over to the secular judge, and the latter has pronounced sentence, the criminal shall be conducted to the place of punishment, accompanied by certain pious people, who shall pray with him, and not quit him until he has rendered his soul up to his Creator. But they must be most particular, neither to say nor do any thing that shall hasten the moment of the culprit's death, for fear of committing any irregularity. Thus, for instance, the criminal must not be exhorted to mount the scaffold or present himself to the executioner, neither advise the latter to place the instruments of punishment in a position, that shall facilitate the death of the culprit, and render his sufferings shorter, for this would be an irregularity."  
\* \* \* \* \*

Paramo printed at Madrid in 1598, a book on the 'Holy Office,' which met with the approbation of the doctors, the eulogies of the bishop, and the sanction of the king. In this work, he mentions that the Inquisition put to death above one hundred thousand persons. It is impossible at the present day to conceive any horrors half so extravagant or abominable, but at that time they were considered most natural and laudable acts. All men resemble Louis de Paramo, when they are fanatics. Paramo however, gives with the greatest simplicity, a relation of the establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal; which, coinciding exactly with the accounts given by four other historians, we give the substance of what they relate unanimously.

*Curious Establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal.*—At the beginning of the fifteenth century, Pope Boniface the Ninth had for a length of time appointed certain monks to visit Portugal, and go from town to town to burn all heretics, Mahometans, and Jews; but as these monks were not stationary, the kings even sometimes complained of their oppressions. Pope Clement the Seventh wished to give them a permanent establishment in Portugal, the same as was granted to them in the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile; but there were differences arose between the courts of Rome and Lisbon; minds became embittered, the Inquisition suffered, and in consequence could obtain no firm footing in Portugal.

In 1539, there appeared at Lisbon a Legate from the Pope, who reported that he came to establish the Holy Inquisition upon immovable foundations. He brought letters from Pope Paul the Third, to King John the Third, and asserted that he had other letters from Rome, for the principal officers about the court; his credentials as Legate were duly signed and sealed, and he shewed indisputable authorities for establishing a grand inquisitor, and the different judges of the Holy Office. All this was the work of an impostor named Saavedra, who had learnt how to counterfeit the various documents, make the false seals, and appropriate them properly, and had brought the whole to perfection at Seville, from whence he had arrived with two other impostors. His retinue was magnificent, being composed of more than a hundred and twenty domestics. In order to support this enormous expense, he and his confidants borrowed at Seville, immense sums, in the name of the Apostolic Chamber at Rome; the whole plan was concerted with the most skilful artifice.

The king of Portugal at first expressed his surprise that the Pope should send a Legate *a latere*, without previously having given him any notice thereof; to this the Legate haughtily replied, that in so urgent an affair, as the permanent establishment of the Inquisition, his Holiness would allow of no delay, and that the king was sufficiently honoured by the first courier who brought him the intelligence, being a Legate of the Holy Father. This speech silenced the king, who dared not indeed, make any reply; the Legate, on the same day appointed a grand inquisitor, and sent every where to receive the tenths, and before the court could receive any answers from Rome, he had caused two hundred persons to be burnt, and collected upwards of two hundred thousand crowns.

In the mean time, the Marquess de Villanova, a Spanish nobleman, from whom the Legate had borrowed a considerable sum by means of false bills, determined to pay him off according to his deserts; instead, therefore, of making any compromise with this impostor when at Lisbon, he waited until the Legate repaired towards the frontiers of Spain, when he marched thither with fifty armed men, carried Saavedra off, and conducted him to Madrid.

The imposition was soon discovered at Lisbon, and the Council of Madrid condemned the false Legate, Saavedra,

to the whip and ten years at the Gallies; but what is most remarkable of the whole proceeding is, that Pope Paul the Fourth has since confirmed all that this impostor had established; and rectified in the plenitude of his divine power all the little irregularities of the proceedings, and rendered that sacred, which had been purely human.

It is thus the inquisition became permanently established in Portugal; and all the kingdom acknowledged in it the hand of Providence.

### Historic Anecdotes.

**THEMISTOCLES**—Two citizens courting his daughter, he preferred the worthy man to the rich one, and assigned this reason:—"He had rather she should have a man without money, than money without a man." His son being master of his mother, he said, laughing, "This child is greater than any man in Greece; for the Athenians command the Greeks, I command the Athenians, his mother commands me, and he commands his mother." H. S.

**SOLON**.—When he was entertained by Thales at Miletus, he expressed some wonder that "he did not marry and raise a family." To this Thales gave no immediate answer, but some days after he instructed a stranger to say, "that he came from Athens ten days before." Solon enquiring, "What news there was at Athens?" the man according to his instructions, said "None, except the funeral of a young man, which was attended by the whole city, for he was the son (as they told me) of a person of great honour, and of the highest reputation for virtue, who was then abroad upon his travels."—"What a miserable man he is," said Solon; "but what was his name?"—"I have heard his name," answered the stranger, "but I do not recollect it; all I remember is, that there was much talk of his wisdom and justice." Solon, whose apprehensions increased with every reply, was now much disconcerted, and mentioned his own name, asking "Whether it was not Solon's son that was dead?" The stranger answering in the affirmative, he began to beat his head, and do and say such things as are usual to men in a transport of grief. Then Thales taking him by the hand, said with a smile, "These things, which strike down so firm a man as Solon, kept us from marriage and from having children; but take courage, my good friend, for not a

word of what has been told you, is true." H. S.

### Table Talk.

**A VALIANT TAYLOR**.—It has been a practice in this and in other countries, for ages past, to ridicule men on account of their craft. An "honourable member," during the last war, strongly objected to a pastry-cook holding a high rank, in a regiment of volunteers. Shakspeare makes up Falstaff's regiment of weavers and tailors. "What trade art thou, feeble?" enquires Sir John; "A woman's tailor, Sir," is the reply. Yet men of these objectionable trades have proved their mettle ere now, both here and abroad. When the Savoyards made their disastrous attempt upon the city of Geneva in the year 1600, a Taylor, armed with a two-handed sword, fought like Ajax or Agamemnon, and assisted greatly to rout the intruders. \*\*\*

**THE STUARTS**.—Whatever may be alleged to the contrary, it is evident that mildness and mercy were not predominating qualities in the Stuarts. When the Duke of Buckingham fell beneath the knife of Falton, Charles would have had the assassin racked, or the Duke of Ormond lied in telling the prisoner, that "it was his majesty's pleasure" that he should suffer that punishment. The horrible mutilation of Prynne, could not have been sanctioned by "the best husband, best father, best gentleman," &c. &c. &c. as Charles has been termed. The sensual monarch Charles the Second, was as unrelenting as his father, and every body knows that James the Second never forgave an injury. It was a happy ridance for England when this family was expelled. \*\*\*

**FULL MEASURE**.—A Quaker alighting from the Bristol "leathern convenience," immediately on his entering the inn, called for some porter, and observing the pint deficient in quantity thus addressed the landlord: "Pray, friend, how many butts of beer dost thou draw in a month?"—"Ten, Sir," replied Boniface, "And thou wouldst like to draw eleven if thou couldst!" rejoined Ebenezer. "Certainly," exclaimed the smiling landlord, "Then I will tell thee how, friend," added the quaker, "Fill thy measures."

In the cathedral of Saragossa is the tomb of a famous inquisitor. Six pillars surround this tomb; to each is chained a Moor, as preparatory to being

burned. On this St. Felix ingeniously observes, "If ever the Jack Ketch of any country should be rich enough to have a splendid tomb, this might serve as an excellent model."

An English gentleman, on his travels, being charmed with the beauty and talents of a young actress at Paris, whose prudence he had experienced, sent her the following letter: "Madam, it is said that you are virtuous, and that you have taken the resolution always to remain so. This is, doubtless, very fine, and even a novelty in this age. I exhort you never to change your mind; and at the same time beg your acceptance of the contract which I now make, to allow you fifty guineas per month whilst this humour lasts. If, perchance, it should happen to pass over, I request the preference, and will then make it up 100."

It is not known what answer was returned by the young actress to her liberal admirer.

MACKLIN disputing with Dr. Johnson on a literary subject, the latter quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation in Irish.

TEDIUM VITÆ.—Philip Mordaunt, cousin-german to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough,—so well known in all the European courts, and who boasted of having seen more postillions and kings than any man.—Philip Mordaunt was a young man of twenty-seven, handsome, well-made, rich, of noble blood, with the highest pretensions, and, what was more than all, adored by his mistress: yet Mordaunt was seized with a disgust for life. He paid his debts, wrote to his friends, and even made some verses on the occasion. He dispatched himself with a pistol, without having given any other reason than that his soul was tired of his body, and that when we are dissatisfied with our abode, we ought to quit it. It seems that he wished to die, because he was disgusted with his good fortune.—*Voltaire—Philosophical Dict.*

CLOCK AND WOMAN.—Women, who are given to chattering, have been compared to clocks. Fontenelle being asked what difference there was between a clock and a woman, replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

GOOD PILOTAGE.—Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy

"naivete" and blunders by means of which they endeavour to extricate themselves. A captain of a man-of-war, newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution, in "beating out" of harbour, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and therefore he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of his ship. "You are perfectly sure, pilot," said the captain, "you are well acquainted with the coast?"—"Do I know my own name, Sir?"—"Well, mind I warn you not to approach too near to the shore."—"Now make yourself aisy, Sir; in troth you may go to bed if you please."—"Then, shall we stand on?"—"Why, —what else should we do?"—"Yes, but there may be hidden dangers, which you know nothing about."—"Dangers? —I like to see the dangers dat hide themselves from Mick. Sure, don't I tell you I know every rock on the coast; (here the ship strikes) and that's one of 'em!"

CHINA.—Some of the Chinese customs much resemble those of the Romans. The equipment of police-runners before a Mandarin is exactly that of the lictors; and the words "i Lictor college manus," if he understood, would produce just what takes place on the seizure of a culprit. All the strong work of rowers is done in China with the face to the head of the boat, and upon their feet; so one of the pictures in *Herculaneum*; and the words "incumbere remis" would as well apply to China this day as formerly to Italy. The Chinese invariably on all junks or large boats paint two eyes near the head, sensibly remarking, "How could the boat see to go without them?" This custom exists in Sicily to this day. The customs alluded to by Horace and Ovid, of having figures or tutelary deities in their boats and ships, is in constant use amongst boats of all sizes in China. No boat is without their deeply-painted images of Joss, and before him constantly burning a lamp or scented wood. A boat on the coast of China would be thought as sure of wreck without its Joss, as one on the coast of Sicily without a Madonna. These are trivial customs, but, pervading a white people, are probably ancient. In greater matters the Chinese resemble the Romans in their degenerate days—in their venality—in their fondness for spectacles, which are entirely paid for out of the public money—in their lucky and unlucky days—in the customs of their theatres—in the vast number of their festivals, and many others.



Dr. Messenger Moncey, Physician to Chelsea College, who died in 1788, aged 94, by his will directed that his body should not have any funeral ceremony, but undergo dissection for the benefit of mankind; after which the remainder might be put into a hole, or crammed into a box with holes, and thrown into the Thames, at the pleasure of the surgeon. The physician was born in Norfolk, and the son of a clergyman. Sir Robert Walpole was on terms of intimacy with him, and knew and valued the worth of his "Norfolk Doctor," as he called him.—He knew it, and neglected it. The Prime Minister was fond of billiards, at which the Doctor very much excelled him. "How happened it," said Sir Robert, in his social hours, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Doctor Moncey?"—

"They get places," said the Doctor, "I get a dinner and praise, and that would not satisfy them." The Doctor detested family pride, and, by way of ridiculing it, used to relate, when any great man was talking about the ancestry of his family, that the first of his ancestors of any note was a baker and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To supply an urgent demand he robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. A few years afterward a great blight prevailed; hops became scarce and excessively dear. The hoarded treasure was ripped out of the beds, and a good sum was procured for the hops, which in a plentiful season would have been unsaleable; and thus, said the Doctor, our family *hopped* from obscurity.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Wednesday, May 2.

#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE TERM BEGINS.

**SOLAR PHENOMENA.**—The northern regions of the earth are arrayed with the beauty of Spring. The noon exhibits a canopy of boundless azure, the night reveals the wintry constellations sinking in the west, with the advance of those stars to the mid-heaven, which declare that the time of the singing birds is come, and that the summer is advancing. The flower and the star appear each in its season, and send forth, the one its ray, and the other its fragrance, with unfailing precision. The lovely train of Flora delights the senses with its perfume and beauty; the thrush and blackbird fill the woods with melody, and Arcturus in the east, and Capella in the zenith, shed forth their brightest scintillations; the rose, the nightingale, and bright star in the hand of the virgin, bloom, sing, and shine together; the violet from its shady bank, the lark from "its watch-tower in the sky," send forth their tribute of odour and harmony, as the stars in their soft Pleiades fade away in the glowing twilight of the vernal eve. As the fervid heat of summer increases, and light is more copiously diffused over the northern world, the stars shine with a subdued brilliancy; the melody of the grove ceases; the Aster tribe of flowers, with their diversified radiations, decorate the field and the garden, and with pure adoration expand their bright flowerets to receive the full effulgence of the summer sun—*Time's Telescope*.

### Thursday, May 3.

**INVENTION OF THE CROSS.**—This festival, though in the Protestant calendar, is kept only in the Catholic church. It commemorates the finding the supposed cross of Christ at Jerusalem, by St. Helena, the mother of the emperor Constantine, in the year 326.

### Friday, May 4.

*Sun rises 31m. aft. 4. sets 31m. aft 7.*

### Saturday, May 5.

**TRANSIT OF MERCURY.**—On this day (we learn from the *Time's Telescope*), in the morning, the planet Mercury will cross the disc of the sun, and appear on it as a circular black spot for nearly seven hours. The celestial phenomenon

will be visible, from its commencement to its termination, to the whole of Europe and a great part of Africa; the ingress will be visible to Asia and the agave to America. The beginning of the transit will be 9 h. 2 m. 57 sec. apparent time, and its end 3 h. 54 m. 31 sec. In order to see it well, the observer should have, for some time previous to the beginning of the transit, his telescope properly fixed and prepared with dark glasses to defend the eye, which he should keep fixed upon that point of the sun's limb where the planet is suspected to enter. At the instant he suspects the contact to have taken place, he must note the time, and proceed to observe, in order to be certain that he was not mistaken. The last transit of Mercury occurred 4th November, 1802, but invisible in this country; it was witnessed in India by Major J. A. Hodgson, Revenue Surveyor-General, whose account is inserted in the *Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society of London*. A very pleasing method of observing the phenomenon will be by transmitting the sun's image through a telescope into a darkened room; the image of the sun can be received on paper, and the whole transit observed without distressing the sight.

### Sunday, May 6.

*St. John the Evangelist, Acts P. L.*

**SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.**

*Lessons for the Day.—23. 24. ch. of Numbers, morn. 25. ch. of Numbers, even.*

St. John, in his old age, during the persecution of Domitian, was sentenced to be thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, for preaching the Christian doctrine, but from which punishment he is said to have remained uninjured. The miraculous event occurred before the gate called, *Papa Latina*, which is the reason of the letters A. P. L. being put after his name, to this day.

### Monday, May 7.

*First quarter of the Moon, at 8 morn.*

### Tuesday, May 8.

The moon in conjunction with Saturn at nine o'clock in the evening. The conjunction will prove an occultation; the immersion will take place at the dark limb of the moon, and about an hour after it has passed the meridian.



See p 208

## ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

### Tales of the Tapestry.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the Otto.

### BLAUNCHEFLOR.

A TALE OF HANSTAL.

Continued from p. 293.

THE sun was softly sloping his yellow rays over the orchards that half smothered the old grange of Hartmere, and the weathercocks on the tall hunting tower at Rough Park were beginning to glimmer above its long woods, when the Prince and Blauncheflor traversed together the field path on the hill top, overlooking the hall on the south-west, to the beautiful terrace of Cowley Bank.

It was now the very high and palmy prime of May—the reign of spring looked so superbly flourishing, that summer already began to cast glowing

and impatient glances on her sister's throne. Forest and field emulated each other in the most delicious freshness and luxuriance of verdure.—Flowers of a thousand hues besprinkled the turf; soft fragrant airs were felt, not heard; and sun and sky seemed in that balmy silence to be wooing the beautiful and blooming earth. Remember those exquisite lines of Massinger in “The Great Duke of Florence” —

They unattended walk into  
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds  
Warbling their wanton notes; here a sure shade  
Of barren sycamores, which th' all-seeing sun  
Could not pierce through; near that an harbour  
hang  
With spreading eglantine; a bubbling spring  
Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies.

and then picture our lovers in as fair a region on Cowley Bank;—and lo! the Lady Blauncheflor with a deep obeisance, and a countenance, where, like the moon governing the sea in which her image is agitated, an inalienable firmness of purpose predomi-

nates over *softer, not weaker* feelings, addresses the Prince :

"I am grieved, your Highness, deeply grieved," she began.

"Oh Blauncheflor !" interrupted the princely boy, "you call me nothing but your Highness ; unkind Blauncheflor, have we not been brought up together !—were not my father and your's more than sovereign and subject !—remember how blest we have been in each other since life began ; and do not, oh do not, by this perverse resolve, overcloud the many years that may be ours before its close."

Blauncheflor had for some time been trembling with those sensations she felt it so sweet to indulge, so hard, yet so necessary, to controul ; but at this speech, the weaker side had very nearly preponderated ; she blushed, she wavered, she wept, but she spoke not ; while the young Prince enchanted at this new feature in her behaviour, grasped her hand, and, his eye and cheek kindling with revived hope, pursued the advantage he appeared to have obtained with such impassioned pleading as might have subdued a heart less habituated to self-controul. This, however, gave Blauncheflor time to rally, and then her decision was confirmed.

Cowley Bank supports a majestic esplanade circling round the extensive platform of an abrupt hill. They were now standing under a group of twenty huge firs, whose black boughs formed a thick roof over their heads ; while, behind them, waved a lordly assemblage of oaks, mantled with delicate foilage of sunny green ; and at their feet, a prodigious scaur descended abruptly to a great depth, whose red and purple strata harmonized richly with the gay verdure of the thicket that waved over it. Between the pillared stems of the fir trees they overlooked, as from a tapestried scaffold at a pageant, the entire Vale of Trent. There the regal river heaved his broad bosom to the sun, glittering among ten thousand meadows, proud towns, bowered villages, church spires, towered castles, picturesque manor halls, and warm sheltered granges, the stately spires of Lichfield cathedral, and the dun battlements of Beaudesart rising paramount over the magic scene ; while solemnly upheaving his surgy bulk, and varied by the successive eminences of Gentle-shaw, Castlering, Startley Head, Chetwynd's Coppice and Sulecopp—Can-nock Heath closed with gigantic ram-

part this lovely valley. It was a gallant prospect worthy the gaze of its royal heir.

"Princely Edward !"—it was thus the young mistress of Hamstal spoke ; "behold this glorious vale ! wealthy as thou see'st it—all its magnificence forms but one jewel in that wreath which one day waits thy wearing."

"'Tis nothing, Blauncheflor, less than nothing, compared with the towers this envious thicket hides from my view, and which, in calling thee mistress, transcends them all."

"Yet hear me, my lord," persisted Blauncheflor, "if indeed our poor Hamstal be so dear to you, would you make it a wonder and a reproach to all England !"

"How mean you, fairest !"

"Would you have the prelate, the noble, the knight, the yeoman, when they thronged to the courtly halls of Windsor, think with envy, with disgust, with scorn on the Staffordshire Hamstal, which had presumed to mate with them !"

"And let them think with envy if they *will*, with disgust if they *dare*, with scorn if they *can*."

"No, Edward, no, my more than brother ! be not so cruelly kind to poor Blauncheflor, to make her of a homely but respected country dame, to be flouted, traduced, and perhaps destroyed as an upstart queen !"

"Unjust to thyself—to thy countrymen—to thy lineage ! Are Englishmen so blind to beauty and to worth because it is 'native' ! Are they so arbitrary with their prince, that they will constrain him to wed some painted poppet, because she may call a king her sire, rather than a paragon of excellence, the daughter of a hundred warriors !"

"My Prince !" said Blauncheflor gravely, "urge me not ! I am but a simple girl, young and vain, God wot ! but I had a father who strove as zealously to strengthen my mind with the masculine virtues of honour and sound judgment, as if, instead of a weak maiden, I had been a hopeful son, to transmit through a long line the hereditary renown of his house."

"So much the fitter thou to be the imperial consort of this great realm."

"While that father lived," pursued the maiden, "he was to thine as his own heart ; my poor mother is still, both to his Grace and the Queen, as a dear sister. But since her affection for your Highness, more than her de-

sire to see her child a queen, hath herein beguiled her from her customary wisdom, it remains with me, at whatever price, to prevent her becoming odious to her confiding sovereigns."

"I am to understand then," said the youth, deeply mortified, "I am to understand that the lady heiress of Hamstal takes a high flight in her self-denial! she would lead the Prince of Wales, like some stray alawn in a leash, to the next royal palace, and would say 'Behold the folly of your heir, and the magnanimity of the maid he stooped to woo! Keep him in safer durance my liege! for, if he prove such a haggard in his amours, it is not every knight's daughter will reject a Plantagenet.'"

Edward had relinquished the hand of Blancheffor as he spoke, and like a pettish, thwarted schoolboy, stood half averted from her. Her blood mounted to her temples one moment till every blue vein seemed bursting, and the next it left her countenance pale as sepulchral marble. Had the habitual command, wonderful in one so young, ever deserted her it would have been then, while, throbbing with the consciousness of her hardly mastered love, her heart was suddenly wrung by the most cruel taunt that could fall from a lover's lips.

Her first impulse was, to fling herself upon that dear, but injured bosom, and at once abandoning herself to her feelings, avow that she was *his* through good report or evil report, *his* only and for ever. This dangerous temptation was, however, resisted and overcome, and Blancheffor felt her security, if not her power, as she thus addressed her offended suitor:

"God forgive you, Prince, that hard speech! I have not deserved it, and you know I have not; but you can never know how bitter it was to bear; could you read this poor heart, your generous nature would not have wounded it with such poisoned words!"

The youthful Plantagenet turned to her, fell on her neck and hid his face in her clustered tresses. Blancheffor felt his warm tears. She was the first to speak.

"This must not be, my Lord! thank heaven these woody solitudes hide us from all eyes! What would the chivalry of France and England say, to see the noblest Prince that ever belied a knight, turned childish with passion! Through his orphan," she continued

in a solemn voice, her eyes glistening and her cheeks blushing with enthusiasm, "Through his orphan, the spirit of my dead father speaks! Think of Cregy, Edward! Think of thy Sire's transport, when clasping thee to his bosom he exclaimed, 'My dear son! you have this day shewn yourself worthy of the knighthood you have lately received, and the crown for which you have so bravely fought!' Prince of Wales! how would that father's heart be humbled, if he saw, if he heard thee now!"

Edward was greatly moved at this speech, blushes covered his pale face, as, throwing himself on his knees before his mistress!

"And thou!" he cried, "who can'st feel, who can'st counsel thus, art still so wrongful to thy desert, as to deem thyself unworthy of a throne. Oh more than kingly heart! Rebuke me, admonish me as thou wilt! I will obey thee, even against myself! Only in *one* point yield to me; forbid me not! Oh Blancheffor, forbid me not to *hope*, while I am striving to deserve!"

One pang more, thought poor Blancheffor, and then the bitterness of death is surely past! She paused a moment, and then, though her frame shook, she firmly spoke:

"My mother's partiality, your Highness, has won to be your advocate. My father, whose loyalty would have stood as a mailed warrior in the gap, is dead; and the task has devolved on a weak girl, who, with no aid but his spirit at her side, and his heart in her bosom, dares to affirm, that Blancheffor of the Hamstal will *never* be the mate of Edward Plantagenet! Prince! I would *swear* this, did I for a moment distrust my resolution!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The twilight of this eventful day was imperceptibly approaching, with a change of atmosphere, not unusual at this season, when a pilgrim entered St. Michael's Churchyard at Hamstal, and was soon absorbed in devotion, on the steps of the Great Cross in its southern portion.

It was one of the splendid structures distinguishing that period, octagonally shaped, throned on a broad and lofty flight of steps, and enriched with all the minute decorations of niches, tabernacles, images, turrices, spires, and vanes, usual in such erections. This, however, was rendered more picturesque by the neighbourhood of a yew

tree, whose monstrous bulk and sable hue were strikingly contrasted with the graceful architecture, white stone, and gilded weathercocks of the cross. Shooting far and wide its extravagant branches, and laboriously poisoning its massy foliage, the trunk opened into such numerous orifices, as to give you the idea of an elaborate latticework; there was not a point at which the light did not stream coldly through the clefts, palely severing the many-coloured stains concealed by age upon its gorgeous bark.

The pilgrim was of stature approaching the colossal, his robe swept in dusky volume round his giant limbs, and his hood or cowl, entirely veiled his features.

The weather, we say, had completely changed; the gloomy sky had anticipated twilight. Sullen intermitted gusts hissed through the yew tree. The evening bell was sounding drearily from the campanile. The waters of the Blythe plashing over the mill-dam, swelled on the uncertain air. A lagging rook uttered now and then a weariful cry, as he winged his slow way to the great grove behind the castle, where his comrades, with subdued murmurs, were rustling tranquilly to their rest. Lights began to glance from the deep porch and stone transoms of the mill, and the buttresses and arches of the bridge beside it, were lost in the distant shades; while, close at hand, the castle with its grand agglomeration of towers and ramparts, the church steeple, and the trees that overshadowed the pile, soared in sublime and silent gloom.

The stranger had not long been absorbed in his devotion, when a postern gate, communicating by the Beacon Tower with the church-yard, was hastily opened, and the Prince of Wales, entering the grassy precinct, began to pace to and fro under its embattled wall (apparently without observing the pilgrim), with all the unequal step, and distracted gesture of passion. At length his mental anguish broke forth into groans, so loud and deep that they disturbed the orisons of the kneeling devotee, who slowly rising from the steps of the cross, stalked solemnly down towards the young man; his height looking unearthly in the growing gloom, his face completely lost in his hood, and his drapery floating in the gust that waved over the long grass of the graves.

"Is it a man?" he said, as encountering the Prince under the shadow of

the yew tree, he planted himself full in front of him. "Is it a man that disturbs this hour and place, with the wailings of a woman?" He paused, and receiving no answer, he continued. "Is there a child of earth, so new to its history, that these tombs cannot teach him he is but dust, or these evening shades, that life cannot be all sunshine?"

"Away, father!" exclaimed Edward, "away! tell thy beads, and intrude not on the sorrow thou can'st not console!"

"It is not I who intrude," rejoined the pilgrim, "it is the disturbed and disturbing children of men, who intrude upon me; who rouse me from my repose, by bewailing the sorrows they have forged for themselves. Edward of Woodstock! what dost thou here?"

The Prince started, less from the unexpected recognition, than the uncere-monious and almost stern manner, in which it was announced. He rallied, however, and with assumed haughtiness replied:

"Methinks that name should win me more worship than I am likely to receive from a beggarly pilgrim."

The form of the stranger seemed to dilate at these insulting words, but, with grandeur impassive as the majestic yew above them, he answered in the same cold deep tone.

"If the Prince of Wales needs the admonition of a 'beggarly pilgrim,' let him feel shame for the folly that has brought him so low."

The full May moon, that had been fluctuating amidst fantastic piles of clouds, now shone forth effulgently, dashing her lustre along the livid blazonries in the church windows, and enfolding in sparkles the signorial vanes of the castle. The Prince, in whom this extraordinary encounter had gone far towards assuaging the wildness of his passion, gazed earnestly on the gigantic figure which had thus strangely crossed him; but he in vain endeavoured to distinguish the lineaments of his countenance, for the cowl was so large, and so deeply drawn over it, that all was blank within; the very voice seemed to issue from a vault.

"If I have wronged thy sanctity by my hasty speech," said Plantagenet, submissively, "I pray thee, holy pilgrim, pardon me; for at this present, my spirit is so wrung, I wist not if I be altogether in my perfect mind."

"If thou doubtst on that point, I will resolve thee. Thou art mad, Plantagenet, mad as the winds and waves;

but, an' thou steer not thy course the better, thou wilt more resemble the noble Argosy their madness overwhelms!"

He drew the royal boy under the shadows of the yew, and stooping his cowed head, whispered in his ear.

Edward sprang backward like a stricken stag, and, with clasped hands, and frame trembling with ineffable emotion, was about to speak.

"Hush!" said the unknown, "answer me not here, but follow me."

He led the way through a door in the north wall, into a broad walk overshadowed by an avenue of sycamores. This avenue flanking the churchyard, descended a gentle slope to the Pleasaunce, situated at the foot of the hill on which the manorial buildings arose, and about a bowshot from the outer ramparts.

The Pleasaunce, an inseparable appendage to the towered halls of antiquity, would to a modern taste, exhibit few attractions. Oblong pools balustraded with stone, intermixed with marble cisterns, were separated from each other, by straight turf terraces, whose only variety consisted in some being bare and level, and adorned with statues; while others formed pleached allies of mulberry, quince, fig, and various fruit trees. In the centre, where the green walks met, a conspicuous ornament was the labyrinth; an intricate concentrating of hedges massy with clipped hornbeam, holly, and yew, in the midst of which a magnificent sundial enamelled and gilded, with a spread eagle on each side supporting a shield for a dial plate, stood in glitter or gloom as the moon imparted or withheld her light.

The long-broken line of Hamstal Hall, stretching from the south with its spiky enfilade of turret and chimney, closed its feudal array in the towers of the great gateway on the north. And with this magnificent object brooding over them, as it were to shut out all intrusion, the quaint allies and glimmering ponds of the Pleasaunce were witness to a conference between Plantagenet and the devotee, of which tradition has furnished a very vague account.

It was currently reported among the vassals (and with what truth the sequel of this story will shew) that then and there the veil of the future was torn away, and that the various scenes of his career, with the early death that closed their splendours, were revealed to the eye of the young Prince. But,

that unanswerable dissuaves from his passion for Blancheflor of the Hamstal were at the same time enforced on his attention, was only evident from his abrupt departure for Tutbury before the dawn, with a hasty note of excuse to his lady hostess, assigning as its cause some disturbances in his Duchy of Aquitaine.

The warder, however, and the sentinels, one and all, declared that, as they looked into the night, from the battlements and towers, they had noticed two figures for some time in the Pleasaunce below; that the gestures of both were extraordinary, and that the one, whom, by his white plume streaming in the fitful moonshine, they had recognised as the Prince of Wales, seemed to listen with much agitation to his companion, whom they described as of supernatural height, in flowing robes like a magician, and using the most solemn and awful gesticulations. Whether the pilgrim had quitted Hamstal with the Prince was unknown:—of him the morrow shewed nothing more.

Over the castle, which, as the residence of two mourning females, was at no time remarkable lively, a redoubled gloom seemed to gather after this remarkable day. On a sudden, stories of an apparition began to be transmitted, and caught from pallid lip to startled eye, among the domestics. The age and place considered, there was nothing very uncommon in this; but loud was the outcry in the castle, Lady de Ridware giving way to undisguised terror, while even Blancheflor's heart beat thick, upon the following occurrence. In the great hall of the Hamstal, there was a gallery traversing the east end of the apartment at mid height; it was of ponderous stonework, and arose on Saxon pillars of barbaric richness. In the centre of this gallery had recently been erected, as a mournful trophy, the splendid suit of armour in which the gallant Sir Bertram had fallen at Cressy.

The armour of Edward the Third's reign, borrowed from the Italians, was magnificent to excess, and there are many instances of knights being killed solely for the sake of these gorgeous insignia. It was indeed conjectured that something like this had been the lot of Sir Bertram, as his corpse had been found by his followers, dreadfully mangled, and stript of his splendid armour, which a body of marauders, whom they interrupted, were compel-

led to leave upon the field. The harness was set up in the minstrel's gallery of the old mansion at Ridware.—It consisted of the conical cerveliere, superbly inlaid with gold foliature, the hood, gorget, and tippet, all of vermilion silk; the cyclas of azure velvet thickly powdered with silver eagles, the gauntlets and genouilleres of plate splendidly bordered, and the mighty pavise emblazoned with the white eagle on a blue field. The damasque work of gold, silver, and brass, all over this burnished panoply for variety and luxuriance, could not be exceeded.

*To be concluded in our next.*

#### ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD AT PRAYERS. BY ITS MOTHER'S SIDE.

Like little hands were rais'd!—and on her brow  
There beam'd a light that seem'd all new from Heaven!  
Almost you'd fancy that you heard the sweet low voice  
Hymning its Maker's praise—a cherub saint above!  
Unless perchance thine eye fell on that mother's look  
Of deep and varying thought—and then with sighs  
To earth again thy dreamings would be brought,  
Whilst thou might'st read her story in thine own.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mother died! and as a gift bequeath'd  
This speaking portrait to her darling child,  
And blessing her, she hop'd she'd ne'er forget,  
How, when a babe, she had knelt down in prayer,  
Knowing no idol, save her God in Heaven.  
Wond'ring, the little Adelaide receiv'd the prize,  
And often ponder'd what her mother meant  
By idols and the world—for all things then  
Bore the pure image of her spotless mind.  
But summers pass'd away—and Adelaide had sought  
Her lonely chamber—where, with fever'd brain  
And tearless eyes her youth's deep grief she mourn'd.  
“Ah! now I know, my mother, why you press'd me  
To your heart, and said—‘I had no father.’  
He you lov'd, and wedded, had deserted you!  
E'en then I saw 'twas something sad—for as,  
In childish glee, I'd stroke thy pallid cheek,  
Thy tears flow'd faster for the smile I wore;  
And thy fond pray'r for me, my mother, was  
in vain.  
For I have lov'd!—and felt the bitter pang  
Of chill'd affection!—prov'd my idol false—  
And find his image rankling at my heart.  
Henry—since vice can wear so pure a garb,  
And impious thoughts be cloth'd in words of light,  
The world indeed must be untrue!”  
But Adelaide was lovely—and her pride  
Soon nerv'd her to conceal, beneath a smile,  
The aching void within. Many the hearts  
that bow'd

Before her beauty; but when they gaz'd into  
her  
Eyes, hoping to read a deeper meaning there,  
She only saw false Henry's in each look,  
And withering thought chok'd up the source  
of joy.  
They call'd her cold—capricious—strange;  
But little did they guess the tenderness pent up  
In that young heart—how it still yearn'd to find  
A resting place—yet ever turn'd away,  
As bitter memory whisper'd, *all was false*.  
Doubting—believing—hoping, yet afraid,  
She ne'er would yield again to be deceiv'd,  
So call'd forth learning to her aid, and strove  
By wit's bright gems to enslave the willing ear;  
Perhaps 'twould save her from herself and love!  
But when the trumpet of her handmaid, fame,  
Hounded abroad the triumphs she had won,  
Her gentle nature shrunk within itself  
To feel more keenly she was woman still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again the orphan pray'd—But oh! how  
chang'd!  
No light was on that forehead now!  
The sunny glow amid the infant curls was gone,  
And long dishevell'd tresses listless hang  
O'er her sad cheek. The mild blue eye  
Was sunk—and dimm'd with tears!  
Could this be Adelaide!  
Weeping—she fancied that her mother's gaze  
Had wander'd from her once so happy child  
To look even sadder at her daughter now

\* \* \* \* \*

The young pure spirit struggling to be free,  
Too long had wrestled with the things of earth,  
And she was dying—peace she had not found  
In love or riches—honours or the world.  
But ere life fled, the hands of grief were burst!  
Celestial Hope had bless'd her parting hour,  
And smiles that sought an answer in the skies  
Were left as pledges with the beauteous clay,  
That the young mother's and her infant's  
prayers  
Had been remember'd—and were heard in  
Heaven.

#### THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

SOME months after the death of Cardinal Mazarine, in the year 1661, an event happened of a most extraordinary nature; we give it as related by Voltaire, in his *Le Siècle de Louis XIV.* A gentleman unknown, was in the most secret manner taken prisoner to the castle in the island St. Margaret, upon the coast of Provence. His stature was above the common, and of a noble and beautiful presence. The prisoner was during the whole journey in a mask, which had the chin-piece so contrived with steel springs, that he could eat and drink without pulling it off; and his keepers had orders to kill him if he ever unmasked. He remained in that island until an officer of great trust, named St. Mars, the governor of the Bastille, in 1690, who went to bring him from the island of St. Margaret, and conducted him to the Bastille, still masked as before. Before his removal from that island, the Marquis of Lou-

vois went thither to see him, and treated him with such respect that he did not offer to sit in his presence. He was lodged in the best apartment in the Bastille, and nothing was refused him that he was pleased to call for. His taste turned chiefly upon having linen and laces of the finest kind, and he was entertained in the grandest manner, the governor seldom sitting down while with him. An old physician belonging to the Bastille, declared that he had never seen his face, though he had often examined his tongue, and other parts of his body; that he was extremely well made, his skin a little upon the brown, and such a tone of voice as interested every body in his favour; but that he never complained of his condition, or allowed any one to see who he was. A famous surgeon, says our author, who is son-in-law to the physician I speak of, will testify every thing I have said; and M. de Bernaville, successor to St. Mars, has often confirmed it. This unknown gentleman, he adds, died in 1704, and was buried in the night-time, in St. Paul's church-yard; and what must increase our astonishment is, that no man of any figure in Europe disappeared when this gentleman was sent to the island of St. Margaret. M. de Chamillard says he was the last minister entrusted with this surprising secret; and his son-in-law, Marshal de Feuillade, the second of the name, has told me, that when his father-in-law was upon his death-bed, he had upon his knees, begged of him to inform him who this gentleman was, who was never known by any other name, than that of "The Man in the Iron Mask;" but his answer was, that it was a secret of State, which he had sworn never to reveal.

M. de Voltaire does not so much as make a conjecture who this person was; but whoever he was, it seems probable that he was kept incog. from the day of his birth to the day of his death.

#### ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES, AND THE VALUE OF TRANS- LATION. FOR THE OLIO.

A KNOWLEDGE of languages is useful, but when we have cried up their utility and eulogized them on that head, we have said all; as far as regards mental improvement an acquaintance with them is of little value, and comparatively speaking, their value must become merely negative, for they, of neces-

sity, exclude those studies which would accomplish us more effectually. So much time and attention are occupied in the mechanical operation of acquiring foreign languages, that a man who has it really for his object to obtain knowledge, will never find his account in this species of study.

There is such a vast body of literature in our own language; so much must positively be got through by every man who boasts a liberal education, that to do justice to it all would occupy a whole life; I speak of works of established reputation merely, and these are to be met with in every department of science. Now, perhaps, without incurring the charge of prejudice, I may be allowed to take for granted, that we can produce a more splendid list of literary men than any other country; and if so, is it not absurd to neglect these, and be flying off to the productions of foreigners, which we can neither comprehend so well, or if we could, we should not equally appreciate? for in fact there must be so much unintelligible, whether from our ignorance of foreign customs, or so different a style both of life and of sentiment, that such works can only be estimated at their full value in the country that gave them birth. The object of every man in a course of reading, we may well suppose, to be the enlargement of his faculties and the general improvement of his mind; and this main object, I repeat, is to be arrived at with much greater facility, as well as with more real solid advantage, from the writings of his countrymen, and in that language which nature herself has placed within his reach. I do not intend this merely as a local observation (for that would be taking but a prejudiced view of the case), but as a general remark, which, if true, must apply equally to foreigners and ourselves. If a man could exhaust the literature of his own land, and drain its sources to the very dregs, then indeed the love of novelty might excuse his desertion to foreign literature, and the natural thirst we all feel after additional knowledge might make it even commendable; but in England such can never be the case; and can we give it any better name than either fickleness or bad taste, to overlook such a constellation of poets, orators and philosophers, as adorn the pages of our ever-memorable history? That there have been great, nay, splendid men in the literary circles beyond the shores of this island is un-



questionable; but the point I am now more particularly urging, is, whether it is reasonable to undergo the tedious operation of acquiring any particular language for the sake of reading a few stray authors, who may have figured in that language! I am not forgetting at the same time, the before-mentioned utility of this language (which may chance to be called into play during a visit to the country); but even taking into the account this same contingent utility, the chances upon the whole are surely against the practical benefit of such a tedious and mechanical scheme, if it is indeed undertaken with a view to intellectual improvement.

There is a great outcry against the use of translations, and it is perpetually dinned into our ears (by young ladies especially, who happen to have a smattering of French or German), "how much better it is to read a book in the original!" Most unquestionably it is so, but the spirit of an original can never be entered into, except by a native; consequently the observation, however gospel-like it sounds, is no value in the light it was intended. Translations are in general the productions of competent persons, and of men superior to the ordinary run of readers; who, from the very circumstance of undertaking such a task, must be better acquainted with the two languages they have to deal with, than the public are likely to be. A translator does exactly what we should do in reading the original; when he has caught the idea and meaning of his author, he transfers it into English (adhering of course, as closely as possible to the original expression), only he does so more forcibly, and with more truth, than we could possibly do; for I suppose here then, in reading a foreign language, we mentally translate, though we may not perceive it; we naturally and involuntarily recur to the English expression for each word or sentence as we go on, and this perhaps will readily be admitted, if the reader will only recur to the workings of his mind during such an occupation; thus the Latin word "*equus*" would bring the term "horse" to the mind of an Englishman, as much as it would suggest to him the idea of that animal.

Those persons who argue against translations, clearly go upon the supposition "that we may understand what we cannot express," and, consequently, that ideas may be gained from a work, which a translator could not succeed in

giving us; but this is a mistake: whatever is really tangible to the mind, is also definable, and whatever is fully understood, is as fully to be expressed in palpable language, especially in English, which is comprehensive perhaps to a fault. Montaigne has clearly exposed the fallacy of this notion. "I have observed," says he in one of his essays, "some persons make excuses for want of a capacity to express themselves, and pretend to have a great many fine thoughts, but for want of elocution, are not able to utter them; but this is absurd; I take their thoughts to be nothing but shadows and irregular conceptions, which they are not able to connect and clear up in their own minds, nor by consequence to bring out. They do not yet themselves understand what they would be at, and if you do but observe how they hesitate on the point of parturition, you will soon perceive that their labour is not in delivery, but merely in conception." Ideas then are always expressible. Now our vanity may whisper to us, that we may extract the ideas from any work as successfully as a professed translator; and granting this for a moment, we shall then only stand on equal ground with him, (which is quite sufficient for my argument, for then all the labour of learning the language, and all the time it has occupied us, is lost). In reality, however, we never can stand on equal ground, for they are usually natives of other countries, with a perfect knowledge of the language they are translating from, and a competent knowledge of English as well, who have written our best translations; thus nature herself has fitted them for obtaining the sense of such a work more perfectly than we could ever hope to acquire it personally.

To conclude: I must not forget to admit this; I see clearly how the expression of an idea must suffer by this pantomimic change; but as I have observed before, this expression can never be appreciated fully by one who is not a native of the country. This admission, however, gives me a sort of negative advantage; the simple ideas are all that is really valuable, and these alone form the real and solid merit of every work. Language, fine language especially, serves only to mislead our judgment, and it frequently adulterates and corrupts the very essences of things. Plato defined eloquence, "an art to flatter and deceive," and in our own country, Bacon has eulogized the utmost simplicity of style. In a translation, then, we

have at least this convenience: the ideas will be tried by the test of truth, and, without the aid of ornament, must stand forth alone in their naked simplicity. F.

### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

In conning over an old Magazine the other day, we stumbled upon the following remarkable story of a sleep-walker, as related by a foreigner. Paying a visit to a friend in the country, I met there an Italian gentleman, named Agostino Fosari, whose extraordinary nocturnal rambles were the subject of general conversation. I had the curiosity to wish to witness his freaks, and accordingly bribed his valet to inform me when his master was likely to go through his vagaries. One night, towards the end of October, the Signior retired to rest about eleven o'clock, when, from his disturbed sleep his valet anticipated a rambling fit, and duly apprised me thereof. The servant was not wrong in his conjecture, for about twelve o'clock he arose and dressed himself, walked several times backward and forward in his chamber, then seated himself in an elbow chair, and went some little time after into a closet, where was his portmanteau, the which he rummaged over, locked carefully, and put the key into his pocket. He then descended the stairs, proceeded to the stable, and was about to caparison his horse, but not finding the saddle where it usually hung, he seemed vexed and disappointed; he notwithstanding mounted his steed, rode him to a pond and let him drink, and then returned to the stable, where he left him. He next proceeded to a room, in which was a billiard-table, where he seized a cue, and went through all the attitudes of the game; from whence he proceeded to his bed-room, undressed himself and slept soundly till the morning, quite unconscious of this Quixotic adventure of the past night.

### THE FRIGHTENED STUDENT.

FOR THE OLIO.

\* Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?  
No; but you've heard—I understand—be dumb,  
And don't regret the time you may have lost,  
For you have got that pleasure still to come.  
'——— Unreal mockery hence.'

I AM by no means given to the belief of any supernatural agency being per-

mitted to operate in this world, either for the purpose of terrifying its creatures, or as a warning of their impending fate; it is not to be supposed, on the one hand, that the Deity would indulge in what might be termed a malicious freak, thereby answering no purpose; nor, on the other, that the same Being would take any precaution to apprise us of that which, by the Holy Scriptures, we are expressly forbidden to anticipate—futura. The day for miracles has passed away, and we are now in some measure led to apply natural causes to those effects which our "Aborigines" conceived to be the divine interposition of Providence. That there are some things at times sufficient to stagger the faith of the most incredulous I am convinced, and as the sequel of my story will show. I am induced to offer these few remarks as a sort of *Anerald* to the following tale, which certainly, at first, carries so much the air of what is termed the "marvellous" with it, that were it not a fact, and so satisfactorily accounted for, I should not have been bold enough to have submitted to the scrutiny of the public reader. The chief, and only human actor in the scene which follows, was a young gentleman of the name of Mortimer. At the time of its occurrence he was studying anatomy under the skilful auspices of a Mr. Werner, who from great experience and application, was in every way qualified to impart the desired knowledge to the young students placed under his care. Mortimer, who to a generous and enterprising spirit added a great love for his profession, was in the habit of accompanying a fellow student, sometimes late in the evening, and at others early in the morning, to a room appropriated for the purposes of dissection, and which, for the better information of the reader, I will here describe.

This room, or rather cellar, was situated at the end of a large old house, the only access to it being through a trap door, suspended from which was a ladder, superseding the necessity of stairs, and at the bottom of this *quasi* staircase, involved in darkness, was a door fastened with a padlock, which opened on the room in question. The first things that presented themselves on entering were two skeletons of a male and female, attached to the ceiling by means of strings, so that they might be ready in case of need, for the purpose of demonstrating to the respective students; on the right hand was a cis-

tern, where they were accustomed to cleanse themselves from the impurities consequent on these practices; in various parts of the room were placed bodies, some newly exhumed, some exhibiting symptoms of partial, and others of a more advanced stage of dissection; in the left hand corner was a small grated window, that shed a glimmering light on an association of black gowns and woollen caps (not in a little adding to the general gloom of the place) used by the pupils to cover their clothes, and prevent the smell adhering to their hair, with here and there pieces of human flesh cut away during the process of dissecting; the room itself was so unconnected, as it were, with the other part of the house, that you could by no possibility hear any thing that was going on in it, not the rumbling of the carriage wheels in the street, and there was nothing to break the awful stillness that reigned around, except the measured dripping of the cistern. I have been thus minute in my description, that having the "horrors of the place crowding thick upon you," you may form some conception of the feelings of Mortimer, to whom that occurred which I am about to relate.

It is very well to deny the existence of ghosts and spirits, and while surrounded by our friends, and in broad day-light, we should be induced to treat with ridicule the man who would be bold enough to advance such an opinion; but how different is it, when you are in a lone place by yourself, and that in the dark, or nearly so, with every object around you calculated to inspire you with terror. What to some people can be more terrifying than to be placed with the dead in the night time? we know they cannot hurt us, but still we have a certain feeling that would cause us to revolt at the very idea, much more the sad reality.

Mortimer had made an appointment with a friend of his, with the intention of proceeding together, as was their custom, to the dissecting room, but who, it so happened, was confined to his bed with a sore throat, and not able to accompany him; he was, therefore, compelled to go alone, but this had little effect on Mortimer, as from use, which is "second nature," he had become familiar to sights, which to others, unaccustomed to such things, would have been positively appalling—but to proceed:

It was about four o'clock in the morning, in the month of October,

when he reached the house; no one, of course, at that early hour was stirring, and it wore the same silence as "in the witching hour of night," as he paced thoughtfully through the rooms that led to the one containing the trap door;—he paused, and which, stooping down, he raised; he then descended the stairs, and gaining the door unlocked it, and went in; but how shall I describe the terror that was depicted on his countenance, when he saw the two skeletons swinging to and fro with considerable force; retreat he could not, for such is the effect of sudden fright, that we seem as though fixed to the spot by some unseen agency; he felt convinced, or endeavoured to convince himself, that it was nothing supernatural—but what else was it? the current of air was not sufficient to have caused the agitation;—this was the only entrance to the room, and no one could have been in before him as the door was fastened when he came, and the lock he held in his hand. All his boasted strength of mind failed him, and

He shuddered as no doubt the bravest cowers  
When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal.

And as it frequently happens under these circumstances, the mind naturally recurs to all the horrible fancies in which, at any former time, it may have indulged; and the more we endeavour to dispel them, the more forcibly do they return upon us, until at last we are overwhelmed with fears of our own creation. Mortimer had thus worked upon himself, that he became so terrified with his situation as to be afraid to move, lest by that means he should bring the cause itself before him, which might be more dreadful than that which now alarmed him.

How odd a single hobgoblin's nonentity  
Should cause more fear than a whole host's  
identity.

The same bodies which, at other times, he would have looked upon with unconcern, now added considerably to his fear, and he even fancied them moved from their usual places. The measured dripping of the cistern—the ghastly countenances and mangled limbs of the "subjects," together with the apparent impossibility of its being accomplished by human means, filled him with such indescribable horror, that "his hair stood on end;" a clammy perspiration pervaded his body, and he suffered that intense corporal agony, which those only can conceive who have experienced a similar sensation.

Such is not the same alarm as one feels who sees another person, between whom and himself there is a mutual thirsting for revenge, entering his chamber in the dead hour of the night when all is still, armed with an offensive weapon, and when nothing but a desire for vengeance could have prompted him to it; as in that case, although he might be greatly frightened, he feels that the object of his fear is a man—a human being like himself, who thus intrudes upon his rest, and that he has, though perhaps not an equal, still by no means that he is without a chance of escaping from his enemy, and he therefore makes haste to save himself; but just the reverse when you think that which alarms you is induced by other than human means; in this case, instead of ousing your courage, it sinks it, and you give yourself up to your fear, and await the result of that which you feel you are unable to avoid. In just such a disagreeable situation was Mortimer; he dared not to stir, and was in the momentary expectation of some awful truth flashing upon his senses; when, either from his absence of mind or purposely, it does not appear, he dropped the lock on the floor, and instantly, as if actually the charm, out flew an enormous black cat, which, springing through the window, was soon out of sight. Now, the only way to account for this is, that the cat must have crept in unperceived while the students were shutting up for the evening, and at the time that Mortimer came down the staircase, there is no doubt she was frightened, and in her hurry to escape, had brushed against one skeleton, which touching the other, had caused them both to swing to and fro in the manner described on his entry, and having concealed herself was imperceptible, till startled by the falling of the lock.

Thus was this explained, which, had it remained wrapt in mystery, might have been added to the many ponderous volumes of Ghost Tales and Legends, enough in themselves "to make cowards of us all," which have been handed down to posterity, as so many instances of the awful connection which exists between men and spirits.

#### TYRO.

**AN UNGRACIOUS RELATION.**—A boy threw a stone at a dog, but missed it, and killed his grandmother; "Well," said he, "the throw was not lost, however."—*Plutarch's Morals.*

#### INTERESTING HISTORY OF A SCOTCH EMIGRANT, AND BEAUTIFUL TRAIT OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

ABOUT twelve years ago a person of the name of M'Dougal, a native of Argyleshire, who had emigrated to Upper Canada a few years before, wrote to his friends in Scotland, giving an account of his fortunes in the new world, and among other things failed not to make honourable and grateful mention of the following truly romantic incident. In a section of Argyleshire the story was told in every parlour, spence, and booth, by the shepherd on the hill, and the fisherman on the lake; and a military gentleman who happened to be on the spot shortly after the news arrived, was so much struck with the circumstance that he collected the particulars from head-quarters, and is ready to vouch for their accuracy.

M'Dougal, on reaching Upper Canada, from anxiety to make the most of his scanty capital, or some other motive, purchased a location where the price of land was merely nominal in a country thinly peopled, and on the extreme verge of civilization. His first care was to construct and plant a cabin in the wild, and this task finished, he spent his whole time, early and late, in the garden and the fields. By vigorous exertion and occasional assistance he brought a few acres of ground under crop, acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs, made additional inroads on the glade and the forest, and though his toils were hard, gradually and imperceptibly became in a rough way 'well enough to live,' as compared with the poverty he had abandoned at home. His greatest discomforts were distance from neighbours, the church, markets, and even the mill; and along with these the suspension, or rather the enjoyment, after long intervals of time, of those endearing charities and friendly offices which lend such a charm to social life. His cattle depastured in the neighbouring forest, and after a little training returned in the evening of their own accord, particularly when they heard the well-known voice of their master and his dog. On one occasion M'Dougal had a melder of corn to grind, and as the distance was considerable, and the roads none of the smoothest, this important part of his duty could only be performed by starting with the sun and returning at the going down of the same. In his

absence the care of the cattle devolved on his spouse, and as they did not return at the usual hour, the careful matron went out in quest of them. Beyond its mere outskirts, the forest was to her terra incognita in the most emphatic sense of the term, and with no compass or notched trees to guide her, it is not to be wondered at that she wandered long and wearily to very little purpose. Like Alps on Alps, tall trees rose on every side—a boundless continuity of shade; and fatigued with the search, she deemed it prudent to retrace her steps while it was yet time. But this resolution was much easier formed than executed; returning was as dangerous as “going o’er,” and after wandering for hours, she sunk on the ground, her eyes swollen and filled with tears, and her mind agitated almost to distraction. But here she had not rested many minutes before she was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and anon an Indian hunter stood before her—“a stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.” Mrs. M'Dougal knew that Indians lived at no great distance, but as she had never seen a member of the tribe, (*omne ignotum pro magnifico*,) her first emotions were those of terror; quickening, it may be said, every pulse, and yet palsyng every limb. But the Indian's views were more comprehensive; constantly on the out-look in search of the quarry, and accustomed to make circuits comprising the superfluous of many a Highland mountain and glen, he had observed without being observed himself; knew her home, recognised her person, comprehended her mishap, divined her errand, and immediately beckoned to her to rise and follow him. The unfortunate woman understood the signal, and obeyed it in as far as terror left her power; and after a lengthened sweep, which added not a little to her previous fatigue, they arrived at the door of an Indian wigwam. Her conductor invited her to enter by signs; but this she sternly refused to do, dreading the consequences, and preferring death in the open air to the tender mercies of cannibals within. Perceiving her reluctance and scanning her feelings, the hospitable Indian darted into the wigwam and communed with his wife, who in a few minutes also appeared, and by certain signs and sympathies known only to females, calmed the stranger's fears, and induced her to enter their lowly abode. Venison was instantly

prepared for supper, and Mrs. M'Dougal, though still alarmed at the novelty of her situation, found the viands delicious, and had rarely, if ever, partaken of so savoury a meal. Aware that she was wearied, the Indian removed from their place near the roof two beautiful deer-skins, and by stretching and fixing them across, divided the wigwam into two compartments. Mats were also spread in both, and next, the stranger was given to understand that the farther dormitory was expressly intended for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing entreaties she replied by signs as well as she could, that she would prefer to sit and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzle the Indian and his squaw sadly; often they looked at one another, and conversed softly in their own language, and at last the red took the white woman by the hand, led her to her couch, and became her bed-fellow. In the morning she awoke greatly refreshed, and was anxious to depart without farther delay; but this the Indian would on no account permit.—Breakfast was prepared—another savoury and well-cooked meal—and then the Indian accompanied his guest and conducted her to the very spot where the cattle were grazing. These he kindly drove from the wood, on the verge of which Mrs M'Dougal descried her husband running about every where, hallooing, and seeking for her in a state of absolute distraction.—Great was his joy, and great his gratitude to her Indian benefactor, who was invited to the house and treated to the best the larder afforded, and presented on his departure with a suit of clothes.

In about three days he returned, and endeavoured by every wile to induce Mr. M'Dougal to follow him into the forest. But this invitation the other positively declined, and the poor Indian went on his way obviously grieved and disappointed. But again he returned, and though words were wanting, renewed his entreaties, but still vainly and without effect; and then as a last desperate effort he hit upon an expedient which none save an Indian hunter would have thought of. Mrs. M'Dougal had a nursing only a few months old—a fact the Indian failed not to notice—and after his pantomimic eloquence had been completely thrown away, he approached the cradle, seized the child, and darted out of the house with the speed of an

antelope. The alarmed parents instantly followed, supplicating and imprecating at the top of their voices;—but the Indian's resolves were fixed as fate; and away he went, slow enough to encourage his pursuers, but still in the van by a good many paces, and far enough a-head to achieve the secret purpose he had formed—like the parent bird skimming the ground when she wishes to wile the enemy from her nest. Again and again, Mr. M'Dougal wished to continue the chase alone; but maternal anxiety baffled every remonstrance, and this anxiety was if possible increased when she saw the painted savage enter the wood, and steer, as she thought, his course towards his own cabin in the heart of the wild. The Indian, however, was in no hurry; occasionally he cast a glance behind, poised the child almost like a feather, threaded his way with admirable dexterity, and kept the swaddling clothes so closely drawn around it, that not even the winds of Heaven were permitted to visit it too roughly. It is, of course, needless to go into all the details of this singular journey, farther than to say, that the Indian at last called a halt on the margin of a very beautiful prairie, teeming with the richest vegetation, and extending to several thousand acres. In a moment the child was restored to its parents, who, wondering what so strange a proceeding could mean, stood for some minutes panting for breath, and eyeing one another in silent and speechless astonishment. The Indian, on the other hand, appeared overjoyed at the success of his manœuvre, and never did a human being frisk about and gesticulate with greater animation. We have read or heard of a professor of signs, and supposing such a character were wanted, the selection could not, or at least should not, be a matter of difficulty, so long as even a remnant remains of the aborigines of North America. All travellers agree in describing their gestures as highly dignified, eloquent, and intelligent; and we have the authority of Mr. M'Dougal for saying, that the hero of the present strictly authentic tale, proved himself to be a perfect master of the art. The restoration of the child, the beauty and wide extent of the prairie, and various other circumstances combined, flashed across our countryman's mind, operating conviction where jealousy and distrust had looked before; and as the Indian stood before him, his eyes beaming with be-

nevolence and intelligence, his arms extended, and, along with his body, thrown into the most varied and speaking attitudes, he became more and more satisfied that his speech, if given in broken English, would have run very nearly as follows:—"You doubt Indian; you think him treacherous; you think him wish to steal the child. No, no; Indian has tribe and child of his own; Indian knew you long ago; knew you when you first came, and saw you when you not see Indian; saw you poor but hard-working man; some white men bad, and hurt Indian; you not bad; hurt no one, but work hard for your wife and child; saw you choose bad place; Indian pitied you; never make rich there; saw your cattle far in forest; thought you come catch them; you not come; your wife come; Indian find her faint and weary; Indian take her home; fear go in; think Indian kill and eat her; no, no; Indian lead her back; Indian meet you; very sad, then very glad to see her; you kind to Indian; give him meat, drink, and better clothes than your own; Indian grateful; wish you to come here; not come; Indian go again; not come; Indian very sorry; take the child; not run fast; know you would follow child. Look round! plenty ground—rich, rich; Indian love the deer, and the birds and beasts of the field; the chase make him strong; his father loved the chase; if Indian farm, Indian farm here; look round! plenty of ground—rich, rich; many, many cattle feed here; trees not many on that side; make road in less than half a moon; Indians help you; come, come—Indian your friend—come, live here." Mr. M'Dougal in a trice examined the soil, and immediately saw the propriety of the advice given by the untutored, but by no means unintelligent or unobserving savage—if savage, in deference to custom, he must still be called. By a sort of tacit agreement a day was fixed for the removal of the materials of our countryman's cabin, goods, and chattels; and the Indian, true to his word, brought a detachment of his tribe to assist in one of the most romantic "flittings" that ever was undertaken, whether in the new or old world. In a few days a roomy log-house was fashioned, and a garden formed in a convenient section of the beautiful prairie, from which the smoke was seen curling, and the wood-pecker heard tapping at no great distance.—Mr. M'Dougal was greatly pleased with

the change; and no wonder, seeing that he could almost boast of a body guard as bold as the bowmen of Robin Hood. His Indian friend speedily became a sort of foster-brother, and his tribe as faithful as the most attached tail of gillies that ever surrounded a Highland chieftain. Even the stupid kine lowed on finding themselves suddenly transported to a boundless range of the richest pasture, and, up to the date of the last advice, were improving rapidly in condition, and increasing in numbers. The little garden was smiling like a rose in the desert; grass, over-abundant, gradually giving way to thriving crops; and the kine so well satisfied with their *gang*, that herds and inclosures were alike unneeded to keep them from the corn. The Indians continued friendly and faithful, occasionally bringing presents of venison and other game, and were uniformly rewarded from the stores of a dairy overflowing with milk, butter, and cheese. Attached as the red man was to his own mode of life, he was at length induced, with his wife, to form part of the establishment in the capacity of grieve or head shepherd—a duty he undertook the more cheerfully, as it still left him opportunities of meeting and communing with his friends, and reconnoitring the antlered denizens of the forest. Let us hope, therefore, that no untoward accident will occur to mar this beautiful picture of sylvan life; that the M'Dougal colony will wax stronger and stronger, till every section of the prairie is forced to yield tribute to the spade and the plough; and that future generations of the clan will be able to say for themselves, and impress upon their children,

'Happy the man whose highest care  
A few paternal acres bound;  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with  
bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,  
Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie!"

### Cable Talk.

FOR THE OLIO.

**WRESTLING.**—Homer has treated us to an account of the Greek mode of wrestling, but he has evidently taken the license usually allowed to poets.—

The wrestling of the Greeks, if we may judge from their bas-reliefs and coins, was neither elegant nor scientific: it appears to resemble the manner of the Swissers of the present age, who depend not upon the dextrous use of the legs, but endeavour to lift each other from the ground, when he who is lifted, may of course, be easily thrown on his back by the other. \*\*\*

**WOMEN.**—Your cynic philosophers affect to speak contemptuously of women, but even the cold calculating Chancellor, he whom Pope justly styles the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," has done them justice. A more elegant compliment, however, could not be paid them than that of Cornelius Agrippa, who, in his curious tract "*De laudibus feminarum*," thus speaks of the constancy of women:—When our Saviour rose from the dead, he appeared first to women, not to men; and it is also manifest that, after the death of Christ the men forsook the faith, but it has not been proved that the women ever abandoned the Christian religion.

\* \* \* \* \* Our Saviour was betrayed, sold, bought, accused, condemned, suffered, was crucified, and finally given to death by no others than by men. He was renounced by St. Peter, forsaken by the rest of his disciples, and was accompanied solely by women to the cross and to the tomb." Shall a quality for which we most prize the dog be overlooked in our own species! \*\*\*

**HUMAN STATURE.**—Were the human race constantly decreasing in stature as novelists and poets would have us believe, what a race of pigmies would the present generation be! In very large cities and towns, a decay of physical strength and a smallness of stature must be obvious, but this is not the case in the country. There are thousands in England at this day, who are little inferior in bodily strength to their barbarous ancestors, when they opposed the Roman invader, and the peasants of Italy; if they possess not their courage and spirit, they have frames as well knit as the soldiers of Cæsar's legions. Examine the defensive armour of the English, and you will find that not one suit in twenty is too large for a well-formed man of the present day. The skeletons which have been discovered at Pompeii are not of larger dimensions than those of the modern Italians. The huge bones found sometimes in this island are the remains of antediluvian animals, or,

perhaps, of the elephants brought hither by the Emperor Claudius. \*\*\*

**RETRIBUTION.**—Those who hate cruelty will find consolation in the fact, that the inventors of barbarous punishments, and of instruments for the destruction of mankind, have been the victims of their inhuman contrivances. Philaris was roasted to death in the brazen bull, which his refined cruelty had prompted him to fabricate, to please a tyrant. Richard the First of England taught the French the use of the cross-bow, and was himself slain by a shot from that engine. The carcass of him who erected the gibbets of Montfaucon, was not long after suspended upon one of them; and, if I mistake not, the inventor of the "Maiden," a description of guillotine formerly used in Scotland, perished by his own invention. \*\*\*

**ROMEO AND JULIET.**—This play has ever been accounted among the best of Shakspeare's works. It is, however, we believe, not generally known, that it is founded on a tragedy of real life, that happened about the beginning of the fourteenth century. The story, with all its circumstances, is given us by an Italian novelist, named Bandello, as also by Gizolome da Corte, in his History of Verona. The young lover, as this historian relates, was called Romeo Montecchio, and the lady, Juliet Capello. Captain Brevai, in his travels, relates that when he was at Verona he was shewn an old building, in which the tomb of these ill-fated lovers had formerly been broken up, and that he was informed by his guide in all the particulars of the history. The castle of Montecchio, situate between Vicenza and Verona, anciently belonged to the illustrious house of that name, that was the head of a faction against the Capellos. Our immortal bard has made that quarrel the subject of his affecting tragedy, and as the story is founded in truth, it will ever have that effect upon the mind, that no fiction, be it ever so highly wrought, can create.

**WRITING.**—"It is curious to observe how writing has had to struggle against power. At first, the feudal baron was ashamed of being able to write, and the signing his name was like putting on his armour, service to be done by an inferior; however, writing became general, and barons were obliged to learn to write in self-defence. The next stage was printing; it was long ungentle to have printed a book, a kind of blemish on nobility, and indulged in

by the youth, apologized for by the old; but, at length printing became universal, the people felt it a weapon of their own." —*New Mon. Mag.*

**THE CHOLERA.**—A resident at Paris thus describes the effects of the Cholera in that City:—"I have traversed a good portion of the City; it is difficult to describe it now. The Boulevards, formerly the promenade of the idlers and the fashionables, of the wealthy and the swindlers, are now thinly sprinkled with a few melancholy persons, walking as it were, in fear of the malady, of which every one is talking. No carriages, no splendid liveries, even the diplomatic corps conceal themselves. The druggists' shops are, in some places, thronged by persons, each to ask a remedy for a father, a mother, a wife, a husband or a child, or a relation who is dying. In some houses there are several dead at the same moment; and one sees a coffin lying in the passage and covered with a white sheet with a candle lighted at the head, waiting until the black cart approaches, to carry the deceased to a place of burial. It is indeed, a dreadful visitation, which desolates a city, causes the ruin of families, and leaves many a forlorn orphan to weep in misery, or to beg a pittance in the streets."

**BRANDING.**—The manner in which Naylor, convicted of blasphemy in the time of the Commonwealth suffered his punishment, is thus described by Burton in his diary. The writer was one of the members named to see a part of the sentence carried into execution. "He put out his tongue very willingly, but shrank a little when the iron came upon his forehead. He was pale when he came out of the pillory, but high coloured after tongue-boring. He was bound by a cord by both arms to the pillory; Rich, the mad merchant, sat bare at Naylor's feet all the time. Sometimes he sung, and cried, and stroked his hair and face, and kissed his hand, and sucked the fire out of his forehead. Naylor embraced his executioner, and behaved himself very handsomely and patiently. A great crowd of people there; the sheriff present, 'cum multis,' at the Old Exchange, near the conduit."

**ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.**—A correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for the present month, speaking of a Roman amphitheatre discovered at Lillebone in Normandy, says, "When I was there in last October, about fifteen labourers were at work under the per-



sonal superintendence of the mayor, who, I was told, was a most zealous antiquary, and possessed of a very valuable collection of curiosities, which have been discovered. About ten years ago, this curious building was so covered up with rubbish as to present a misshapen mound of great magnitude. At present all the south side of it is so cleared away, as to leave the outside walls, more than fifty feet high, quite clear. The inside has been so exposed as to exhibit the dressing-rooms of the actors, and many tiers of benches. The outside is composed of tufa which covers the walls; they are of chalk and Roman brick, cemented together so strongly as to be more like a solid rock than masonry. The road from Havre to Rouen cuts off one end of the amphitheatre, which, when perfect, is calculated to have contained 22,000 persons."

Thomson, the poet, who exclaims in his *Seasons*, "Falsely luxurious, will not man awake!" used to lie in bed till noon, because, he said, he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising, but he could also imagine the good of lying still.

**VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.**—What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world—the swiftest, and the most slow—the most divisible, and the most extended—the least valued, and the most regretted—without which nothing can be done—which devours every thing however small, and yet gives life and spirit to every object however great!—(Time.)—*History of Zedig.*

**STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS.**—Mr. —, whilst engaged one morning in painting a scene at the Theatre, was much annoyed by some gentlemen who, looking on, were giving their opinions very freely, and suggesting to him a variety of extremely injudicious alterations; at length, being completely out of patience with their conceit and impertinence, he observed, "Excuse me

gentlemen, but I make it a rule always to proceed with my painting according to my own notions, and for the following reason; some years ago I had a commission to paint a garden-scene for a provincial theatre; whilst occupied in executing it, I was advised by one person to make such an alteration; importuned by another to put this; entreated by a third to add something else; and being at that period a novice in my profession, I was all submission and complaisance, yielded to the opinion of each new critic, and made whatever alteration was suggested, till one morning, stepping back from my canvas to take a general survey of my performance, I perceived, alas! my garden-scene was a street!"

A MAN named "Cæsar," married a girl of the name of "Roma;" (both common names in modern Rome). They lived in the Piazza Navona, close to Pasquin's statue, where, on the day of their marriage, was found the following piece of advice to the bridegroom:—"Cave, Cæsar, ne tua Roma respublica fiat!" The man replied next day, "Cæsar imperat!" but his antagonist rejoined, "Ergo coronabitur!"—*Travels in Italy.*

A PERSON having an even number of counters in one hand, and an odd number in the other, how to tell in which hand the even numbers are, let the person multiply the number in his right hand by an odd number, and the number in his left hand by an even, and let him then tell you, if the sum of the products together be odd or even. If it be even, the even number is in the right hand; and if it be odd, the even number is in the left hand.—*Hooper's Rational Recreations.*

**SINGULAR FACT.**—At the execution of Caraccioli at Naples, his body was thrown into the sea; however, the body three weeks after rose again and floated with the immense load of 250lb. attached to it.—*Life of Nelson.*

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, May 9.

*Fog rises 49m. aft. 3 morn.*

On this day, the ancient Romans held the festival of Læuria, or of nocturnal spirits, which lasted three days.

Thursday, May 10.

Anniversary of the battle of Lodi, which was fought in the year 1796.

Friday, May 11.

*Mercury rises 12m. aft. 4 morn.*

Earl of Chatham died 1778.

Fest. with the Jews—Death of Elijah, 2 Kings, ii. 11.

Saturday, May 12.

The Right Hon. Spencer Perceval assassinated, 1812.

EASTER TERM ENDS.

Sunday, May 13.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Lessons for the Day.—4 ch. of *Deuteronomy*, morn. 5 ch. of *Deuteronomy*, even.

Monday, May 14.

*Full Moon*, at 5 afternoon.

Tuesday, May 15.

*Sun rises 41m. aft. 4. sets 48m. aft. 7.*

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXI.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, May 19, 1839.



See p 323

## Illustrated Article.

### PIERRE LOUVOIS.

(FOR THE OLIO.)

At the time the French army held possession of Italy the most strict and rigorous measures were put in force by them, to suppress the lawless habits of the inhabitants ; which, under a weak form of government, had risen to such a height of crime as to require more than ordinary severity to check. These laws were not alone in force against the natives, for they fell with undiminished rigour on such of the French troops as were caught in the commission of any act contravening the strict code laid down for their observance, and punishment came so swiftly after the offence as to be attended with at least one salutary effect, that of taking place whilst its cause was yet fresh in the remembrance of the shuddering spectators.

In the northern part of Italy was quartered a small division, consisting of a few

regiments of the line, under the command of a General Duval. He was a man of a morose and stern disposition, a strict martinet, and one but little prone to pardon any offences committed by the soldiery under his command ; but, on the other hand, he was just, and not slow in rewarding merit, when such fell under his observation. His notice had for a short time been attracted to a lad about eighteen years of age, for whom he began to feel some interest. Pierre Louvois, which was the youth's name, was a general favourite in the regiment to which he belonged, though his manners and dispositions were but little in accord with those of his rank ; there was a sort of dignity and lofty bearing not exactly in unison with the situation of a private, but yet it had never been the cause of his creating a single enemy amongst his associates. His mother, who said she was the widow of a soldier, had lived in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, of which part of the country, however, she was not a

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native. She had maintained herself and son as a lace-worker, at which she was very expert, and from her upright conduct and quiet modest demeanour was much esteemed. As Pierre grew towards manhood, many were the offers from the farmers and mechanics in the vicinity to give him employment, but this she always firmly but thankfully refused. To the often-repeated inquiries as to what she intended to make of him, she could give no answer, and the neighbours exclaimed against a lad of such spirit and promise being brought up in idleness, with nothing to look forward to. Madame Louvois cared but little how hard she worked herself, but could not brook that Pierre should be obliged to submit to menial drudgery of any description; at times, sadness would come over her mind, when she thought how unable Pierre would be to support himself, alike ignorant of any business or profession, when she should cease to exist; but these thoughts had scarcely gained birth, when she received a pang but little expected; the Conscription had decided that Pierre should become a soldier. It was quite beyond her means to raise sufficient money to obtain a substitute, and she therefore decided on following him, in whom all her hopes centred, wheresoever his fortunes or his fate might lead him; provided she remained near him, she cared but little in what capacity, servile or otherwise; and Madame Louvois the Sutler sounded as musically in her ears, as would the repetition of his title to a new made peer. About a year after Pierre had joined his regiment, he was one day sauntering listlessly along the road to Vicenza, without perceiving that he had passed the boundary of the camp; the view before him was so beautiful that it called to mind his former home in the south of France, which he had left with much regret, for there was more than one dark-eyed Brunette that had looked upon him with other than the eyes of friendship; and there was one playful smiling girl that he had early learnt to love, with whom he would often wander forth beside some rippling brook, or through the rich vineyards, and conjure up together bright dreams of future days.

He was thus gazing on the scene before him, and associating it with places far away, when the sound of some person in distress burst upon his ear; it seemed to come from a cottage standing on the road-side, to which he hastened to render his assistance. The door was

open, and the noise of a scuffle above stairs plainly indicated where help was desired. As he entered the room, he perceived a soldier in the French uniform, who no sooner saw that he was discovered, than, throwing open the back window, he leaped into the garden, and in an instant was flying across the country. A woman lay upon the floor, bearing the marks of recent ill-usage, and apparently lifeless; the chamber was in the greatest confusion, some articles of small value and a little money lay scattered upon the floor, shewing that the villain's intention had been that of robbery.

The piercing cries uttered by the woman had been heard by more than Pierre, for a small detachment which was marching from Vicenza to Verona, being within hearing at the moment, some of them ran to give their assistance, and were not a little surprised to find a French soldier in the act (as they supposed) of plundering. Pierre stated, that the cries of distress had drawn him thither, and he had just arrived in time to see the villain escape from the window. The officer listened, but shook his head in doubt, at the same time giving orders that Pierre should be strictly guarded, and instantly marched off to the quarters of his regiment.

The news flew awfully through the regiment, that Pierre was under arrest, charged with an attempt at robbery; but there were none amongst those who knew him well that would give it a moment's credence; circumstances might be, as they were, strongly against him, but they were convinced he could rebut them; no, no! it was a more guilty heart that planned the commission of the deed.

Pierre himself was sanguine; he felt that the woman could exculpate him in an instant, and that the court-martial, which was appointed for the following morning, would order his instant liberation. The cell in which he was confined was not very agreeable to be sure, but then it had only terrors for those guilty beings who worked up hideous thoughts in their imaginations to fright themselves; he stretched himself upon his hard wooden bed, and slept as soundly and rose as much refreshed as if he had been again in France, without a single care to obtrude itself upon his mind.

In the morning the court-martial assembled with all the usual ceremony, and Pierre stood arraigned for a crime, of which he knew himself to be as guilt-

less as the Court about to try him; he was extremely glad that business had drawn his mother to Milan, from whence she would not return until the following day, when it would be too late to feel uneasiness, and they could talk it through together.

When called upon to affirm or deny his guilt, he briefly stated the circumstances, and said the woman could at once prove him innocent.

"Young man," replied the president, "your story is well conceived, and told with a semblance of truth, but, unfortunately, there are discrepancies in it; and as the woman died during the night of the injuries she received, you may safely call upon her to assert that innocence, which I must say that for my own part I very much doubt."

The information of the woman's death staggered him; it was upon her evidence his safety entirely rested; the idea of her death had never once entered his imagination, and a cold shudder ran over him as he thought of the overwhelming weight of evidence, that could only be gainsaid by his simple assertion of innocence; the current set too strongly against him to be stemmed, and when proof was adduced that it was impossible, on account of the distance, that the cries of distress could have been heard within the bounds of the camp, he felt that he was a lost man.

The court were unanimous in their opinion of his guilt, and the following day, at noon, was named as that on which he was to close his short career of life. Pierre heard his sentence without shewing any signs of trepidation; his cheeks blanched not for an instant; a faint smile played around his lips, which would have said, you are deceived, but still I blame you not.

The veterans of the regiment, when told of the result of the inquiry, swore a volley of oaths and insinuated that the officers did not deal justly by them; they could not see that any evidence was sufficient to find Pierre guilty of murder and robbery—"Bah! he could not do it if he would—a harmless lad like that; it was no use arguing the matter, it was not in his nature; spirits like his were not the ones that stooped to the crimes of rapine and bloodshed!"—and their belief in his innocence remained still unshaken.

When Madame Louvois arrived from Milan, the first intelligence that reached her was, that Pierre was waiting with the utmost anxiety to see her, since he was doomed at noonday to die.

"Die!" said she—"to die!—no, no! you are deceiving me. They could not—would not slay a child like that. Crime never yet entered his imagination—it must be others that have palmed their deeds of villainy upon him. Who is there could look upon his fair face and form, and say it was that of a guilty being!—none! I will be sworn."

The frantic mother flew to the guard-house, to gain from his own lips the history of his misfortune; and with breathless anxiety did she listen to his brief recital.

"Truth," said she, when he had finished, whilst her loud sobs almost hindered the words from being heard. "Truth, indeed! is there not truth stamped on every word and action!—Does it seem like falsehood that he speaks?—No, no! falsehood never spoke thus. But, stay—yes! there is yet hope. Duval must and shall listen to me!—I will force that upon him shall make him feel him innocent, even should he have seen the commission of the deed itself."

General Duval was not a little surprised at finding the door of the room in which he was sitting suddenly burst open, and a half frantic woman rushing in to throw herself at his feet, at the same time exclaiming—

"Mercy! mercy! for the love of heaven, grant me mercy!"

"What is the meaning of this, my good woman?—Who, or what are you?" asked the General.

"I am the mother of the poor boy you have doomed to die. Oh, Sir, but spare his life! On my knees I will pray to you—will worship you—but spare his life!—he is too young to die yet!—He is not a fit subject to wreak your cruel laws upon!—Indeed! indeed! he is innocent."

"Woman, it cannot be—he must die!"

"Oh, no! no!—you have but to say the word, and he is spared."

"I say again, it cannot—must not be."

"Oh, Sir, you have the power to save him, and may yet live to bless the day you did so; but spare his life!"

"This is trifling; woman, the law must take its course; I can stay and listen to you no longer."

"Not listen to me, Duval," said Madame Louvois, looking sternly at him; "not listen to a mother pleading for her son's life!—But I have known the time when that hard heart of thine could feel as tenderly as would a mother's watching her sick child. Years have

passed, Duval, since that night, when, after many an anxious hour of travelling, you arrived near your chateau in Alsace, indulging in the fond hope of pressing in your arms your wife and infant child. Did your heart not bleed when you found the raging flames had destroyed your noble dwelling, and deprived you of a wife and child you fondly loved?—Ay, it felt then as mine does at this moment. Yes! you look at me now, and strive to bring me to your recollection. I was the foster-sister of your wife, and after you married her I still followed her as a servant, and when she became a mother, did I not nurse her child as though it had been mine own—for I loved it as much even as its mother could. Oh! it was a sweet, fair haired child, that all must have loved. On the night the fire burst forth, the boy lay sleeping beside me; its mother was not well. I was watching its calm slumbers when the alarm of fire reached me; scarce knowing what I did, I caught the child in my arms, and, rushing into the open air, flew across the country. Tired and fatigued, I sought shelter where I was not known. I was soon informed that Madame Duval and her child had perished in the flames. The thought then dashed across my mind, that if I would not lose the child I so fondly loved, I must keep its existence a secret from you. The people who gave me shelter had forbore to question me. I told them some false tale of injuries and oppression, and privately left Alsace, seeking the South of France, where none knew me. I changed my name, and brought up the child as my own. I have toiled and worked for it until——”

“But, the child!” gasped forth Duval; “where is it now?—Is it——” and he faltered in bringing out the words—“Is it the——”

“It is the boy you have doomed to die.”

“Orderly,” exclaimed the General, in a voice of thunder, “fly this instant, and stay the execution—there has been some error.”

The orderly gladly flew to obey his officer's commands on so joyous an errand; but scarce had he passed the threshold when the sound of musketry fell upon their ears.

“Oh, mercy! heaven grant me mercy!” exclaimed the General, hiding his face in his hands.

“Mercy!” cried Madame Louvois: “you can cry for mercy, who would grant none. You would execute your

cruel laws, and who has been their victim?—your only child. Mercy, indeed!—you would be merciful now, were it in your power.”

The orderly gently opened the door to say he was too late—the boy was no more!

J.M.B.

## BRITANNY.

A great part of Brittany is heath; indeed, one-third of the department of Ille and Vilaine is computed to be still in that state. When Henry the Fourth saw the uncultivated tracts between Rennes and Nantes, he exclaimed,—“Where can the poor Bretons find the money they have promised me?”

The present Cathedral of Quimper was built with the produce of indulgences, and finished in 1501. An equestrian statue of King Grallon formerly stood over the gateway, which, on every St. Cecilia's eve, one of the bell-ringers used to climb: he presented the king with a glass of wine, and then threw the glass among the crowd; if any one caught it whole, he took it to the chapter-house, where he claimed the reward of a *Louis-d'or*. The custom seems to have been early abolished. The statue of Grallon was thrown down in the beginning of the French revolution.

The inhabitants of Machecoul made a regulation among themselves, in 1603, that whoever broke the third commandment should receive a slap on the face from such as heard him, without liberty of resenting it. As it produced ill-blood among the neighbours, it was at length dropped. Machecoul was the residence of the brave but profligate and sanguinary Gilles de Retz, commonly called Gilles de Laval, who put several wives to death, and is supposed by some to be the original of *Blue Beard*. He was accused of dealing with the devil, of murdering above a hundred children; and for these and other crimes he was burned alive at Nantes in 1440. Before the revolution his sabre was shewn in the castle of Machecoul: it was of an extraordinary size. His name was still pronounced with horror when Ogee wrote his description of Brittany.

The coast of Brittany is so dangerous that a former Viscount of Leon used to say, that a certain rock, notorious for shipwreck, was a more valuable stone to him than the most precious jewel.

*Genl.'s Mag.*

**Tales of the Tapestry.**BY HORACE GUILFORD.  
*For the Olio.***BLAUNCHEFLO R.**A TALE OF HAMSTAL.  
Concluded from p. 310.

ONE day soon after the circumstances we have narrated, the central space, in the front of the gallery, distinguished by this stately harness, and to which the widow, with weeping eyes, and the heiress, with a heart emulous of heroism, so frequently looked, was discovered to be vacant! And scarcely had the astonishment and fruitless investigation caused by its disappearance begun to subside, when, lo! a fresh source of terror manifested itself in the castle and its adjacent hamlets. The armour, or rather, as they asserted, the dead corse of Sir Bertram usurping it, had been seen by the servants, sometimes in the castle-chapel, by his own tomb, on which the identical suit was chiselled, coloured, and gilt in marble; sometimes in the garden, whence it was said to vanish into the old buttresses that, clad in raiment of vines and roses, frowned over its turf walks. The vassals had also encountered it. The miller had seen it in the Lighthurst croft, and in Robertsholme, by the willowy banks of the Blythe: the Reeve had met it at Nethertown, near his house,

"Whose wonnyng was ful fair upon a heath,  
With grene trees yshadowed was the place."

And mine host of the Golden Gauntlet had seen it in the glades of Rough Park, as he was coming from a funeral at Yoxall.

The Lady of Hamstal, deeply tainted with the superstitions of the age, did not hesitate in attributing the reappearance of her dead lord to his disapproval of that suit which she was conscious she had been led to promote, in opposition to her better judgment, by her blind partiality towards her foster son, no less than by her dazzled views of aggrandizement from her daughter. And if Blaunchefflor's reflections had a less poignant tinge of self-reproach, her ingenuous spirit could not conceal from herself that, even while her tongue most resisted Plantagenet's suit, her heart too warmly advocated it; nor could she deny that, day and night, since Edward's departure, she had abandoned herself to the bitter indulgence of regretful affection.

Nearly a fortnight had elapsed in this dreary manner; the Prince of Wales had parted for Aquitaine, and an invi-

tation, or rather a command, had arrived from the sovereign, who still held court at Tutbury, which was promptly obeyed by the Lady De Ridware;—Blaunchefflor pleading illness, remained at Hamstal. The employments of her solitude were melancholy enough, being only varied from orisons in the chapel, and the superintendence of alms-giving at the travellers' gate, to the never-ending web of embroidery, or lonely rambles into the romantic neighbourhood. The remains of an old hermitage in one of the deepest ravines in the forest of Rough Park, which had long ago been tenanted by an anchorite of great sanctity, was a favourite object in her woodland strolls. It was a deep circular dell, carpeted with the most delicate herbage and mosses. Summer and winter one eternal green surrounded and overshadowed this area from the gigantic pines, that like a vass wall encircled it, save that one vista disclosed the old weather-stained tower of the lodge. Five or six great apple-trees waved their carmine blossoms over the remains of the cell; and its little clear well still bubbled under its rude stone crucifix; while, thickly enamelled on the short turf, constellations of pale primroses looked meekly up at the majestic darkness of their lofty canopy. The melancholy boom of the wood-pigeon, and the flippant notes of the cuckoo, melodized well with the May wind which brushed over the high tree tops, like the sound of a distant ocean. It was one evening, while her feet were listlessly pacing among fragrant beds of wild lilies of the valley, for which the woodlands of Rough Park were once remarkable, that she heard a deep voice pronounce her name: she turned hastily. To recognize the formidable armour of Sir Bertram in that sequestered dell, might alone have terrified Blaunchefflor: what, then, must have been her sensations, when the raised aventail disclosed to her view the features of her father!

King Edward held high festival at Tutbury Castle, on the occasion of his creating his noble host Duke of Lancaster. This beautiful baronial palace, enwreathed, with its towery diadem, the brows of a steep green mound, thrown up as it were out of the very heart of Needwood Forest; bannered halls, tapestried chambers, lofty turrets, and yawning gateway, throwing their manifold grandeur around an area of three acres. Emerging majestically from the great woodlands, it sweeps downwards

into the brave pastures and meadows of the Dove and the Trent. Tradition says, that, on a clear day, the warder, from the Donjon rampart, commanded twice-five counties. The castle itself, long the residence of the powerful and wealthy Lancasters, Earls of Derby, had ever maintained a degree of pomp and circumstance, whose bold exhibition awakened the jealous eye of royalty itself. With Edward the Third, however, the family were in high favour: he had not only raised its representative, *Henry 'The Good,'* (as he was popularly termed) to the ducal rank, but by affiancing his daughter to the young Prince John of Gaunt, rendered him the sire of a lineage of kings. To give some idea of the splendid maintenance displayed at Tutbury Castle, there is an old cofferer's account extant, which estimates the expences of the pantry, buttery, and kitchen, alone, at the yearly cost of 4000*l.*; while other items, consisting in purchases of silver cups, dishes, coffers, &c.; with vermilion and wax for torches; and, chiefly, the wardrobe expenditures for quantities of miniver and other furs, cloths, velvets, and silks for the bishops, barons, and knights frequenting this princely residence, together with gifts to the Queen of England, French knights, Countess Warine's nurses, minstrels, esquires, &c., complete the annual expenditure of 8000*l.*—a prodigious sum when we consider the difference between that time and our own!

Night leaned over the romantic thickets of Needwood, when two horsemen were seen in successive and earnest parleys with mine host of the Flaggon, in the lovely village of Yoxall; with the grey porter of Longcroft by the torch-light waters of its moat; with an old wood-cutter at Hadley; with a fisherman whom they encountered by the forest streams of Linbrook; and, lastly, with the seneschal of Byrkley Lodge. The deep disappointment they testified at the answers their enquiries received, and the speed at which they renewed their course, along the woodland path, might have bespoken them to be strangers repulsed in their endeavours to gain an asylum for the night; but as, through the opening thickets, the lights of Tutbury glistened over the gloom, the first speech of the taller horseman declared otherwise.

"We will to the Court—to the Court, De Hanbury!—Edward will make a wilderness of the whole country, but he will aid me to reclaim her!"

"There will be no need," said his companion, soothingly, "surely the Lady Blauncheffor—"

"Oh, the Lady Blauncheffor—the Lady Blauncheffor!" interrupted the other—"fool that I was to urge her so far! Had I but contented myself with praising her rejection of the Prince, all had been well; but I so hotly pressed her on the subject of thy suit, Sir Hugh, so insisted on the *Los* thou hast acquired in France; and the avowal of my obligations to thee, so nearly made me command her to wed thee—that I fear—I fear some rash word of mine has driven my dove to flight!"

The younger horseman sighed deeply and said—

"It cannot be that the *Prince* hath lured her away; though young and fiery, he is too honourable."

"He is honour's minion," rejoined the other, "and, though mad in descending from his own orbit to her's, will nought that savours of ill-faith.—But, see! the castle already glares upon us with its hundred eyes; we shall carry tidings of wonder and of dole into its chambers!"

Like some colossal lantern hung between earth and sky, the mighty circlet of Tutbury Castle revealed itself to their view, pierced with a thousand loops of ruddy lustre radiating in every direction, from the hill, upon the massy darkness, and by its interminable illumination proclaiming its extent. As, riding up the street, that wound round the waist of the hill, to the grand gateway on the north, they passed the deep Norman porch of the Priory Church, the belfry struck up a loud and merry peal. The taller horseman, as if stung to the quick, dashed the rowels into his steed, and, followed by his companion, galloped round to the tarretted gateway. Proud over the rest of the pile soared the imperial Keep; but though its stately strength was entire, and the barbaric ornaments of window, pillar and arch still remained, it was in a later building, profuse in more delicate and luxuriant sculptures, that the royal festival was held. The approach to it lay by many a tower, through many a painted chamber, to a broad stone stair, with bannisters wrought in arches and foliage of granite, from whence a pair of studded oak doors, twenty feet high, poured, on opening, a golden flood of festal light through the vast archway of the hall, a mighty room, one hundred and ten feet long and proportionately broad. The roof, rising to eighty feet, was one

magnificent vault of Irish oak, laboured into huge ribs, that spanned the chamber in a succession of arcs, whose spandrels were pierced with the most elaborate carve-work, terminating in a cornice that was composed entirely of heraldic coats, and from whence, in cumbersome grandeur, down rolled the voluminous pageantry of arras, impictured with the story of Ahasuerus and Esther. The rare luxury of thick and gaudy turkey carpets, and gold brodered cushions of taffetta and damask, was every where seen; and of all the countless lights that flamed, from gold and silver candlesticks, upon the dazzling array of the guest tables, there was not one which was not in the hand of an attendant.

On the feast it were idle to enlarge, indeed such terms as 'Fylettes in Galentyne;' 'Vyaund Ryall;' 'Signettes;' 'Capon of haute grece;' 'Sew Lumbarde;' 'Porpayes in frumente;' and so forth might puzzle the greatest proficient in the French cuisine. The raiment of the guests displayed so much of the magic of colour, that the eye wandered till it was bewildered over the peacock variegation of violet, silver, rose-colour, pale green, and gold; but here and there the paragon glow of the auriphyrgiate, recently introduced, claimed a splendid distinction; the new-fashioned armilace, or short cloak, of superb dyes, was every where seen; and you might notice, around the flowing hair of the young nobles, a garland of goldsmiths' work, enriched with emeralds, pearls, and rubies, so as to represent flowers: and, if we add that most displayed great cost of ornament on their broad golden girdles, and wore shoes crooking upwards, with crack-owes (as they were called) or claw-buckles fastened with gold and silver chains to their knees,—we shall have said enough for this sketch of a festival, at a period when banquetting was carried to such an excess as to require sumptuary laws.

King Edward had quitted his canopied state, and was courteously addressing the Duke of Lancaster's little daughter, who was engaged in childish play with her boyish betrothed; and Philippa of Hainault, whose preposterous crescent of head gear was more than emulated by the subordinate divinities of the banquet hall, had joined herself to the Lady de Ridware, when the seneschal suddenly entered, and in some haste whispered the noble host.

"Let some of you take horse forth-

with and see to it," was Duke Henry's reply; and the seneschal vanished as he came. Lancaster then turned to the king, and addressed a few words in a low tone, at which his highness seemed much moved, and going up to the Lady de Ridware, who was in converse with the queen, announced that the Warder, while on his nightly post, had observed a strong light westward, and from his experience in the neighbouring halls and castles, had ascertained that the beacon on the great watch-tower of the Ridware Hamstal (never lighted but on emergence) was now a blaze, and tossing its fiery plumage far and wide.

Language can but faintly image the frame of Lady Joanna; forgetful of the royal presence, and thinking only of the defenceless Blancheflor, she was rushing from the hall, when Philippa, hastening after her, used the most gracious endeavours to pacify her alarm. The startling intelligence whispered from one to another, had now pervaded every part of the vast hall; the noble company had arisen and crowded towards the king; the harps of the minstrels were hushed; and, amidst this most admired disorder, in a moment, and as if dropped from the vaulted roof, or bursting from the floor below, a colossal figure, sheathed in the superb harness of Sir Bertram de Ridware, appeared under the vast arch of the hall door. Then might you see the groupes of richly attired ladies recoil with cries of terror, either fluttering together like startled swans, or fainting on the rich cushions and carpets; while the Lady Joanna with a harrowing exclamation, "It is my dead husband!" was borne in frightful convulsions from the hall.

Edward and Philippa alone stood unblenching; whether it were the gallant pride of their princely hearts, or the high necessity they felt, of at least assuming the superiority of kings, a slight start was all the outward sign Philippa shewed, while the king even advanced towards the mailed apparition, and in a dignified tone he said,

"The arms and cognizance Sir Bertram of the Hamstal hath so often signalized, can never be unwelcome to King Edward, if he come in the flesh; and if not," (here his voice lowered but faltered not), "brave spirit! wherefore art thou here?"

"Great king, and gracious master!" said the knight, taking off his cervelle-re, and disclosing the war-bronzed features and grizzled hair of Sir Ber-



tram, "thy soldier and servant hath been restored from the dead, only to lose all that made life lovely; and to have that restored, he now kneels to him, who, under the King of kings, and Mary the Mother of God, can alone achieve it."

Our story must, however, quit reluctantly this extraordinary scene, leaving to imagination the sorrow and the joy, the condolence and congratulation, attendant on such unhopd reunion; and, merely premising that all search after the lovely Blauncheffor (though expedited by every exertion of the royal prerogative), proved unavailing; and that a solemn disavowal of all participation or even knowledge of her flight, was given in by the Prince of Wales, then warring in France; we must proceed to the tediously brief task of recapitulation. The body of Sir Bertram de Ridware had been found after the fight of Crecy (still bleeding but most severely wounded, and overwhelmed in his heavy harness), by a party of plunderers, who were roaming the field with the purpose of despoiling English and French indiscriminately. The eminent beauty of Sir Bertram's armour particularly attracted them, and having entirely stripped him, they were even disputing its possession, when they were disturbed by a body of English, headed by Lord Reginald Cobham and Lord Stafford, who had been dispatched by King Edward with three heralds to examine the blazons of the slain, and two secretaries to write down their names. One of the marauders, however, despairing of the armour, and surmising that its owner must be a captive of no mean ransom, had seized the naked body of Sir Bertram, and, flinging it across his strong-backed destrier, fairly galloped off with him from the field. Sir Bertram's armour was soon distinguished by his friends, and a naked corpse found near it, but too horribly mangled to admit the possibility of recognition, was naturally enough concluded to be his, and as such honoured, mourned, and interred. Meanwhile, Sir Bertram's captor fell in with a knight, a friend of his, a nephew of the Grand Prior of France, who had fallen in the battle. This knight, who had dearly loved his uncle, and burned with vengeance for his death, offered the marauder so tempting a sum for the still insensible Sir Bertram, that he surrendered him at once. By this knight, de Ridware was conveyed to a strong hold in Picardy, where his wounds were carefully tended, with

the savage purpose of enabling him to bear all the rigours of a hopeless captivity. After a whole year spent in the sufferance of every insult and hardship, his brother in arms Sir Hugh de Hanbury, had by chance discovered his captivity, and at great personal risk accomplished his deliverance. During his imprisonment, De Ridware had, in accordance with the superstition of the age, made a solemn vow that if he might recover his freedom, he would, on reaching his domain, wander for a certain time about the precincts of his castle by way of penance for his sins, neither sleeping under a roof, nor eating at a board. In the accomplishment of this vow, he was much assisted by Sir Hugh de Hanbury; and, little dreaming of Blauncheffor's love embarrassments, had listened with high satisfaction to that knight's declaration of attachment to his only child, and even promised him her hand.

In his extraordinary interview with the Prince of Wales, under the yew tree in Hamstal churchyard, and the subsequent conference in the moonlight Pleasaunce, he had learned with high approbation, Blauncheffor's magnanimous conduct towards her royal wooer; and the result of the argument which Sir Bertram himself added, was the immediate departure of Edward (under a promise of secrecy) for his dominions in Aquitaine.

Delighted at his daughter's heroic self-denial, Sir Bertram would not wait for the expiration of his vow, ere he sought an interview with Blauncheffor. Both with a view to his personal safety, and also to deter intruders from his haunts, he had availed himself of his experience in the secret passages of his castle, to abstract his splendid harness from the gallery, and soon found that it procured him a free path wherever he wished to wander. The result of his interview with Blauncheffor we have partly seen; after the first alarm and rapture had subsided, he urged her on the subject of Sir Hugh de Hanbury's attachment, so strongly employing her own weapons against her, by shewing that her espousing another would at once render hopeless any further advances from the Prince, that poor Blauncheffor, in the distraction of her feelings, saw no resource from her father's affectionate importunity, but the execution of a design she had long entertained.

Many years afterwards, the Prince of Wales, on marrying his beautiful cousin Jane, daughter of Edmund Plantagenet, and better known by the name of The Fair Maid of Kent, received the following letter at Bordeaux, the capital of his French domain, where he had established a splendid Court.

"ROYAL HIGHNESS,

"If I have delayed thus long the hour when I might have the woeful pleasure of bidding him I love best farewell in this world, it was that I did not dare make trial of my soul's strength, until time and circumstance, and God's high grace (strong mediciners), had certified me I might do so, without prejudice to my resolution, and (what I prize higher), without stain to your Highness's honour. Your Highness hath now most worthily wedded; may all good angels pour the fulness of their golden vials on you and your generous spouse! I now dare to tell (and sure, if I blush it is not with shame), that it was the fear of proving an usurper to my country in yielding to your suit, or becoming false to your Highness in wedding another, that has forced me to fill with sorrow and displeasure the breasts of two tender parents (one now received from the dead), and to carry to the sanctuary of the Most High, a heart more than divided between earth and heaven. But heaven hath been kinder to me than I deserve. Ere you receive this, I am once more with my father and mother; and trust for their permission to spend my time at Hamatal in blameless maidhood, or if they will otherwise, to become a votary of the convent that hath sheltered me so long.

"So, with her hearty commendations and prayers, writes,

"Your Highness's poor handmaiden,

"BLAUNCHEFLOR DE RIDWARE.

"From my humble Cell, at St. Agatha's on the Swale."

END OF THE TALES OF THE TAPESTRY.

## BENEFICENCE OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

*For the Oilio.*

JULIUS CÆSAR remitted many taxes which had been imposed upon the Italians, and made them in some cases handsome presents; and Augustus, as we are informed by Tacitus, after he had reduced Egypt, brought so much money to Rome that the people were greatly eased by it. Tiberius, although a monster of vice, performed many acts worthy of a wise and good prince.

Twelve towns having been destroyed by an earthquake, this emperor remitted all excises and imposts for five years, and helped the inhabitants with large sums of money. The city of Sardis having been visited by a dreadful plague, he excused the people from paying any imposts or tribute for five years afterwards. The same emperor sharply rebuked Rectius, governor of Egypt, who had sent him a large sum of money which had been levied without orders; "I would have my sheep shorn," said he, "but not flayed!" Nay, he lent the people some money from his treasury, without receiving interest.

Suetonius informs us, that Caligula scrupulously paid all the legacies which his predecessor had left to the Roman people, and remitted the tax of a hundredth penny on estates sold by auction. His kindness to the King of Commagene is well known. Claudius remitted many taxes, and among the rest, that on salt, for ever. Nero would in all probability have abolished almost every tax, but for the intervention of the senate. Galba was parsimonious, but his successor was liberal; and, throughout the history of Rome, we shall find that her emperors were anxious to conciliate the many, however arbitrary their conduct towards the few. While a nation was in transports in consequence of the remission of a tax or impost, the death of a senator, or a whole patrician family, was an event but little heeded, and still less regretted.

E. M. A.

## ELOQUENCE OF LORD CHATHAM.

*For the Oilio.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD thus speaks of this distinguished man:—"His private life was stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meanness. His eloquence was of every kind; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him." Sir W. Chatham Trelawney used to observe of him, that it was impossible for the members of the side opposed to him in the House of Commons to look him in the face when he was warmed in debate: he seemed to bid them all a haughty defiance. "For my own part," said Trelawney, "I never dared cast my eyes towards him, for if I did, they nailed me to the floor." Smollet says, that he displayed "such

irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution, as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration. It flashed like the lightning of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition; but his more substantial praise was founded upon his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country." Another biographer thus mentions him:—"His elevated aspect commanded the awe and mute attention of all who beheld him, whilst a certain grace in his manner, conscious of all the dignities of his situation, of the solemn scene he acted in, as well as his own exalted character, seemed to acknowledge and repay the respect he received; his venerable form, bowed with infirmity and age, but animated by a mind which nothing could subdue; his spirit shining through him, arming his eye with lightning, and cloathing his lips with thunder; or, if milder topics offered, harmonizing his countenance in smiles, and his voice in softness, for the compass of his powers was infinite. As no idea was too vast, no imagination too sublime, for the grandeur and majesty of his manner; so no fancy was too playful, nor any allusion too comic, for the ease and gaiety with which he could accommodate to the occasion. But the character of his oratory was dignity; this presided in every respect, even to his sallies of pleasantry."

### ON THE SMELL OF FLOWERS.

Old Gerarde asks, "whither do all men walk for their honest recreation, but where the earth hath most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colours? and what season of the year more longed for than the spring, whose gentle breath entices forth the kindly sweets, and makes them yield their fragrant smells?" That wonderfully gifted man, the Lord Chancellor Bacon, thus fondly dwells on the allurements of a garden:—"The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music), than in the hand; therefore, nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air; the flower which above all others yields the sweetest

smell in the air, is the violet\*; next to that is the musk rose, then the strawberry-leaves, dying with a most excellent cordial smell; then sweet briar, then wall flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour, or lower chamber window; but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three—that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread." The philosophic Bradley thus speaks of the alluring charms of flowers:—"Primroses and cowslips may be planted near the edges of borders, and near houses, for the sake of their pretty smell. I recommend the planting some of the common sorts that grow wild in the woods, in some of the most rural places about the house; for I think nothing can be more delightful, than to see great numbers of these flowers, accompanied with violets, growing under the hedges, avenues of trees, and wilderness works. Violets, besides their beauty, perfume the air with a most delightful odour." The Prince de Ligne says,

*Je ne veux point avoir l'orgueilleuse tulipe;  
L'odorat en jardin est mon premier principe.*

The translation of "Spectacle de la Nature," a very pleasing work, observes that "Flowers are not only intended to beautify the earth with their shining colours, but the greatest part of them, in order to render the entertainment more exquisite, diffuse a fragrance that perfumes the air around us; and it should seem as if they were solicitous to reserve their odours for the evening and morn, when walking is most agreeable; but their sweets are very faint

\* So thought Sir W. Raleigh:—

*Sweet violets, love's paradise, that spread  
Your gracious odours  
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing  
wind,*

*That plays amidst the plain.*  
The lines in *Twelfth Night* we all recollect:  
*That strain again;—it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.*

That these flowers were the most favourite ones of Shakspeare, there can be little doubt—*Perditta* fondly calls them

—sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath.

When Petrarch first saw Laura: '*elle avoit une robe verte, sa couleur favorite, parsemée de violettes, la plus humble des fleurs.*'—*Childe Harold* thus paints this flower:—

The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes  
(Kiss'd by the breath of heaven) seems colour'd by its skin.

during the heat of the day, when we visit them the least."

I must again trespass on the pages of the great Bacon, by briefly shewing the natural wildness he wishes to introduce into one part of his garden:—"thickets, made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst, and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade."

### ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES.

WE yesterday paid a visit to a collection of magnificent vases and other items which are now exhibiting at the Egyptian-hall in Piccadilly. They form a portion of the curiosities discovered at Canino on the estate of Lucien Buonaparte, in the tombs of the early Etruscan kings. The pottery comprises, tazzas of every shape and size, amphoræ and vases of great beauty, and a multitude of objects in metal, among which are helmets, armour for the legs, tripods, lamps, &c. with a few trinkets of fine gold. The devices on some of the vases are extremely curious; they represent the combats of warriors and the games of the circus and amphitheatre, in fact, vivid representations of the spectacles and costumes of a people among whom the arts flourished when Rome herself was young. To the antiquary, the inspection of this curious collection must prove a rare treat. There are a few fine pictures in the room, the best of which is *Susanna and the Elders* by Guido. We should venture a word or two on this painting, but there are few who do not know what the works of Guido are, and Shakespeare reminds us, that "to gild refined gold, or paint the lily," is labour lost.

### Table Talk.

**GREENWICH PARK.**—The trees which at present form so much of the beauty of Greenwich Park were planted by Evelyn, and, if he could now see them, he would call them "goodly trees,"—at least some of them. The chestnuts, however, though they produce some fine fruit, have not thriven in the same proportion with the elms. In noticing this park, I should not forget to mention that the only remaining part of the Palace of Henry VIII. is preserved in the front of Lord Auckland's house looking

into the Park. It is a circular Delft window, of beautiful workmanship, and in a fine state of preservation. There are also a great number of small tumuli in the upper part of the Park, all of which appear to have been opened.

*Jesus's Gleanings in Nat. Hist.*

**RICHMOND PARK.**—In the grounds of the lodge belonging to the Earl of Errol in Richmond Park, there is a raised piece of ground, known by the name of Henry the Eighth's Mound. It is supposed that he stood on this elevated spot, to watch the signal from the Tower of London which assured him of the death of Anna Boleyn. It is in a direct line with the Tower, which is readily seen with the naked eye on a clear day. The beauty of the grounds at this charming lodge, with reference to their extent, is exceeded by few in the kingdom.

*It.*

In a ledger, the property of Mr. Thorn, a merchant of Bristol, there is an entry, under the date of the year 1526 of a debit for armour and other items, sent to T. Tison, an Englishman who had settled in the West Indies. This is the first record of a trade from the city of Bristol to the new world.

**SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERIES.**—In the twenty-sixth volume of Doddsworth's MS. in the Bodleian library, there is a letter from one of the commissioners appointed to superintend the dismantling of the monasteries in the West of England, to Thomas Lord Cromwell, which shews the spirit that actuated the plunderers. A portion of that letter runs as follows:—

"Pleaseth your mastership to understand that yesternight late we came from Glasseburie to Bristow to St. Austine's, whereas we began this morning, intending this day to dispatch both this house, here being but 14 chanons, and also the Gauntes, (the house of St. Mark called the Gauntes, in Bristol,) whereas be 4 or 5. By this bringer, my servant, I send you reliques; first, two flowers wrapped in white and black sarcenet, that on Christmas even (*"hora ipsa qua Christus natus fuerat"*) will spring, and burgee, and bear blossoms, "*quod expertum est,*" said the Prior of Maden Bradeley. Ye shall also receive a bag of reliques, whereon ye shall see strange things, as shall appear by the scripture; as God's coats, our ladies' smocke, part of God's supper, in "*Cena Domini.*" "*Pars petra super quam natus erat Jesus in Bethlehem.*" Belike there is in Bethlehem

plenty of stones. The scripture of every thing shall declare you all, and all these of Maden Bradeley, whereas is an holy Father Prior, and hath but six children, and but one daughter married, yet of the goods of the monastery, trusting shortly to marry the rest. His sons be tall men, waiting upon him, &c. &c. &c. I have crosses of silver and gold, Sir, which I send you not now, because I have moe that shall be delivered me this night by the Prior of Maden Bradeley himself. From St. Augustynes without Bristow, this Bartholomew's daie, att nine of the clocke in the morning, by the speedy hand of your most assured poor prieste.

"RICHARD HAYTON."

**ORIGIN OF THE "DANCE."**—The dance, which at the present day, is so much admired as a diversion, was in origin a sort of mystery and ceremony. The Jews, to whom God himself gave laws and ceremonies, introduced it in their festivals; and the Pagans, after them, consecrated it to their divinities. After the passage of the Red Sea, Moses, and Mary, his sister, to return thanks to the Almighty for the preservation of the people, and the defeat of the Egyptians drowned in the Red Sea, arranged two grand dances, with music, one for the men, the other for the women. They danced, singing the substance of the 15th chapter of Exodus, and performed a graceful ballet.

**CHILDISH SIMPLICITY.**—At the time the French invasion and arrival of Buonaparte in England, were the general theme of conversation, a gentleman playfully enquired of his little daughter, what they should all do, if Bony came among them? "Get into the carriage, Papa," she replied, "and tell the coachman to drive to heaven, for I am sure Bony can't come after us there!"

**HEROIC VIRTUE.**—Lorenzo Teykeyro, an inhabitant of Granada, who had performed the dangerous service of communicating intelligence to the nearest Spanish general, was discovered, and might have saved his life if he would have named the persons through whom the communication was carried on; but he was true to them, as he had been to his country, and suffered death contentedly. The other instances were attended by more tragic circumstances. Captain Vicente Moreno, who was serving with the mountaineers of Ronda, was made prisoner, carried to Granada, and there had the alternative

proposed to him of suffering by the hangman, or entering into the intruder's service. Sebastiani shewed much solicitude to prevail upon this officer, having, it may be believed, some feeling of humanity, if not some fore-feeling of the opprobrium which such acts of wickedness draw after them in this world, and the account which is to be rendered for them in the next. Moreno's wife and four children were, therefore, by the general's orders, brought to him when he was upon the scaffold, to see if their entreaties would shake his resolution; but Moreno, with the courage of a martyr, bade her withdraw, and teach her sons to remember the example which he was about to give them, and to serve their country, as he had done, honourably and dutifully to the last. This murder provoked a public retaliation which the Spaniards seldom exercised, but when they did, upon a tremendous scale. Gonzalez, who was member in the Cortes for Jean, had served with Moreno, and loved him as such a man deserved to be loved; and by his orders seventy French prisoners were put to death at Marbella. So wicked a system as that which Buonaparte's generals unrelentingly pursued could nowhere have been exercised with so little prospect of success, and such sure effect of calling forth a dreadful vengeance, as among the Spaniards. Against such enemies they considered any means lawful; this was the feeling not here alone, but throughout the body of the nation; the treacherous commencement of the war on the part of the French, and the systematic cruelty with which it had been carried on, discharged them, they thought, from all observances of good faith or humanity towards them; and upon this principle they acted to its fullest extent. The labourer at his work in the fields or gardens had a musket concealed at hand, with which to mark the Frenchman whom ill-fortune might bring within his reach. Boys, too young to be suspected of any treachery, would lead a party of the invaders into some fatal ambuscade; women were stationed to give the signal for beginning the slaughter, and that signal was sometimes the hymn to the Virgin!—Not fewer than 8000 French are said to have been cut off in the mountains of Ronda. There, however, it was more properly a national than a guerilla warfare; the work of destruction being carried on less by roving parties than by the settled inhabitants,

who watched for every opportunity of vengeance.

**A PERSIAN PROVERB.**—A blind man, carrying a lamp in his hand, and a pitcher on his shoulder, was pursuing his way one night, when a hair-brained fellow met him, and said, "O fool! day and night are to you two things alike, and darkness and light are equal to your eyes; tell me, of what use this lamp can be to you?" The blind man smiling, said, "This lamp is not for my use; I carry it to warn all those who, like you, possess a soul blind and without understanding, not to run against me and throw down my pitcher."

**GOLDSMITH.**—Sir James Campbell, in his Memoirs, gives an account of his introduction to the Pandemonium, a dinner club held at a house in Clarges Street, Piccadilly:—"I had previously been proposed (by Mr. Foote) and ballotted for. I went alone. In the arm chair next the fire I found a fat gentleman seated, whom I had never seen before. Standing by his side, in close conversation, was a dapper little man, with whom it seemed to me as if I had already been acquainted. In other parts of the room there were several little groups of individuals, evidently waiting with impatience for the announcement of dinner. Among these I discovered a person to whom I could address myself as having formerly been named to; but him I found so deeply immersed in some cogitation of his own, that it was not without a good deal of difficulty I could induce him to present me to the stout gentleman in the chair, and one or two others, whose acquaintance I was desirous of making. The person I addressed was Oliver Goldsmith, the most abstract man in Europe. He who first attracted my attention I found to be the great moralist of the age, the author of the "Rambler." In return for my best bow, he gruffly nodded to me, and continued some observations of a ludicrous nature, which he was making in a tone of mock solemnity to the little man by his side, who proved to be no other than David Garrick. The Roscius received me with an air of cordiality and politeness which was quite delightful to me. At length we adjourned to dinner. The conversation, to my great relief, became general, even before the cloth was removed. It seemed to be a favourite object with several of the members to bring out the

peculiar vein of Dr. Goldsmith. About this period he had produced "The Good Natured Man," and other successful comedies. Mr. Foote observed to him, that he wondered to see Goldsmith writing such stuff as these, after immortalizing his name by pieces so inimitable as "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village." "Why, Master Foote," said Goldsmith, with his rich Irish brogue, in reply, "my fine verses you talk of would never produce me a beefsteak and a can of porter; but since I have written nonsense, as you call it, for your bare boards, I can afford to live like a gentleman."

**BYRON** wanted a due appreciation of the ancient works of art; but, says Moore, in this he but resembled some of his great precursors in the field of poetry; both Tasso and Milton, for example, having evinced so little tendency to such tastes, that throughout the whole of their pages there is not, I fear, one single allusion to any of these great masters of the pencil and chisel, whose works nevertheless both had seen. That this, adds the same gentleman in a note on this passage in his Life of Lord Byron, was the case with Milton is acknowledged by Richardson, who admired both Milton and the arts too warmly to make such an admission upon any but solid grounds. "He does not appear," says the writer, "to have much regarded what was done with the pencil; no, not even when in Italy, in Rome, in the Vatican. Neither does it seem sculpture was much esteemed by him."

**SECOND BEST.**—A boy who had been sent to school in the country, was placed under the charge of one of his father's friends. As a stimulus to exertion, Grandy promised that he should have a shilling added to his pocket money every week, if he were *dur* of his class, and sixpence if he stood second. Each succeeding Saturday brought a demand for the extra sixpence. This went on for some months, until Mr L—— unfortunately said, "By the bye, Fred., how many are there in your class?"—"Two, Sir," was the reluctant, but unavoidable answer.

**CURE FOR INSANITY.**—Insanity is one of the tendencies that mental culture, upon a phrenological basis, would be likely to keep under. Almost all madmen possess the organ of self-esteem in a very conspicuous measure. Let men look well to this. Let the proud be care-

ful to cultivate opposite qualities; let them be placed in circumstances calculated to lower high notions; let them habitually compare themselves with other men whose talents are much superior, but whose self-approbation is much inferior, and I promise such comparers that their own self-esteem shall be gradually brought down nearer to the level in which it ought to be: and if they have the fear of madhouses before their eyes, this lowering of their organization shall go the greatest way that any preventive power can go in preventing their apprehensions from being realized. Madness the increase of mental power! it is no such thing! It is the drawing off of power from other faculties, and the placing too much upon that which had before got more than was sufficient.—*New Mon. Mag.*

**TAMING A FLY.**—Will the reader require to be told that the following is by Mr. Leigh Hunt? Every one remembers his "Indicator," the pleasantest periodical that ever died a natural death. The title has been transferred to a series of papers in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and from one of them we take this morsel of whim: "Imagine the endeavour to 'tame a fly!' It is obvious that there is no getting at him: he does not comprehend you: he knows nothing about you: it is doubtful, in spite of his large eyes, whether he even sees you; at least, to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither! what angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose! he will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he has done with it. Thumping (if you could get some fairy-stick that should do it with impunity,) would have no effect on a creature who shall bump his head half the morning at a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it. Solitary imprisonment would be lost upon the incomprehensible little wretch, who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture. The best thing to be said of him is, that he is as fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner; and that he often rubs his hands together with an appearance of great energy and satisfaction."

**THE TUDORS.**—It was the principle of the Tudors to break down the old nobility. The great families of Norman origin then remaining; the Veres,

Percys, Cliffords, Nevills, Talbots, Staffords, Courtenays, and many others of whose male lines eight still exist, had suffered frightfully in the wars of the Roses. The head of the house of Howard had fallen at Bosworth field, and his son, afterwards restored to the title of Duke of Norfolk, was committed to the tower by Henry the Seventh, where he continued a prisoner for three years and a half. The cruel policy exercised towards the English nobility during the reign of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward, and Mary, is without a parallel in the history of any christian state. E. M. A.

**THE AMERICAN NAVY.**—Mr. F. de Roos, in his personal narrative, says:—"It is to those states (the Atlantic) then, that America must look to provide the seamen who are to man her navy, and among those, New York and New England will stand pre-eminent. The southern states of Virginia the Carolinas, and Georgia, it is true, carry on an extensive foreign trade, but, independent of their bring destitute of any very commodious harbours for ships of war of the larger classes, their climate and the nature of their population equally unfit them to produce hardy and enterprising mariners. They have few, if any, vessels engaged in the fisheries, and are therefore destitute of that first great nursery for seamen."

**COMFORT.**—"Late in the evening," says Prince Puckler Muskau, "I reached Cheltenham, an extremely pretty watering place, of an elegance no where to be found on the continent. Even the splendid gaslights, and the new villa-looking houses, each surrounded by its little flower-garden, put the mind into a cheerful and agreeable tone. I arrived, too, just in the hour when the contest between the light of day and the artificial illumination produces a peculiar, and to me pleasing effect. As I entered the inn, which I might almost call magnificent, and ascended the snow-white stone staircase, ornamented with a gilt bronze railing, and trod on fresh and brilliant carpets, lighted by two servants to my room, I gave myself up 'con amore' to the feeling of 'comfort,' which can be found in perfection no where but in England. In this point of view, it is a country completely made for a misanthrope like myself; since all that is unconnected with social life, all that a man can procure with money, is excellent and perfect in its kind; and he may enjoy it isolated, without any

other human being troubling himself about him. A larger map of varied and manifold enjoyments may certainly be found in England than it is possible to procure with us. What with us are called luxuries are here looked upon as necessities, and are diffused over all classes."

A rich French duke, who fancied he had the cholera, had a physician called in the middle of the night. The doctor soon satisfied his patient that he was in perfect health. The expected amount of fee was inquired: "200 francs," said the doctor; "200 francs!" exclaimed the duke, "what would be your fee if I really had the cholera?" "I should readily have attended you without any fee. I am ever at the service of the sick; but when persons who have no complaint break my rest, and call me out of bed, I expect a handsome indemnity."

**A SLIGHT MISTAKE.**—"You cannot think, Susan," said a very young lady to her maid, on her return home from taking a lesson in the Mazurka, or New Polish Dance, as it was styled, and which was introduced much about the same time as the New Police, "You cannot think what a dear, sweet, charming thing this New Polish Dance is!"—"I dare say it is, Miss," replied the Abigail, but conceiving her young mistress had made a mistake in the name, corrected her by saying, she supposed she meant the New *Police* Dance.

**MARCH OF INTELLECT AMONG OUR DOMESTICS.**—A young woman, residing in a family as housemaid, having for two or three days running, requested permission to go out for an hour, just in the prime part of the day, was at last refused, being told that her going out constantly in this manner was extremely inconvenient; whereupon the damsel tossed up her head, and told her mistress, "that she must suit herself with another maid then, having made up her mind to live in no family, where she was not allowed an hour every day to take a walk, as regular exercise was far too necessary to the health to be dispensed with."

**ANOTHER young woman**, living as cook in a gentleman's family, at the West end of the town, and who always opened the door to the different tradespeople, gave them their orders, gossiped with them, and had no restrictions laid upon her with regard to now and then having friends to see her, asked

permission of her mistress, a few mornings since, to go out for the day, which was refused upon the plea of her having had so many holidays of late, as to be quite unreasonable. The maid immediately burst into a violent flood of tears, and passionately sobbed out, "that her mistress then must provide herself with another cook, for that she would not live in solitary confinement, to please any body."

**MORE PLAIN THAN PLEASANT.**—A gentleman, one morning last Spring, walking up Pentonville Hill, noticed a good many persons collected round a man, whose wo-begone visage indicated him to be the owner of a most miserable sand-cart, which had apparently just broken down in the road. The man was standing with his arms folded, and though uttering no complaints, looked so heartily ashamed of being the master of such a poor crazy, poverty-struck vehicle, that the by-standers ought in charity to have restrained their idle curiosity, and left the sand-digger to contemplate the wreck of his property alone. The gentleman was about to pass on, when a man crying mackerel with a basket poised on his head came along, and stepping off the pathway into the road, shoved himself through the people directly in front, and thrusting his hands into his pockets significantly eyed, first the tumble-down cart, then the man, then the spectators, with an expression which seemed to say, (speaking professionally) "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" This fellow's intrusion put all the unfortunate sand-digger's patience to flight, for, darting a furious look at the new-comer, he exclaimed "Vell, and vot do you vaunt?"—"Nothing," replied the other, adding, "But I knows vot *you* vaunt."—"Vell, vot?"—"Vy, a new cart!" The quaint aptitude of the reply, set the crowd into a roar of laughter, to the sore discomfiture of the sand-cart man, when the vender of fish, elbowing his way out of the crowd, as unceremoniously as he had edged himself in, resumed the cry, "Mackerel," with as much gravity, as though he was no party to the fun which his drollery had excited.

**LEGIBLE WRITING.**—A literary gentleman lately addressed a letter to a friend. The scrawl was so truly beautiful that the return of post brought him the following answer:—"I have received a piece of paper apparently from you, though I am inclined to think



that, by way of sparing trouble, you had employed a spider as your amanuensis—dipped his legs into an ink-bottle, and then suffered him to crawl over the sheet. You never were a very good writer, but now you seem to have one hand which you cannot read yourself, and another which no other person can decipher."

#### THE AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS.

With sobbing voice, upon his death-bed sick,  
Thus to his brother spake expiring Dick!  
"Tho', during—all my life—in poverty—  
"Thou never—Neddy, shew'dst concern for me;  
"I hope thou wilt—take care—when I am dead—  
"To see me buried."—"That I will," quoth Ned.  
"We'll lay thee deep enough, Dick never fear.  
"Thou shalt no longer be a nuisance here:  
"And, as a fit memorial o'er thy grave,  
"Will place this epitaph, 'Here lies a knave.'  
This stung pierced deep; and soon and smarting pain,  
Call'd Dick's departing spirit back again:  
Sarcasm so bitter wou'd not let him die,  
'Till thus he made as bitter a reply:  
"And when thou shalt be laid by me, dear brother,  
"Some friend, I trust, will write, 'Here lies another.'"

**REVOLUTIONS OF NATURE.**—"If we look with wonder upon the great remains of human works, such as the columns of Palmyra, broken in the midst of the Desert, the temples of Paestum, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries, or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the Acropolis of Athens, or in our own Museum, as proofs of the genius of artists, and power and riches of nations now past away, with how much deeper feeling of admiration must we consider those grand monuments of nature, which mark the revolutions of the globe; con-

tinents broken into islands; one land produced, another destroyed; the bottom of the ocean become a fertile soil; whole races of animals extinct; and the bones and exuviae of one class covered with the remains of another, and upon the graves of past generations—the marble or rocky tomb, as it were, of a former animated world—new generations rising, and order and harmony established, and a system of life and beauty produced, as it were, out of chaos and death; proving the infinite power, wisdom and goodness of the 'Great Cause of all Being!'"

*Solomon.*

**RELIGION.**—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer "a firm religious belief" to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity: makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair!—*Jb.*

#### EPIGRAM.

Life's pleasures are like glittering ice,  
Spread o'er the surface of the tide;  
Glide swiftly onward in a breeze:  
Nor on its faithless breast coardest.

### Diary and Chronology.

Saturday, May 19.

#### SAINT DUNSTON.

St. Dunstan was born about the year 925, and appears to have been educated at Glastonbury in Somersetshire, where, besides acquiring a knowledge of the Latin language, he became skilled in music, painting, and sculpture, and the working and refining of metals. In early life he was introduced to the court of King Athelstan, by his uncle Athelm, Archbishop of Canterbury; but, either disgusted or disappointed, he retired to Glastonbury, and adopted a monastic life. His alleged conflicts with the devil was one of the most popular of the monkish legends. After a somewhat active and chequered life in the affairs of the kingdom, he was made Archbishop of Canterbury by Edgar, and died on the ninth of May, A. D. 988, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Saturday, May 26.

#### ST. AUGUSTINE, OR ST. AUSTIN.

St. Austin is celebrated as the first ecclesiastical who preached the Christian religion in this country. The history of the conversion of the Saxons must be known to all.

Monday, May 28.

#### VENERABLE BEDE.

Bede was a monk, in the Convent of Jarrow. The name of this very early historian must ever be pronounced by Englishmen with veneration. His works are numerous, but the most celebrated is his Ecclesiastical History. Bede's writings were printed at Paris, in 1544 and 1554; at Basil, in 1567; and at Cologne, in 1613 and 1688. He died on the 26th of May, 1535, of a consumption, aggravated, it is supposed, by intense study and application; but as St. Augustine's festival happens on that day, his is kept on the 27th.

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT. ?

No. XXII.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, May 26, 1838



See p 340

## Illustrated Article.

### OLD STORIES OF THE RHINE CASTLES.

FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN.

By Roger Calverley.

FOR THE OLIO.

In their baronial feuds, and single fields,  
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died?  
And love, that lent a blazon to their shields,  
With emblems well devised by amorous  
pride,  
Through all the mail of iron hearts would  
glide;  
But still their fame was fierceness, and drew  
on  
Keen contest and destruction near allied;  
And many a tower, for some fair mischief  
won,  
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.  
And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenants, save to the crannying wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
There was a day when they were young and  
proud:  
Banners on high and battles passed below:  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust ere  
now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future  
blow!  
VOL. IX.

LORD BYRON.

THERE is not, in all Germany, a district where there exist so many ruins of old castles and monasteries, as in that tract which extends from Mount Taunus to the Seven Mountains. For me, the allurements which the Rhenish Provinces exhibit, were always too congenial to my long cherished tastes to resist; from the time of my childhood, Germanic scenery and Germanic traditions never failed to arrest and absorb my interest.

I was the spoilt child of romance, and especially of Gothic romance,

“For long enamoured of a barbarous age,  
A faithless truant to the classic page,  
Long have I loved to catch the simple chime  
Of minstrel harp, and spell the fabling rhyme;  
To view the festive rites, the knightly play  
That decked heroic Albion's elder day,  
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,  
And the rough castle cast in giant mould;  
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,  
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief enraptured have I loved to roam,  
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,  
Where the tall shafts that mount in many  
pride,  
Their mingling branches shoot from side to  
side;  
Where eldæan sculptors, with fantastic clow.

O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;  
Where superstition, with capricious hand,  
In many a maze the wreathed window plan'd,  
With hues romantic tinged the gorgeous pane,  
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane,  
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,  
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued,  
To suit the genius of the mystic pile;  
Whilst, as around the far retiring aisle,  
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,  
Her dark illumination wide she flung,  
With new solemnity the nooks profound,  
The caves of death, and the dim arches  
frowned."

The early part of my life was, indeed, the most unreal that can be imagined; the very utopia of chivalry. I lived in ancient castles, saw spectres in tapestried galleries, heard supernatural clashes in the armoury, signalised my banner in the tilt-yard, made love in the arbours and terraces, and discovered treasures in the vaults. I have told my beads with the dying anchorite in his woody hermitage, and listened, shuddering, to his awful confession. The solemn crimes of cloisters, the more unmasked iniquities of baronial halls, the boasted bloodshed of banditti's caves, have all, and each, been "*household words*" with me.

I would not advise any other young gentleman to embark in this painted shallop so eagerly as I did, for, credit me, it is apt to steer far wide of the "flood that leads on to fortune,"—well if it does not become stranded on the shallows! But neither Italian bandits, nor Spanish inquisitors, nor (shame to my patriotism!) even old English barons, had such charms for me as the stories of The Father Land!

The Germans were the nursing fathers and nursing mothers of my marvellous mania; and they were as indulgent as such gossips generally are. They refused me nothing! Their barons were so grandly tyrannical; their knights so romantically amorous; their ladies such magnanimous victims; their robbers such vampires for bloodshed; their sorcerers sold themselves so sublimely to the devil; and their culprits were so sentimental on the very scaffold, brawny ruffians that stripped themselves for the wheel as gaily as for their bridal bed, and ended a life of unmentionable wickedness, with a prayer for their country, an embrace for their wives, and a kiss for their little ones!

In the district I have mentioned, there was a vast number of illustrious families, who, in other days, flourished there in their most high and palmy

state, but which are now extinct, and there are more than one of whom not even the name remains.

But it is the glorious garland of romances, (which, woven by the red fingers of tradition around their dismantled castles, graces, like an amarantine crown, every shrubby rampart and ivied tower,) that maintains to the present day the antique memory of these Rhenish landgraves. It is the traditionary lore, replete with marvels which the inhabitants of those regions are always reciting, that imparts, to a tour on the Rhine, poetic tints, as fascinating as they are brilliant. And no wonder, since they are identified, all of them, with the monuments of an epoch, which, with the waves of their own glorious river, hath rolled majestically away; and the imagination lends itself the more willingly to legends whose marvellous attributes are so closely connected with history, that you indulge belief, lest incredulity should entrench upon truth.

R. C. 1833.

## THE MINE OF SAINT MARGARET.

A STORY OF FALKENSTEIN.

All was this land fulfilled of Faerie;  
The Elf Queene, with hire joly compaigne,  
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede;  
This was the old opision, as I rede,  
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;  
But now, can no man see none elves mo;  
For now the grete charites and prayers  
Of limitours and other holy freres,  
That scatchen every land and every streme  
As thikke as motes in the sonne beame,  
Blessing halles, chambres, kitchenes, and  
boures,  
Citees, and burghes, castles high, and tores,  
Thorpes, and barnes, sheepcotes, and dairies,  
This maketh that ther ben no Faeries.  
*Chaucer. Wife of Bath's Tale.*

One sees, in the environs of Frankfurt, two very high mountains, that far surpass all the others, in the two chains which extend from Wetteran to Wiesbaden, and from the Rheingau to Oberlahnstein. These are the Feldberg and the Altkonig. It was on the summit of the Altkonig, that the infamous Queen Brunhault (immortalised in the Thierry and Theodoret of our Beaumont and Fletcher) caused a splendid pavilion to be constructed, for the purpose of feasting her eyes on the prospect of her vast empire, as it caught the first rays of the rising sun. Not far from Mount Altkonig, and behind the little town of Kronenberg, that nestles in a thicket of old chestnuts at its foot, the traveller beholds, on the apex of a steep rock, the solitary ramparts of Falkenstein

\* T. Warton.

Castle. Melancholy reigns around these ruins, that re-echo only the lusciously plaintive notes of the throistle, which has established its abode in the rich cool trees that rustle greenly over its haggard walls in the soft gales of sunset. In ancient times, this chateau was almost inaccessible; and there was merely a craggy footpath that led to the principal gate. It was inhabited, in those days, by a Knight of a very saturnine temperament, and whose manners were little short of brutal. He had an only daughter, who was excessively beautiful, and whose every tone and look breathed the amiability that characterised her disposition. Men compared her father to the rock of the wilderness, and her to the vesper star that illumines it with trembling light. All those who saw the lovely Irmengard, left her presence with hearts full of love and hope; this was the case with the young knight, Kuno de Sayn, who happened to be visiting the castle of Falkenstein on some public business. The soft eyes of Irmengard, and her sweet accents, had quickly vanquished the heart of the young chevalier, and when he left the castle, he said to himself, "It shall go hard with thee Kuno, but thou shalt win this star of the wilderness!"

It was with this design that our friend, some days afterwards, arrived on a second visit at the Castle of Falkenstein. The old chatelain received him coolly enough. They were standing in the broad recess of an enormous oriel, which, projecting far from the castle walls, was extended still more boldly out by a balcony, carved in the most fantastic woodwork, supported by two great fauleons of stone, holding between them the huge family shield. From hence they surveyed the superb tableau, which stretched below them in the four picturesque vallies of Fischbach, Lorschbach, Fokenhawsen, and Bremthat.

"I know of no castle, which, by any possibility, could be so finely situated as yours," said Kuno; "but it is a thousand pities that the road leading to it should be so difficult!"

"Has any one hitherto compelled you to take that road, sir knight?" asked the Chatelain drily.

"Only my heart," replied Kuno; "your daughter charms me, and I come to demand her in marriage!"

The old man began to smile, and with him that was always a sign of evil augury.

"Young man!" said he, after a few moments silence, "I will give you my daughter, but upon one condition!"

"I accept it beforehand!" eagerly exclaimed our lover.

"Tis mighty well!" said the Lord of Falkenstein, with another grim smile, "you will then merely have the goodness to cause a commodious road to be paved over these crags, by which my friends may come to see me on horseback; but," he added, (his withered features puckering with spite,) "remember, it is an *indispensable* part of the bargain, that this road be completed in a single night,—do you understand?—*a single night!*"

Poor Kuno was thunderstruck. The old baron laughed outright with satisfied malice; and they parted, without either seeming particularly delighted with the other. But the Chevalier de Sayn was a lover, and, looking upon matters with a lover's eyes, it did not appear to him *hopeless* that he should succeed in an enterprise so chimerical. He repaired, without loss of time, to one of his mines, and having summoned the master miner, and laid before him the matter in question,

"Ah!" said the miner, shaking his head, "well do I know that confounded castle: why, my lord, you might employ three thousand miners, and they would not be able to finish the work in six nights, much less in one!"

Sir Kuno sate himself down at the entrance of the mine, and abandoned himself to a most woeful reverie, in which he remained absorbed, till the grey mists of evening began to silver over the glowing landscape. At length, raising his eyes, which had, till then, been rivetted to the earth, he saw before him a little old man with white hair, who thus addressed him:

"Knight of Sayn! I have heard all the conversation you have had with the master of the mines. The man is honest enough; but I know the trick better than he!"

"Who art thou?"

"Why, the creatures of thy species call us subterranean demons, and mountain sprites; but what's in a name! The fact is, we are a little more active and clever than you mere mortals; and it would be but a trifle to us to make in an hour a road which should conduct to the castle of Falkenstein."

"Ah! if thou could'st do that!"

"I am not only *able*, but *willing* to do it," said the little man, interrupting him, "but mind, it is upon one condition!"

"I thought as much!" muttered poor Kuno, "some such condition as his lordship of Falkenstein was pleased to offer. If you come to mock me, old gentleman, you had better spare your pains; I am in no mood for mummery, and Gnome though you be, you may come off worse than you expect!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" shouted the Gnome, "to see what fools these earthclods be. Here is a great baby in the dumps for a toy he wants; yet ready to quarrel with the first that offers it to him! Now, an' it were not that I pity the poor lad, and have a special grudge against yon churl of Falkenstein, it were not amiss to leave him to his bargain! Well, Sir Knight of the New Road! wilt deign to hear my terms?"

Kuno answered by a sort of 'humph!' and the Gnome proceeded.

"Cause the works in the mine of Saint Margaret to be suspended: for if your people push them much farther, they will touch upon my domain, and I and mine shall be obliged to quit the mountain. You will lose nothing by it. The mountain you see to the left is equally rich in metals, and I will give you a divining rod, which will enable you to discover the mines. They run from the west to the east; and we folk will remain on the north side."

The rapture of our lover at this speech was as extreme as his previous despondence; he was going to embrace the Gnome, but—

"Hands off!" said Number Nip, (for it was that humorous sprite himself) "hands off is fair play, I have no wish to feel those brawny arms either in love or wrath. Swear to observe my conditions, and consider your wishes accomplished."

Kuno swore that he would resign to him all the mines of gold and silver that the earth contained, for the fair Irmengard; and the Gnome promised that the road should be completed by the earliest crimson of the dawn.

The knight returned to his abode full of joy and hope; but it was far otherwise with the amiable Irmengard. She was plunged in profound grief, for her father had apprized her of Sir Kuno's proposals, and the conditions on which they were to be accepted. The night was already far advanced, and the poor girl was sitting on the window seat of her chamber, without attempting to seek repose. Eleven o'clock had scarcely struck, when she thought she heard, all on a sudden, a noise that seemed to proceed from people working with

spades and pickaxes; terror, mingled with joy, thrilled her frame, but she had not courage enough to look out at the window. It was not long ere her father burst into the apartment;—the noise had broken his rest.

"I think," said he, "the Knight of Sayn has lost his wits, and is going to make me such a hole in the path leading to my castle, that we shall be obliged to let ourselves down by panniers!"

It was in uttering this speech (which the old fellow intended to be vastly witty) that he opened the window; but a whirlwind immediately mounted the air; the patriarchal oaks of the neighbouring forest tossed their gigantic boughs as though in menace; the doors and windows clattered and banged throughout the whole castle; the jackdaws flew with screams from their turret nests; the owls flapped against the lattices; the old wolf-dog in the court howled and bayed like mad; and the lashed Rhine below, tossed up its waves till they looked like spectres; but, clear above all this infernal hurly burly, peals of derisive laughter, again and again, repeated, shook the midnight air.

Irmengard, half dead with terror, flew for refuge into the arms of her father, who, closing the window, or rather suffering it to be slammed in his face, made the most portentous grimaces, and ended by singing a psalm awfully out of tune. Meantime, the uproar ceased by degrees. The moon gleamed forth on the white walls of the castle; and the oak trees submissively waved, and the Rhine meekly rippled beneath her mantling glory. The old baron, having taken breath, began to tranquillize his daughter, without perceiving that he was himself in an uncommon flurry. He demonstrated to her, as clear as the nose upon his face (and a red one it was) that all they had happened to see and hear, was nothing in the world but the Wilde Jäger, who was passing by in the air with his infernal pack, and that he had himself often heard the same noises in his youth.

The beautiful Irmengard easily suffered herself to be persuaded by her sire; her pure and dove-like bosom, too fair a mansion for troubled thoughts to occupy, welcomed back the angel of peace that loved its innocent recesses; and it was not long ere sleep breathed upon her blue-veined eyelids, and veiled with silvery pinions her softly heaving breast. Whether, however, this

happy result were not to be ascribed to a tremendous dissertation on supernatural appearances, edited by the vocal organ of her much respected sire; tradition saith not. As for the old Chatelain himself, he was, just as such a he dragon ought to be, greatly discomfited. The figures in the tapestry that waved along the sides of the chamber, seemed to glare, to nod, and to threaten him; the clicking of the great clock in the neighbouring turret became insufferable; and the pondrous clang of the bell, whenever it struck, made him jump; by and by the red embers of the hearth, after presenting to his fancy every possible variation in pictures of Pandemonium, thought proper to expire; the flickering lamp, under whose kindly auspices every nook of the dusky chamber had seemed to the conscience-stricken Baron swarming with phantoms, now decided on the propriety of making itself air, into which it vanished; and, after shivering, starting, and grumbling in the dark, it was not till the morning bird announced the first streaks of daylight, that the old gentleman dozed in his easy chair.

The sun had scarcely burnished with its dewy rays the towers of Falkenstein, ere the Knight of Sayn, mounted on a superb courser, passed at full gallop over the drawbridge. The old Baron was awakened by the neighing and pawing of the steed on the pavement of the echoing court below. Bewildered and confused, he started from his chair and ran to the window; and his first notion, on seeing a horseman under the archway of the castleyard, was that he had fallen from the skies. Kuno bade him good-morrow, and added with a smile—

"It is easy, now-a-days, to visit your castle on horseback, Lord of Falkenstein!"

The old Chatelain could hardly yet decide whether he was awake, or whether all this was any thing but a dream; for at this moment he saw a part of the noble road which was hewn in zigzag over the rock, and which led boldly and gracefully to the grand gateway of the castle. The Baron, though a cross-patch, was a man of honour; he kept his word, and so did Kuno. The Mine of St. Margaret was consigned to the moles and the bats; and the territories of Number Nip were, thenceforth, secured from even the apprehension of invasion; while the beautiful Irmen-gard made a point of presenting to her

husband every year, a young candidate for the productions of the other mines which the Gnome had promised.

## FORTUNE.

FOR THE OLIO.

"*TEMPORA mutantur*," says the oft-quoted proverb—and fortune is as changeable. The ancients always endeavoured to cultivate a good understanding with this goddess, the most capricious deity in their mythology. Emperors and consuls, senators and soldiers alike paid court to her, and Pallas herself has even been flouted for her sake. "Fortune," says honest Fluellen, "is turning and inconstant, and variations and mutabilities;" and if we look into any anecdote-book we shall find innumerable records of her strange freaks. She has turned slaves into emperors, swineherds into popes, milk-women into duchesses, and actresses into all sorts of things from countesses to courtezans. Since the abolition of feudal power in England, our countrymen have been so jumbled together, that only those whose families have lived remote from large cities and towns, can trace their pedigree further back than a couple of generations.—By these favours and the frowns of fortune are not so often experienced; but, in London, or, indeed, in any city half as populous, there are yearly—almost daily—instances of individuals of very humble, nay, mean rank, rising by favour of fortune to great opulence and consequence—for opulence in this country, where poverty is a crime, is consequence. Yet the sons of these men will talk of their "pedigree," even within the hearing of their fathers. I cannot, perhaps, illustrate my remarks better than by the following anecdote, of the truth of which the reader may be assured. A respectable tradesman in the city of London, reckoned among his customers a gentleman "high in the law," who occasionally looked in and made purchases of articles, which were always requested to be sent home "with the bill." Things went on in this way for some time, when the gentleman suddenly disappeared, leaving his creditors in the lurch, and his footman in an almost empty house to answer for a time the applications of the enraged creditors, until his master could get a fair start, after which the knight of the shoulder-knot vanished like a meteor, and the

house was shut up. Nearly twelve months had passed away when our man of business was accosted in Cheapside, by a gentlemanly-looking man in a shovel hat. He stared at the person who addressed him, and though he recollected the face of the speaker, he could not call to mind where he had seen him. His doubts were, however, removed by the clerical-looking gentleman, who was no other than the runaway lawyer's footman! He had cast aside his plush breeches and metal buttoned coat, gone into the country, managed to obtain his degree, and was the conductor of a respectable and very successful "school for a select number of young gentlemen." Let it not be supposed that I speak contemptuously of this man, whose self-esteem has been the making of him; had not Rousseau maintained a high opinion of himself, he might have lived and died a footman.

E. M. A.

#### A WORD IN VINDICATION OF THE COCKNIES.

FOR THE OLIO.

A good deal of senseless abuse has been wasted upon the people of London and its suburbs, by a class of writers whom it will not be necessary to name. These men, in the fullness of their own self-conceit, have denied to Cocknies the use of every moral and physical quality that can adorn human nature; but it must be obvious to every reflecting mind, that envy and spite have much to do in this. Let these men look back to former days, and they shall find that the citizens of London were men of courage, enterprise and honesty. London has mustered her train bands in times of danger as promptly as any city or town in England. Did the Cocknies of old shrink from their duty when Henry the Fourth came to them in haste and terror in the dead of the night? Hollinshed tells us, that he marched out of London at day-break, with five thousand well-armed citizens to give battle to the rebel lords, who fled precipitately upon hearing of his approach. Did not the bold bastard Falconbridge fly from before the sheriffs of London, when he assaulted Aldgate, and did not the citizens pursue him to Stepney, killing great numbers of his troops? Were those men chicken-hearted drivellers who resisted Cade and his thousands on London Bridge, when all England was paralyzed; and, whatever may

have been the object\* of Walworth, would a coward have struck down a daring rebel at the head of his ferocious colleagues? Were the citizens of London supine and terror-stricken when the tremendous Armada threatened England? History tells us they were not; and in our own times, degenerate as they are, the purposed invasion by Napoleon was as little dreaded by Cocknies as by their scorners. Nay, when a daring mob some few years since entered the city, there were aldermen bold enough to arrest the leaders. Compare this, ye revilers, with the craven conduct of the Bristol magistracy. But it is not in periods of alarm and difficulty alone, that the Cocknies have shewn that they are entitled to the respect of their countrymen. Milton was not only born within the sound of Bow bell, but almost under the shadow of Bow church. Was not the father of Pope, that rare combination of the poet and the philosopher,† a London tradesman? and are there not many names of cockney origin that rank high among those who have contributed to literature and art? What if a few gross and sensual men be found in this city, shall the people of London be characterized as a community of block-heads and dunces? Shades of Fitz-Alwyne, of Batt, of Basing and Farendon, how are your descendants abused and belied!

PHILO-COCKNEY.

*Bow Churchyard, May 22, 1832.*

\* It is but justice, however, to say that it was not patriotism that prompted Sir William to fall to loggerheads with Wat Tyler. Few people will require to be told, that the Bank-side, Southwark, then swarmed with infamous houses, as the newspapers term them. Tyler and his bands destroyed many of these houses, and, as Sir William had much property invested in them, he had good reason to fall out with the morality of Wat Tyler.

† Let any man, when in company, quote a couplet from Pope, and ten to one but some slipshod coxcomb will speak slightly, perhaps contemptuously, of this truly great poet. No one would attempt to deny that Bacon was a mine of wisdom; it would argue monstrous ignorance to question that, because he has been of late, much quoted, while Pope is but seldom mentioned. Talk of philosophy, indeed; will all the wisdom of the ancients concentrated into one focus throw into the shade Pope's 'Essay on Man?' The Ethics of Seneca and Seneca, of Bacon, Charon and Montaigne, ay, and his own are incorporated by Pope in that beautiful work, and that too, in faultless rhyme. Some of those who think but slightly of Pope, are loud in their praises of Byron; but are they ignorant that his lordship always spoke with veneration of the poet philosopher?

## GRAMMATICAL TAUTOLOGY.

I'll prove the word, that I have made my theme—  
 That 'that' may well be doubled without blame;  
 And that that 'that' thus troubled, I may use;  
 And that that 'that,' that critics may abuse,  
 May be correct—yet more—the Dons to bother—  
 Five 'thats,' may closely follow one another !  
 For well 'tis known that we may safely write,  
 That that 'that' that that man has writ is right;  
 Nay further, that that 'that' that 'that' that that followed  
 Through six repeats the grammar's rule has hallowed;  
 And that that 'that' (that 'that' that that began)  
 Said seven times o'er is right! Deny't who can?

LACONICS.  
 FOR THE OLIO.

THE parent of character and originality is independence, and there are few men who would not chalk out for themselves a particular line of conduct, were it not that necessity checks this predisposition, compelling the generality to do as others do, and follow in the beaten track. The English people are a monied, and, taken as a collective body, an independent set of men; and this is why we see more genuine traits of character in this little island than in more extensive countries.

The equipages, and all the trappings of rank, are catching enough to the eye, but within all is hollow as thought can conceive—all is tinselled and superficial; and within the coroneted coach sit beings as selfish, and perhaps more so, than the menials who attend it, or the squalid wretches on the road who are encumbered with its dust.

THE sincere lover of truth need not ever be in any serious alarm for the honour of his idol; she may be obscured for a time, but annihilated she cannot be. Opposition has, in many instances, benefitted her cause, and when crushed to the earth, she has risen again, like the Phoenix of old, with renewed vigour.

It was shrewdly said, "that" there is one secret, and one only, that a woman inviolably keeps: "How old she is!"

FLATTERY is a more difficult art at the present day, than when the philosophers of old handled the subject: Men, indeed, can never divest themselves of passion; and, accordingly, we find flattery generally acceptable, and never disagreeable, even in the nineteenth century; yet still, as knowledge

and civilization advance, men certainly become more on their guard, and less open to the snare; besides, the numberless maxims on this head constantly reiterated in the pages of every book, must produce some effect upon the public mind. The peculiar danger of flattery lies here; the offence is a compound one, for insult is added to deceit; we not only deceive by saying what is not true, but it is taken for granted that the person so deceived is weak and vain enough to believe it.

How perfectly absurd is funeral pomp; there seems an antithesis in the very words! What need of all this gorgeousness to consign a loathsome mass of corruption to its brother-earth? If it is done in honour of the dead, it is an unmeaning, as well as an ill-timed tribute to his memory;—if, for the sake of the living, it is barbarous and unfeeling.

FORTITUDE and nobility of mind may be evinced as much in endurance as in suffering,—yet the suicide continues to stand a proof of magnanimity in the eyes of some. Who is to decide?—The lapse of time can alone draw the line between what is right and what is wrong. Public opinion has at last determined our virtues and our crimes, and the valour of the ancients has become the cowardice of the moderns.

THERE is a temperance which is the effect of religious principle; there is another kind of temperance which is the dictate of vanity. Intemperance does not merely afford sensual gratification, but it deforms, as much as it brutalizes its votary; and it is for this reason we sometimes see the coxcomb as abstemious as the ascetic. The effect produced on both is the same, but the motives that influence are diametrically opposite.

Does a man gain in the end by travelling?—his mind may have become expanded in some respects, but in how many is it contracted? He has acquired indeed a knowledge of the world, but will he be the happier for it, and how will it profit him? He has given up and turned aside from all the amiableness of social life, that he may become disgusted with his species, and view nature in her least inviting forms; he has grown suspicious in his principles, selfish in his practice; and he has learned to despise his own country, in order that he may dub himself a citizen of the world!

THE power of pleasing is a very dangerous quality to its possessor, as far



as regards himself; it caters for his vanity—it affords play for his passions—and whenever it comes to be indulged too far, will be sure to poison all that is really pure—all that is truly estimable in character. F.

#### FEMALE LETTER-WRITERS.

AMONG the first pure specimens of female letters, are those of the ambitious and unfortunate favourite of Henry VIII., Anna Boleyn. Her coquettish love-letters to her royal wedded wooer, display art and finesse, of which so young a woman must have been incapable without prompting, though she had the advantage of early schooling in the French Court. But her celebrated letter, written from the Tower, remains a very extraordinary literary production, apart from the trying circumstances in which it was composed. It is one of the finest specimens of mental self-possession and dignified propriety that we possess.—Could it, indeed, have been the unaided production of the calumniated and persecuted victim? This, though questioned, is more probable, than that any one could have counterfeited so skillfully. Like the letters of Swift, it goes far to atone for many sins and heartlessnesses in the former life of the beautiful and coquettish queen. It breathes the passive courage of woman in her hour of fiery trial, with the sublime composure and elevation, which the approach of another state imparts, in some degree, to the meanest creature. It opens like a strain of solemn music.

The epistles of the illustrious daughter of this victim of a royal brute, who, to that character, added no small portion of the vulgar, sensual ruffian,—are full of individuality and instruction. In the character of Elizabeth were strangely commingled, the fierce, headlong, impetuous blood of her father, with the coolness, finesse, and trickery of her other parent. She was as coquettish and artful as Anna Boleyn, though on a bolder scale; and as headstrong and domineering as bluff King Hal. Her memorable letter to the Bishop of Ely, is a sample of the paternal stock. It also shews clearly how reformed protestant princes originally regarded the union of State and Church, and the uses of a hierarchy.—A more laconic and complete view of this mystic alliance need not be sought for. This prelate had offended Eliza-

beth, by refusing to cede to her the garden and orchard of Ely-House, after it had been iniquitously wrested from him by a suit in the Chancellor's Court, in which no suitor had any chance with the Crown. "Proud prelate!" says the royal virago; "I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you to know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you;" [Here is a lesson for the State-Church!]—"and if you do not forthwith fulfil your agreement, by God! I will immediately unfrock you. Your's, as you demean yourself, Elizabeth Regina." So much for the nursing-mother of the reformed faith. This is a pure specimen of the style of King Harry. The crafty, politic, and hypocritical letters of this Princess, in which the pride and cruelty of her father are blended with the subtlety of her mother, (as in her correspondence with Sir Amias Paulet, the custodian of her unhappy rival, Queen Mary,) are only disgusting. But Elizabeth had many styles. In some of her epistles, there are the freshness, and frankness of woman cordiality, mingled with the romance and high-spirit which made heroes of her courtiers, and herself their inspiration. Take her epistle to her favourite Dudley Earl of Warwick, while maintaining the town of Havre against the French. The Virgin Queen had some worthless, but never any despicable favourites. In this point she excelled all her royal successors. "My dear Warwick: If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot do that I would, I will do that I may, and will drink in an ashen-cup, than that you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land; yea, and with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness them all."

Some of the letters of the ladies of the Protector's family, are interesting, but mainly from the juxtaposition of the fair writers, and the rank and political consequence of their correspondents. In the noblest strain of the Norman aristocracy, is the well-known letter of the high-spirited Countess of Pembroke and Derby to Joseph Williamson, the subservient minister of Charles II. The indignant epistle of the Countess of Nottingham to the unmanly and slanderous Danish ambassador, is another noble instance of a roused and injured

lady, chastising a craven spirit with her crow-quill, as effectually as ever did knight with his gauntleted hand. But all these fall short of the mark of familiar female epistles: even those of Rachel Lady Russell, which long have, and, we hope, long will form part of an Englishwoman's select library—are not of the female captivating toys we mean. The collected letters of this illustrious matron, are of greater excellence than attraction. They are either didactic and religious epistles to her learned and reverend correspondents; or they treat of those matters of weighty interest, regarding her family, which the murder of Lord Russell had devolved upon his lady. Of the terrible scenes which developed her noble character, when she shared the prison, and almost the scaffold, of her husband, there remains no record in her voluminous correspondence. Affection has preserved a few homely letters, belonging to the earlier and happier part of her married life; and kind hearts will love, and pure ones revere them. They have, besides, in some degree, the charm of which we are in pursuit,—they are domestic, familiar letters.

*“Lady Russell to Lord Russell; written from Tunbridge, and addressed to London, in the year 1678.*

“After a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, and mingled my uncle's way with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed,—not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here; our want is yourself and good weather. But, now I have told you our present condition—to say a little of the past.—I do really think, if I could have imagined the illness of the journey, it would have discouraged me: it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Seven Oaks; but our horses did exceedingly well, and Spencer very diligent, often off his horse to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night: I hope the quilt is remembered; and Francis must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come, or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate; here is no table to set it on; but if that does not come, I desire that you would bid

Betty Foster (a house-maid) send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you.

From yours,

*Past ten o'clock.* R. RUSSELL.

“Lady Margaret says we are not glutted with company yet: you will let Northumberland know we are well; and Allie——.”

It was thus flowed the domestic hours of the affectionate wife, who, in deep affliction, was soon to prove herself the fitting partner of a patriot martyr. Such were the hearts which tyranny wrenched asunder.

But the most brilliant of our female-letter-writers belonged to a succeeding age. Lady Mary Wortley had no prototype in this country, so far as the world knows; nor has she had any worthy successor. The literary reputation of Lady Mary rests exclusively on her letters; though she versified largely, and scribbled on many subjects; and, as a satirist and lampooner, entitled herself to the “bad eminence” of the pillory, and of having her ear-rings cropt, were equal justice ever done to the ennobled and the mean offender. As it is, she is fully qualified, by her satires and private letters, to take the place of honour between Mrs. Centlivre and Aphra Behn. Laying altogether aside Lady Mary's letters descriptive of her travels, which are lively, delightful, and, as all subsequent experience has established, perfectly accurate; her domestic familiar series, though steeped in the worst vices of her character, are full of attraction. They indeed want the best charm of a woman's correspondence; for her ladyship could not impart what she did not possess, but they still rank highly as epistolary compositions. There is nothing overstrained or affected,—nothing of the *blue* about them. All shews facility, precision, and good taste in composition; with great moral depravity, no doubt, and utter and avowed heartlessness. The private letters of Lady Mary Wortley to her sister and other ladies, and those of the Earl of Chesterfield to his son, are the deepest satires that ever were penned against the English aristocracy: add to these the *Memoirs of Doddington* and a few other volumes, and the picture is complete. Lady Mary Wortley is an instance of that anomaly every where, save in the highest circles

† These ladies, the Countess of Northumberland and Lady Allington, were half-sisters of Rachel, Lady Russell.

of aristocracy, or among people of the lowest rank, hacknied by living in the eye of the world,—of a head far too crafty and mature for the shoulders which carried it, and of a heart older than the bosom in which it was presumed to exist. It is, however, doubtful if, in a moral sense, a heart, often the most useless and troublesome commodity in the world to a young lady of rank, ever formed any part of the anatomy of Lady Mary Pierrepont. The letters of her extreme girlhood are quite as shrewd, penetrating, and worldly, as those of her grey hairs. The story of her marriage is well known. She ran away, when very young, with Mr. Wortley, fully more to spite her father than please herself. The same governing motive influenced many of her actions, and in some instances counterbalanced many of her calculations. She was too vivacious and self-willed to be always prudently selfish. Her first letter after her love-match is a curiosity—

"I don't know very well how to begin: I am perfectly unacquainted with a matrimonial style. After all, I think it is better to write as if we were not married at all." And so she does, ending her brief first epistle matrimonial by saying, gaily, "'Tis dark, or I should not conclude so soon. Pray, my love, begin at the top, and read till you come down to the bottom;" a degree of conjugal attention she hardly expected. A succeeding letter gives matrimonial counsel, by which Mr. Wortley did not fail to profit. "I am glad you think of serving your friends," (by allowing himself to be elected for Newark,) "I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money:—every thing we see, and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country," (her ladyship and her husband were violent Whigs,) "or limit the encroachments of the prerogative by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but as the world is, and will be, *it is a sort of duty to be rich*, that it may be in one's power to do good—riches being another name for power; towards the obtaining of which, the first necessary quality is impudence; and, as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory, the second is impudence, and the third still impudence. No modest man ever did, or ever will, make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, Robert Walpole,

and all other remarkable instances of sudden advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court; these is a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost. People who knock others with their elbows, disregarding a little kick of the shins, and, still thrusting heartily, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd—is shoved about by every body—his clothes torn—almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don't make so good a figure as himself. I don't say that it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistaken one, I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe, as I do, that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing." How many statesmen have since acted upon her ladyship's maxims besides the old Dragon of Wantley, who, if he did not obtain great political power, at least put money enough in his purse!

It is not easy to say whether Mary's private letters, those which she durst not publish during her husband's life, but which she took effectual care should appear, are more instructive on her own character, or as pictures of high life. Take her coronation of George II.:—Walpole's of George III., or Sir Walter Scott's of George IV., are not to be compared with it. It is written to her sister the Countess of Mar, as are many of her best and worst letters; not that she even affects to care a pin for her relative; she merely takes her up as a person to whom she might vent her spleen and her wit, where both had a chance of obtaining eclat: The Countess of Mor was then living in Jacobite exile in the brilliant circles of Paris. "I cannot deny that I was very well diverted on the coronation-day. I saw the procession much at my ease, and then got into Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs which all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity, and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished, and others strutted, but a visible satis-

faction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was, indisputably, Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which, by good fortune, stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. John had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of Montrose crept along with a dozen black snakes playing round her face; and my Lady Portland, who is fallen away since her dismissal from Court, represented finely an Egyptian mummy, embroidered over with hieroglyphics." Such are the language and sentiments of a lady of the highest birth and fashion; and her letters might have been written yesterday. There is nothing antiquated about them, or her. Were she alive now, she might, to-morrow, be a patroness of Almack's, and send paragraphs to the Morning Post. In talent and manners she would find herself very like, only vastly superior, to the fair J.'s and L.'s she might meet there.

*Tait's Edin. Mag.*

### Notices of New Books.

*Calabria during a military residence of three years, by a general officer in the French army.* 8 vol, pp. 360. Effingham Wilson.

Works that tell of strange adventures and strange countries, have ever found readers in England from the days of Hackluyt and Purchas to the present times, when every Englishman who has made the tour of Europe, gives his countrymen, in a couple of volumes, a sample of his opinions of all he has seen and heard, as soon as he returns home. We do not join in the cry of those who would prevent the publication of such works, because we feel convinced that they afford to enquiring minds an opportunity of arriving at the truth, without paying a visit to the countries they describe. Who would go up the Rhine now, though they may get there for sixty shillings, when litho-

graphic views of every castle on its banks are to be obtained at the print shops. There's not a 'prentice in London who would fail to recognize the Colosseum or the arch of Titus, and we have had "Tours" in Italy in volumes of every size during the last century. The volume before us, however, describes a country in which but few have travelled, and of which little is known. The work consists of a series of letters written by a young Frenchman to his father, while serving with his battalion in Calabria during the career of Napoleon. The lovers of the marvellous and the romantic will find in them a rich treat; they abound in descriptions of night attacks, skirmishes, murders, and a host of horrible et cetera, which, if we may credit the author, are to be found in perfection in Calabria, and we do not doubt it. The volume has, however, other claims upon the attention of the reader, who will find it to possess many interesting particulars relative to a country so often mentioned in the history of ancient Greece, but now so little known. The following extract will shew that an army of occupation is not always a sinecure:

"Nicastro, March 20, 1808.

"An aide-de-camp of the King's suite, who passed through here within the last three days, has put an end to our conjectures respecting the projected descent upon Sicily. The object was to draw the attention of the English to this point, for the purpose of sending in safety to Corfu the provisions and reinforcements which are expected at Otranto by the squadron coming from Toulon. The plan has perfectly succeeded. The English have diminished the number of their cruisers in the Adriatic, and drawn them nearer to their fleet off Sicily. Our convoy has happily arrived at its destination, and all preparations for a descent have ceased. But while the visit of this officer has satisfied our curiosity, it had nearly proved very disastrous to us. On the 17th, the day of his arrival, the companies composing the garrison of Nicastro had furnished so large a number of detachments, chiefly for the purpose of escorting those persons who were employed in levying contributions, that there remained behind not more than fifty disposable men. The Aide-de-camp took thirty men as his escort to Monteleone, and we could not muster above forty more in the whole city,

including the ordnance guard and the disabled. The Commandant feeling uneasy about our situation, which was indeed very critical, since the brigands might be tempted to take advantage of it, conceived the happy thought of assembling us together in a chapel, attached to the church, which served as a barrack for our soldiers. After having strengthened the post of the prison, he patrolled for some time, and then returned to our little garrison. Being well barricaded, some of us slept soundly; when, about midnight, we were suddenly roused by the discharge of fire-arms and hideous yells.

"All the brigands of the neighbourhood were approaching the prison in a body, in the hope of releasing their parents, who were detained there as hostages; but the guard, commanded by an officer, received them with a murderous fire, which soon slackened their ardour. As it was to be expected they would make a similar attack upon the barrack, the Commandant proposed that we should anticipate them, by rushing out to give them battle. Accordingly, we sallied forth, to the number of seventeen, armed from top to toe. The darkness and confusion suffering us to approach without being perceived, we discharged a volley at a vast assemblage of persons, who, in an instant, betook themselves to flight, panic-struck, and leaving many dead and wounded on the spot. We had not to regret the loss of a man. These bandits, possessing very little courage, placed us in a situation the more embarrassing, because the inhabitants of Nicastro, by their culpable inactivity, seemed to favour the surprise. After this affair shall have been reported to the General-in-Chief, they must expect to be treated with the greatest rigour; but if our safety depends on making them in some degree responsible for it, we must still, in fairness, admit, that the situation of the landed proprietors of this country is most deplorable. Independently of the hatred and enmities so common among the Calabrians, they employ against each other the most odious means of vengeance, making the brigands their sanguinary agents. Benincasa, the natural protector of all the enemies of the French, and the formidable destroyer of the property of all those who seem to favour them, has established an arbitrary sway over the political opinions and conduct of private individuals. Like a ferocious beast of prey, he darts forth from his

lair at night, and the day never fails to discover some new act of savage treachery—some new disaster. The land-owners could never rescue themselves from this painful situation without acting with the greatest address towards the brigands, and silently submitting to their exactions of provisions and money. On the other hand, this conduct necessarily subjects them to a rigid surveillance by the French commanding-officers, who, accusing them of being the authors and abettors of brigandage, very frequently cast them into prison.

"Deprived of all correct information, and surrounded by snares and treachery, it is impossible for us to adopt any effectual measures to tranquillize this country. Our safety being every moment compromised, we are obliged to redouble our vigilance and activity; this exhausts our poor soldiers with fatigue, and they drop off daily.

"Since the first of January we have received neither pay nor appointments, and our men are obliged to subsist upon half rations of a bad quality. As they are continually in motion, their supplies of shoes and stockings were soon exhausted, and they are now, for the most part, obliged to adopt the sort of covering used by the peasants, which consists of a piece of pig's skin in the form of a sandal, and tied round with packthread above the ankle. The officers, removed to a long distance from their country in this inhospitable land, where their friends cannot run the risk of sending them assistance, experience great privations. They are obliged to depend for their daily support on the tables of the commanding officers, furnished by the communes. Calabria being without inns or taverns, the marching officers and employes partake with the commandants of fare which is very indifferent, but always seasoned with good wine and a fund of inexhaustible mirth.

"Having no other society here, we are obliged to live continually among ourselves, our only relief being the table, the pleasures of which we generally take care to prolong. All our thoughts and conversations are turned towards our dear country, from which we very rarely receive any news. From the commencement of the siege of Scylla, and particularly since the late preparations which appeared directed against Sicily, the brigands, excited by the English, employ themselves chiefly in intercepting our couriers, some of whom are doomed to a tragical fate. Within

the last eight days, we have had the misfortune to experience a very cruel instance, and one absolutely like that of which we were almost eye-witnesses on our entry into Calabria.

"The Courier from Naples, who had been so long expected, at length arrived here safe and sound. His presence excited the greatest joy, from the hope of his being the bearer of intelligence from our friends. The escort of this courier, composed of a serjeant and fifteen voltigeurs, was afterwards ordered to conduct him to Monteleone, where there is a military station established. It was joined by eight chasseurs, with a brigadier, returning from head-quarters, and who, unfortunately, instead of following the courier, started in advance of him about a mile. The escort was preceded by three voltigeurs, who, while reconnoitring the entrance of a ravine, had scarcely time to give the alarm, when they were brought to the ground by a discharge from the brigands, and at the same moment the detachment saw itself surrounded on every side. The serjeant, the courier, and eight voltigeurs were killed, and five men, who were all that escaped from this massacre, came in breathless haste to give us the melancholy details. The Commandant, consulting rather the impulse of his heart than the hope of overtaking the bandits, immediately sent me off with a detachment. Arrived at the scene of carnage, I found our unfortunate soldiers lying bathed in their blood, and without any signs of life. The cloak-bags had been stripped of their contents, and an immense number of letters, torn to pieces and stained with blood, lay scattered about on the ground. After having in vain scoured all the environs, I returned to Nicastro, deploring from the bottom of my heart the loss of our brave soldiers, victims of this horrible war.

"Brigandage is indeed carried to the utmost pitch of horror in this country; it interdicts us from taking a walk in the suburbs, no matter how short the distance. Confined within the narrow precincts of a town, the inhabitants of which give notice of our slightest movements, we cannot possibly stir beyond the walls without an escort. Happily, however, our Generals have established a rule of not allowing the troops to remain for any length of time in the same station; and as that of Nicastro is regarded as one of the most fatiguing, we hope very soon to quit a spot which would be a perfect paradise if it was not inhabited by demons."

*Lectiones Latinae; or, Lessons in Latin Literature.* By J. Rowbotham. London, E. Wilson.

In this age it will be difficult to make Englishmen believe that a previous knowledge of the grammar of the Latin language is necessary to the acquirement of their own, but few will deny its utility. We have looked over Mr. Rowbotham's book, and have no hesitation in saying that, combining as it does the principles of the best systems, it will materially assist the student. We are glad to perceive that the author intends to publish a work on the Greek language on the same principles, should the present volume be properly appreciated.

### Table Talk.

ANECDOTE OF SIR J. REYNOLDS.—A fastidious young painter of portraits, whose parents provided him with more money to purchase canvas and paints than nature had supplied him with talent to use them, calling with his father on Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was his countryman and friend, the good gentleman, on submitting a specimen of his son's work, a bust likeness, was astounded at the great man's not thinking quite so highly of it as himself. The tyro, who was not wanting in self-conceit, expecting praise rather than advice, pertly observed, "you, Sir Joshua, can command your subject, whilst a young man like myself must paint from what I can get." "No, Sir," mildly replied Sir Joshua, "I cannot command; you have had nature for your prototype, I suppose, and I always found that enough. It is neither your business nor mine to be fastidious; imitate what you find in your model, and the fault will be your's, and not your prototype's, if you do not produce a good picture."

—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

SAILORS AND MARINES.—The words marine and mariner differ by one small letter only; but no two races of men, I had well nigh said no two animals, differ from one another more completely than the "Jollies" and the "Johnnies." The marines, as I have before mentioned, are enlisted for life, or for long periods, as in the regular army, and, when not employed afloat, are kept in barracks, in such constant training, under the direction of their officers, they are never released for one moment of their lives from the influence of strict

discipline and habitual obedience. The sailors, on the contrary, when their ship is paid off, are turned adrift and so completely scattered abroad, that they generally lose, in the riotous dissipation of a few weeks, or it may be days, all they have learned of good order during the previous three or four years. Even when both parties are placed on board ship, and the general discipline maintained in its fullest operation, the influence of regular order and exact subordination is at least twice as great over the marines as it ever can be over the sailors. Many, I may say most, of their duties are entirely different. It is true, both the marines and the seamen pull and haul at certain ropes leading along the quarter-deck; both assist in scrubbing and washing the deck; both eat salt junk, drink grog, sleep in hammocks, and keep watch at night; but in almost every other thing they differ. As far as the marines are concerned, the sails would never be let fall, or reefed, or rolled up. There is even a positive Admiralty order against their being made to go aloft; and, accordingly, a marine in the rigging is about as ridiculous and helpless an object, as a sailor would prove if thrust into a tight, well pipe-clayed pair of pantaloons, and barred round the throat with a stiff stock.—*Barth Hall.*

**KINGLY ATTIRE.**—The dress of the king of the Eboe country somewhat resembles that which is worn, on state occasions, by the monarch of Yarriba. Its appearance was altogether brilliant; and from the vast profusion of coral ornaments with which he was decorated, Obie might not inappropriately be styled 'the Coral King;' such an idea at all events entered our minds, as we contemplated the monarch, sitting on his throne of clay. His head was graced with a cap, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and covered thickly with strings of coral and pieces of broken looking-glass, so as to hide the materials of which it was made; his neck, or rather throat, was encircled with several strings of the same kind of bead, which were fastened so tightly, as in some degree to affect his respiration, and to give his throat and cheeks an inflated appearance. In opposition to those were four or five others hanging round his neck and reaching almost to his knees. He wore a short Spanish surcoat of red cloth, which fitted close to his person, being much too small. It was ornamented with gold epaulettes, and the front of it

was overspread with gold lace, but which, like the cap, was entirely concealed unless on a close examination, owing to the vast quantity of coral which was fastened to it in strings. Thirteen or fourteen bracelets (for we had the curiosity to count them,) decorated each wrist, and to give them full effect, a few inches of the sleeves of the coat had been cut off purposely. The beads were fastened to the wrist with old copper buttons, which formed an odd contrast to them. The King's trowsers, composed of the same material as his coat, stuck as closely to the skin as that, and was similarly embroidered, but it reached no further than the middle of his legs, the lower part of it being ornamented like the wrists, and with precisely the same number of strings of beads; besides which, a string of little brass bells encircled each leg above the ankles, but the feet were naked. Thus splendidly clothed, Obie, smiling at his own magnificence, vain of the admiration which was paid him by his attendants, and flattered without doubt by the presence of white men, who he imagined were struck with amazement at the splendour of his appearance, shook his feet for the bells to tinkle, sat down with the utmost self-complacency, and looked around him.

*Lander's Travels.*

**THE HORSE.**—The horse commonly lives to the age of 20 or 25 years, but from the cruelty of men, and art misapplied, his days are very much diminished, by the early application of over exertion and the unremitting continuance of it. His race is frequently begun before he is three years old. In the brake, lunge, or riding-school at four years. At five and six, his utmost speed is exerted in the summer, on the trotting course, as a hackney, against time; and in winter, slipping and sliding about, when forced without feeling or fear, by an inhuman driver. At seven, he is either blind, foundered, or spavined. At eight, he gallantly shines in a stage-coach, mail-coach, or omnibus. At nine, he is seen to falter and stumble before the oyster or clam cart. At ten completely worn out by disease and inanition. And lastly he falls a victim to the instrument of a veterinary surgeon.

**STEAM BOATS V. STAGES.**—The passion for stage-travelling is not, we believe, very strong in this country; and it will not become very intense until our highways and byways are materially

improved. Travelling in a steam-boat, to the fancy of most of our citizens, is indisputably preferable to any other mode; and the idea of "easy stages," to an invalid, is a hard one. An American, who has been transported over the turnpikes of his country, has found it essentially tormenting. The gratification which all passengers feel when the servants of steam-boats brush off their dust, after they have escaped from land carriages, will exemplify our opinion in all who have experienced it. In reading the description of good roads among people comparatively barbarous, as given in Steward's Visit to the South Seas, we are somewhat inclined to think, that their views of comfort are more serviceable than those in our States. The truth is undeniable, that this particular species of improvement lags comparatively far behind our advances in other desirable matters. Among so many schemes to enhance the march of mind, it is a pity that the march of bodies cannot be made more secure. Locomotion on land is perilous to human bones, and destructive to all external drapery.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

**CURRAN'S INGENUITY.**—A farmer, attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public-house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the *bailment*, but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honour of Bardolph, the farmer applied to the Curran for advice. "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel: "speak the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me." We must imagine, and not commit to paper, the vociferations of the honest dupe, at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it and returned to his legal friend. "And now, Sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Ay, Sir, but asking won't do, I've

afraid, without my witness at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel; "do as I bid you, and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find *that* safe again in his possession. "Now, Sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I'm much better off." "Well then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."—We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend (whom one would almost wish had tried two the second time) returned to thank his counsel exultingly with both hundreds in his pocket.

**FASHION.**—Let a man's moral and intellectual qualities be what they may, if he is the fashion, he can say or do nothing that will not be received with admiration and applause. His words are oracles; his wit must be exquisite, since he has received his patent for it from fashionable society; and where fashion speaks, the free Englishman is a slave. Besides, the vulgar feel that in all matters of art, talent, or taste, they are not very competent judges; they therefore think it safer blindly to applaud a 'bon mot' when they see that it has made their superiors laugh; or repeat an opinion which has proceeded from privileged lips; just as the public were in the third heavens with ecstasy for a whole winter at a party of Tyrolese ballad-singers, and rained down money, which the green butcher family pocketed with a laugh.

**SWING, A CROW.**—In Camden's account of Cornwall, the chough (*Corvus Graculus*) is thus described:—"In the rocks underneath, and all along this coast, breeds the Pyrrhocorox, a crow with red bill and red feet not peculiar to the Alps, as Pliny imagined. This bird is found by the inhabitants to be an incendiary, and very thieving; for it often sets houses on fire privately, steals pieces of money, and then hides them."

**THE AMERICANS.**—Mrs. Trollope is very angry with America and Americans; and it is just and proper she should vent her spleen, like a true woman, in a hearty scold. It is not quite proper, however, in her to tell fibs, or what is just as bad, unaccredited stories, for the purpose of giving greater finish to her invective. Scarcely one of her anecdotes is given as the result of her



own observation; they are, for the most part, picked up at that fountain-head of trustworthy information, the tea-table. The atrocious calumny against Jefferson himself, is hazarded on no better authority. Not a few of her stories we recognise as old friends, whom we have met before in the pages of American Annals. And even in what she saw herself, laying aside her splenetic microscope, and viewing objects in their natural size, we recognise, as in the case of Captain Hall, many traits common to us with the Americans. The proceedings at the Camp Meeting are very foolish indeed, but not without a parallel in the annals of the Southcottian, Rowite, and other heresies in our own land. The scene at the theatre in New York is odd enough—but then Mrs. Trollope was forewarned that no respectable person could go to that particular establishment. If ladies will go to naughty places, what can they expect?

**BEARDS.**—It is supposed that Serlón d'Abon, Bishop of Seez, induced the laity as well as the clergy to cut off their beards. History informs us, that on Easter Sunday, A. D. 1105, Abon preached before Henry the First of England, against the custom of wearing beards. As soon as the service was concluded, his majesty had his beard taken off by the bishop himself, before the whole court. The prelate performed the same office for all who were present, with a pair of scissors with which he had provided himself. E.M.A.

**TOURNAMENTS.**—The knights who entered the lists were so completely covered in iron, that they were invulnerable; but this ponderous security, obliged them to exert much address to preserve their seats on horseback, for if once they were unhorsed, they were exposed to imminent danger from the horses' feet, and incapacitated from re-

covering their situations. Accidents of many descriptions were of frequent occurrence at these spectacles, which were originally called *juts*, *jousts*, or *joustings*, and it was not until the introduction of the manœuvre of wheeling round, in French, *fourmoyer*, that they obtained the appellation of tournaments. An old author informs us, that the knights skirmished with blunted swords, the points and edges being taken off. They were not permitted to strike so as to draw blood, and he who demeaned himself contrary to these regulations, forfeited all claims to the prizes and incurred a fine. Richard the First having often experienced the disadvantages of fighting with the troops of Philip Augustus, who were accustomed to these military games, introduced them into England, and they were subsequently practised throughout Europe. It was in consequence of a victory over the French at the battle of Fretteval in 1195, that Richard, elated at his success against his tilting adversaries, adopted the motto, "Dieu et mon droit." E. M. A.

**THE RELIGION OF THE EARLY PARISIANS**, as well as all other Gauls, was idolatry, and although they worshipped Jupiter, Minerva and Apollo, Mercury, whom they named Theutates, was, nevertheless, apparently considered as one of the greatest of their gods, as was also Mars, or Esus; and, in fact, there still remain at Montmartre some ruins of their temple, which is the reason that Fredegaire calls that mountain Mons Mercurie, and Abbon, Mons Martis, whence the word Montmartre is derived.—*Sæval*.

**BISHOP BURNETT.**—Bishop Burnett was extravagantly fond of tobacco and writing; to enjoy both at the same time, he perforated the broad brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed again.

## Diary and Chronology.

June 1.

ST. NICOMEDE.

*High Water, 46m. after 10 morn.*

St. Nicomede was a disciple of St. Peter, and during the horrible persecution of the Christians by the Emperor Domitian, he did all in his power to protect them, for which, and for causing the dead bodies of the martyrs to be solemnly interred, he was scourged to death. The precise time of his birth and of his martyrdom are not known.

June 21.

CAMPUS CHRISTI.

*High Water, 20m. after 12 morn.*

This festival is still held by Roman Catholics, and

formerly in England dramatic representations of stories from the Scriptures were often given. The term 'hocus pocus' had been derived by some from 'hoc est corpus christi!' the words pronounced by the priest when he elevates the host.

June 21.

LONGEST DAY.

The longest day at Greenwich, is sixteen hours, thirty four minutes and five seconds; the shortest day, seven hours, forty-four minutes and seventeen seconds, allowing nine minutes, sixteen seconds for refraction on the longest day, and nine minutes five seconds on the shortest.

# The Olto ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXIII.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, June 2, 1853.



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## Illustrated Article.

### OLD STORIES OF THE RHINE CASTLES.—No. 2.

#### THE VEIL AND THE DIADEM.

A STORY OF ALSACE

By Roger Calverley.

FOR THE OLTO.

No! thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,  
I am a king that find thee, and I know  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The forced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—  
Not all these (thrice gorgeous ceremony)—  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave!

SHAKESPEARE.

On the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty, Germany was for some time in the most deplorable state of anarchy. The whole country was distributed into independent sovereignties and factions, and, on every opportunity of aggression, such as the death of a prince or baron, the invasion of his territory

by another potentate, the internal disorganisation of his dominions, or (above all) the vacancy of the imperial throne, the Germanic Magnates were always ready to afford a practical illustration of Rob Roy's good old rule—

That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

It was near the close of the thirteenth century, that the Emperor Adolf of Nassau was engaged in a war with Philip the Fair of France; it having been long the policy of that crafty and cruel monarch to foment dissensions in the empire, with a view to his individual aggrandisement.

Adolf had entered Alsace, at the head of a division of his troops, for the purpose of attacking the Bishop of Strasbourg, who adhered to the French interests. It happened that he was severely wounded in a skirmish, near the village of Schwarzach, distinguished, even to the present day, by the magnificent edifice of its ancient Benedictine Abbey. Found by some of the sisterhood, on the field, he was carried insensible into the convent, where the compas-

sionate nuns left no means untried for his recovery. The manly beauty of his person, and the mild and melodious tones of his voice, when he became able to thank his kind leeches for their cares, quite won the hearts of the simple nuns. None of them, however, for a moment, imagined the illustrious rank of the handsome patient; and many a white hand, that now so skillfully removed and replaced the dressings from his wounded bosom, would have trembled at the thought that it was the Emperor it was seeking to heal;—many a gentle eye, that mingled pity for the ghastly wound with admiration of the white skin that it disfigured, would have been downcast in submissive awe;—many a hooded cheek, that lost its conventual paleness in the blush which the wounded monarch's ardent gratitude awakened, would have grown thrice pale, to have known that the Sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire—the Germanic Cæsar himself was receiving his life again from a lowly Benedictine sisterhood. Meanwhile, Adolf himself was in a very perplexing situation: his wound, though at first highly alarming, had yielded to the pharmacy of the amiable Benedictines;—but, among those Benedictines, there was one, who, from the moment the Emperor had begun to recover his senses, had gone far towards depriving him of them again, and who, while closing the gash in his anointed body, had effected a monstrous breach in his heart. Amidst the many fair faces that gleamed, like stars, successively, or in constellations, through the curtains of his sick couch, there was one the Diana of the rest. Such a majestic stature!—such an imperial gait,—eyes! whose lustre lightened along her clear olive cheek, like watchfires to the shipwrecked, and full coral lips that seemed loath to leave off kissing each other, even when the voice, a note of music, gushed through them, redolent of kindness and encouragement. Sister Imagine was of a noble family, whose chateau elevates its white towers over the wildly-forested mountains of the Vosges,—a great chain extending, nearly parallel to the course of the Rhine, from Bale to Spire. She had been a professed nun about two years; and though

Warm with youth she bade the world farewell.

She had never yet experienced the passion of love. Now, we would appeal to any man who happens to be about his Imperial Majesty's age and

our own—namely, thirty, who finds himself gradually emerging from the cavern of death, in which he had reason to suppose himself shut up for ever, and who, with reviving consciousness and strength, perceives that he is led thence by an escort of fair gentle girls, and, amongst them, a *stoléd queen*, as pre-eminent in her beauty, as she is distinguished by her unwearied watch over his recovery,—what could the Emperor do? What he *did* tradition hath ascertained:—he had been nearly a month confined to his monastic sick room, and, his wound rapidly healing, the return of health brought with it its usual concomitants; the lusty blood bounded merrily from the heart to the wrist; and, when the taper fingers of Imagine pressed that broad wrist, to ascertain the patient's pulse, it could not stop the tide from tingling to the very ends of a large white hand, that suddenly closed upon the little ivory palm, and as suddenly transported it to a pair of moustached lips, stopping thereby a murmured jargon of admiration and delight. Now, Sister Imagine was certainly rather astounded at this proceeding *par voie de fait*; but, it seemed such a very natural ebullition of gratitude, that she knew not how *exactly* to reprove, so she e'en said nothing; but, doubtless, the kindling of her large black eye, and the flushing of her majestic brow, answered the same purpose that the levin flash of artillery and the unfurled blazon of the banner does on an assaulted fortress, shewing that it is prepared to defend and repulse. When, however, a few days afterwards, those imperial moustaches, grown saucy with success, dared to invade the very lips that had breathed a vestal's vow, Imagine, though no prude, thought it high time to keep her distance;—she neither exclaimed nor scolded; but, giving him a glance that might have melted every jewel in the Cæsarean diadem, she quietly but statelily marched out of the room. Adolf was in despair; his own imperial soul recognised the glow of kindred majesty in that offended eye, and he felt as if he had insulted the sanctity of an archangel. Oh! how impatiently did he endure the presence of the other nuns, as they came in turn to take their watch in his chamber. How ardently did he expect the reappearance of Imagine, that he might express the lowliest contrition for his offence, and atone for it by the most delicate and respectful conduct. The hour had long past, and

three nuns had successively taken their place as his nurses, ere Adolf trusted his lips with the question, "why Sister Imagine came not?" It was the out-cast idolator seeking after the desecrated shrine of his deity! "Sister Imagine was indisposed!"

The reply brought the heart of Adolf to his throat; his lips became parched, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; if it had been to save his life he could not have uttered another word. His thoughts, however, forthwith commenced a stormy parley, the result of which was a determination to reveal at the first opportunity his actual rank to Imagine, which he fondly trusted would diminish the heinousness of the liberty he had taken, even if it did not tempt her to listen to his love. He was spared the trouble.

Three days had now passed without his seeing any thing of his idolized man. The young Emperor's disposition seemed utterly changed; he became absent, moody, and even stern to his kind Benedictine nurses. He could hardly bring himself to speak a civil word to them; in short, there was no bearing his ill-temper; and the sisterhood had already resolved on hinting to him the propriety of his changing his quarters with his mamma, when an unexpected incident anticipated their purpose, and filled the noble Abbey of Schwarzach with astonishment and dismay.

On the third night after Imagine's disappearance from his chamber, Adolf was tossing on his bed, a mental malady having succeeded to the bodily anguish which the Benedictines had so skilfully healed. It was about ten o'clock; the nightly watches in the Emperor's chamber had been discontinued, on the score of his amended health, and he was left with no other company, save the gorgeous dames and barons bold impictured on the tapestry hangings, and which glared in the lamp light till they produced a disgust, which would have little gratified the original embroiderer of that parti-coloured web. His eye, wakeful and weariful, was counting the innumerable little fanns which the embroiderer had crowded into the arras on every sharp spire and round turret of a pillared building full of doors and windows, which the worsted legend declared to be "DER EISENTHURM," or the Tower of Honour, when suddenly he heard his chamber door softly open, and (sight of rapture!) the well known majesty of Imagine's figure, carrying a lighted

cresset, but covered from head to foot with the black veil of her order, disclosed itself to the eyes of the delighted Emperor.

Adolf had not thrown off his clothes, but without thinking of repose, had flung himself on the settee, from which at this unexpected vision he sprang with rapture.

"Fair and noble lady!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on his knees before Imagine, "I am now a bankrupt indeed; since, how can my gratitude repay that vigilant kindness which has not suffered itself to be repulsed even by presumption and rudeness."

"Most dread Sire!" the nun began. Adolf started from his kneeling posture.

"You know me then?" he exclaimed, and as he spoke, a beautiful wolfhound, snowy white, and of prodigious size, bounded into the apartment, and leaping upon the Emperor, testified his delight by the most extravagant caresses; but still with that extraordinary exertion of instinct which one sees in those animals, his caresses were accompanied by low whimpers, as if he felt the necessity of repressing the bark of transport.

"Ha, Wolfric! hast thou discovered thy master? Nay, then, concealment were hopeless;—down, my poor knave, and on thy life be silent."

"My Liege, the most precious life in Germany depends upon his silence. The imperial eagle," continued the nun, pointing to the hounds silver collar, embossed with the cognizance of the German Cæsars, "has, a *second* time, found the recreant, and betrayed its liege Lord. The dog, thus decorated, has for two days been inseparable from the great abbey gate; he has been identified with your majesty, from these circumstances, by those whom (if his handmaiden may speak,) the imprudence of *Adolf* hath made hostile to the *Emperor*!"

"Ha! then those tiresome women, to whom I suppose I spoke not sufficiently in the strain of a wounded cavalier to tickle their saintly vanity——"

"Nay, Lord Emperor, scoff not at those but for whom thou mightest have perished."

"And nay, my Lady Nun, or rather my tutelary angel! chide not at him, whom thy charms made discourteous!"

"At least, Sire, you should have veiled your feelings."

"Lady, I was looking for the *violet*; what marvel that I chafed at seeing nothing but *primroses*!"

"Oh! break we off this idle talk; the moments are diamonds that we are wasting. My Liege, you are in the most imminent danger!"

"Danger hath done its worst," interrupted the impassioned Monarch. "I was defenceless when the danger came; imagine, my bosom was bleeding and bare, yet the danger spared me not! it glided into my veins, and it has stormed the citadel of my heart! But oh! Imagine, it wore no veil till its conquest was complete!"

"Oh hear me, gracious Sire! The Abbess hath dispatched missives to the Bishop of Strasburgh, apprising him of her suspicions that his deadly enemy is a wounded inmate of her Abbey."

"And the generous, the devoted Imagine, comes to tell her Adolf to fly like a felon to save his life—that life which was never dear till he saw *her*!" The young Monarch's cheek was flushed, his tones inexpressibly mournful and tender, and his majestic eyelight beamed with irresistible softness as he spoke.

"I come," hesitated Imagine, "I come, my Liege—I—I," and here she stopped, and Adolf felt her hand tremble violently in his. The Emperor saw his triumph and pursued it.

"Beautiful Lady! counsel me not to fly! it is in vain! let them take my life, let them usurp my crown! I will fight for them no longer,—unless," he added, in a low faltering tone, "unless my lovely Benedictine add a jewel to them worth fighting for."

Imagine remained silent a moment, and then faintly uttered, "Oh, Emperor! what have you said!"

"Imagine! what I will never recal! Do you *hate* me, Imagine?"

The Benedictine answered not.

"Imagine, you *love* me! and now that envious veil has for once been useful, in hiding those innocent blushes,—Imagine, *discard it for ever!*—start not, deliberate not! The Holy Father esteems me dear; he shall unbind thine unnatural vows. The Church shall resign its votary to Cæsar's nuptial bed; thou shalt be an Empress, Imagine, and yet, no where in all the realms of the Danube and the Rhine, so absolute as in Adolf's heart!"

A faint sob, accompanied by a gush of tears, was perceptible under the veil,—another moment, and that veil was thrown aside, and Imagine's cheek lay tearful and glowing on the breast of Adolf. The lovely Benedictine was the first to break the silent transport that ensued.

"We must delay no longer!—even while we linger, the Bishop's forces may be thundering at the Abbey gates. There is a postern rarely used, and almost hidden under the old linden trees at the bottom of the convent garden; it opens into the forest, where there is a footpath little known, leading down to the Rhine, whose banks we may reach in half an hour. Speed, speed, my Sovereign! and, in after days, when Imagine's tears flow for her fault, never make her repent that she robbed Heaven for you."

The lovers fled, and reached in safety the Germanic territory. A dispensation was, with some difficulty, procured from Pope Boniface the Eighth; and the imperial bridal was celebrated at the princely castle of Adolfsceck, built expressly for the bride, amidst the most beautiful and romantic scenery of the Rhine. Here the generous-hearted Adolf forgot for a space, in the arms of Imagine, the cares and the vicissitudes which had accompanied him through life. But alas! brief was the interval of repose; nor was it merely the cares of royalty and the concerns of vast empire that disturbed the imperial consorts in their bridal paradise.

Albert of Austria, surnamed 'The Triumphant,' had long ambitioned the German throne, and he was powerfully assisted in his designs by the Elector Archbishop of Mayence, a nobleman of the seigniorial house of Eppenstein, nearly related to Adolf of Nassau, but, at the same time, his mortal enemy. It was during that magnificent ceremonial, the coronation of Wenceslaus, at Prague, that a confederacy was formed for the deposition of Adolf, which was afterwards matured at Vienna. At length the Diet, summoned at Mayence (at which the Electors of Mayence, Saxony, and Brandenburg, and the Ambassadors of Bohemia and Cologne, were present), drew up a long list of grievances against the Emperor Adolf, among which his sacrilegious abduction of a nun from her convent, and her subsequent elevation to the imperial purple, formed a conspicuous charge. He was cited to answer these accusations before the august tribunal of the empire; but, secure in his resources, Adolf continued to indulge in his passion for his newly-crowned Empress, in the peaceful seclusion of Adolfsceck; and, peremptorily refusing to obey the mandate, was formally deposed, and Albert of Austria raised to the Imperial throne. Not even the charms of his

fascinating Empress, and the stately tranquillity of his Rhenish castle could render Adolf insensible to this astounding blow. He started like a war-horse from his ignoble repose, and set on foot the most prompt and vigorous measures for the defence of his crown. He had powerful auxiliaries in Rhodolph the Elector Palatine, the Duke of Lower Bavaria, and the Elector of Cologne, whom he had succeeded in detaching from the formidable confederacy against him; besides many princes and states of the empire. Thus supported, Adolf was not slow in marching to encounter his Austrian rival, at the head of a vast army; and Imagine, the faithful Imagine, after bidding him farewell, followed him in male attire. It was on the eve of the decisive engagement of Gelheim, that Adolf recognised the Empress in her disguise; and it required all his authority as well as persuasion, to induce her to resume the female habit, and to await in the cloisters of Rosenthal, near Worms, the event of the battle. In the great church of the monastery, on her knees, at the foot of the high altar, dissolved in tears, and pouring forth the most agonised orisons for the success and safety of her lord, the lovely Empress remained the whole day.

The sun had now poured his evening glories through the great painted windows of the church; the rainbows of the coloured lattices had ceased to stain the pavement with their magic tints; deeper and darker shadows every moment stole along the dusky aisles, veiled every standard and escutcheon, and hovered over each ancestral sepulchre; yet no tidings of the Emperor or of the fight! Complete darkness at length sank down upon the solemn pile; still the ardently breathed murmurs of Imagine's prayers might be heard interrupted only by occasional sobs of agony, that soon died amidst the dreary echoes of the church;—at last the tranquil moon poured her pallid illumination upon the gloom, and once more the monarchs, the confessors, the martyrs, and the monks, emblazoned upon the storied panes, gleamed (but like ghosts of themselves) with wan and livid lustre in their wide gothic arches.

At this moment the white wolfhound, which always followed the Emperor, and had not quitted him even in the fury of the combat, bounded into the choir. Imagine's heart throbbed tumultuously at his appearance.

"It is the herald of Adolf!" she ex-

claimed—"He comes triumphant!—Adolf! Adolf! tarry not! Thou art mocking thy Imagine!"

Here the huge animal approached her with a low whimpering howl, and going back two or three steps every now and then, seemed anxious to draw the attention of the Empress towards the door. But Imagine was lost in her ecstatic hopes.

"Hark!" she exclaimed, "'tis his shout of victory! Towered Abbey, why does thy belfry delay to shake its jangled thunder over the provinces in reply? Why do not the festal fires ruddy these high windows, instead of that pale, sickly, moonlight? Or rather, why doth the Empress tarry to welcome the triumph of her lord! Peace, Wolfric! I will not heed thee; he must, he shall be, he *is*, victorious! Austria is humbled!—the Anti-Cæsar is trampled into dust!"

A tread of many steps was now heard without the choir. Imagine hurried down the steps of the high altar, and Wolfric rushed towards the archway with loud and piteous bark. A mingled group of soldiers and monks entered the church; Imagine tottered up to them,—a red mass of torchlight formed a canopy over their sombre figures, disclosed the white and scarlet plumes of the Austrian uniform, and, in the midst of them, shed down a livid glow upon the blood-stained corpse of the Emperor!

The Anti-Cæsar had encountered him in the battle, and slain him with his own hand. This took place in the year 1298. Albert, The Triumphant, was elected Emperor of Germany; and, ten years afterward, met with a more deplorable end than his rival, being assassinated in the neighbourhood of Brugh by his nephew, John, Duke of Suabia, and four young barons,—Walter de Eschenbach, Rhodolf de Balm, Conrad de Tagersfeld, and Rhodolf de Wart, as he was setting out on his expedition against the revolted Swiss Cantons.

The miserable Empress refused all nourishment from the day of Adolf's death;—his dead body was interred in the Abbey of Rosenthal, and, on his tomb, was the beautiful Imagine found, extended lifeless and cold.

Traveller! when thou visitest the romantic castles rock-throned upon the Rhine, pause at the grey portal of Adolfseck,—think of its ill-starred lovers, and bless Heaven thou art not a king.

## DREAM OF LAVALETTE.

The Count, during his confinement, had a frightful dream, which he thus relates:—"One night while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honore, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me; all was still; nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived, at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry, the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the flames of which illumined faces without skin and bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their large sockets; their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans filled the air; and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued passing in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march I thought continued for five hours; and they were followed by an immense number of artillery-waggons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered; a disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length the iron gate of the prison, shutting with great force, awoke me again. I made my repeater strike; it was no more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than ten minutes—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe, and the watchword short. The next day, the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I nevertheless do not remember one single event in my life, the duration of which I have been able more exactly to calculate, of which the details are deeper engraven in my memory, and of which I preserve a more perfect consciousness."

## MODERN CONSTANTINOPLE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER.

THE changes effected both in the dress and manners of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and in the style of the city itself, since I last visited it in 1818, were to me most surprising and unexpected. Certainly the greatest portion of the imposing appearance of the Turks has been lost by the recent reform in their costume, which formerly was rich, elegant, and varied; but under their present Frank or European garb, they have become an ill-dressed, slovenly, nay, even in most cases, a ridiculously mean-looking race. The crimson stuffed cap (or *fez*), surmounted by a blue spreading tassel, descends low on the eyebrows, and how deeply must its wearers sigh after the proud and fanciful turbans. The younger and less respectable Turks, who have adopted the new costume, put on short round jackets with upright collars, buttoned to the chin, and, according to the season, wear very loose white calico or woollen cossack trousers. The older and more respectable classes make use of loose, long sturtout coats, with stiff straight collars; waistcoats, loose trousers, and tie black shoes complete their dress; and sometimes a dirty white neckcloth is tied uncomfortably about their throats. To conceal, however, this cruel abolition of a beautiful national dress, a military cloth cloak is worn by the *Effendis*, which conceals the horrors of their present habiliments. So altered are the gentry of the new costume, that I should say, their next step would be to turn Christians. The European dress was never intended for a Mohammedan or even an Asiatic. Tight shoes, long stockings, pantaloons, coats with no opening at the sleeves, must all be inconvenient, and may gradually diminish the strict observance of religious ceremonies and ablutions, which are likely to be neglected by their frequency, and when rendered more harassing by the embarrassments of dress, may soon be seldom performed.

It is astonishing the effect dress has on the habits of the human race: thus the Turks become more dignified and slothful than by nature they were intended to have been, because they could neither manage on foot the arrangement of their heaps of clothes, nor walk with comfort in their alippers. Since the tails of their coats have been clip-

ped, certainly they move about with more activity. The sword is much more rapid in the work of conversion than the tongue. The Sultan uses the former weapon without any remorse, and it must be confessed after all, that the Turks are a dastardly people, easily intimidated, submissive, and cringing. This has become particularly apparent since the destruction of the Janisaries. I can scarcely comprehend by what means the Turks could ever have been successful in their campaigns against the Europeans. As men, we are their superiors in height, figure, bodily strength, and ever did, I should say, possess more innate courage; still Vienna, by a mere chance, escaped becoming a Pashalic of the Porte.

Military costume is the fashionable dress of the day, whilst all copying from the Sultan, wear their beards of the same length as his, and pull their feskis or caps, equally low over their foreheads. The appearance of the troops, considering the disadvantages they labour under, is by no means so indifferent as might have been expected. Their head-dress, the round red cap, is most unbecoming, and their arms, clothes, and shoes are far from good. They have attained that style of discipline and military knowledge which it is easy by dint of exertion to instill into soldiers, but I doubt if the European officers employed as instructors are capable of advancing their pupils farther in the scale of improvement. Perhaps, indeed, the government thinks enough has been effected, and considers their army to be in a high state of perfection, without being able to perform any combined evolutions. The corps of infantry I have seen are composed of very young men, who almost might be called boys; they go through the drill of a company tolerably well, and have evidently acquired a military deportment. The uniforms of the regiments differ; some have round cloth jackets with no facings; others have the cuffs, collars, and facings of the breast red. The national colour for the army is blue. Some corps are dressed better than others, and finer cloth is given to those forming the guard of the palace. With the exception of a few of the senior officers, none have beards; they are in general good-looking, seem to pride themselves on their dress, and are clean. In former days the grandees of the court used to keep in their employ large retinues of young men, who frequently were not of very reputable

character; the Sultan ordered these swarms of idlers to be discharged, and being an intelligent, good-looking, and by no means a bigoted class, they served to officer the troops of the new regime. The distinction of rank throughout the army is made apparent by stars of different metals, size, and value, attached to the left breast. Corporals and serjeants have brass stars, lieutenants and captains gold enamelled ones; majors the same, of a larger size; whilst the colonels have diamond stars, with gold or silver chains affixed to them, which hang from the front point of the shoulder.

The troops are constantly assembled in the splendid barracks built by the Sultan, are regularly paid, and well fed. Asia chiefly supplies the recruits; the muskets seem in general to be old ones repaired, excepting those of the palace guards, which are new, with much gilding on the barrels and on the blades of the bayonets. Some of the regiments have bands,—that of the Sultan's is very numerous, and plays tolerable well; but their instruments are bad, sharp, and clamorous. The system of drill adopted is, I believe, French, and the officers employed are mostly of that nation. A. M. Gallend, attached to the *Sur Asker Pasha*, or commander-in-chief, organises the infantry, and M. Kelefo, a Sardinian, has charge of the cavalry. The latter is a favourite of the Sultan, and is said to be a person of talent and respectability. However, the situation of an European officer in the service of the Turks must be one of humiliation; formerly they were not allowed to wear swords—they were not respected, which may arise from their individual characters, and the pay they receive is very small. Indeed the system of the government always has been and ever will be illiberal; and it is astonishing how the Sultan ventures, at particular periods, to diminish the pay of his newly-raised troops, on whose fidelity and attachment his safety seems entirely to depend. When first the new system was established, the pay of each private was, I believe, forty piastres (ten shillings) a month, and has been reduced by degrees to less than thirty, which is a small pittance considering the habits of a Turk, who must smoke, sip coffee, and be comfortable. Twopence a day, about the amount of their present pay, will scarcely provide these luxuries, and these straitened means have occasioned universal discontent throughout the army. Several



plots have already been discovered amongst the officers to create a revolution in the government; and, after a certain time, when more union is established amongst the different branches of the army, it may become as ungovernable a body as the corps of Janissaries. In most countries the soldiery are the gayest and best dressed portion of the community, but in Turkey the case is quite different. The officers, as I before remarked, are often fine young men, and whilst passing their guard-houses, I have been surprised at their ardour in learning their duty; the drill-book in manuscript was then produced, the battalion of sticks was speedily arranged, and columns were formed, and deployments made, in quick succession. On observing my comments, they have laughingly said, "Is that well done, captain?" The Turks, take them in the right way, are, I believe, a good-natured people, and I never saw a better behaved body of men than the new troops; they are always ready to give every assistance to foreigners when required.

The city of Constantinople is much improved by being kept very clean, by the erection of new bazaars, by the embellishment of the old ones, and by the guardianship of a very vigilant police. The streets are now free from all rubbish and offensive objects; no notice is taken of foreigners; and even European females, without the slightest change of costume, may walk through every part of the city unmolested, and almost unobserved.

Last Friday, we went to see the Sultan, on his weekly visit to a mosque, to hear divine service. It was on the Pera side of the Bosphorus, near the Doolmah Baghcheh; consequently, less style and ceremony were observed than is usual on such occasions within the city of Constantinople. About 500 infantry, with a powerful band, were drawn out in one line from the entrance of the place of worship, to receive him. They must have been part of a select corps (probably the Boostenchées), since the men were very well dressed, and remarkably good-looking, stout, and tall. They handled their arms well, and were steady.

We were placed under the veranda of a coffee-house, close to which the Sultan passed. His Majesty was preceded by six led horses, saddled and bridled in the European manner, with richly-embroidered shabracks; then came double files of mounted pages,

dressed in various coloured jackets and white trousers, officers of the household, aides-de-camp, and other military attendants, and lastly, the favourite Meer Allace, or General of the Guards, Hoo-sain Pasha. To these succeeded the Sultan, immediately followed by a personal guard of infantry, composed of remarkably fine handsome young men. He wore the scarlet military cap, embroidered round the sides, and surmounted by a rich gold tassel, the long bullion of which hung like a fringe over its crown. A cloak of sky-blue cloth, with straight embroidered collar, almost concealed his under-dress, a light-coloured cloth jacket, buttoned tight up to the chin, his gold-laced white kerseymere trousers, and boots with spurs. On his left breast shone a most beautiful diamond star. His sabre and belt were European, as also his saddle and bridle. For a moment I could scarcely place faith in my sight, so changed was this haughty monarch "of the sea and earth," from what I had seen him some years back, moying in the full awfulness of Asiatic majesty, to celebrate a festival at one of the mosques at Constantinople. The waving plumes of a multitude of shattars, or running footmen, then screened him from the gaze of his subjects; he was borne on by his horse, at a movement almost motionless; his eyes were fixed, countenance pale, gloomy, and most melancholy; and now I beheld this same powerful Sovereign, decked out in a flippant uniform, very similar to that of a light cavalry officer, with florid complexion, active inquisitive gaze, and beard clipped almost to his chin. I must say, Sultan Mahmood seemed to enjoy his emancipation from all the thraldoms of pomp and ceremony. In about half an hour the Sultan returned, and every part of the procession was managed without the slightest noise or confusion. We had time to examine the led horses, which were small pampered animals of some blood, but of little value.

If the Turks look mean, diminutive, and ill-made in their new costume, they certainly appear to still greater disadvantage when they ride on European hussar saddles. They can neither manage their horses, nor place their bodies or limbs in any good position, but go rolling along in the style of English sailors. The Sultan, however, certainly rides with grace and ease.

Though, I imagine, he must have moments of great uneasiness regarding his

personal safety, he does not hesitate to move amongst the crowded streets, or apparently shun occasions when attempts might be made on his life. Great precautions are, I believe, taken against sudden tumults, and since the massacre of the Janisaries, the Sultan has seldom lodged within the walls of the old seraglio. He frequently changes his abode from one palace to another on the Bosphorus, and is building an entire new residence of immense extent on the Asiatic shores, about four miles above Scutari.

Persons who, by a long sojourn in Constantinople, have acquired a considerable and more than superficial knowledge of Turkish affairs, assert that the late changes and ameliorations, instead of retarding, will accelerate the downfall of the Ottoman Government. They say that, by destroying the Janisaries, by establishing a regular army, and by approximating the costume of his subjects to that of Europeans, the Sultan has principally had in view the acquirement of power without restraint, and a greater licence to indulge in excesses of every description; that the finances do not improve; that a system of debasing the currency is practised, by collecting the coinage of a few anterior years, remelting, and issuing it again in diminished value; that commerce is impeded by additional duties, and new monopolies of the staple commodities of the country are daily granted to his favourites and ministers; that the spirit of the people has been broken, and both national and religious feelings humbugged and outraged, which tend to make the inhabitants of Constantinople indifferent to the faith professed by their ruler; and that, consequently, on the approach of an European invader, they will alone be spectators of the contest, and not, as in former days, rise in arms to defend their monarch and their religion. Time alone can prove the correctness of these assertions.

It is an arduous undertaking for a monarch even endowed with great wisdom and resolution, to reform a nation, particularly a nation professing the Mahomedan faith; yet, I should say, that much has apparently been effected in Constantinople; and, judging superficially, one would deem it the capital of a prosperous and vigorous government. The public buildings are undergoing general repair, old edifices are removing to be erected anew, and every where there is a certain stir denoting activity. Yet these signs of improve-

ment are only observable in Constantinople, whilst the provinces are oppressed, misruled, and absolutely defenceless. If the system pursued by the Sultan does not produce the results anticipated by many, even to the regeneration of his people, certainly the body of the nation has been relieved from the insolence and lawless habits of the Janisaries, and those predatory bands of horsemen, the Dehlees and Hytees, like the former mercenary bands of Italy and France, no longer pillage and desolate the country. Criminals, having lost the protection of that most powerful military order, the Janisaries, are now with facility seized and punished; and for years the Turkish empire has not been so tranquil or so secure for foreigners, travellers, or merchants, as at the present period.

*Unit. Ser. Jour.*

### COMBATIVENESS.

*For the Olio.*

THE quality for which the inhabitants of the "sister kingdom" have been so celebrated, exists among men, brutes, and insects in this island in an eminent degree. Will any man, after visiting a wake, fair, "mop," or foot-ball match, say that the English people are not quite as fond of knocking each other's heads about as Irishmen? Remain in a country town in England a day after the fair, and you will find plenty of strapping fellows with battered heads, excoriated tibias, and blackened eyes in profusion, and all for love, not a blow being given or taken in malice. There is a game played by boys in Gloucestershire, which reminds one of the Spartan youth. Each grasps his antagonist by the left hand, whilst with their right they lash each other's legs with whips resembling those used by postillions. He who cries "hold, enough!" is of course, the vanquished, but they will suffer dreadfully before they flinch. I was once persuaded to have a bout at this exercise, but I confess it had no charms for me, and I lost all relish for it in that one trial. There is another game called "kick legs;" not Devonshire wrestling, but merely kicking until one has had sufficient to induce him to cry "hold." I say nothing of cudgel-playing, or backword; as it is called (and this is the proper name) in some counties, every body must have heard of that. As to beasts, it is well known that kids are butting at each other as soon as they are born.

Count a litter of young pigs but a few weeks old, and you will find most of them with their ears torn. Puppies tear each other as soon as they are whelped. Chickens peck one another until their heads look like bladders of blue paint; and, by the frequent noises behind the wainscoting, it is evident that the mice frequently have a "turn-up."

You may sometimes see at a country fair, a man bullied all day, until at length he makes up his mind to fight; and then let the one who has bullied him look to it. Don't suppose that he who is backward to fight is a coward; it is no such thing; he loves it, but he is a philosopher who considers self-denial a virtue. \*\*\*

### HUMBUG—THE EXETER HALL MEETINGS.

*For the Olio.*

THAT this is a world of humbug every body knows, but there are degrees and kinds of humbug. There is the inoffensive humbug, which nobody believes, and by which nobody is injured—there is the ordinary every-day humbug, developed most extensively in the columns of our "best possible instructors;" this comprises a series of deceptions, which custom and the love of party-scandal have rendered endurable. There are also many intermediate tints of humbug, but of all the humbug which has hitherto bewildered the imaginations and distorted the faculties of a credulous nation, none has yet equalled the humbug of the "May Meetings."

During what was considered the golden age of humbug, when the bubble companies were lords of the ascendant, men certainly embarked their capital in speculations which would disgrace the combined imaginations of Bedlam; but then they had the good of the nation and the improvement of their pockets in view, although they accomplished neither; but the getters-up, the advocates, and general supporters of the May-Meetings humbug have no definite object at all, that I can perceive. There is also another advantage which this humbug possesses over all former ones, that whereas they had their run for the moment, and then fumed away, this appears to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength; the more deplorably miserable this nation becomes, the more do the friends of this

humbug rack their brains for fresh means whereon to squander their already ill-spent wealth.

Freemason's Hall, the Crown and Anchor, all the multiplicity of London taverns, churches, chapels, and other places with overgrown rooms in this great metropolis, were insufficient for the magnitude of this humbug; yea, there was yet wanting some place pre-eminently qualified for the attraction of great multitudes, and the delusion of ignorant and weak minds. To the erection of this desideratum, a knot of the humbug-mongers bent their all-powerful energies, and the town for a time rang with the wonder which was to be accomplished. Poor Inigo Jones's ghost was expected to be seen gazing in utter dismay, at this extinguisher of all his finest conceptions. St. Paul's was to fall and bide the diminished head of Sir Christopher Wren. In fact, no marvel if St. Martin's Church should dislocate itself from such hated contiguity to a building intended to cast into the shade the labours of our quondam architects.

In due course of time the mountain laboured; the miserable beasts, so long the inhabitants of Exeter Change, were doomed to make way for a different species; the land groaned with an unnatural weight of bricks and mortar, dust reigned predominant, and every thing proclaimed the mighty work progressing; expectation was on tiptoe, and at length a long narrow gap in a wall, enclosing two pillars, supporting nothing, proclaimed itself the strait-gate to what, on inspection, proved to be so miserable an abortion, that the mind, over-excited, could not find a redeeming feature whereon to rest its disappointment. Still, as there are always to be found shoals of persons whose deficiency of taste prompts them to support any expressed opinion, through good and bad report, so there were those not wanting, who pronounced it to be the very perfection of architecture.

The very first enactment of humbug, however, which was perpetrated in this place, proved it to be worthy of its great intent, useless, of the earth, earthy. The people could neither hear nor abstain from hearing; having once got in, a hole through the floor would have been the easiest mode of egress. The room was altogether so ill-contrived for both speaking and hearing, and so dreadfully cramped were the audience, not from mere pres-

sure, but the bad construction of the seats, that to sit out the business was almost intolerable. "And sic transivit gloria aulæ."

Here, for the present, we must give this humbug a respite; in our next proceed we to descant a little on the motives, &c. of its promoters. A. M.

### LACONICS.

FOR THE OLIO.

"A sound mind in a sound body" is the greatest blessing this life can furnish us with—yet so it is, that there are persons who are anxious to be thought deficient in both! How many women we meet with, who would persuade us that the state of their health is execrable; and as for mental vigour, the first symptoms of madness frequently show themselves in the wish to be considered so.

ECCENTRICITY is harmless, but it never can be commendable;—it is one of the children of that prolific failing—vanity.—And whether it shows itself in singular manners or peculiarities of dress, it is clearly acted upon from this presumptuous supposition, that the many are in the wrong, the individual in the right.

THERE is as much comeliness in the lower as in the upper walks of society,—but it is of necessity neglected and suffered to run to waste. The effect of labour is not to improve personal attractions, and a want of time and attention preclude the setting them off to any advantage;—to say nothing of those artificial aids of the rich, by the very sale and manufacture of which thousands obtain their livelihood.

BEAUTY goes a considerable way towards the composition of what is called gentility (I allude merely to gentility of appearance, not to real elegance in manners.) Many who are not at all personable, are indeed at the same time genteel; but the truth of this in particular cases does not at all nullify the assertion in the general.

To talk profanely is to insult the company; it is taking for granted, that they have weakness enough to sanction it, and worthlessness enough to relish it.

EVERY thing that happens to us is temptation; every thing that we do begets it. Good fortune tempts us by flattering our pride—Adversity by irritating it. Perhaps, of the two, the lat-

ter is the more beneficial,—as the surgeon's knife, the deeper it wounds, the more salutary may be the effect.

THE very best safeguard for reputation is etiquette: it acts as a moral check upon the inclinations, and is a preventive against scandal, inasmuch as it provides that there shall be no room for it; for how few are there that can brave public opinion even for the gratification of self. Modesty seems innate in some, but in the multitude it is either pretended or artificial—for when did we hear of it in a state of nature?

F.

### GERMANY.

A tout cœur bien se la patrie est chère.

It is not in their martial character alone, it is not merely as the conquerors of imperial Rome, as the founders of modern European institutions, that the early Germans excite our interest. Their simple institutions, which so captivated the imagination of the historian Tacitus, by their contrast with the vices and corruptions of his own country, are the true sources of all those systems of polity that have since prevailed. From these are equally derived the feudal system of the middle ages, and the free constitution of England; her parliament and her trial by Jury. Again, to the pure chastity of their manners, and the chivalric devotion to the female sex, may be justly ascribed much of that rank now held by women in the scale of society, and of its superiority even in the lowest state over the boasted civilization of the ancients. How that spirit of high-flown gallantry and delicate respect for the softer sex should have sprung up amid the rude barbarians of the North, while it was totally unknown to the more polite and refined Greeks and Romans—that gallantry which, with its many fantastic and some dangerous maxims, has produced others of the highest benefit to society, is one of those mysteries in the varying history of the human race that eludes the grasp of philosophic research. I stood musing thus, beside the tomb that marks the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell, on the far-famed field of *Lutzen*—of *Lützen*, the grave of thousands, sacrificed at the shrine of religious fanaticism. How burning is Schiller's description of this murderous conflict! Both sides fought with a deadly animosity unknown in modern warfare. The traveller stands with the historian on the battle field—

hears the solemn hymn of the Swedes on the eve of the action; sees the gallant Gustavus fall mortally wounded amid the Croatian horse; witnesses the fierce onslaught of the Swedish cavalry to recover his body; and, lastly, beholds Wallenstein riding amid the deadly shower, as if he bore a charmed life. Darkness put an end to the combat, and the trumpets from either camp sounded the notes of victory. Here on this same field, did the star of Napoleon for the last time burst forth with that vivid brightness that marked its dawn on the field of Marengo. It was leaning on the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus that Napoleon marked the retreat of the allied columns.

There is something gloomy and stately in the Gothic aspect of Leipsig, that leads back the mind to the days of more picturesque manners. But this city possesses another claim to our interest, it is the great printing press of Germany, the mart of thought.

In the public garden near the Platsenburgh gate, there is a cenotaph erected to the memory of the ill-fated but gallant Poniatowski. When we behold the Elster (as it has been a thousand times before observed,) the mind wonders that an insignificant rivulet, which an English hunter would clear at a leap, should have proved the grave of the gallant Pole; but so it did—here sunk steed, rider, and hundreds of the flying French. The Marquis of Londonderry, in his narrative, mentions, that the Prince was so loaded with gold that he sunk almost immediately. If this were true, the romantic halo that enshrouds the manner of his death will lose much of its interest. There is a very curious anecdote current in Germany, relative to this Prince. A few years previous to his death, he was on a visit to a relation of his in Moravia, and while sauntering in the park of the château with a parcel of ladies, they were suddenly accosted by a gypsy, who offered to predict the fate of every one present. Poniatowski held out his hand to the sybil, who took it, and examining it with a scrutinizing glance, she said in a hollow tone of voice, "Prince, an Elster will be thy death." Now Elster in German means a magpie. The prediction therefore elicited a burst of merriment from the whole party, who little dreamt at the time how truly this gypsy prophecy would be one day realized.

The country between Leipsig and Dresden possesses but little interest; but Dresden is a most interesting city.

There are no splendid edifices; but the ensemble of the Saxon capital, with its noble bridge, is so beautiful, and the situation so calm, so still, that I left it with regret. But the Curzeit was far advanced, and I was anxious to visit Toplitz during the bathing season. Dresden is the Athens of Germany, and its inhabitants have long been celebrated for their polished manners and refined and classical taste. Our road towards the Bohemian frontier lay through the theatre of the great military operations of 1813. We passed the celebrated defile of Holendorf, where three thousand Prussians gallantly held Vandamme's whole corps d'armee in check, till the Allied forces formed in the rear. When all was lost, the French cavalry rushed like a torrent down the deep descent, and made a gallant attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day,—but all in vain,—the hour of defeat had sounded, and—here sunk the star of Napoleon; for Maria Culm prepared the disasters of Leipsig, the grave of his fortune. The road descends into the valley, surrounded on three sides by precipitous mountains. Our position had been in the action; he pointed to the eminence defended by the Russian guards. Here the conflict raged the fiercest, and here fought the young guards of Napoleon, confident of success, till the arrival of the Austrians decided the affair, and lost to France an army of 40,000 men!

If any place in Germany can make us forget Baden, it is Toplitz; the environs are romantic and beautiful, studded with castles and manors of the Bohemian nobility; the town is extremely elegant, the houses well built, and commodious. The palace of the Prince Clary, the proprietor of the baths, is an imposing edifice, and the grounds are laid out with considerable taste; in short, every thing at Toplitz is on a scale far superior to that of any other German watering place. The place was crowded at the period of our arrival. The "caste" of the company was aristocratic "on'y peut plus." Dinner was served daily, at five o'clock, in a magnificent saloon, to which sat down between two to three hundred guests. The coup d'œil was magnificent, varied, and full of pleasing contrasts. In juxtaposition with a Russian diplomatist sat a fiery Pole, fiercely scowling at his hated oppressor; suddenly his fierce expression gives place to one of softness, as he listens to the silvery voice of one of his countrywomen. At another part of the table

may be observed a party of martial-looking Hungarians, toasting their constitution in defiance of Metternich and his spies, or the well-padded breasts of a coterie of Prussian officers—perhaps discussing the relative merits of Jomini and their favourite Bulow, or illustrating with their knives and forks some evolution of tactics. The Prussians are the military pedants of Germany; their very phraseology is tactical, while their demeanour is vain, conceited, and arrogant to a degree, forming a peculiar contrast with the quiet gravity of manner, and gentlemanly deportment of the Austrian officers. The military of these two nations cordially hate each other, and their rivalry is often the source of serious brawls. Nothing can convey a stronger idea of the intensity of this feeling than the question of a Prussian Colonel to the Marechal Suchet, on the field of Jena, as a column of Prussian prisoners defiled before him;—"Did we fight to-day as well as the Austrians at Austerlitz?" To have been surpassed in military prowess by the detested Austrians, would have mortified more the vanity of this "Sabreur" than than the loss of his country's independence.

Both the wines and the viands were of the most costly descriptions; the various tongues of the company—the gorgeous uniforms of the chasseurs of the Russian noblesse—the rich deep melody of the Bohemian band; but above all the blaze of female loveliness that graced the hall, presented an ensemble of high bred fascination and attraction which we would look for in vain at any of the watering places in our own island. After dinner the company lounged in the park, or drove to some of the beautiful villages in the environs. A ball or a concert, (the ladies *en demi toilette*) with the more exciting pleasures of *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, were the amusements of the evening. There were several Polish ladies at the baths, of surprising loveliness. The Polish woman of rank combines all the feminine softness and delicacy of mind of the high-bred English female, with that fascinating polish of exterior and amiable vivacity that so distinguishes the dames of France; in fact, their personal charms are "*au negreen*" with the gallantry of their countrymen. Alas! poor Poland! Many of those gallant spirits who, in the summer of 1829, by their elaborate cultivation of mind and manner, shed such charms over the society of Toplitz, have

perished in the late glorious struggle, while others are dragging their exiled steps towards the dreary wilds of Siberia. To use the language of the ruthless autocrat, "Poland has ceased to exist;" but the memory of her sublime efforts to recover her wonted independence, will descend in the brightest hues to future generations, when the name of the barbarian ruler shall only be acknowledged in the page of history as their destroyer!

While lounging in the park on the third evening of our arrival at the baths, my attention was arrested by a coterie of ladies and gentlemen in the adjoining walk. Their calm dignity of deportment, and their distinguished air, announced them as belonging to the highest walks of society.

On one of the party my eye rested with a kind of fascination; the ensemble of his exterior was strikingly graceful, a high broad forehead, a Grecian nose, clear blue eyes that bespoke frankness and sincerity; a beautiful mouth, round which played a heavenly smile; a slender figure, graceful in all its movements, and eminently calculated to impress the spectator favourably; such was the man that arrested my gaze; a man universally execrated from Archangel to the Mediterranean, from the Bosphorus to the Channel, Freedom's most determined foe, the arch-diplomatist, I had almost said, the enemy, of Europe—the Austrian Prince Metternich!—

"Quil cuncta ferit dom cuncta timet."—  
Men. Mag.

## SATIRICAL MEDALS.

FOR THE OLIO.

THE earliest satirical medal is supposed to be that which was struck by Frederick, King of Sicily, in the year 1501, against his rival, Ferdinand, the Spanish King. It has on the obverse the head of Ferdinand, and bears the reverse of a wolf carrying off a sheep, with the legend "*jugum meum exors est et onus meum leve*." Another, struck on the wars of Charles V. and Francis I., has an eagle with the imperial crown, tearing a cock crowned with a royal diadem. The reverse bears the figure of a fox in a monk's habit, regarding a cock, and has the legend "*faciliter credere pessima vulpes*," alluding to the intrigues of the Pope, at whose instigation Francis invaded Naples.

Hennet quotes a medal struck in ridicule of Charles III. of Spain, who was assisted by the English, with the legend "*Gratia hereticorum rex catholicus.*" The satiric medals of the Dutch have procured them many enemies. Charles II. of England, in a manifesto published in 1672, complains of their abusive medals. A. M.

### The Naturalist.

**PROTRACTED VITALITY OF SEEDS.**—This was shewn in trenching for a plantation in a part of Bexley Park, which had probably been undisturbed by the spade or plough since, and perhaps long before, the reign of Charles I.—The ground was turned up in the winter, and in the following summer it was covered with a profusion of the tree mignonette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, plants which are no where found in a wild state in the neighbourhood; and in a plantation recently made in Richmond Park, a great quantity of the fox-glove came up after some deep trenching. I observed a few years ago the same occurrence in a plantation in Devonshire, the surface of which was covered with the dark blue columbine, a flower produced in our gardens by cultivation, and, I believe, not known in this country in its wild state. A field also, which had previously little or no Dutch clover upon it, was covered with it after it had been much trampled upon, and fed down by horses; and it is stated from good authority, that if a pine-forest in America were to be cut down, and the ground cultivated, and afterwards allowed to return to a state of nature, it would produce plants quite different from those by which it had been previously occupied. So completely indeed is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface, from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. I have always considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depths, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action. In boring for water lately at a spot near Kingston-upon-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; this

earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it; yet in a short time, plants vegetated from it. If quick lime be put upon land, which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its place. A curious fact was communicated to me, respecting some land which surrounds an old castle, formerly belonging to the Regent Murray, near Moffat. On removing the peat, which is about six or eight inches in thickness, a stratum of soil appears, which is supposed to have been a cultivated garden in the time of the Regent, and from which a variety of flowers and plants spring, some of them little known even at this time in Scotland. JESSE.

**EAGLES**, properly so called, are characterised by a head covered with plumage and flattened above; eyes large, lateral, and deep seated; a bill of great strength, arched, and hooked at its extremity alone, and furnished at its base with a naked membrane, called the "cere," in which the openings of the nostrils are situated; the wings broad and powerful; the tarsus, or that joint of the leg which is immediately above the toes, strong, short, and covered with feathers down to the very base; the toes, thick and naked, three of them pointing forwards, and the fourth constantly directed backwards; and the talons of great power and strongly curved. The golden eagle is frequently three feet and a half in length, from the extremity of the beak to that of the tail. His general colour is blackish brown, both above and below, assuming on the legs a greyish; or sometimes a reddish; tint. His beak is bluish black, covered at the base by a yellow cere; and his toes, which are also yellow, terminate in strong black talons, the posterior one of which frequently attains an enormous length. He is met with throughout the Old Continent, and more especially within the limits of the temperate zone, building his airy, which the shores with a single female, in the clefts of the loftiest rock, or among the topmost branches of the Alpine forest. From this retreat he towers aloft in search of his prey, which he pursues by sight alone, subsisting principally on other birds, and on the smaller quadrupeds, which he carries off in his powerful clutch. When his hunger is extreme, he sometimes pounces upon the larger

animals; but in such circumstances he is compelled to content himself with sucking their blood upon the spot, and with stripping off portions of their flesh, on which to satiate his appetite at home. Instances have been known of his attaining in captivity to an age of more than a hundred years.

### Table Talk.

**ECONOMY.**—Mrs. Hannah Moore says, "a sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realised; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing consequences, and guarding against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them."

**DRAM DRINKING.**—At an incipient temperance society meeting lately held at Owestry, it was said that in England as much gin was drunk in 1829, as would form a river five miles long, sixty feet wide, and three feet deep; that 3,000 glasses of gin have been swallowed before breakfast at Lambeth; and that in Owestry, it has been ascertained that 13,000 gallons of spirits have been sold in that town in one year. Will any man wonder after this, at the increase of crime in the country?

**PLEASANT INFORMATION.**—"Did you not tell me this morass was hard at the bottom?" said a young horseman to a countryman, when his horse had sunk up to the saddle girth. "Ees I did, but you are not half way to the bottom yet," said the fellow.

**HUNGARY HILL.**—More than a century since some Hungarians visited the parish of Stourbridge, and finding the clay from which the celebrated fire-bricks are made, as well as an abundance of coal, they erected the first glass-house in that town, at a place now called, in commemoration of the event, "Hungary Hill."

**SINGULAR ANCESTRAL MEMORIALS.**—Becher has shown the possibility of forming a gallery of family effigies, moulded from phosphoric glass, the produce of the identical bones of the originals, in which the likenesses might be preserved as truly as they now are by the limner. M. Chaptal adds, that a skeleton of nineteen pounds weight may be made to yield five pounds of this phosphoric glass.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

**SIMPLICITY.**—At a meeting of the Commissioners of the Watch, &c., at Bristol, one of the extra watchmen was brought before them on a charge of having been asleep on duty. One of the commissioners, on being told this was the second offence, exclaimed, "So, sir, I understand you are a *lethargic*!" The man, after a pause, replied with some warmth, "No, sir, I am not, I am a *protestant*."

**A WISE FOOL.**—Henry the Eighth's jester, finding his Royal Master one day transported with unusual joy, asked him the cause of his hilarity; to which the King replied, that the Pope had honoured him with a style more exalted than any of his ancestors—the title of "Defender of the Faith!" to which the fool replied, "O God, Harry, let thou and I defend one another, and let the faith alone to defend itself."

*Baine's History of Lancashire.*

**WHEN** John Talbot, newly converted to the Protestant faith, was proposed by Queen Elizabeth to the then Archbishop of Canterbury for a vacant see, his Grace, in horror of a man who had Papist blood still hot in his veins, exclaimed, "Talbot a bishop! an it please your Highness, he is not even a Christian." "An though he be not," replied the Queen merrily, "he will do well enough for a Irish Bushopp." Something more than a century afterwards, when Queen Anne talked of making Swift a bishop, "I hope your Majesty will first make him a Christian," delivered by the then Primate, is said to have stopped his promotion.

**FOSSIL FOREST.**—In a recent number of the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal of the Sciences," there is a notice of an interesting discovery, which has been made by a pedestrian tourist (Dr. Wetherall, if we mistake not), namely, that of a fossil underground forest, above forty feet in thickness, and extending for several miles along the banks of the Tiber, close to Rome. The petrific matter is a calcinifer, and from the layers of ligneous debris being freely intermixed with volcanic dust, the discoverer of this interesting circumstance thinks there can be little doubt but that this colossal phenomenon was occasioned by an earthquake, of which the memory is lost; probably, long prior to the foundation of Rome. It is singular that so curious a fact in volcanic geology should have escaped observation for so many ages.



**FEELINGS IN BATTAL.**—During the approach of a cannon-ball, I have observed a general seriousness of countenance, with great silence; in its passing over the vessel, a smile; on its falling short, a laugh. People not employed with something to engage the mind in battle, are very tryingly situated. They have time to fashion their fears in a thousand shapes. Some of them keep together, and talk in a low voice about indifferent matters, and on subjects rather insipid, than either serious or laughable. Others keep alone, and seem indifferent about what may happen. One is ashamed to appear frightened; at the same time he is willing to get, as it were by accident, to the leeward of a mast or capstan, if the firing be to windward. In such situations are found the boys belonging to the vessel, if they can contrive any thing to do there. They seem to be in a great bustle about some little business or other, but they are, in fact, proving to the sympathizing, and, consequently, discerning passenger, that self-preservation is the first law of nature. Others, from sentiment or habit, seem to have this first sensation almost extinguished in them.

*Walker's Life*

**WORMS.**—"Lands," says the author of the *Natural History of Selborne*, "that are subject to frequent inundations, are always poor; and, probably, the reason may be because the worms are drowned. The most insignificant insects and reptiles are of much more consequence and have much more influence in the economy of nature, than the inaccurate are aware of; and are mighty in their effect from their minuteness, which renders them less an object of attention; and from their numbers and fecundity. Earthworms, though in appearance a small and despicable link

in the chain of nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For to say nothing of half the birds, and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but slowly without them, by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves into it; and, most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass." Farmers and horticulturists have a great horror of worms, the first, thinking that they devour the green corn, and the latter because of the unsightly heap which worms make in the garden walks. But, whatever mischief they may do, it is pretty certain that the good which they perform, sufficiently compensates for the evil. So it is with birds; they may destroy a few buds on your fruit trees, but they devour millions of insects. The grubs of the gnat and beetle tribes are extremely injurious to young plants, but the injury which worms do to them is trifling, the benefit very considerable. Worms are most active in the spring months, but are out on the grass in mild winter nights. Their fecundity is very great. They cast most in mild weather, in the months of March and April. On rainy nights they travel about in search of food. When they lie out in the evenings they do not entirely quit their holes, but keep the extremity of their tails just within them, so that, when anything approaches, they suddenly retire into the ground; yet, notwithstanding this precaution, they often fall a prey to the larger sized birds.

F. M. A.

## Diary and Chronology.

Sunday, June 24.

*High Water 21 m. after 1 morn.*

**NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.**

In old times the festival of St. John was held on the 29th of August, but our church service celebrates his death and his birth on the 24th of June, by appropriate passages from the Scriptures. St. John in his childhood escaped the persecution of Herod, and lived a solitary life in the desert, whence he was summoned by the divine command A. D. 33, in the eighteenth year of the reign of Tiberius. The manner of his death is emphatically told in Matthew, xiv. 6-11.

Tuesday, June 26.

*High Water, 21 m. after 2 morn.*

*Accession of King William the Fourth.*

Thursday, June 28.

*Proclamation of King William the Fourth.*

Friday, June 29.

*St. Peter the Apostle.*

Saint Peter was born at Bethsaida in Galilee, and named at his circumcision Simon or Symeon. He toiled as a fisherman at his native place, until called to the apostleship. Our saint suffered in the dreadful persecution of the Christians under Nero, when he was crucified with his head downwards, alleging that he was unworthy to die in the same posture as that in which his great master had suffered.



See page 375.

## Illustrated Article.

### OLD STORIES OF THE RHINE CASTLES.

By Roger Calverley.

FOR THE OLIO.

#### NOTH GOTTES.

A STORY OF THE RHEINGAN.

*Thackeray.* 'Tis now no time  
For me to think of hymeneal joys.  
Can he, (and pray you, sir, consider it!)  
That gave me life and faculties to love,  
Be, as he's now, ready to be devour'd  
By ravenous wolves, and, at that instant, I  
But entertain a thought of those delights  
In which, perhaps, my ardour meets with yours?  
Duty and piety forbid it, sir!

*Beauf., jaco.* But this effected, and your father free,  
What is your answer?

MASSINGER's *Unnatural Combat*.

AFTER having descended from the forest of Niederwald, you reach Rudesheim. In approaching it by water, you enjoy one of the most lovely views in the whole range of the Rhine. This pretty town extends its buildings all along the river bank, and at the fur-

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thest end, the vanes, pinnacles, and turrets of the ancient family castle of the knightly Brömsers add the most picturesque ornament to the landscape. The Rochsburg displays itself on the left; in front is the town of Bingen, immediately opposite to which, on its craggy but vine-covered cliff, appear the remains of the castle of Ehrenfels,—while the dismal ruins of the Mausethurm, or *Tower of Rats*, are seen sullenly mouldering on its traditionary isle. It is on the mountain behind Rudesheim that the vineyards are situated which produce the choice wine to which it gives a name.

The old castle of Rudesheim is of a square form, and its interior has been restored in admirable taste by the present possessor. It is said to have stood at the head of a bridge which connected it with the Drusithor of the Roman fort at Bingen, on the other side of the river. Conrad Brömser, who flourished somewhere about the end of the tenth century, married an heiress of the house of Rudesheim. In the grand saloon of the castle, you find portraits of numerous members of that family, who are

represented two and two, husband and wife, on the same canvas, with their titles, the dates, and the armorial bearings, each with its little legend in verse: and in the state chamber is exhibited the great bridal bed, adorned with sculptures and paintings from the Old Testament. With this castle is connected the following story.

If ever earthly love was pure, if ever earthly love was happy, it was that which sprang, grew, and blossomed in the bosoms of Siegfroy of Ehrenfels, and Oranthe of Rudesheim. It was at the period when St. Bernard preached the Crusade at Spire, that the lady's father, John Bromser of Rudesheim, following the example of many other knights of the Rheingan, assumed the cross and repaired to Palestine. In his absence, his only child Oranthe resided at Rudesheim and Ehrenfels alternately, under the tutelage of Siegfroy's widowed mother. The amity between the two houses of Rudesheim and Ehrenfels might be said to be traditional—it descended from father to son, and the memory of man could not record its violation. When John Bromser, therefore, left the towery borders of his own noble river, for the palmy wildernesses of Palestine, the arrangement that placed Oranthe, a beautiful little maiden of fifteen, under the care of the widow of Ehrenfels, was considered by both parties as a matter of course. To the knight of Rudesheim it was a source of satisfaction that, in leaving his castle and domain, in order to follow what he conceived a summons from heaven, he had provided so satisfactory a protection for his beautiful child: while the matron of Ehrenfels glowed with affectionate pride at the artless enthusiasm of the youthful Oranthe, when, after the first agony of grief on her sire's departure had exhausted itself, she flung her white arms around her protectress, and declared that while her father was absent Rudesheim should cease to be her home.

"All that is left me to love is at Ehrenfels," exclaimed the maiden,—  
"and at Ehrenfels will I strive to be loved even as I love!"

When fair Oranthe made this declaration, she was hanging fondly on the bosom of the lady of Ehrenfels, her bright hair, flung in silky luxuriance, veiled her cheek and waved over her neck; but when, after receiving a kiss of maternal tenderness from her guardian, she shook back those sunny clusters, and raised her soft blue eyes that

still swam with tears, a sudden change of emotion appeared to thrill through her frame; on cheeks pale with grief a rich crimson was suffused, and even the instantly drooping eye could not extinguish the sudden light that flashed there. Siegfroy ought not to have been so near when that unguarded speech was uttered, and it was still worse of him to allow such a provoking smile to play round his full red lips;—true, he and Oranthe had been companions from children, but then, *love!* it is an awkward thing to talk about at any time, and still more awkward when young ladies talk of it, and awkwardest of all when they are overheard by him they have, of all others, coupled with the idea in their little hearts. Siegfroy of Ehrenfels was ten years older than Oranthe of Rudesheim, which places him, at the period we write of, in the blooming prime of five-and-twenty.—Now, Siegfroy was superb in masculine beauty, in height, a youthful Titan, with muscular symmetry that Andros might have envied, waited, of course, with perfect elegance of manner; and within this godly temple dwelt the kindest, gentlest, noblest heart that ever conferred a benefit or forgave a wrong.

Youthful in years, and still more youthful in appearance, the petite figure of Oranthe looked fairy-like when Siegfroy was near; you would never think that two beings so unlike would fall in love with each other; yet, or tradition foully lies, they perfectly "doated!"

If Oranthe wanted to detain Siegfroy from his beloved chase, it was but striking a few chords of a Rhemish melody upon her harp, and the boarspear would be instantly resigned. If Siegfroy desired to see Oranthe's cheek catching new colour in the woodland sports, he had but to lead, below her window, the little white jennet he had given her, and music, and embroidery, and even thrice-loved poesy itself was thrown aside, for an animated gallop by the side of Siegfroy. Oranthe had been taught the beautiful art of illuminating by the sisters of the Abbey of St. Clements; and Siegfroy (who would have thought it derogatory to have been able to write his own name,) used to lean over her with much enamoured attention, while her little white fingers were laying on the vermillion, the azure, and the gold, in large flourished capitals, or quaint devices, or elaborate portraitures, on the yellow glossy

parchment, that, in time, his own great hairy hand could go through all the variegated intricacies of the German text, both great and small. Siegfroy, in return, was not slow in initiating Oranthe in all the mysteries of the tournament, the chase, and the menage. She could feather a shaft almost as well as himself, was the best horsewoman in the Rheingau; and though she was somewhat tardier in acquiring the science of the mews, yet, at length, it was discovered that no falconer near the Niederwald had such a cast of hawks as the Lady Oranthe of Rudesheim. All this attractive interchange of tastes was the growth of daily intercourse from infancy; and, it may be imagined, had not escaped the notice of the bluff John Bromser—he, good man, saw nothing in it however,—and, if he *had*, he would have seen more than the young couple themselves, for though their habits, their studies, their amusements were interwoven, though their voices were but echoes of each other, and their very hearts swelled into one, they as little suspected the true state of affairs, as they thought their castles were built on a volcano. Love; they never dreamt of it—how *should* they? Every thing went on in such an every day manner, that the wonder would be that things could be otherwise. Their very happiness was too much a matter of course to be an excitement. The sun shone too interruptedly on their youthful days, to let them reflect that it was the sun; nor was there any thing to diversify their monotony of bliss, save, ever and anon, the unfolding of some fresh blossom in the Eden of their bosoms. Love was to them a fixed habit, and invested them like costly raiment on those who, from custom, think not of the splendours that enrobe them.

It was not until after the departure of Bromser for Palestine, when Siegfroy and Oranthe became votaries of the same Penates, that the veil was torn away, and chroniclers do not hesitate to date this event from the *epoch and look*, already set down in this true history. Siegfroy and Oranthe became declared lovers. It made no great difference. Their interviews, it is true, took place (oftener than they used to do) in the presence of the Lady of Ehrenfels, a matron in all the glorious beauty of meridian life. Oranthe did not accompany Siegfroy quite so often to the chase; and Siegfroy was more frequently to be seen in the old

baronial rooms of Ehrenfels, with Oranthe at his elbow, poring over the romances of the Gothic and Teutonic knights, in the massy chivalric tomes that lay in the bay window; or listening, with her, to the lay of some troubadour or Minnesinger, whom accident or choice had directed to the castle.

Meanwhile, the return of the Chevalier Bromser began to be anxiously sighed for by the young lovers; not that the most vague idea of any obstacle, on his part, could rationally be entertained, for a moment; on the contrary, it almost consoled them for the delay, to think on the satisfaction the knight of Rudesheim would derive from the accomplishment of, what might well be deemed, his proudest wishes, the union of his daughter with the heir of his noble and hereditary friend. And thus three years fled away.

One boisterous night in March, when the wind, howling around the rock towers of Ehrenfels, made the turret vanes creak and the windows clatter; while the angry water-king chafed and roared along the banks of the Rhine, Siegfroy, with his noble mother and the fair Oranthe, was seated after supper in the great and gloomy castle-hall; the vast volumes of tapestry surged solemnly to and fro, as the gusts found their way under the massy hall door, or whistled through crevices in the high arches of the painted windows that shook in the storm. But a lofty and brilliant flame wavered, like a gigantic plume of crimson feathers, over the huge logs of wood on the hearth—every roar of the blast seemed to be a challenge cheerfully accepted by the huge blaze; it brightened, it curled, it leapt up the wide chimney as if, not contented with dispelling the gloom within, it wanted to fight the storm without. The wine and spices were still on the table of Dais, but the party had left it, and were seated on heavy carved chairs within the magic circle of the radiant hearth. There was not one of the three that had much to hinder their full enjoyment of that unaccountable feeling one experiences in listening to the menaces of the tempest, and the consolations of the bickering fire.

Oranthe's gentle heart, it is true, was filled with anxious thoughts on her far distant sire; and Siegfroy's impatience for Bromser's return began to be painful; while the lady, his mother, more versed in the bitter uncertainties of life, felt a daily increasing

anxiousness, that two hearts, already inseparably united, should be placed beyond the power of mischance to divide them. Surrounded, however, as they were, with so much that was prosperous and bright, the few clouds that now and then diversified, rather than deformed, the future, were not suffered long to alarm or oppress them; and, at the hour we are telling of, few castle hearths saw around them a group more disposed to enter into the spirit of the hours, than the Lord of Ehrenfels, his mother, and his betrothed.

"Lend me thy lute, Oranthe! the one I brought thee, the other day, from Mayence; let me see if I cannot charm away the uproar of these wild winds, ere they dash to pieces my father's shield on the coloured panes yonder, or blow down Charlemagne and his Paladins on the arras!"

"What *will* my father say," said Oranthe, laughing, as she placed the lute in her lover's hands, "what will my father think, when he finds Siegfroy of Ehrenfels turned Minnesinger in his absence?"

"Why, that his daughter was a witch, who, not content with turning her lover's head, and stealing his heart, had thrown a spell upon his fingers also," was Siegfroy's reply; and after a prelude on the instrument, he sang the following lay:

I said to the Nightingale, "Why, in vain  
Is the night air hush'd for thy vespere strain?"  
And he answer'd, "I heard thy lady's lute,  
And its exquisite melody made me mute."

I said to the Peacock, "Unfold, unfold,  
For the sun to emblaze it, thy purple and gold!"  
But he said, "I have look'd on thy lady's face,  
And it puts all my beautiful plumes to disgrace."

I spoke to the swan, as he floated along,  
"Why art thou singing thy death-song?"  
And he said, "I have mark'd thy lady's mien,  
And am going to die of despair and spleen."

I ask'd the Dove, "On my lady's breast,  
Why art so fain to make thy rest?"  
But he answer'd, "My feathers are not so fair  
As the snow-white soul that sojourns there.  
And therefore I come to take my rest  
On the beautiful bosom that I love best."

"Now, out upon thee, Siegfroy! for a most hyperbolical rhymester!" said his lady mother; whilst Oranthe appeared to be uncommonly busy about a favourite hawk, which she took down from its perch, smoothing its feathers and arranging its hood. "Can'st thou not give us some stirring tale, some legend of the old lords of the Rhine, or some achievement of the Croisade at least."

The words had scarcely past the lady's lips, when the great bell at the portal, down by the river, tolled, and its loud knell came heavily floating up the rocky sile of the castle, borne on the hollow wind into the very hall.—Soon afterwards the seneschal entering announced that a Carmelite monk from Palestine, who had been a prisoner to the Saracens, and who stated himself to be the bearer of tidings nearly importing the families of Ehrenfels and Rudesheim, stood at the castle-gate, and requested his night's meal and a bed. Siegfroy ordered him to be admitted forthwith, and directed that after he had fully satisfied his hunger and thirst, he should be ushered into the hall. After about a quarter of an hour had elapsed, which to the imagination of Siegfroy and Oranthe seemed an age, the Carmelite made his appearance. It was with expectation stretched to agony that Oranthe saw a tall old man enter the hall, attired in the particular raiment of red and blue peculiar to his order, leaning on a staff higher than himself, and wearing in his broad slouched hat, which he reverently held in his hand, that emblem of the widowed Palestine, a faded palm branch. A more strikingly venerable figure it would be difficult to conceive: his hair was white as snow, and fell down his cheeks till it reached his thick moustache, which, equally white, actually veiled his lips, flowing over them till they mingled with a beard of the same hue, which descended to his girdle.

"The dew of blessing drop from heaven upon you, my children, and make you flourish as the cedars of Lebanon!" was the salutation that issued from the mass of beard, and seemed as if it spoke from a sepulchre.

"Welcome, holy father!" said Siegfroy, "and doubly welcome if thou bring us tidings of the good knight of Rudesheim!"

"And thrice welcome," echoed Oranthe, "if those tidings be happy!"

"Sit, good father!" said the lady of Ehrenfels, "sit and speak forth thy tidings, good or evil: and according to their colour, heaven make us thankful or resigned!"

"Listen, then!" said the Carmelite, laying aside his staff, and placing himself, without further entreaty on a huge pinnacle-backed chair, by the warmest corner of the capacious chimney vault: "Listen, and know that my tidings are good or ill only as you accept them. The chevalier of Rudesheim lives!"—

Oranthe made a mute gesture of joy.—  
 “The valour of his good right-arm hath  
 signalised itself in numerous conflicts.  
 His name was the glory of the Franks  
 and the terror of the Saracens.”

“Was!” faltered from the lips of his  
 hearers.

“Oh, patience, my children! the  
 summer’s light must sometimes dwell  
 behind the veil of the thunder-cloud,  
 but shall we say there is no sun!—  
 Near the camp of the crusaders, a wild  
 and savage valley, bristling with rocks,  
 served as the retreat of a monstrous  
 dragon, which was the scourge of the  
 Christian army, either strangling in his  
 scaly folds, mangling with his hellish  
 jaws, or poisoning with his pestiferous  
 breath, all who approached his den.  
 Unhappily, his abode lay in the heart  
 of a spacious thicket, and was close by  
 a well of pure and unfailing waters.  
 It was, therefore, of necessity the con-  
 stant resort of the Christians. You  
 dwell here in your towered castle, and  
 the forest waves its green leaves against  
 the windows, and the blue river rolls  
 below its battlements, and you cannot  
 picture the blessing of a thicket of palm-  
 trees rustling in a yellow sandy wilder-  
 ness, or a cold clear fountain bubbling  
 up under a burning copper sky!—  
 Well! you may be sure it was not till  
 after many desperate attempts, and their  
 ranks had been fearfully thinned by this  
 formidable serpent, that the crusaders  
 abandoned this their chief resource for  
 wood and water. But famine and thirst  
 were found equally destructive with the  
 breath of the dragon, and all the holy  
 bravery of Christendom would have  
 failed to save the crusaders, had not the  
 knight of Rudesheim, armed with sword  
 and buckler, voluntarily sought the  
 dragon in his covert, and, after a severe  
 combat, killed him in the cavern’s  
 mouth. Alas! my children, joy lightens  
 from your eyes; but, how fared the  
 Castellan of old, who from his high  
 turret lattice hailed the distant proces-  
 sion, but it drew nigh, and, lo! a corpse  
 was in the midst thereof!”

Oranthe started from her seat, and,  
 rushing up to the Carmelite, exclaimed,

“Oh, father! tamper not with a  
 daughter’s feelings!—of what horrible  
 calamity art thou the herald! Thou  
 didst say, even now, my sire lives;—  
 what, oh! what worse than death can  
 have befallen him?”

The Carmelite turned away his head  
 from the beautiful young creature, and  
 in a deep-broken tone responded the  
 single word, “Captivity!”

The flush of excited alarm on the  
 cheek of the fair Oranthe was succeeded  
 by the most deadly paleness; but Siegfroy  
 and his mother had now hastened  
 up to her, and, while the lady of Ehren-  
 fels was reassuring her with all a mo-  
 ther’s tenderness, Siegfroy addressed  
 the Carmelite.

“In sooth, sir monk, thou bringest  
 cold tidings from this burning Palestine!  
 —But, ‘death man, ’tis not so hopeless  
 neither!”

“I know not a bondage so hard of  
 escape, save that of sin!” The Car-  
 melite sighed, looked upwards, and  
 crossed himself.

“What then—(out with the worst!)  
 —he is a prisoner with these Turks,  
 these turbanned Pagans!—Mahound  
 and Termagaunt have fastened their  
 claws on him, have they!”

“Even so! at the very moment when,  
 breathless from his conflict with the  
 dragon, he was stooping to lave his  
 lips and brow in the cool and sparkling  
 well, a troop of infidels who had been  
 stationed in an ambuscade near the  
 spot, threw themselves upon him, and  
 carried him away captive!”

“Tis a disastrous tale!” said Siegfroy,  
 turning to Oranthe, who wept bit-  
 terly. “But, courage, sweetest! Bez-  
 zants and seccins are as dear to the  
 Arabian as ducats and florins are to the  
 Frank. Surely the knight of Rudesheim  
 may be ransomed!”

“He may!” was the Carmelite’s re-  
 ply; “but at such a rate as would leave  
 you bright virgin dowerless; and same  
 hath already made her known to me as  
 thy betrothed, sir knight!”

The monk, as he spoke, fixed a  
 piercing earnest glance, from beneath  
 his shaggy eyebrows, on the counte-  
 nance of Siegfroy. The youth coloured  
 slightly, and half smiling half frowning,  
 replied—

“The common liar, then, hath, for  
 once, spoken truth. But, Carmelite, a  
 word in thine ear: thou hast repaid our  
 hospitality with most unpalatable tid-  
 ings. Add not the chattering of the jay  
 to the funeral cry of the owl, lest thou  
 provoke anger as well as awaken grief!  
 Speak, old man! and instantly, what  
 is John Bromser’s ransom?”

The Carmelite seemed, as though by  
 an extraordinary effort he repressed the  
 speech that was leaping to his lips, and  
 only said—

“The sum required will empty every  
 chest at Bromser, and drain all the  
 ruby vineyards of Rudesheim.”

“But, haply, even while we speak,

his captivity," said Siegfroy, "may have been ransomed in the course of war, and the castle, in which he languishes, stormed by the crusaders."

"Then, indeed, is he lost," replied the Carmelite, "for the Emir, whose prisoner he is, aware of his rank and prowess, hath sworn by Mohammed's beard, that he will have his ransom or his life."

"And how knowest thou so exactly all these particulars?"

"I was for a year the companion of his captivity; and was permitted (on my most sacred oath of returning with or without his ransom) to negotiate this affair with his only child."

Oranthe had now sufficiently conquered her emotions; she ceased weeping, and taking Siegfroy by the hand, she said—

"I will no longer lament my sire's captivity; I ought rather to rejoice that it gives me an occasion of shewing how little I prize my heritage in comparison with my father's safety! Castles and lands shall go for his redemption; and," here Oranthe's eyes fell, and her voice changed from enthusiastic energy to pensive sweetness, "if Siegfroy rejects a beggar for his bride, I shall bear my fate the more calmly, if I can bewail it on a parent's breast!"

"And, if Siegfroy esteem not his Oranthe's virtues a dower for which a diadem were too poor a return, craven be his crest in tournament and fight for ever!"

Siegfroy clasped the poor girl to his noble heart, and, as she yielded to his embrace, Oranthe wept more abundantly than before. Across the countenance of the Carmelite mighty emotions chased each other, like pursuing and retreating battalions. His ample chest dilated, his eyes gleamed beneath his bushy brows 'till his eyelids veiled them, to conceal a softer suffusion. At length, he turned to the Lady of Ehrenfels, who stood with clasped hands, and a face like an April sunshower; and as he pointed to the embracing lovers, he said—

"Might it not make angels weep, madam, to witness so much filial piety—so much generous love, and to know that neither can save them from inevitable wretchedness!"

"What meanest thou, monk," replied the frightened lady, "sure thy tongue hath shot its bitterest arrows!"

Siegfroy and Oranthe, as if by a simultaneous impulse, turned their eyes

in bewildered apprehension on the Carmelite.

"I know," resumed the monk, with much emotion, "I know the inmost heart of John Bromser; and I know that could he have witnessed the heroic self-devotion these young lovers have exhibited for his sake, he would have suffered the Paynim gyves to have eaten into his heart, rather than have returned to Rudesheim."

"Holy Saints! art come to drive us all distraught with thy dark sayings?"

"Young man, the first footstep that Sir John Bromser plants within his ancestral hall, establishes an eternal divorce between thee and thy beloved."

"It is impossible!"

"It is TRUE!—ransom home this lady's father, and you buy your own despair!"

"If thou hast any mercy, unriddle this horrible enigma."

"Know then, that, in my presence, and taking me to witness, he made the most solemn and irrevocable vow to the Virgin, that, should it please her to restore him to the domain of his fathers, he would found an abbey in her honour, and dedicate his only child to the cloistered virginity of the veil!"

"Oh, could my dear father be so cruel!" shrieked Oranthe, "could he by misfortune be so shocked from his noble self?"

Poor Siegfroy's countenance fell, his very lips turned white, and big drops stood upon his livid brow.

"Reflect," continued the Carmelite, "he had been two years a slave to the ferocious heathen; their insults had broken his spirit, as their cruelties had wasted his body. Had you seen, as I did, that noble form in the squalid dress of slavery; had you seen the sweat of anguish on his cheek; had you heard the groan of torture swelling his bosom; had you beheld the weals of the scourge upon his skin——"

"Oh, hold!" exclaimed Oranthe, "forbear the dreadful recital—Siegfroy! Siegfroy! hast thou courage to endure this death stroke?"

"Give me air, I cannot breathe!" cried the unfortunate youth, staggering to the window; and pushing open the casement, he leant out into the stormy night. Oranthe, whose own sorrows were forgotten in the alarming grief of her lover, followed him, and gently leading him back, closed the lattice.—Siegfroy threw himself into a chair; his manly heart gave way, and he burst into a flood of tears; when he could

“*Oranthe, thy father must be ransomed.*”

Oranthe sank upon her knees.—“Great heaven! I bless thee for enabling him to speak those words;—oh, give me strength to emulate his virtue, and to say at any price, ‘*My father must be ransomed.*’”

These words had scarcely escaped her lips, when the Carmelite sprang from his seat.

“Worse than Paynim in my unbelief, to *doubt* them! worse than Paynim in my cruelty thus to *torture* them!”

He tore away his false hair and beard, dashed off his monastic habit, and stood before the bewildered trio, a hale man of fifty, with short curly grizzled hair, falcon eye, and lordly port—in a word, the knight of Rudesheim himself! It would be hopeless to attempt describing the scene that ensued. Sufficient for our story, it will be to say, that Bromser had been rescued from captivity by the assault and capture of the castle, (in which he was confined) by the crusaders; that the vow, he had made, referred only to the building of a convent; and that, hearing unexpectedly, on his arrival in the Rheingan, the loves of Siegfroy and Oranthe, he had resolved to put their honour and affection to the test. But, tradition says, that the marriage of Siegfroy and Oranthe, and the birth of a glorious lad, so delighted and engrossed the grandpapa, that all thoughts of the vowed convent were forgotten; when, one morning, a vassal made his appearance before the Lord of Rudesheim, carrying a small image of the Virgin, which one of his cattle had turned up in the field, and which the trembling serf averred he heard cry out for help. This was considered by Bromser a sufficient hint of his profane negligence; and it was not long ere a church and convent covered and consecrated the spot where the image had been found.

It received the title of “Noth Gottes; or, the Deity in Danger;” and, in the church, they shew you, to this day, the chains which Bromser wore, when he was in slavery, and the tongue of the dragon which he slew in Palestine.

#### A MAN OF SORROWS.

THE following gloomy picture is drawn by the hand of that eccentric, yet skilful limner, Prince Fuckler Mus-

kau. We are assured that it is not exaggerated.

“I have been to another fancy ball, which has left only a melancholy impression on my mind. I remarked a pale man wrapped in a plain black domino, on whose countenance indescribable traces of the bitterest mental suffering were imprinted. It was not long before I asked L—— about him, and he told me as follows:—‘This truly pitiable man might serve as the hero of a fearful romance. If it can be said of any one that he was born to misfortune, that is the man. Early in life he lost his large property by the fraudulent bankruptcy of a friend. A hundred times since has Fortune approached him, but only to mock him with hopes which were invariably dashed from him at the decisive moment; in almost every case it was some insignificant trifle—the delay of a letter—some easy mistake—some indisposition, slight in itself, but disastrous in its consequences, that wrecked every thing; apparently, always by his own fault, and yet, in fact, a tissue woven by mocking, malignant spirits. For a long time past he has made no more attempts to alter his condition; he seeks no improvement of his lot, persuaded beforehand, by long and cruel experience, that nothing can ever succeed with him. I have known him from youth up. Though guileless and unoffending as a child, the world in general deems him malignant: though one of the most upright of men, false and intriguing; he is shunned and dreaded, though never did a heart beat more warmly for the weal of others. The girl he adored committed suicide, in consequence of his suspected infidelity. He found himself, by a series of unheard-of circumstances, accused of the murder of his brother, near whom he was found bleeding, having risked his life in his defence; he was saved from an ignominious death only by the king’s pardon; and it was not till some time afterwards that the proofs of his innocence came to light. Lastly, a woman with whom he was betrayed into marriage by an infamous and long-protracted system of deceit, ran away with another man, and artfully contrived that, in the eyes of the world, the greater portion of the blame should rest with him. All confidence in himself thus utterly crushed and blighted, every hope in destiny or in men annihilated, he lives amongst them like an unsympathizing, uncon-



nected ghost,—a heart-rending example that there are beings who, as far as this life is concerned, seem to be sold to the devil before their birth; for when the curse of destiny has once scathed a man, it not only raises up to him enemies at every step, but robs him of the confidence, and, in time, of the hearts of his friends; till at length the unhappy one, crushed, rejected, and trodden under foot on every side, lays down his weary, wounded head, and dies; whilst his last sigh appears to the pitiless crowd an assumption, and an intolerable discord. Woe to the unlucky! Threefold woe to them! For to them there is neither virtue, nor wisdom, nor skill, nor joy. There is but one good for them, and that is—death.”

#### A SONG.

Give me the naked heavens above,  
The broad bare heath below,  
A merry glance from her I love,  
My fleet hound, and my bow.  
I crave no red gold for my pouch,  
No wine-cup mantling high,  
Nor broider'd vest, nor downy couch,  
On which the care-worn sigh:  
With conscience clear, and steadfast mind,  
My cares I whistle to the wind.

If I am hungry, I can wing  
The wild bird as he flies;  
Or thirsty, yonder crystal spring  
My sparkling draught supplies.  
The deer must yield his dappled coat  
My vigorous limbs to don:  
The heron his dark plume to float  
My fearless brows upon.  
I am content—can't thou say more,  
With pride and pomp and treasured store?

#### THE RESTORATION OF ANCIENT EDIFICES.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH—WALTHAM  
CROSS—ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

*For the Olio.*

THERE are some men who are such rigid utilitarians, that they would suffer every ancient national monument in this kingdom to fall to ruin, and demolish such as time may have left, if they stood in the way of any new plan of the destroyers. To the honour of England, however, there are those, who, though friends to real improvement, have still some veneration for the works of their forefathers; they have encountered the spoilers boldly, and have been met with abuse and ridicule. The buildings which they would save are interesting to the antiquary only, whose love is the love of the mouldy and rotten! Is this the case? certainly not; some of the buildings which have been restored, or which are

now in the course of restoration, are monuments to which every Englishman may point with pride and satisfaction. The church of St. Saviour's in Southwark has been rescued from the destruction-mongers, and our countrymen will shortly view this building to advantage from the south side of London Bridge, instead of seeing it screened by some horrid gin-shop, painted in the most approved style of such detestable taste. Shame rest on the heads of those who would have destroyed this venerable structure, the bells of which have welcomed home the heroes of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt! this should have pleaded for it, even though the dust of Gower and Massinger were scattered to the winds! It has witnessed the bravery of London's citizens, and, in after-times, the destruction of their ancient bridge, and that dreadful fire which almost destroyed the city. It has been saved by men who do not weigh their interests against the ancient glory of their country.

Waltham Cross is now a defaced and mutilated remnant of antiquity, and a subscription is set on foot to raise means for its restoration. Who but the tasteless and the stingy will withhold their tribute? This cross, as all England knows, is one of several erected by our Edward the First, in memory of his affectionate queen. This was a bright trait in the character of that stern and ferocious monarch. That Eleanor was one of the best of her sex, may be inferred from the fact that she died regretted by all, more especially by him who contemplated with satisfaction the cruel butchery of William Wallace. Is it the antiquary only who would preserve from ruin the monument of a noble woman, who, though a queen, surrounded by the glitter and splendour of a court, forgot not the love and devotion of a wife? Our countrywomen will answer, no.

St. Alban's Abbey Church is in a state of dilapidation; a part of the roof of the aisle has lately fallen in, and an eminent architect has pronounced its thorough repair to be absolutely necessary. The *Bucks Herald* of May 26, contains the letter of a correspondent, calling upon the people of England to contribute to a fund for its restoration. It is earnestly to be hoped that the appeal may not be made in vain. Our readers will not require to be told, that this vast edifice was raised upon the spot where St. Alban, the proto-martyr of England, suffered under the Dioclesian

persecution. It was erected by Offa, King of Mercia, and there are many traces of its Saxon origin. Of the abbey itself not a vestige remains, except the gateway, but the church still exists, the wonder and the admiration of all who visit it. Humphrey, "the good duke" reposes in a leaden coffin, discovered in a vault about a century since, and now shewn to the curious; Sir John Grey and other heroes of the sanguinary wars of the roses, sleep beneath the stone floor, and their armorial bearings are emblazoned on shields attached to the oak rafters of the roof. As we write the sun is pouring its light over this venerable fabric; the swifts and swallows are performing their fantastic gyrations round its large square tower, which echoes with the sharp cries of the daws that nestle in its turrets: its chimes at intervals sound so plaintively, that they would seem to mourn the decay of this hoary relic of an early period, which has withstood the storms and tempests of so many ages. All good Englishmen must earnestly desire to see the restoration of these edifices. \*\*\*

#### FATAL MISDIRECTION OF A LETTER.

WE are acquainted with a merchant in the city, who every night writes many letters, which he frequently misdirects, thereby causing most ludicrous mistakes. Most of our readers have heard of Dean Swift directing a love-letter to a bishop, and that intended for the bishop to his mistress. The following similar mistake happened in the time of James the First. When this monarch's daughter married the Palatine, many soldiers of fortune followed her, among whom was one Duncomb, an officer in the Earl of Oxford's company; he left a beautiful mistress behind him in England, to whom he was passionately attached, and had promised marriage. Her fortune being small, his father threatened to disinherit him; and to alienate his affections from this lady, he sent him to the Palatine. He charged him, at his departure, never to think of her more, if he wished to be remembered by him. The lover had been absent some time, and his heart beat with undiminished affection. He resolved to give way to his affection, and wrote to his mistress, assuring her that no threats or anger of his unfeeling parent should ever ba-

nish the tender recollection of their reciprocal passion. Having written to his father at the same time, he addressed his father's letter to his mistress, in which he renounces his mistress for ever. The father, with cruel indignation, sent to his son a letter of the most unkind nature. Whether it was this letter, or a sense of shame for the mistake that had happened, that she could see he had renounced her, the lover, alive to the finest sensibilities, threw himself on his sword. His death was sincerely lamented by all the English in the Palatinate.

#### THE LOVE-WATCHER.

A Lady sate on a lofty hill,  
And she looked towards the sea;  
And I marvelled as I gazed on her,  
Who could the Lady be.  
Her robe was snowy white, her veil  
Was like the rainbow's hue;  
There was a blush on her gentle cheek,  
And a tear in her eye of blue.

Her hair was braided from her brow,  
And an opal set in pearls,  
Still varying all its trembling light,  
Was in her auburn curls.  
She sate and watched a bright bark glide  
Towards the farther shore:  
And I saw that she was beautiful,  
But I know nothing more.

"Twas noon, and then the Lady sung—  
"He must have crossed the sea;  
Even now the waves are ebbing back,  
And they'll bring him back to me."  
And, shading her eye with her ivory band,  
She gazed most earnestly,  
But there was not a speck to break  
The line of sea and sky.

"Twas eve—the red sun in the west  
Was resting on the wave,  
And a sigh, that almost breathed of fear,  
The gentle Lady gave.  
But still she watched, and tried to sing,  
Though in a saddened strain,  
"Oh, I remember all he swore,  
I know he'll come again."

"Twas twilight—one red lingering streak  
Aloof still told of day;  
One trembling star was glimmering  
Above the watery way.  
The Lady looked—oh! such a look—  
So strained to pierce the dark;  
Till she trusted that it was for tears  
She could not see his bark!

"Twas midnight—countless stars were out—  
The heavens were calm and fair,  
The moon showed all the dancing sea,  
But, ah! no sail was there!  
The Lady gave one lingering look  
Across the flashing tide,  
Then failed the light in her blue eyes,  
And she laid her down and died!

They told me who the Lady was—  
Alas! 'tis ever so,  
She lingers to the very last,  
Then dies away for woe.  
I marvel not the Lady died  
Thus like a wearied dove;  
For they told me that her name was Hope,  
And that she watched for Love.

## IMPOSTURES OF LITERARY MEN.

FOR THE OLIO.

Some authors have practised singular impositions on the public. Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for some time a great reputation in his own country for his historical compositions. When they became more known, the scholars of other countries destroyed the reputation he had unjustly acquired. "His continual professions of sincerity prejudiced many in his favour, and made him pass for a writer who had penetrated into the inmost recesses of the cabinet; but the public were at length undeceived, and convinced that the historical anecdotes which Varillas put off for authentic facts had no foundation, being wholly of his own invention, though by affected citations of titles, instructions, letters, memoirs, and relations, all of them imaginary, he endeavoured to make them pass for realities!"

Thevenot, librarian to the French king, was never out of Europe, yet he has composed two folio volumes of his 'Voyages and Travels,' by information and memoirs which he collected from those who had travelled; but travels thus related at second-hand cannot be of great authority, and must be pregnant with errors of all kinds.

Gemelli Carreri, a Neapolitan gentleman, for many years never quitted his chamber, confined by a tedious indisposition—he amused himself with writing a voyage round the world—giving characters of men, and descriptions of countries, as if he had really visited them. Du Halde, who has written so voluminous an account of China, compiled it from memoirs of the missionaries, and never travelled ten leagues from Paris in his life—though he appears, by his writings, to be very familiar with Chinese scenery.

Damberger's travels made a great sensation—and the public were duped; they proved to be the ideal voyages made by a member of the German Grub-street, about his own garret! I am sorry to add, that most of our "Travels" have been lately manufactured to fill a certain size.

This is an excellent observation of an anonymous author:—"Writers who never visited foreign countries, and Travellers who have run through immense regions with fleeting pace, have given us long accounts of various countries and people—evidently collected from the idle reports and absurd tradi-

tions of the ignorant vulgar, from whom only they could have received those relations which we see accumulated with such undiscerning credulity."

Some authors have practised the singular imposition of announcing a variety of titles of works as if preparing for the press, but of which nothing but the titles have been written.

Paschal, historiographer of France, had a reason for these ingenious inventions—he continually announced such titles that his pension for writing on the history of France might not be stopped. When he died, his historical labours did not exceed six pages!

Gregorio Leti is an historian of much the same stamp as Varillas. He wrote with great facility, and hunger generally quickened his pen. He took every thing too lightly—yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history not to be found elsewhere; and perhaps ought not to have been there, if truth had been consulted. His great aim was always to make a book, so that he swells his volumes with idle digressions; and, with a view of amusing his readers, intersperses many low and ridiculous stories; and gives to illustrious characters all the repartees and good things he collected from old novel writers.

Such forgeries abound; the numerous "Testamens Politiques" of Colbert, Mazarine, and other great ministers, were forgeries usually from the Dutch press, as are many pretended "Memoirs." I could point out, in the present day, some remarkable instances of this kind; biographies woven out of letters, anecdotes, and other documents all entirely surreptitious! The French have been flagrant forgers. Among other pernicious effects of these shameful forgeries, is that of overloading the mind with a thousand false notions, and mistaking at a distant day the vilest calumnies for historical truths.

Most of our old translations from the Greek and Latin authors were taken from French versions.

It is now, I believe, pretty well agreed on, that the travels written in Hebrew, of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, are very fictitious. He describes a journey, which if ever he took, it must have been with his night-cap on: being a perfect dream! It is said that to inspirit and give importance to his nation, he pretended he had travelled to all the synagogues in the east; places he

mentions he does not appear ever to have seen, and the different people he describes no one has known. He calculates that he has found Jews to the amount of near eight hundred thousand, of which about half are independent, and not subjects of any Christian or Gentile sovereign. These fictitious travels have been a source of much trouble to the learned; particularly to those whose zeal to authenticate them, induced them to follow the aerial footsteps of the Hypogriffe of Rabbi Benjamin. He affirms that the tomb of Ezekiel, with the library of the first and second temples, were to be seen in his time at a place on the banks of the river Euphrates; on this, Wessellus of Groningen, and many other literati travelled on purpose to Mesopotamia, but the fairy treasure was never to be seen, nor even heard of!

The first on the list of impudent impostors, is Anniius of Viterbo, a Dominican, and master of the sacred palace under Alexander VI. He pretended he had discovered the genuine works Sanchoniatho, Manetho, Berosus and other works, of which only fragments are remaining. He published seventeen books of antiquities! But not having any mss. to produce, though he declared he had found them buried in the earth, these literary fabrications, occasioned great controversies; for the author died before he had made up his mind to a confession. At their first publication, universal joy was diffused among the learned.—Suspicion soon rose, and detection followed. However, as the forger would never acknowledge himself as such, it has been ingeniously conjectured that he himself was imposed on, rather than that he was the impostor. It has been said, that a great volume in ms. anterior by two hundred years to the seventeen folios of Anniius exists in the Bibliothéque Colbertine, in which these pretended histories were to be read; but as Anniius would never point out the sources of his seventeen folios, the whole is considered as a flagrant imposture.

One of the most extraordinary literary impostures was adopted by Joseph Vella in 1794, who becoming an adventurer in Sicily, pretended that he possessed seventeen of the lost books of Livy in Arabic; he had received this literary treasure, he said, from a Frenchman who had purloined it from a shelf in St. Sophia's Church at Constantinople. As many of the

Greek and Roman classica have been translated by the Arabians, and many were first known in Europe in their Arabic dress, there was nothing improbable in one part of his story. He was urged to publish these long-desired books; and Lady Spencer, then in Italy, offered to defray the expenses. He had the effrontery, by way of specimen, to edit an Italian translation of the sixtieth book, but that book took up no more than one octavo page! A professor of oriental literature in Prussia, introduced it in his work, never suspecting the fraud, but it was nothing more than the epitome of Florus. About this time he also gave out that he had a code which he had picked up in the abbey of St. Martin, but which he would never return, containing the ancient history of Sicily, in the Arabic period, comprehending above two hundred years; and of which ages their own historians were entirely deficient in knowledge. Vella declared he had a genuine official correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their superiors in Africa, from the first landing of the Arabians in that Island. Vella was now loaded with honours and pensions! It is true, he shewed Arabic mss., which however, did not contain a syllable of what he said. He pretended he was in continual correspondence with friends at Morocco and elsewhere. The King of Naples furnished him continually with great sums of money to assist his researches. Four volumes in quarto were at length published!—Vella had the adroitness to change the Arabic mss. he possessed, which entirely related to Mahomet, to matters relative to Sicily; he bestowed several weeks' labour to disfigure the whole, altering page for page, line for line, and word for word, but interspersed numberless dots, strokes, and flourishes, so that when he published a fac-simile, every one admired the learning of Vella, who could translate what no one else could read. He complained he had lost an eye in this minute labour; and every one thought his pension ought to have been increased. Every thing prospered about him except his eye, which some thought was not so bad neither. It was at length discovered, by his blunders, &c., that the whole was a forgery; though it had now been patronized, translated, and extracted, throughout Europe. When this ms. was examined by an orientalist, it was discovered to be nothing but a history

of *Mahomet and his family*.—Vella was condemned to imprisonment.

*To be continued.*

### The Naturalist.

**HOPPERS.**—"There is," says the author of the *Natural History of Selborne*, "a small, long, shining fly in these parts, very troublesome to the housewife, by getting into the chimnies, and laying its eggs in the bacon while it is drying. These eggs produce maggots, called jumpers, which, harbouring in the gammons and best parts of the hogs, eat down to the bone, and make great waste. This fly, I suspect, to be a variety of the *musca putris* of Linnaeus. It is to be seen in the summer in farm kitchens, on the bacon-racks and about the mantel-pieces, and on the ceilings." This fly is not peculiar to any county; its ravages are felt as severely in London as in any part of England. In the warehouses and cellars of wholesale cheesemongers and factors, you may see some of the finest cheeses rendered almost valueless by the larvae of these abominable insects. In Wiltshire and Gloucestershire they are called "Hoppers."

A. M.

**ENGLISH MASTIFFS.**—Sir Thomas Roe took out some English mastiffs to India, as a present for the Great Mogul. They were of marvellous courage.—One of them leaped overboard to attack a shoal of porpoises, and was lost. Only two of them lived to reach India. They travelled each in a little coach to Agra. One broke loose by the way, fell upon a large elephant, and fastened on his trunk; the elephant at last succeeded in hurling him off. This story delighted the Mogul; and these dogs, in consequence, came to as extraordinary a fortune as Whittington's cat. Each had a palanquin to take the air in, with two attendants to bear him, and two more to walk on each side and fan off the flies; and the Mogul had a pair of silver tongs made, that he might, when he pleased, feed them with his own hand.

**FISH OF THE BOSPHORUS.**—The Bosphorus swarms with myriads of the finny tribe, the most ordinary of which are the scombri, a species of mackerel, which are dried without salt, by the Greeks; palamedes and stavidria two species of dolphins; and anchovies and nilufer, which latter are caught by torch light on their migration from the

Black into the White Sea, during the autumn, when the Greek women, each provided with a boat and torch, pass the whole night upon the water, fascinating the nilufer into their nets by means of its impetuous dash at the treacherous blaze. To the turbot, roach, and lamprey, we have yet to add that monarch of the table, the sword-fish, which is caught along the shore in wooden cells, on which the fishermen will sit for whole hours, in motionless abiding of a solitary victim. Shell-fish are also found in plenty and perfection. The Bosphorus is at times enlivened by the gambols of shoals of dolphins, whose effigies are extant on the coins of many Greek cities.

### Notices of New Books.

*A History, Description, and Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, &c. Part I.* London: Edgingham Wilson.

From the specimen before us, we may reasonably expect to see in due course, a well arranged history of our metropolis. We were ever friends to such works; we would have a history of every nook within this island, and must, therefore, entertain a kindly feeling towards the one under notice. But we must exclaim against the bad taste which has led the editor to adopt the description of wood-cuts that appear in this part. So far from being an ornament to the work, they are a positive blemish. Wood-cuts in works of this kind should be small, and inserted amongst the letter-press; no man of taste would purchase a book with great staring, vulgar prints, like those in a child's primer. Our goodwill towards this history of London has betrayed us into these remarks; we know the labour required in such compilations, and should regret to hear that that labour had been expended in vain. The reader will judge of the literary portion of the work from the following observations on the early trading of the Britons:

"Herodotus, who flourished about 450 years before Christ, says, 'I have nothing certain to relate concerning the western boundaries of Europe; I know as little of the islands called Cassiterides, except from the tin which is thence imported among us; and though I have diligently enquired, yet have I never seen any man, who, by his own

experience, could inform me of the nature of that sea which bounds the extremities of Europe; however, it is certain that amber and tin come from its remotest parts.' 'Europe,' he adds, 'has not been fully discovered by any man; and we have no account whether it be bounded on the north and east side by the sea.' The first classical writer who expressly mentions the British isles, is the author of *De Mundo*, a work that has been ascribed to Aristotle; this writer speaks of a sea that comes towards the Gallic Gulf, and thence to the columns of Hercules.—'In this sea,' he says, 'are two islands, (Britannia Albion and Ierne,) larger than those we named above: they are directly above the Celts.' He further describes the northern parts of Europe as inhabited by the Scythians, and the western by the Celts.

"Polybius, who lived about 200 years before Christ, promises 'in his third book,' to write a treatise respecting the British Islands, and the making of tin; but this tract unfortunately, if ever written, is lost. Strabo, and other Greek historians, constantly mention these islands; and there can be no doubt that they are intended by the Cassiterides of the classical authors. The Phœnicians, according to Strabo, were long accustomed to visit the Cassiterides from Spain, for the sake of a profitable traffic in tin, lead, and skins; so jealous were they, we are told, of the monopoly of this commerce which they at one time enjoyed, that when the Romans followed a Phœnician ship bound hither, for the purpose of discovering the market, the master ran the vessel aground, and destroyed it, rather than let them trace his course.—There is great reason to suppose that the Phœnicians not only traded to Britain for tin, &c., but established a colony here at a remote period; certain it is that the date of the voyage of Hamilco, who was sent by the senate of Carthage, about the time of Darius Nothus, to discover the western shores and part of Europe, agrees almost precisely with the date of the coming over of several friendly tribes. Dr. Vincent, in his treatise on the Commerce and Navigation of the ancients in the Indian Ocean, says, 'that tin is mentioned as an import into Africa, Arabia, Scindi, and the coast of Malabar. It has continued an article of commerce brought out of Britain in all ages; conveyed to all the countries in the Mediterranean, by the Phœnicians, Greeks,

and Romans, and carried into the Eastern Ocean from the origin of commerce: tin,' he continues, 'is enumerated by Arrian as exported to India, and if we find the produce of Britain conveyed to Malabar in the earliest period that history can reach, we find the spices of Malabar in Britain, in an age when the course of the commerce with India was probably as little known as the existence of America; the venerable Bede, who died in the year 735, was possessed of pepper, cinnamon, and frankincense. The Phœnicians, in fact, traded to all parts of the known world, perhaps from the time of Abraham.'—They enriched themselves by exchanging their manufactures, and the productions of the East, for the silver of Spain and the tin of Britain. Spain was to them what America has been to us; but Britain was so invaluable to their trade, that they uniformly endeavoured to throw a veil of mystery over its situation and its produce. 'At every station they visited on the Mediterranean, these enterprising navigators established colonies; Strabo mentions their possessing not less than three hundred on the shores of that sea. It cannot, therefore, be unreasonable to infer that they established similar settlements in more distant countries, and particularly in Britain, where, for such a length of time, they possessed the monopoly of an article which enriched them, and was so much required by other nations."

### Table Talk.

PLAYING THE FOOL.—How is a man now-a-days to know how to play the fool? Where is he to find a master? There was once on a time seven wise men; it is now a hard matter to find as many fools. The old original British fool is lost; like the capercaillie, it is a thing that was. The world is getting on too fast; it is precocious; it is advancing beyond its strength; it is becoming too wise to last; it has flung away its toys too soon, and is endangering its life with too sedate a manhood ere its twenty-first century. A really wise man will be discovered by this sign, that he chooses to wear some little foible or folly in such sort, that his friends and his foes may lay hold of it when they list, and make it a handle for detraction or disparagement. The most dangerous thing in the world is to be *teres et rotundus*, enwrapped

in excellence, as some rash folks strive to be. What is the consequence?—That envy or malice cuts boldly into them. They experience the fate of the tortoise, which was carried mid-air, and dashed to pieces against a rock by the eagle, because it was so inaccessible.

*Tatt's Edin. Mag.*

**WAR.**—Fortune and success are apt to represent things as glorious, which in their nature are detestable. What millions have the phantom false-glory sacrificed at her altars! The actions of great conquerors, however unworthy are often viewed in distant ages and remote regions, not with wonder and amazement only, but even with envy. But the prospect of eternity must convince us that to die for the service of our fellow creatures is really glorious; whilst those who trample upon a prostrate world and violate the laws of humanity, are but as dreadful storms or pestilential blasts, to execute the wrath of an offended God. Men who trace the paths of glory by the light of fire and sword, can have no right to be remembered, except it be with horror or indignation.

**CLOCK AT GENEVA.**—In the long room of the public library at Geneva, is a clock in the form of a temple, on the dome of which stands the figure of the bird, "whose lofty and shrill-sounding throat awakes the god of day." The mechanism being wound up, chanicleer flaps his wings and crows lustily; whereupon twelve figures, representing the apostles, dance to the music of chimes, round a peristyle: still lower down the mimic structure is a balcony, in which the Virgin Mary sits enthroned; to her, out of a door on the right, comes a winged figure, representing the angel of the annunciation: presently after, from another door on the left-hand side, a skeleton, as the image of death, advances, and falls prostrate at the feet of the Virgin. At that moment a personage in the centre of the dome, behind "our Ladye," opens a third door, and strikes upon a bell the time of the day. On this whimsical piece of horology is inscribed the date, 1650.

**A SPEAKING DOG.**—Some author of antiquity, whose name has escaped us, writes of a dog which spoke many words. This will not be doubted after reading the following curious account of a dog, communicated by the celebrated Lubnitz to the Royal Academy of France:—This dog was of middling

size, and belonged to a peasant in Saxony. A little boy (the peasant's son) imagining that he perceived in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain words, determined to try to teach him to speak, and made such progress that the animal was able to articulate as many as thirty words, being able to call, in an intelligent manner, for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c. It appears, however, that it was necessary that the words should be repeated over to him each time, and he, as it were, echoed them from his preceptor. The French Academicians say, that if they had not possessed the testimony of so great a man as Lubnitz, they never could have credited the story.

**THE LADIES OF CARACAS.**—View them in church, in the magnificent cathedral, especially on festival occasions, and you are full of admiration. They are richly and even elegantly dressed—all silks of various kinds and colours. A silk shawl adorns the head, perhaps rather fantastically, and hangs down over the shoulders in the most graceful manner, but is studiously prevented from concealing the beauties of the bosom and waist. The skirts below are equally guarded against curiously withholding from view the nearest ancles which ever nature turned. The stockings and shoes are suited to all this array of grace and charms. They come tripping into the hallowed house, a damsel steps from behind, and lays a cushion for her mistress's knees, which would do no discredit as a hearth-rug to the most splendid drawing-room in London. It is in the middle of the consecrated place, where no seats or forms obstruct your view.—As soon as the lady drops on her knees she adjusts, with reverted hand, her dress behind, as if fearful of accidental exposure, but carefully abstains from covering her fine feet and ancles.—Whether it be "nature that works in her so," as Milton has it, or whether the practice is derived from times when men, as well as women, frequented Catholic churches, I am not able to determine. Their dark round eyes are full of life, and, you hastily conclude, of intelligence.

**CURIOUS LETTER.**—A Quaker, who had sent his watch to one of the same belief three or four times to be repaired, but which was not at all benefited in the end, dispatched the following characteristic epistle to the watch repairer: "Friend John—I once more send thee

my erroneous pocket clock. The last time she was at thy board, she was in no ways benefited by thine instructions. I find, from the wavering of her hands, and the index of her mind, she is not right in the inward man—I mean the mainspring. Therefore, take her and purge her with thy adjusting tool of truth; and, if possible, drive her from the error of her ways. Let her visit the sun's motion, the true calculation table, and the equator; and, when thou hast brought her conformable to the standard of truth, send her home with the bill of moderation, which shall be remitted to thee by thy friend,

“OSADIAH B—

“Dated this second day of the week, commonly called Monday.”

**GROWTH OF HAIR AFTER DEATH.**—The learned Honoratus Fabri (lib. 3, *de Plantis*,) and several other authors, are of opinion that hair, wool, feathers, nails, horns, teeth, &c. are nothing but vegetables. If it be so, we need not be surprised to see them grow on the bodies of animals, even after their death, as has frequently been observed. Petrus Borellus, *Hist. et Obs. Med. Cent. 1. Obs. 10*, pretends that these productions may be transplanted as vegetables; and may grow in a different place from that where they first germinated. He also relates, in some of his observations on the subject, amongst others, that of a tooth drawn out and transplanted, which may appear pretty singular.—*Annual Register*, 1762, p. 70. Immediately following this article is another, entitled “Observations on the Hair of Dead Persons,” being an extract of a letter from Bartholine to Jacks, inserted in the *Arts of Copenhagen*, and as it is not very long, while we have the work before us, we may as well transcribe it also:—“I do not know whether you ever observed that the hair, which, in people living was black or gray, often after their death, in digging up their graves, or opening the vaults where they lie, is found changed into a fair or flaxen colour, so that their relations can scarce know them again by such a mark. This change is produced, undoubtedly, by the hot and concentrated vapours which are exhaled from the dead bodies.”

**THE VALIENTE INDIANS.**—“In the wet seasons,” says Roberts, in his *Travels in Central America*, “which with the Valientes is a period of rest and enjoyment, they form parties for drinking weak preparations of cocoa, of which

they take immense quantities. Their method of preparing it is extremely simple, it being merely bruised or crushed between two stones, and ground to a consistence of paste, diluted with warm water; and in this state passed round to the company in calabashes, containing each about a quart: some Indians drink eight or ten quarts at a sitting, which induces a state of sleepy insensibility.”

**PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.**—I examined, with strong curiosity, this man; great in genius, small in stature, almost bent down under the weight of his laurels and his long labours. His blue coat, worn out like his body, his long boots that went higher than his knees, his waistcoat stained with snuff, formed a singular and yet noble appearance.—The fire of his looks showed that his mind had not decayed with age; in spite of his invalidated appearance, it was seen that he could still fight like a young soldier; in spite of his small size, the mind still saw him greater than all other men.”

*Memoirs of Count Segur.*

**CATHARINE OF RUSSIA.**—“She had an aquiline nose, and graceful mouth, blue eyes, and dark eye-brows, a very gentle look, and when she wished it, an engaging smile. In order to disguise the corpulency of age, which effaces every charm, she wore a loose robe with long sleeves, a dress very much like that of the early Muscovites. The whiteness and beauty of her skin were the attractions which she preserved the longest.” *Ib.*

**RUSSIAN POLICE.**—“The following occurrence,” says a recent writer on Russia, “witnessed one day in the street at Saint Petersburg, by a friend of mine, serves to instance the dread entertained by the lower classes of getting under the power of the police. As he was passing the Isaac Bridge, a drooshka suddenly stopped before him, when the driver leaped down, and with every symptom of consternation, took his passenger from off the seat of the vehicle, and laid him on the road; he then hastily remounted his box, and drove away with all possible speed. The passenger had been seized with a fit, when, thinking he might die, the affrighted, but prudent Russian, took this method of getting rid of him, in order to avoid the trouble and expence the police would have imposed upon him, had he been found with the dead body.”



## Varieties.

**SINGULAR MODE OF FISHING.**—At the magnificent estate of Count Marnix, the Grand Veneur of the Netherlands, there are such immense decoys for wild ducks, that in winter time, during a hard frost, 1500 to 2000 couple of wild ducks are caught; and, in a favourable season, most of the towns within 100 miles of Bornheim are supplied with them at the rate of 1s. 2d. a couple. In the middle of this estate there is a lake about seven miles in length, which, many centuries ago, formed a branch of the Scheldt. Here a mode of angling, or rather of making ducks angle, is practised. To the legs of half a dozen tame ducks, short lines, with hooks and baits, are attached; the birds swim about, and as the lake is well stocked with fish, in a few minutes they are sure to bite; a struggle then takes place between the duck and the fish, the latter attempting to escape, and the bird endeavouring to get to shore, where, the instant he arrives, a good supply of food is given to him. The scene is truly ludicrous, and indeed cruel, when it happens that a large pike seizes the bait; the poor bird struggles with all his might to reach the bank, but is often pulled under water, and would be drowned, did not a person go out in a boat to his assistance.

**PERSIAN UNBELIEF.**—"I have heard a report," said the Shah, "which I cannot believe, that your king has only one wife."—"No Christian Prince can have more," said the Eelchee.—"O, I know that, but he may have a little lady."—"Our gracious king, George the Third," replied the Envoy, "is an example to his subjects of attention to morality and religion in this respect, as in every other."—"This may all be very proper," concluded his

majesty of Persia, laughing, "but certainly I should not like to be king of such a country."

**ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.**—One day, at Potsdam, the king heard from his cabinet a considerable tumult in the street; he called an officer, and told him to go and ascertain the cause. The officer went, and came back to tell his majesty that a very scurrilous placard against his majesty was fixed on the wall, but that it was placed so high that a great crowd pressed forward, and were pushing each other to read it. "But the guards," he added, "will soon come and disperse them." "Do nothing of the kind," replied the king, "fix the placard lower down that they may read it at their ease."

**ITALIAN PUN.**—When Buonaparte made his first campaign in Italy, the French were deserted. Some Italians remarked that the French were all rascals, upon which a punster observed:

*Non tutti, mai Buonaparte.*

Not all, but a good many of them.

During the Chancellorship of Sir Anthony Hart, application was made for proceedings against a Trinity student, who had gone off with a wealthy heiress named Grace. The parties, however, became reconciled, and the matter dropped:—

Thus mighty Love the secret could impart,  
To catch a Grace beyond the reach of Hart!

**RETRORT.**—Tom Little was trying to speak Italian once, when he was interrupted by a nobleman who was acquainted with that language (though with nothing else worth knowing,) with the hackneyed truism, "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" to which the poet replied, "Then you must be in a very perilous condition, for you know less than little."

## Diary and Chronology.

Thursday, June 28.

*High Water 38 m. after 2 morn.*

1716—On this day, the House of Commons passed an Act for the punishment of all persons, who should seduce soldiers to desert from the English army. It also made the enlisting of Roman Catholics into his Majesty's service liable to fine and imprisonment.

Monday, July 2.

*High Water, 7 m. after 11 morn.*

1716—Anniversary of a dreadful fire at Smyr-

na, which nearly destroyed that city. It first broke out at the house of a Jew. The Christian merchants were so fortunate as to save the greater part of their property; but the distress, in consequence of this awful visitation, was inexpressibly dreadful.

1750.—Sir Edward Seymour's claim to the dukedom of Somerset, which had been so long considered by the Attorney-General, received the sanction of that functionary in this year.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry we cannot avail ourselves of the communication of T. F. His first packet did not reach us.

"The Silver Bell," by Roger Calverley, in our next.

May we hope to hear again from E. S. Craven?



See page 390.

## Illustrated Article.

### OLD STORIES OF THE RHINE CASTLES.

By Roger Calverley.  
FOR THE OLIO.

#### THE SILVER BELL.

A STORY OF THE RHEINGAU.

Like her to whom, at dead of night,  
The lover, with his looks of light,  
Came in the flush of love and pride,  
And scaled the terrace of his bride;  
When, as she saw him rashly spring,  
And, midway up, in danger cling,  
She flung him down her long black hair,  
Exclaiming breathless, 'There love! there!'  
See! light, as up their granite steep  
The rock goats of Arabia clamber,  
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,  
And now is in the maiden's chamber.

As soon as the boat has passed the much dreaded whirlpool of the Binger-loch, the traveller sees before him the village of Ashmannshausen; on the left hand bank the ivied wreck of Bauzberg Castle crumbles ghastly away; and the ruins of Konigstein and, a little lower down, the old towers of Falkenburg present their mossy walls, among  
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a profusion of undisturbed verdure. On the right hand bank the town of Lorch forms the frontier of the Rheingau. It is hereabouts that the mountain entitled Kedrich, or the Devil's Staircase, buries its huge head in the clouds; and with this mountain our story has much to do.

Not far from the town of Lorch you are shewn, even to the present day, the remains of an ancient chateau, which was formerly inhabited by Sibol van Lorch, a knight of distinguished valour, but of a disposition which was anything but amiable.

It happened one night during very stormy weather, that a little old man with a long gray beard solicited shelter at the castle gate. The knight of Lorch having reconnoitred this singular figure through a loop-hole in the porter's lodge, refused him admission in a tone and manner sufficiently harsh.

"Oh! just as you please! I will call you to an account for it, however," was the only reply of Father Graybeard, and with the utmost composure he pursued his journey. Sir Sibol paid no great attention to these words at the time, but

when at noon, the following day, he assumed his canopied seat at the high table in his baronial hall, the mighty bear's ham stood untouched, the savoury venison ceased to steam, the ruddy wine bubbles blinked and died on the goblet's gold-wrought brim, for Garlind, the only surviving pledge of his dead wife, Garlind, by turns the consolation and amusement of his widowhood—Garlind, a beautiful little girl, twelve years old, was waited for in vain! The vassals were immediately dispatched in every direction; and at last Sibol himself set forth to seek her. A young shepherd, from whom the distracted father made inquiries to that effect, apprised him that he had noticed a young girl in the cooler hours of the morning, on the side of the Kedrich mountain, employed in gathering the scarlet, yellow, and blue flowers, that variegated its green grasses in brilliant multitudes. A short time afterward, he saw a crowd of little men advance towards her, and finally carry her away up the craggy mountain as easily as if they were walking on a plain.

"God forbid!" added the shepherd, crossing himself devoutly, "that they should have been those mischievous Gnomes who inhabit the interior of the mountain, and who are very easily provoked."

Sir Sibol, seized with horror at this account, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Kedrich, and sure enough there he beheld his pretty little Garlind, who seemed to stretch out her arms towards him for help. Sibol immediately assembled all his vassals, to see if there was not one among them who could scramble up to the top of the mountain. The enormous reward offered by the agonized father induced many to undertake the attempt, but not one succeeded. The first fell and broke his leg; another lost an eye; and a third, when near the summit, was dashed from crag to crag, till he lay a lifeless and mangled mass at the bottom. Sir Sibol then ordered them to prepare their tools for cutting out a road in the mountain. His commands were obeyed with the utmost promptitude; for Garlind was a general favourite; but the labourers had scarcely commenced their work, when, from the pinnacles of the mountain there was launched upon them such a multitude of stones, that they were compelled to consult their safety by flight. They, one and all, declared that at the same time they heard a voice proceeding apparently from the centre of the moun-

tain, which pronounced distinctly these words:—

"It is thus we return the hospitality of Sir Sibol van Lorich!"

Sir Sibol had recourse to all manner of projects for the recovery of his darling from the power of the Gnomes. According to the superstition of the age, he made more than one vow, and distributed munificent largesses to the monastic orders and to the poor. But all was in vain: no one could give him good counsel as to the means to be pursued; and much less, after the frightful examples that had been made, durst any body offer his assistance in regaining poor Garlind.

Days, weeks, months, thus flowed away, and the wretched father had no other consolation than the certainty that his child was still in life; for his first look in the morning, and his last at nightfall, rested on the summit of the Kedrich; and there he always saw Garlind, extending to her dear father her white arms in a manner that cleft his yearning heart in twain. It was at those periods alone that the Gnomes permitted her to be visible to his eyes; and, perhaps, it would be difficult to decide whether pleasure or pain predominated in the effects of this truly tantalizing punishment.

Meanwhile, the Gnomes took the utmost possible care of the little girl; fondling her with the most affectionate caresses, and endeavouring to win her young heart by the most lavish gifts and indulgences. In the most romantic and inviolate recesses of their domain, they built her a beautiful pavilion; the walls they encrusted with the most magnificently variegated shells, and the dome was of dazzling crystal. The softened lustre of the sun floated in upon its checkered marble pavement; and tall alabaster pillars, lightly curtained with pink and palegreen silks, disclosed the groves and parterres of a richly planted garden, from whence soft and sleepy zephyrs, swelling the dainty draperies, wafted a thousand odours around the fluttering ringlets of Garlind. A large basin under the centre of the dome, entirely of coral, was surrounded with a little trellice of white, yellow, and red roses, clustering over a border of the most rare mosses, which were kept in perpetual verdure by the silver sprinklings of the fountain. The nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush, here lavished their most bewitching melodies; and the mountain spirits, by their art, pro-

hibited the approach of storm or rain. Their females also made up sumptuous dresses for Garlind, and gave her necklaces of emeralds, diamonds, and rubies. Her table was every day loaded with dainties, for which the four elements were put in requisition, and which were served up in gold and silver vessels of the most marvellous workmanship; and the Gnomes emulated each other in striving to enliven her with songs, ballads, legends, and fairy tales.

There was, in particular, a little old woman, whom the others called Trud, who distinguished herself in fondling and indulging the pretty Garlind,—she was for ever whispering in her ear:

“Be, of good cheer, my darling, my love; I am preparing a marriage dowry for you, which a king’s daughter need not disdain!”

Four mortal years had now rolled away from the fatal morning on which she was carried off to the Kedrich; and Garlind, from a little playful fascinating girl, had become a beautiful, blushing, graceful virgin—a prize for a summer day’s tournament. The first sparkling beam of the morn, and the last tranquil crimson of the evening sky, still revealed to Sir Sibol de Lorich the form of his lost child, from the summit of the Kedrich; and with these momentary interviews, the unhappy knight began to think he must content himself for the rest of his miserable life. Affairs wore this aspect, when Sir Ruthelm of Konigstein, a young and valorous chevalier, and of an ancient family in the neighbourhood, returned to his ancestral castle, from Hungary, where he had gilded gloriously his maiden sword with Turkish blood, on the banks of the Danube. His romantic mansion, weaving like a garland its groves of beech-trees, amidst which its gray spires, and turrets, and burnished fangs glistened to the sun, might be described from Sir Sibol’s battlements.

Ruthelm of Konigstein had no sooner learnt the affliction that had befallen his old neighbour, than he resolved to attempt the rescue of Garlind. He accordingly repaired to the castle of Lorich, where he found every thing melancholy enough. On the great tower over the gateway waved a huge black banner, surging in the morning wind against the blue and sunny, as if it wished to blot out the resplendence of nature. The seneschal, attired in deep mourning, and without uttering a word, marshalled the young knight through

deserted courts that drearily echoed to his clinking spurs of gold.

A steep covered stair, hung with black, ascended from the low browed arch of the inner tower to the great hall; but the sun no longer gleamed upon its trophies of the battle and the chase. Its gorgeous arched windows no longer displayed the patrician or equestrian emblazonments of the family; its hearth smouldered in white ashes; a single cresset, swinging from the roof, made darkness visible; and, in the deep recess of the tall embayed oreille, skulked, like a hunted wild beast in its lair, what might *once* have been the fiery and indomitable knight of Lorich. His hair and beard were grown to a frightful length, his eyes gleamed, like decayed comets, over his ghastly cheeks; a long black robe enfolded his skeleton figure, and dust and ashes defiled his head and smeared his countenance. Ruthelm had prepared himself for a vehemence of sorrow in accordance with Sir Sibol’s impatient spirit; but for such horrible tokens of deliberate despair he had not, he *could* not have looked; and the shock completely arrested his utterance. A gleam of something like satisfaction shot upward Sibol’s haggard features, as he recognised the son of his old brother-in-arms; but it was connected with something intolerably painful, for in the next moment, with an earthquake groan, the poor old knight was stretched senseless on the pavement. Ruthelm, in compliance with the usages of chivalry, had been brought up in Sir Sibol’s castle; and an alliance between him and Garlind had always been a favourite topic with the two sires of Konigstein and Lorich.

It was sometime ere the wretched old man recovered his senses; when at length he unclosed his eyes, and found himself supported in the affectionate arms of Sir Ruthelm, and read, in the sorrow of his handsome countenance, the profound sympathy he felt for his affliction, he wrung the young warrior’s hand with warmth.

“Ruthelm! my gallant boy! I am wretched! I would say carelessly wretched; but thou art here: I will not add to my sins by doubting that Heaven’s providence hath sent thee to rescue my Garlind from those demons, and her poor father from a desperate grave!”

That very day at sunset Sir Ruthelm repaired to the foot of Mount Kedrich, for the purpose of reconnoitring; but

he soon saw the physical impossibility of scrambling up a rock which was almost perpendicular. Ruminating on the untoward aspect of affairs, he was about to return slowly and reluctantly to his castle, when he beheld advancing towards him an old man of a stature *dwarfish* in the last extreme.

"Good day, my fair young gentleman!" squeaked the mannikin, "I suppose you, too, have heard of the charming Garlind who dwells there, over the way, on the top of Kedrich. That pretty damsel is my ward; and if, as I have no doubt, you want to make her your wife, you have nothing to do but go and find her!"

"Done!" said the knight, holding out his hand.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison of you," rejoined the little old body, "nevertheless my word is as good as your's. I give up the girl to you, provided the road to her dwelling does not discourage you. But, believe me, you will be well repaid for your trouble, for there is not, in all the Rheingan, a virgin who is her fellow for beauty, for modesty, and for wit!"

After uttering these words, the malicious old dwarf disappeared with a loud peal of laughter; and young Ruthelm shook his sunny curls, and bit his downy lip in pure vexation at being so mocked by the hideous abortion.

"Find her out!" he said, looking wistfully at the impracticable crags of the Kedrich, "ay, with wings perhaps I might!"

A smart rap on his shoulder, accompanied with a shrill voice, saying,—  
"You may do it even *without* wings!" made Sir Ruthelm start; and, turning briskly round, he perceived a little old woman, whose puckered features bore a strong family likeness to her brother, the graybeard, except that their general expression was illumined with an air of benevolence which never shone over *his* crabbed spiteful physiognomy.

"I have overheard the conversation which my brother has been holding with thee," said the old lady, looking up with good-humoured shrewdness at the handsome young knight; "and, if I read that comely face aright, there is no necessity I should inform thee that thou art his laughing-stock!"

Blushes, thrice crimson-dyed, mantled over Ruthelm's neck, cheek, and forehead: he cleared his voice, stammered, and tried to look dignified.

"I—old gentlewoman! really—"

"Old gentlewoman!" retorted Trud,

"'tis well for thee that I am not quite so snappish as my brother Kobold!—But, well-a-day! thou art but a poor blind mortal after all, and I pity thee. Besides, I love fun better than vengeance! Harkee, young man! my brother Kobold has had a rare chuckle at thy expence, what sayest thou,—shall we make him laugh on the other side of his mouth?"

Our knight stared at the facetious pigmy, who thus continued:—

"Ah! I see thou hast more brawn in thine arm than brain in thy head!—but thou hast a good heart that outvalues both, and 'tis for that I love thee!"

"The devil you do!" muttered Ruthelm.

The officious Trud seemed extremely discomposed—

"I beg of you not to use that name in my presence, or you shall never see Garlind!"

"Ho, ho!" sits the lalcyon towards that quarter!" thought our hero, greatly relieved; for (truth to tell) from the tenour of her speech, he began to think the old lady meditated consoling him, and outwitting her brother, by substituting her own somewhat over-ripened charms for the blossomed beauties of Garlind. Sir Ruthelm therefore assumed an air of the most respectful attention, which greatly mollified the placable Trud.

"A good lad!" she exclaimed, "and now thou hast recovered thy manners, listen to me!"

"Assuredly, madam, and with eternal—"

"Bah! insect of a day! be contented if thou mayest expand thy spangled wings while it is noon;—painted bubble! be thankful that thy colours sparkle in the sunshine before they burst! thou hast nought here *eternal*; woe to thee if thou *hadst*! Enough!—listen—and let me speak!"

Ruthelm, like a chidden school-boy, bowed and looked meek; while Trud continued—

"Take this little silver hand-bell, and repair this night to the shadowy hollows of the Wisperthal. There thou wilt find an old mine, which they have long ceased to work; at its entrance, a beech, and a fir, two huge trees, interlace their thick boughs, they will serve to point out the place to thee. Enter the mine without fear."

Ruthelm felt as though, in such a cause, the bare suspicion of *fear* was an insult; and perhaps he *looked* it also, for the Gnome pursued—

"Beseech thee! attend, and do not start and snort, like an impatient charger, lest thou *stumble* also!—When thou art in the mine, ring thy bell three times; my younger brother inhabits the interior, and will no sooner have heard the sound of the bell, than he will be at thy side." The bell itself will be a token that I have sent thee; be discreet, be courageous, and I shall not have sent thee in vain!"

With these words Trud vanished as her brother Kobold had done; and (if the truth *must* be told), without leaving much more satisfactory impressions behind. To the dismal phantom-famed ravines of the Wisperthal at nightfall did Sir Ruthelm repair. The sky was starless—a waning moon, more dismal than eclipse, shed a shy and swarthy light over the umbered landscape. Enormous trees, congregated in gloomy clumps, or feathering with their rampant boughs and billowy foliage, down the craggy hills, waved in mysterious and shapeless phantasmagoria, to the solemn wailings of the Wisperwind that swelled and eddied through the desert vale. The curling waters of the Rhine, tinged with the sullen moon-beam, glared ghastly here and there, between the thick trunks of the pines and beech trees, whose voluminous foliage undulated over them like a funeral pall. Spectres, whose dim misty visages wore an aspect of menace, shot, tall and white, athwart the pitch-black hollows in the distance; the owls, each from his blasted tree, seemed to utter accents of discouragement and dismay; the very bats, as they wheeled with creaking leathern wings around his head, were fraught to Ruthelm's imagination with messages of disaster. Still the knight persevered, and at length he discovered the mine pointed out by Trud. He entered, and had scarcely rung the silver bell, for the third time, when a little man, attired in gray, and holding in his hand a little lighted lamp ascended from the bottom of the mine, and demanded Sir Ruthelm's name and business. Our hero promptly complied, and was listened to with much complaisance by grayfrock, who, having heard him patiently to an end, said,

"My elder brother has been bitterly affronted, it is true, by the knight of Lorich; but, in my opinion, as well as that of my sister Trud, the four years penance he has undergone is sufficient to have expiated his offence. Kobold, however, is of a different opinion, and continues so implacable, that if left to

his own will, it is to be feared he will never restore Garlind.

"He has nevertheless given you a hold upon him in the promise he made you, and which he thinks he has nullified by the extravagance of its conditions. You must know that we Gnomes are extremely punctilious in abiding by our words to the very letter; we outwit where we can, but we never break our words. So that if you can once reach Garlind she is as securely yours as if she had never seen the Kedrich."

Sir Ruthelm's eyes glistened with hope at the grayfrock's speech.

"Kind spirit!" he exclaimed, "only give me the means, the very slenderest means, only place me within the verge of *possibility*, and see if difficulty or danger can deter me, when love and friendship invite me forward!"

"Good!" rejoined the spirit of the mine: "those means I promise thee. But be on thy guard. Kobold is mine elder, and mightier than I; he may thwart us, if he discover our designs."

Here Sir Ruthelm fancied he heard sounds as of violent laughter, half suppressed, echo along the distant hollows of the mine; but as the Gnome did not notice it, he attributed it to imagination overheated by the strange scene, and remained silent, while grayfrock thus went on.

"Return to thy castle, and at day-break be at the foot of the Kedrich: it shall not be my fault if thou art not soon at its summit."

At the same time he drew a little whistle from his pocket, and whistled three times. In an instant the whole valley glimmered as with ten million glow-worms; while countless myrmidons of dwarfs, each holding his tiny lamp, swarmed over its grassy surface. Apparently, grayfrock did not wish our hero to witness their proceedings, for he stamped his little foot, and waved his hand impatiently. In compliance with these injunctions, Sir Ruthelm turned away from the mouth of the mine, and bled him homeward.

The warder of Konigstein castle looked down right gladly on the dancing plumes, as the night air blew them aside at the gateway, and gave to view Sir Ruthelm's well-known crest, fleckered by the red torch flame; and the senechal's old eye brightened as he saw his young lord enter with a firmer step and a more cheery countenance than he had shewn since his return; while the old privileged nurse blessed herself at the keen appetite that her darling dis-

played at the well-furnished table in his illuminated hall.

Ruthelm himself, when, that night, after pious orisons and vows, he flung his limbs to rest, under the lofty tester of his richly carved and draped bed, could not help wondering at the glow of hope he experienced. Yet, in after days, he always declared, that during that night, whenever he awoke, he heard violent bursts of half-stifled laughter, sometimes outside the arched and painted lattice, sometimes under the armorial shield upon the massy mantel-piece, and sometimes behind the red and green hangings of the pictorial arras.

Day had scarcely begun to tinge the mountain tops, when the young knight of Königstein repaired to the foot of the Kedrich, where, to his unspeakable delight, he found a great ladder, composed of the stems and branches of beech and pine-trees, aspiring to such an incredible height, that although his eye was unable to ascertain its termination, he could not but think that it conducted him to the retreat of the charming Garlind. All nature wore a hallowed smile around: the broad disk of the sun began to tinge the forests and hill tops with golden green; a soft fresh air fluttered among the dewy silken leaves, and seemed to sow with sun-sparks the blue ripples of the Rhine; the distant lowing of cattle, and the cheerful songs of the herdsmen were heard from afar, filling up the pauses between the clangs of the matin bell from some adjacent monastery; while a thousand happy birds caroled from their green and shady citadels hymns to the new-born day. Could it be possible that beings adverse to man could have power at such a heavenly hour!—Yet Ruthelm could not altogether keep down certain misgivings that assailed him as he climbed the first twenty steps of the ladder; however, as he proceeded in the long ascent, his spirits grew lighter, and when he had reached about midway, he was so exhilarated by the prospect of success, that he fairly laughed aloud with glee. A most portentous echo had that ill-timed merriment!—No longer half-stifed, as in the mine, or at Königstein, but loud and explosive, a burst of laughter drowned his own; and Ruthelm, looking up, beheld the features of the formidable Kobold dilated to a gigantic size, and proportionably increased in diabolical deformity, with the old hideous expression of laughing malice swelling in every lineament.

"He! he! ho!" shouted the Gnome, "thou art come for thy bride, I see!—look that thy footing be sure!"

At the same moment he kicked the ladder, and Sir Ruthelm beheld every stave gradually break asunder one by one; one by one he heard them clatter down the sides of the Kedrich, till at last the one on which his foot was placed crashed from under him, while the staves above him were converted into wreathed and fanged and hissing serpents.

A desperate spring placed him clear of the enchanted ladder, but in scarcely a less perilous situation. By the sheer strength of his nervous arms he secured himself on a projecting crag, overmatted with the gnarled roots of an old beech. While thus suspended between heaven and earth, ten thousand ugly noises of fiends hurtling in his ears, and the horrid depth of countless fathoms below dizzying his eyes, his aganized glance caught the distant tower-vanes of the cathedral and other churches of Mayence, glittering in the morning sun.

"Holy Virgin!" ejaculated the luckless youth, "to thee I appeal! thou knowest that my intentions are pure!—Remember not my sins, but save me from these demons! Give me but to rescue that innocent girl, and I vow to build a chapel in thine honour, and endow it with a fifth of my revenue!"

Tradition says that these words had hardly escaped his lips, when the hellish hubbub in the air ceased, a swoon overpowered his senses, and when he awoke it was in the castle-hall of Lorich; while the first objects that his eyes encountered were the soft, dark, wondering eyes of Garlind anxiously bent over him, and the venerable form of Sibold, clasping him in his arms, and hailing him as the champion and bridegroom of his child!

CAUTION.—Dr. Southey, one day preaching before the king (Charles II.), and some of his dissolute courtiers, (who had been spending the preceding night in a manner quite dissimilar from preaching and praying), observing his royal and noble auditors to have entirely resigned themselves to sleep, suddenly stopped in his discourse, and called three times on the Earl of Lauderdale; and on the earl's starting up, the doctor coolly addressed him in the following manner: "My Lord Lauderdale, I called upon you, merely to caution you against snoring so loud, lest you should wake his majesty."

## THE OLIO.

### THE EKILE.

Not yet, not yet; a few brief hours  
 Are mine to linger still,  
 To gaze upon the ivy'd towers  
 That crown my native hill —  
 To glance o'er each familiar tree  
 That shades that lovely spot—  
 All that must soon forsaken be,  
 But shall not be forgot.  
 For, now a wanderer I must roam,  
 The sport of every wave,  
 Far from my childhood's much-loved home,  
 And from my father's grave!  
 Nor can I hope in other clime  
 To find a home as dear;  
 Hearts cannot change with place or time,  
 And mine will still be here.  
 For here, with father, sister, friend,  
 With Nature's holiest ties,  
 Another name was wont to blend,  
 And other dreams to rise.  
 'T would soothe me when, in other days,  
 With other thoughts, I ranged—  
 On wood, and hill, and tower to gaze,  
 And find them still unchanged.  
 But, now, a tyrant's stern command  
 Constrains me hence to roam;  
 Then, ah! farewell my father's land!  
 Farewell my only home!  
 Whate'er of valley, or of hill,  
 In other lands I see—  
 That will I deem the loveliest place,  
 That leads my thoughts to thee.

### STAGE COSTUME.

For the Olio.

Our attention was called to this subject the other day, by seeing, at a broker's shop an engraving of Mr. Quin, in the character of *Coriolanus*. When our eyes first fell on this ludicrous print we were ready to expire with laughter, and could a reduced copy of it be introduced into the Olio, we should tremble for the sides of our readers. But we must attempt to describe it. First, then, the most conspicuous figure in the group stands Quin himself, in a costume that would in this day, much as the subject has been neglected, turn a tragedy into a broad farce and convulse the audience with laughter. He has on his head what appears to be a jockey's cap; his arms are cased in broad-cloth sleeves, with large cuffs; his habergeon might be sketched with a pencil, but the pen could never do justice to it; it sticks out all round like a hooped petticoat! Beneath this peep the actor's knees, defended by breeches of his day, below which are (stare not reader) *stockings*! The legs are terminated by *half-boots*. The suppliant females in the group are attired in the costume of the time of our Queen Mary of martyr-making memory, and are per-

forming with gestures as ludicrous as their dress is inappropriate. No description could possibly convey a perfect idea of this ludicrous engraving.

But the reader will ask, "Are the costume of the characters in the plays of Shakspeare properly attended to in the present day?" We answer no. Some three or four years ago, or, perhaps, more, Planché did much to reform the costume of our stage, and something like attention was paid to historical propriety. But now, if you should happen to visit (and we envy not the man who is compelled to do it) the "Great Theatres" twice in one week, you may, for your edification, see "*Othello*" performed, and witness *Iago* in an appropriate dress; but then this pleasure would be too great without alloy, too overpowering: go next night, and you may see a play of the time of Charles the Second performed in almost the same costume; there will be the same hat and feathers, the same doublet, the same boots (but these latter appear in twenty characters), and, in fact, nearly the whole dress, &c. will be the identical pieces in which the wily villain acted his part.

We went a short time since to Covent Garden, to witness the performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and, oh, what a medley of costume was there! *Justice Shallow*, *Bardolph* and "mine Ancient," were each in dresses of different periods, and *Sir John* himself had on the jerkin, slops, hat, boots, and *Scottish broadsword*, which has been long since immortalized by the Staffordshire potteries as a chimney ornament; but, to crown all, *Jack Rugby* was dressed in *livery* of the time of Hogarth, and *Doctor Caius* looked like one of the portraits of Kneller, with a *black wig*, *court sword* and *ruffles*!—We had a female friend with us, and that compelled us to sit out the play; but as we left the house, something like a curse against the bad taste of the manager escaped our lips.

A.M.

**FEMALE EYE.**—A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the impression of a female eye. The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and lustre of pleasure.



## ELEGIAC TO THE IVY.

*For the Olio.*

Unfold, thou tapestry of the forest tower,  
Where yon ravine its amber'd womb displays;  
Unfold to Fancy's Hall and Fiction's Bower  
The high traditions of forgotten days.

Say, for thou can'st, what chival'rous emprise  
Emblaz'd the barons of thy wither'd walls?  
How oft thy foliage waved with scented sighs,  
Of maids love-stricken, in thy banner'd halls!

Hast thou not flutter'd as the breezy tides  
Of harp and song the festal chambers shook?  
Chambers whose herbage the green lizard  
hides,  
Songs barter'd for the screams of owl and  
rook.

And when the night-wind swept thy cluster'd  
leaf,  
And skies were moonless and the stars all  
dim;  
And the far ocean thunder'd on the reef,  
Drowning the midnight monastery hymn;  
When sleep sank balmy on the fainting frame,  
And the flow'r, dew-drunk, slumber'd on its  
bed;  
Hast thou not seen the Feudal foeman's flame,  
Blend castle, woods and skies in one vast  
red?

'Tis thine with fearful circumstance to tell,  
How murder nightly stalk'd th' adjacent  
glade;  
The black corpse wait'ring in the sunless dell,  
And the pale phantom of thy haunted shade.

Dear to romance, to glowing wonder dear,  
Each guest a legend in thy bosom swells;  
And fondly list'ning, contemplation's ear,  
Delights to chronicle each tale it tells.

Triumphant thou; antagonist of Time,  
Crown'd by decay, while Fame thy vassal  
lies;  
O'er castled dust aspires thy pile sublime,  
Heir of old age, and sire of centuries!

HORACE GUILFORD.

## IMPOSTURES OF LITERARY MEN.

Continued from page 350.

A LEARNED antiquary, (says Mr. Swinburne) Medina Conde, in order to favour the pretensions of the church, in a great law-suit, forged deeds and inscriptions, which he buried in the ground, where he knew they would shortly be dug up again. Upon their being found, he published engravings of them, and gave explanations of their unknown characters, making them out to be so many authentic proofs and evidences of the assertions of the clergy.

The Morocco Ambassador purchased of him a copper bracelet of Fatima, which Medina proved by the Arabic inscription and many certificates, to be genuine, and found among the ruins of Alhambra, with other treasures of its last king, who had hid them there in the hope of better days. This famous bracelet turned out afterwards to be the

work of Medina's own hands, and made out of an old brass candlestick!

George Psalmanazar, well known in the literary world, and to whose labours we owe much of the great universal history, exceeded in powers of deception any of the great impostors of learning. His Island of Formosa was an illusion eminently bold, and maintained with as much felicity as erudition; and great must have been that erudition, which could form a pretended language and its grammar, and fertile the genius which could invent the history of an unknown people. It is said that the deception was only satisfactorily ascertained by his own penitential confession; he defied and baffled the most learned. The literary impostor Lauder had much more audacity than ingenuity, and he died contemned by all the world. Genius and learning are ill directed in forming literary impostures, but at least they must be distinguished from the fabrications of ordinary impostors.

A singular forgery was not long ago practised on Captain Wilford by a learned Hindu, who, to ingratiate himself and his studies with the too zealous and pious European, contrived to give the history of Noah and his three sons, in his "Purana," under the designation of Satyavrata. Captain Wilford having read the passage, transcribed it for Sir William Jones, who translated it as a curious extract. But it afterwards appeared, that the whole was an interpolation by the dexterous introduction of a forged sheet, discoloured, and prepared for the purpose of deception, and which, having served his purpose for the moment, was afterwards withdrawn. Sir William Jones would not have been deceived, had he seen this MS., for he detected a similar impudent fraud immediately on inspection. The forgery is preserved in Lord Teignmouth's memoirs of that elegant scholar.

Of authors who have sold their names to be prefixed to works they never read; or, on the contrary, who have prefixed the names of others to their own writings, for a certain remuneration, it is sufficient to mention the circumstances. As an anecdote from the secret memoirs of literature, we may notice one of that encyclopedic genius, Sir John Hill; he owned to a friend once, when he fell sick, that he had over fatigued himself with writing seven works at once. One of which was on architecture, and another on

cookery. This hero once contracted to translate Swammerdam's works on insects for fifty guineas. After the agreement with the bookseller, he perfectly recollected that he did not understand a single word of the Dutch language. Nor did there exist a French translation. The work, however, was not the less done for this small obstacle. Sir John bargained with another translator for twenty-five guineas.—The second translator was precisely in the same situation as the first; as ignorant, though not so well paid as the knight. He rebargained with a third, who perfectly understood his original, for twelve guineas. So that the translators who could not translate feasted on venison and turtle, while the modest drudge, whose name never appeared to the world, broke in patience his daily bread.

The craft of authorship has many mysteries of its own; many memorable, though uncommemorated anecdotes. The great patriarch and primeval dealer in English literature is said to have been Robert Green, one of the most facetious, profligate, and indefatigable of the Scribleri family. He laid the foundation of a new dynasty of literary emperors. The first act by which he proved his claim to the throne of Grub-street has served as a model to his numerous successors—it was a cheating ambidextrous trick! Green sold his "Orlando Furioso" to two different theatres, and is supposed to be the first author in English literary history, who wrote as a trader; or as crabbed Anthony Wood phrases it, in the language of celibacy and cynicism, "he wrote to maintain his wife, and that high loose course of living, which poets generally follow." With a drop still sweeter, old Anthony describes Gayton, another worthy, "he came up to London to live in a shirking condition, and wrote trite things, merely to get bread to sustain him and his wife." The hermit Anthony seems to have had a mortal antipathy against the Eves of literary men. The anecdote of Green's ambidextrous manoeuvre is this:—He sold his play to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, but when the Queen's players were in the country, he resold it to the Lord Admiral's for as much more. It was after this, that in open defiance to the rival proprietors, he published his "Thieves falling out, true men come by their goods; or, the bell-man wanted a clapper."

But of all the impostures in the annals of literature, that of the Shakspeare papers by Ireland, is, perhaps, the most remarkable. That a boy so young and so inexperienced, should have imposed upon so many LEARNED(?) men, must be a matter of astonishment to the present generation. It was whispered a short time since, that "young Ireland," who is now living, was about to publish his reminiscences. We hope the intention has not been abandoned. The history of that extraordinary humbug must be replete with interest. We may notice other impostures in a future number. E. M. A.

#### PAINFUL IMPRESSIONS.

On the high coloured windows of Mary's old hall,  
As I marked the meridian magnificence fall;  
Through burgonet, mitre, dalmatique and vest,  
Of barons and prelates in painting impress.  
Each tall Gothic lattice was frequently seen  
To stain my companion red, yellow and green;  
I turn'd, and with hasty anxiety cried,  
'Are you ill?'—'Not at all,' half in fear he replied;  
'What makes you suppose so?'—'Alas! 'tis too plain,  
Since I see you change colour, so oft, with the pain.'

HORACE GUILFORD.

#### THE CHATEAU OF VINCENNES.

THE following description of this chateau is given by a recent traveller.

The royal chateau of Vincennes is at the distance of little more than a mile from Charenton, and I took it in my way to the latter place. It is interesting as one of the ancient residences of the kings of France, as well as from the events in history with which it is connected. The external appearance of this ancient edifice is that of a castle, with a lofty square donjon keep in the centre, extensive walls, a ditch, and parapets; but it does not seem to be a place of any considerable strength as a fortress. I ascended to the top of the keep, which, from its great elevation, commands an extensive view of the country round Paris in every direction. The cheerless apartments and turret staircases of the chateau render it very unfit, according to modern notions, for a palace, though it was occupied as such by the kings of France till Louis XIV. built the magnificent halls of Versailles; its security, however, compensated in perilous times for its want of comfort and architectural splendour.

In more recent times the keep has been principally used as a prison for distinguished persons, and among others, the Prince de Polignac.

It was here that the formal murder of the Duc d'Enghien was perpetrated by the orders of Napoleon. The young Duke had been seized by a party of French cavalry, at a short distance from Strasburg, on the other side of the Rhine, and in the neutral territory of Baden. That he had gone thither for some purpose of secret hostility to the government of the First Consul, is not improbable; that, however, no conspiracy to take away the life of Napoleon was proved against him is certain. The military chief of France professed, and might have reason, to suspect; and, despot-like, he dispensed with proof, broke the law of nations, made a mockery of justice, and purchased a tyrant's peace by shedding the blood of him who stood, or might have stood, in his way. Talleyrand is accused by Napoleon of having constantly instigated him to this deed, and of having kept back a letter from the unfortunate Bourbon pleading for his life, until the muskets of the executioners had decided his fate. That such a letter, had it reached its destination in time, would have produced any impression on the marble soul of the despot, cannot for an instant be supposed.

It was nine at night when young d'Enghien was brought a captive to Vincennes. The formality of a trial was immediately gone through; and, two hours before day-break,—so foul a murder being appropriately committed under the pall of night, and by the lurid glare of torches,—he was led out into the fosse of the castle, and shot.—My blood ran cold when that dismal ditch, beneath the lofty walls of the castle, and the precise spot where the young prince fell, now marked by a monument, were shown to me.

In the beautiful Gothic chapel of the castle is a marble monument to the Duc d'Enghien, sculptured in the elaborately allegorical style which accords with French taste. The Duke is represented as receiving his death-wound from Tyranny, which would hide its horrid features with an uplifted robe, whilst it plunges a dagger into the victim's heart; France weeps at the crime, but, being fettered, cannot prevent it; the Duke meets his fate with composure. A Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation, is placed on the monument:

"Here are deposited the bones of Louis Antoine Henry, of Bourbon-Conde, Duke d'Enghien, who, during the exile of the legitimate king, abode amongst foreigners beyond the Rhine, and, being taken by the snares of a tyrant, in defiance of the law of nations, was wickedly condemned and shot within the walls of this castle, in the night of the twenty-first of March, 1804.—Aged thirty-one years, seven months, nineteen days.

"Louis XVIII. — restored to the throne of his ancestors—commanded the remains of this most lamented Prince, which had been buried without ceremonies, to be taken up, and with sacredly-appointed pious rites to be interred beneath this monument: on the 14th day of February, 1816."

In the chapel, which is a chaste and elegant specimen of Gothic architecture, is shown a large silver bowl, highly worked, which was brought from Palestine by a royal crusader.—The walls of the chateau include several piles of building, principally intended as barracks for the garrison, by which Vincennes is regularly occupied. When the allied armies summoned this place in 1814, its commander, General Jominot, refused to surrender; and it was allowed to remain intact, as being (I suppose) of little or no importance to those who were already sure of the capital. A park and woods belonging to the chateau extend to the village of Charenton.

#### INDIAN PETITION.

The following simple, yet elegant appeal, was lately made by a tribe of Indians to the council of Prince Edward Island.

"To the Great Counsellors of Prince Edward Island. The speech of Oliver Thoma, Louis Francis Alguimoo, Paul Jacques, and other chiefs of this island.

"Fathers,—Before the white men crossed the great waters, our woods offered us food and clothes in plenty; the waters gave us fish, and the woods game; our fathers were hardy, brave, and free; we knew no want; we were the only owners of the land.

"Fathers,—When the French came to us, they asked us for land to set their wigwams; we gave it freely.—In return they taught us new arts; protected and cherished us; sent holy men, our fathers, amongst us, who

taught us Christianity; who made books for us, and taught us to read them—that was good, and we were grateful.

“Fathers,—When your fathers came and drove away our French fathers, we were left alone; our people were sorry; but they were brave, they raised the war-cry, and took up the tomahawk against your fathers. Then your fathers spake to us, and said, put up the axe, we will protect you—we will become your fathers. Our fathers and your fathers had long talks around the council fire—the hatchets were buried, and we became friends.

“Fathers,—They promised to leave us some of our land—but they did not; they drove us from place to place like wild beasts—that was not just.

“Fathers, last year, at your great council, you promised to give us land, and to give us books to shew our children good things; to know the good spirit and to love him; that was kind—we thank you; but, fathers, we hear, some bad Indians, who are lazy, and hate work, said we did not want land or books. This is not true; we cannot now live by the chase, and we wish our children to learn.

“Fathers,—We heard you would not give us the books our fathers left us, but strange ones—we were sorry, but hope you will give us our own and no other.

“Fathers,—Our tribe in Nova-Scotia, Canada, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, have land on which your families are happy. We ask you, fathers, to give us a part of that land once our father's, whereon we may raise our wigwams without disturbance, and plough and sow, that we may live, and our children also; else, fathers, you may soon see not one drop of Indian blood in this island, once our own; where is now our land?—we have none.

“Fathers, we are poor, do not forsake us; remember the promises your fathers made to ours. Fathers, we salute you.”

### Notices of New Books.

#### CORRESPONDENCE OF MIRABEAU.

We have been favoured with proof sheets of the first volume of this work, which is just about to make its appearance. These letters will assuredly be popular, they tell us so much of ourselves; and Englishmen are always

anxious to hear the opinions of foreigners concerning them. The “*Seve-nirs de Mirabeau*” have had many readers in England, and we have little doubt that these volumes will also be read with avidity. The following extracts are best calculated to please the general reader.

“London, August 30, 1784.

“It is from this imperial city, which, built of bricks, without elegance or grandeur in her edifices, points to the Thames and his proud bosom, and seems to say,—‘What darrest thou compare to me? Let the ocean, let the world, bring hither their tributaries!’—it is from this city that I write, in haste, my eyes fatigued with sights of novelty, my mind occupied with a thousand painful thoughts, both with regard to the present and the future—but my heart and imagination filled with you.

“Our journey would form an entertaining novel. You are acquainted with the disagreeable events which occurred before we left Paris, and must have felt for our situation while we were proceeding to Dieppe; but—unless, indeed, you have been in a storm—you cannot form to yourself an idea of our sea-voyage. Twice we were on the point of being lost; first, by the force of the wind and waves, which nearly overwhelmed our feeble bark; and again, just as we were entering the *Adder*, that is, the entrance into the port. Our vessel was tacking, when she struck against a cable under water; and, a heavy wave dashing over her at the same moment, we were as near as possible going to the bottom. Fortunately, my poor friend was in that horrible state of suffering called sea-sickness, the moral effect of which is to render one indifferent, or, rather, perfectly reckless. I, who never in my life experienced sea-sickness, absolutely vomited blood; and my nerves have not even yet recovered their wonted energy.

“As soon as we landed, we ordered a postchaise. For companions, we had—an Irish gentleman, who, I should say, was an honest man, had I not always been of opinion that such a person can hardly be found; a French lady, whom he had taken the liberty of forcibly removing from her own family, by the inherent right which every Irishman possesses of appropriating to himself the first rich heiress that falls in his way; and an English clergyman, of gentle manners and extremely learned. We took a chaise, not from

any motives of vanity; but all the *élégans* of England, and the stars of the Court, were at Brighthelmstone, attracted by the presence of the Prince of Wales, who is taking the benefit of sea-bathing, and, therefore, not a seat was to be obtained in any of the stage-coaches. These postchaises are excellent. Gentlemen's carriages in France are not equal to them; they move with three times the rapidity of our own crazy vehicles, and, in expense, do not exceed our moderate charges. This mode of travelling, however, notwithstanding the economical talents, and energetic industry, of our Hibernian companion, whom I have created superintendent of our caravansera, cost us about three times as much as it ought to have done. But I must add that, on our arrival at Dieppe, finding the packet sailed only twice a week, and difficulties arising respecting my passport, I hired a vessel. Were I not afraid that, in divulging a secret, it might prove injurious to some poor devils who, like ourselves, made use of it, I could prove to demonstration how those sublime forms of our inquisition, called the Admiralty, are altogether superfluous; unless, indeed, for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of those gentlemen who are entrusted with search warrants—the natural result of such legislative regulations.

"We dined at Brighthelmstone, our meal consisting of the finest butchers' meat I have ever tasted. As the very act of treading upon an English floor sets fire to one's purse, particularly in the vicinity of the Court, (for gold is the mandragon of every Court,) we went to Lewes to pass the night. Are you not scandalized, that an English borough should bear the name of one of our kings? From this place to the capital, we passed through the finest country in Europe,—views the most varied—verdure in the true sense of the word—beautiful and rich plains, each estate remarkable for its rural elegance—a most attractive spectacle, a delight to the mind, which it is impossible to exaggerate. The approaches to London are of an Arcadian beauty, of which even Holland had given me no idea. If they admit of comparison, it is only with some of the valleys of Switzerland. Now, this observation will strike every beholder; this lordly people are particularly engaged in agricultural pursuits, in the bosom of their island; and this it is that has so

long preserved them against their own mad excesses!

"I felt my mind strongly and deeply agitated, while passing over these fertile and happy lands; and I exclaimed, 'Whence arises this sudden emotion? These mansions, compared to ours, are mere cottages. Many parts of France, even the least favoured provinces, and the whole of Normandy, which I have just traversed, are certainly more favoured by nature! Here and there, indeed, are to be found—but certainly in every province of our country—splendid edifices, gigantic monuments, great public works, magnificent instances of the mighty efforts of man.—Yet, all I now see affords more real satisfaction to my mind, than the sensation of astonishment excited by what I have left. Nature is here in a meliorated, but not a forced state; and these narrow, but excellent roads, make my heart sink with sorrow when I reflect upon the degradation of the *contocours*. This admirably cultivated land shows that property is respected; this care, this universal cleanliness, is a positive symptom of comfort. This rural wealth proves, that the inequality of fortunes is not excessive—a source of so many evils! As, with us, magnificent edifices are surrounded with huts, every thing tells me that, here, the people are something; that here, each man possesses the full and free exercise of his faculties; and that, therefore, I find myself in a perfectly new state of things.'

"Now observe, my dear friend, this is so truly the cause of the effect, that, on my arrival in London, nothing struck me more forcibly than the sight of those flag-stone pavements, which caused that excellent man, La Condramini, to fall upon his knees, and exclaim, 'Thank God! I am in a country where they who are obliged to go on foot have not been forgotten!—Every thing else, as we passed through the town, appeared to be uncommonly plain; so much so, that I could not but agree with the apathetic Italian, who said, 'The town is composed of streets on the right, streets on the left, and a road in the middle.' Every town resembles every other. If, however, you allow this one to enjoy admirable cleanliness, which extends to every thing, which embellishes every thing, an attraction both for body and soul—to an extent which no ancient city ever possessed; yet, here, you will find frightful political maladies—a moral

sink of iniquity—and, perhaps, as elsewhere, a physical one also; men crowded together, and infecting each other with their breath—an eternal struggle between the corruptors and the corrupted—between the prodigal and the wretched—between the titled mob and the *canaille* of the multitude. It is either better or worse than Babylon; just as you please, it is a matter of indifference to me. Take this, however, into consideration; I have hitherto seen but little, and London will afford me, better than any other great commercial city, the means of active observation, which cannot fail to be interesting. But I have made you acquainted with my first impressions, in which there is generally much truth.

“London, September, 1784.

“First, that which distinguishes, in the most decided manner, this climate, is its extreme inconstancy—its extreme humidity. Every wind brings rain with it; and, even in the finest weather, the air is filled with perceptible vapours. Fogs are to be met with every where; but, of all the countries through which I have wandered, there is not one where they so frequently occur—so heavy—sombre, and slow to disappear. It is their own country, *par excellence*; and, were it not that impetuous winds are traversing and sweeping it incessantly, the land would never be dry; indeed, it will easily be understood, that the rays of the sun, passing through so dense an atmosphere, must lose their strength and active powers. I will not say, with the Marquis de Caraccioli, “That a fine sunshine in England, is not quite so bright as moonshine in Naples;” but this is certain—seldom does he appear in all his splendour; and, at the very moment you expect to enjoy his presence, he comes forward surrounded by a veil.—Generally speaking, and I cannot assign any cause for the circumstance, unless it be a particular regard to Newton and his disciples, Nature has shown herself, in these lands, less sparing of fine nights than of fine days. Those noctambulists, Young and Hervey, always in a hurry that the sun should go down, are not, after all, taking into consideration the days and nights of their country, quite so splenic as might be imagined. By-the-by, the following lines, written by the latter night-wanderer, could have been composed only by a native of this island; ‘Liberty, that dearest of names; and property, that best of charters;

give an additional, an inexpressible charm, to every delightful object. See how the declining sun has beautified the western clouds; has arranged them in crimson, and skirted them with gold. Such a refinement of our domestic bliss is property; such an improvement of our public privileges is liberty. When the lamp of day shall entirely withdraw his beams, there will still remain the same collection of floating vapours; but O, how changed, how gloomy! The carnation streaks are faded; the golden edges are worn away, and all the lovely tinges are lost in a *lead-coloured lowering sadness*. Such would be the aspect of all these scenes of beauty, and all these abodes of pleasure, if exposed continually to the caprice of arbitrary sway, or held in a state of abject and cringing dependence.”

#### STANZAS.

*Written on the circumstance of two swallows having taken refuge in a church, during the time of service.*

Gay, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer—  
Ye have no sin to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their maker bend?  
Can your pure spirit fear  
The God you never could offend?

Ye never knew  
The crimes for which we come to weep;  
Penance is not for you,  
Blest wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given  
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

There spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not rear'd by hands.

Or if ye stay  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,  
Through field and trackless light to soar,  
On nature's charms to feed,  
And nature's own great God adore.

A WOMAN who was not a water drinker, once walking with her husband, remarked, that it either rained or would rain, for she had just got a drop in her eye. “Nay, my dear,” replied the husband, “that you got before you left home.”

### The Naturalist.

**THE GRAY ICHNEUMON.** — From the civet, to which it closely approaches in the number, and in some degree also in the form of its teeth, in the asperity of its tongue, and in the semi-retractility of its claws, the Egyptian ichneumon is distinguished by its narrower, and more pointed muzzle, by the shortness of its lower lip, and more especially by the absence of the double cavity beneath the tail, which is replaced by a single pouch of considerable size, but destitute of secreting glands. Their hair is long, crisp, brittle, and always more or less variegated in colour, in consequence of each separate hair being marked by alternating rings of different shades.

The colour of this species, which is a native of India, is a pale grey, the hair being for the most part of a dirty yellowish white, relieved towards their extremities by narrow rings of brown. The head and limbs are darker than the rest of the body.

The habits of the ichneumon are very similar to those of the ferret. In the localities where they abound, their sanguinary disposition and predatory inclinations, render them a real pest to the farm-yard, to which they pay their nocturnal visits, for the purpose of destroying the poultry. They also make war upon rats, birds, and reptiles, and devour the eggs of the latter with the greatest avidity. Endowed with a remarkable degree of courage in proportion to their size, they do not hesitate to attack any animal that is not obviously more than a match for them. Even in captivity, they retain much of their native spirit; and so great is their activity and determination, that the individual now in the Tower actually, on one occasion, killed no fewer than a dozen full grown rats, which were let loose to it in a room sixteen feet square, in less than a minute and a half. They are very easily tamed, become attached to those with whom they are familiar, and to the house in which they live, and will follow their masters about almost like a dog.

*Twist Menagerie.*

**TREES OF PORTUGAL.** — Vines, olive trees, and cork trees, are the principal objects that attract notice in Portugal. In some places the wild vines, of which a good wine called "Bastardo Puro" is made, are seen in great luxuriance twining around the trees on the road side, and loaded with

clusters of grapes. In other parts scarcely any thing is to be seen but myrtles. They are at present in full blossom,—and when they are not kept down by goats, or some other animals, they grow to a large size. Some of them are from fifteen to twenty feet high. Great quantities of cork are produced in the country. Only a small part of the trunk of the tree is stripped of its bark—not more than about three feet—and this requires eight or ten years to fill up again. One of the most common trees on the sides of the road is the quince tree, called in Portuguese, *Marmelo*. Aloes are very common; many of them send out shoots, or rather trees, twenty feet high, resembling, at a distance, a crabbed withered pine, half stripped of its branches.

**HABITS OF FISH.**—It is a curious fact that the small fish, gudgeons, roach, dace, and perch, of the rivers tributary to the Yare, disappear altogether about the month of October, and are seldom to be seen or to be caught till the May following. They are even then few in number and small in size; about June they increase, and by August the rivers are crowded with full and frequent shoals. Where do these tribes hide themselves during the winter? If it be said in deep holes, this does not appear to be the case, except perhaps with the largest fish. The smaller disappear almost altogether from the sight and the search of man. A second problem is—where do those vast beds or tribes of eels inhabit, which from some unexplained cause descend with the floods from July to November? As many as one hundred stones weight have been often caught in nets in one night at a single mill, and half the quantity for one or two succeeding nights, in number probably from 3 to 4000 on the first, and half as many on the subsequent nights. They not only migrate in immense shoals, but at a very swift rate. It was some years ago ascertained by the capture of an eel at one mill, his release (marked) and his recapture at the next, that he traversed about three miles in fifteen minutes. Yet fishermen never either observe or catch any number indicating the presence of such vast abundance. The whole process of the generation of the eel is at present matter of imagination, as the readers of Walton know, nor has any light been, that we are aware of, thrown upon the subject since his time.

### Table Talk.

**A HINT.**—"If," says Mrs. C. Hall, "a youth is woefully disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him follow my advice; call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her controul. Observe if the shoe fits neatly—if the gloves are clean, and the hair well polished. And I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness in a female will ever be avoided by a well-regulated mind, as would a pestilence. A woman cannot always be what is called 'dressed,' particularly one in middling or humble life, where her duty, and it is, consequently, to be hoped her pleasure, lies in superintending and assisting in all domestic matters; but she may be always neat—well appointed. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns."

**ALEXANDER THE THIRD OF SCOTLAND.**—This Prince has been termed the Scottish Alfred, and in some respect he appears not undeserving of the appellation. It was his custom, says Fordice, that he might put down all violence and disorder, to make an annual progress through the kingdom, attended by a select but powerful body of his knights and nobles. In this manner he took up a temporary residence in each quarter of his dominions, having along with him his great justiciar, so that no complaint which was then made should be overlooked, but justice promptly and impartially administered to all. The oldest song now known, says Mr. Tytler, is a species of lyric elegy upon the death of this monarch, lamenting the sorrowful changes which took place upon his death.

**BOOKS.**—It is uncertain (says an American writer) what is the number of books now extant in all languages. I have used a library of 250,000 volumes, which contained no duplicate, and it was so perfect, that it was difficult to ask for an author not to be found in it. The largest library in Europe contains near 400,000 volumes, duplicates not included; and perhaps it may be about right to estimate the whole number of printed books in the world at 500,000. This being the case, Ame-

rica furnishes about one-seventeenth of the means necessary for extending learning to the utmost, and about one-thirteenth of what the city of Paris alone affords. Another comparison will shew her poverty in a manner equally striking. Germany contains 30,000,000 of people, who have 2,000,000 of books in public libraries for their instruction, exclusive of those of the sovereign princes, which are always accessible to scholars.—America contains 10,000,000 of people, who have 150,000 books for the same purpose: but the two million in Germany are more read than the 150,000 in America.

**DRINKING.**—An inhabitant of the United States, in his notes, of a recent trip through New England, says—"Although it was a rare thing twelve years ago to see a native American drunk, it is not so now. It is a very common thing, and that, I believe, throughout New England, the land of steady habits. Indeed, if you take us altogether, I am inclined to believe that there are no people on earth so intemperate as we are, either in eating or drinking. Though not huge eaters, we waste at our tables, every day, about enough to feed another nation as large as our own; and we consume—as may be seen by published official accounts—more liquor every year than would be thought possible by the greatest drinkers of Europe."

**PLEASURE OF STUDY.**—Hencius, the keeper of the library at Leyden, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that which in some might have bred a loathing, caused in him a liking.—"I no sooner," says he, "come to the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance, and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness."

**ESTIMATION OF PAINTINGS.**—Dr. Newton, of whom the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds is deemed one of his best, was a lover of the arts, and had collected many valuable pictures. He suggested to Reynolds and West his wish that his Cathedral should be decorated with paintings, and they promised each to contribute one, with a view to call forth contributions from other art-



ists. An unexpected opposition was made to this proposal by Terrick, Bishop of London, and Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, as guardians of the fabric; and it was so powerful as entirely to defeat the scheme, notwithstanding that the Royal Academy, by their President, made an application to Dr. Newton, in 1773, that "the art of painting would never grow up to maturity and perfection, unless it were introduced into churches as in foreign countries." And six of them offered to contribute pictures.

**PARADISE LOST.**—Milton did not begin to write "Paradise Lost" until he was 47 years of age. He sold it for 5*l.* to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1677. In two years more, he had 5*l.* for the second edition. In 1680, Mrs. Milton sold all her right for 8*l.* Simmons then sold the copyright for 25*l.* It is an extraordinary fact, that Milton had great difficulty in getting the book licensed. Dr. Bentley, the first editor of the "Paradise Lost," got 100 guineas for his edition. Dr. Newton, the next editor, got 630*l.* for the "Paradise Lost," and 100 guineas for the "Regained." It was an extraordinary misjudgment of the celebrated Waller, who speaks thus of the first appearance of "Paradise Lost":—"The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious Poem on the Fall of Man; if its length be not considered a merit, it has no other."

**CANT.**—"Should the time ever arrive," says the *Morning Herald*, "when common sense should again triumph, and dispel the illusions which fashion and falsehood have united to spread around us, it will be scarcely possible to gain credit for some of the instances of inconsistency and absurdity of these days, particularly in matters of religion. Will it be believed that well-educated women, professing piety, and denomi-

nated evangelical, should send out invitations for the purpose of social meetings, and actually inscribe on their notes, or cards, *Tea and Bible*? Such, however, is literally the case, at this time, in some places; and, according to all former conceptions of propriety, good sense, and good taste, a more absurd and mischievous combination cannot well be imagined. Charity itself can scarcely repress contempt at such a wanton outrage of all genuine respect and decent propriety."

**THE PEOPLE.**—Under whatever idea of inconstancy and consideration some persons may choose to represent the people, I have found by experience that they frequently embrace certain views which, it must be confessed, they pursue hotly, or rather, perhaps, with fury; but that those views have always for their object a common interest, or one of a certain generality at least, and never an interest purely private, like those interests which engage the passions, and towards the advancement of which the exertions of an individual, or of a small number of individuals, are directed. I will even make bold to say that, upon this point, "the least fallible judge is the voice of the people."  
*Memo. de Sully.*

**ECCENTRICITY AND IMPUDENCE.**—Mortimer was employed by Lord Melbourne to paint a ceiling at his seat of Broomfield-hall, Herts, and taking advantage of permission to angle in the fishpond, he rose from a carousal at midnight, and seeking a net, and calling on an assistant painter for help, dragged the preserve, and left the whole fish gasping on the bank in rows. Nor was this the worst; when reproved mildly, and with smiles, by Lady Melbourne, he had the audacity to declare that her beauty had so bewitched him he knew not what he was about.

*Lives of the Painters.*

## Biary and Chronology.

### Saturday, June 30.

1747—June 30—About this period the discovery of the ancient City of Herculaneum took place. Various accounts have appeared of this city, of the destruction of which Pliny speaks in his letters. Herculaneum, or Herculæ, was destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79.

### Sunday, July 1.

1747—July 1—On this day the king of France having been compelled to take up his quarters in the house of a priest of St. Iron, which had been entirely galled by the Austrian Hussars, the bed

of straw on which his majesty had been obliged to rest himself took fire, and he escaped with difficulty in his shirt, the house being entirely consumed.

### Wednesday, July 4.

1775—July 4—The American congress proclaimed the freedom and independence of their states, disowning all allegiance to the mother-country. This declaration was made 294 years after the discovery of America by Columbus, 166 years from the first settlement in Virginia, and 156 years from the settlement at Plymouth, in the Bay of Massachusetts.

Perhaps J. F. will send us something less metaphysical?

The Poetry and Essay by J. W. would not, we are assured, please the readers of the Olio.

**ERRATA.**—In the story of *Noth Gottes*, for "Rheingau," read "Rheinthal." 816

# The Olio ;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXVI—Vol. IX.

Saturday, June 23, 1839



See page 406.

## Illustrated Article.

### WINNIFRED BURBAGE.

FOR THE OLIO.

*Charm!* The injuries you have sustained appear

So worthy of the mercy of the court,  
That notwithstanding you have gone beyond  
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.

MASSINGER'S FATAL DOWNY, 1st EDIT.

"Oh, my dear mistress, the troopers are coming here; the captain is pointing this way."

"Hold thy tongue for a silly wench; if they see thy top-knot at the lattice, they will indeed come. Keep out of sight, and they will pass. God wot they had no need come here, and none but weak women to welcome them. I would give my best kirtle to have Frank and William at home."

This dialogue passed between the inmates of a small house, which stood on the banks of the stream that runs through the retired village of Chilworth. It was the residence of the children, two sons and a daughter, of a gentleman who had fallen on the side of the Parliament at Edge Hill. FRANK.

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cis, the eldest son, had served on the same side; not that he had imbibed the starched principles of the puritans;—like his father, he desired to see the extinction of the Stuart dynasty; and with that feeling had joined the republican army at the age of nineteen, leaving his sister and a younger brother, as he supposed, secure from insult or annoyance in this sequestered village, the few inhabitants of which were too humble to tempt the cupidity of the lawless and mercenary at that distracted period.

Winnifred Burbage was one of those girls in whose features nature makes atonement for the lack of downright beauty, by an expression of good-nature and sincerity. Her eyes were grey, but their lashes were of a darker hue; and her mouth, though it did not boast the most perfect proportion, was set off by teeth of surpassing whiteness; her hair—but why should we dwell upon a description of that face in which was all that can make a woman engaging, and without which, mere regularity of feature is but a tame picture.—Winnifred saw with surprise and alarm the approach of the troop, and when they halted at the gate and a

party dismounted, she made up her mind to be the hearer of unpleasant tidings. Her forebodings were realized: the captain throwing himself from his horse, entered the house with a military swaggering air, and enquired for Francis Burbage, stating that he had authority from the Lord Fairfax, then quartered at Guilford, to search the premises, and secure the person of the elder brother. The captain was a man whom the beholder might easily perceive had once been eminently handsome, but dissipation had defaced his once comely features, disfigured also by three or four large wounds, the tint of whose unsightly seams was rendered still brighter by intemperance; his figure, though somewhat spare, was tall and elegant, and there was an air of good breeding in his manner and tone, which shewed that, spite of the camp, he had once been accustomed to good society; indeed, Jeffery Baskerville, profligate as he was, piqued himself on his birth, and held in contempt the men who, from the lower walks of life, had risen to high office under the commonwealth. He had been a daring Buccanier, and was now as daring a soldier as ever charged a battalion or stormed a town; this, and this alone, had recommended him to Cromwell; he was no puritan; his religion was that of the wild and lawless ruffians he had once commanded; mercy he considered a bye-word for fools—justice, a nonentity. He had that morning commission given him to search the houses of persons suspected to be inimical to the form of government then existing, and it will not be wondered at when we say that he had in many cases exceeded his directions, and acted with great cruelty to those who had been so unfortunate as to receive his visits.

Winnifred, as she scanned the bold sun-burnt and scarred countenance of this man, felt that she was about to undergo a severe trial; his looks boded mischief, and she inwardly prayed that she might have fortitude enough to encounter him. The captain, after stating the subject of his visit, paused for a reply, and played with the spanner or windlass of his holster-pistols, which hung by a blue ribbon round his neck. Winnifred made several attempts to speak, but her emotion choked her utterance; at length, she enquired, in a faltering tone, the nature of the charge against her brother.

"I wot not, fair lady," replied Baskerville, "it is enough for a soldier to

do the bidding of his commander; if I do wrong, my betters" (this he uttered in a sneering tone) "will answer for it. Your keys, madam, I must search for your brother's papers."

A slight noise behind him interrupted the remainder of his speech, and William Burbage, a lad of sixteen, entered with a fowling-piece in his hand; while the dog which followed him began to sniff at the heels of the officer, growling dissatisfaction.

"You can have no papers here, Sir Captain," said the boy; "my sister and her maid are not hatchers of plots, and my brother Frank is in London."

"How now, young Cockerell," cried the captain, turning hastily round, and scowling on the youth, "what have you to say?"

"That you shall have no papers from us," said William firmly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the captain,—"why, d— me, boy, you have so frightened the sparrows with your birding-piece, that you must risk a shot at his Excellency's dragoons. Now, barkee, young sir, if I have not a plain and straight-forward answer anon, my men shall tie you to your own gate, and give you a taste of their bandalier belts.—What say you to that?"

"They shall lose their captain first, though," said William, stepping quietly to the other side of the room, and hastily cocking his fowling-piece. "Advance one step, villain, and I will blow your head from your shoulders."

"Why, you young fool," said Burbage, his features losing on a sudden their sneering expression, and assuming a more determined air, "should you murder me in your mad resistance, what can save you from the next tree?"

Winnifred here interposed, and entreated her brother not to offer further impediments to their rude visitors, and William, feeling for the distress of his sister, and aware that he had acted rashly, was about to reply, when the captain, who had taken the opportunity to approach nearer to his menacer, suddenly sprung upon him, and attempted to wrench the gun from his hand. The struggle was violent; William was a sturdy youth, but Baskerville, whose thick boots protected his legs from the attack of his antagonist's dog, succeeded in turning the muzzle upwards, and the contents of the piece were lodged in the ceiling, at the same time several of the troop, alarmed by the report, rushed into the house with their swords drawn.

"Now, hear my terms," said the captain, resigning his prisoner to the care of a couple of troopers; "either possess me with your brother's papers, or we shall find a way to force you into obedience. There are many who would have repaid your attempt with a wyth and a dance from an oak bough; but I wish not to harm you—only you must be quick, that's all."

Winnifred witnessed this scene with a beating heart, whilst Phillis, almost dead with terror, clung to her mistress, and endeavoured to whisper to her that comfort which she so much needed herself; her usually red plump cheeks were pale as marble, and her whole frame trembled excessively. The resistance which William had offered was rash and inconsiderate, and he had, in consequence, led Baskerville to suppose that he should really discover some treasonable correspondence. In this the captain was deceived; there was nothing under that roof which could have afforded a clue to the most zealous detector of plots and conspiracies:—Winnifred again and again assured him of this; but why, then, was resistance offered to him. Baskerville had seen too much of human misery to feel for the distress of the family into which he had intruded; and, finding that his command was not obeyed, he and his men immediately commenced a strict search, rummaging every corner in which they supposed one of the objects of their visits was secreted. But this search proved fruitless: nothing satisfactory was discovered, and Baskerville, swearing through his closed teeth, returned to the room in which he had left his prisoner, determined to try whether torture would wring a confession from him. For this purpose a piece of match being lighted, notwithstanding the entreaties of the terrified women, was tied between the fingers of William's right-hand. The poor youth uttered an involuntary shriek as the fire closed on his hand, but the next moment recovered himself, and though the perspiration rolled in large drops down his face, writhen and distorted by pain, he bore the torment without uttering another cry. The agonized girls beheld this scene with mute horror, but the bodily anguish of the youth was too severe to allow of his bestowing a thought upon them; at length he fainted, and fell apparently lifeless on the floor.

"This is only a cheat!" roared Baskerville, "fetch me water from the well, and take the match from his fingers, Serjeant Vane."

"The boy is dead, I think, captain," said the serjeant, as he loosened the match, and felt the pulse of the poor lad—"he doesn't breathe!"

"Hold your prating, sirrah—raise him up, and damp his brow with this water," cried the captain; and he took the bowl which one of the troopers then brought in, and dashed its contents in the face of their victim. William opened his eyes, stared for a moment on his tormentors, and again relapsed into insensibility.

Winnifred now suddenly rose from the seat on which she had sunk during this horrible scene, and throwing herself on her knees before Baskerville, she entreated him to have mercy on her brother. As she looked up in the face of the libertine captain, a sudden thought seemed to take possession of him; he leant towards the suppliant maiden, kissed her clasped hands and whispered in her ear. At that moment William again recovered his senses, and in a faint tone implored his sister to leave the room.

"Oh, Winnifred!" said the poor boy, "let not that villain's lip approach even thine hand—trust not to him—he has fought on both sides in these distracted times; his face still bears the mark of our brother's weapon at Edge Hill, Fly, Winnifred, and leave me to my fate!—you add to my misery by remaining here!"

"Lead him out, serjeant," said Baskerville, much chagrined, "and draw up a party in the lane. The young dog will not confess: he would fain be a martyr."

This brutal command was obeyed, regardless of the shrieks of the young women, who piteously supplicated for mercy, and William, his arms secured by a bandolier belt, was dragged out to die. Winnifred would have followed, but the captain prevented her.

"Lady," said he, in an under-tone, laying his gloved hand upon her shoulder, "there is a way by which your brother may be saved; will you rescue him from death?"

"Oh, sir," said the maiden, "have mercy on my poor brother for his sister's sake. Spare him, oh, in mercy spare him: he is too young to die; you are a soldier, and should not thus use a boy. Do not take his life, be merciful, be merciful, good sir, and I will bless you, will pray for you—will pray Heaven to —"

"You may save him," said Baskerville coolly, as he motioned silence.

"Oh, name it, name it, if you would hope for mercy in your dying hour!"

Baskerville, with a look that plainly spoke what was passing within him, again whispered to the maiden, whose colour mounted hastily in her cheeks.

"Monster!" she cried, "begone and ——"

"This is madness," again interrupted the captain—"delay another moment, and it will be too late. See, your brother is on his knees, and my men wait but the waving of my hand to fire!"

"Oh, cruel, cruel alternative!" sobbed the maiden; then, changing her tone, she added, "but you are jesting—in Heaven's name let me not purchase my brother's life at such a price—the thought of such a ransom would destroy him sooner than the carbines of your men."

"I am in earnest, madam," replied Baskerville, in the same cool tone—"naught else can save him—have you resolved?"

Winnifred turned to dismiss Phillis, who remained weeping in a corner of the room, which she now reluctantly quitted, sobbing loudly, and then assuming a more composed look, requested Baskerville to release her brother.

"I will meet you, sir," she continued, "by the chapel on the hill yonder, which you may see through the casement; but we must not go by the same path; I will proceed up the lane, do you take the road on the other side of the hill."

The countenance of the brutal Baskerville brightened under his morion, upon hearing this proposition, and striding out of the house, he bade the troopers release their prisoner, but not to suffer him to go at liberty; then leaving directions with the serjeant, he took the way to the place of rendezvous. In the mean while, Winnifred hastened to her chamber, and arming herself with a pair of small pistols, which she loaded with great care, quitted the house by a back door, and passing through the garden arrived, without being perceived, in the lane leading to the chapel. The high-spirited girl, roused almost to madness by the cruelty with which her brother had been treated, and burning with a desire to revenge the insult that had been offered her by the insolent and sanguinary Baskerville, had resolved to extort from him a promise to spare her brother, or to pistol him at the place of meeting. Yes, she who was lately all gentleness and mercy—she

whom the screams of the lacerated hare, or the struggles of a wounded partridge, had filled with pity and sympathy, was now meditating the destruction of a bold villain, who was dreaded by his whole regiment. Her design was prevented. The lane up which she bent her steps was shaded from the sun partly by the high banks which rose abruptly to the height of forty feet, and partly by the tall shrubs and trees which clothed their sides. A thousand birds were pouring out their various notes, and the soft breeze, as it played with the ringlets of her hair, was perfumed by the odour of the violets and primroses that spangled the bank on either side. She had proceeded, with a hurried nervous step, about half-way up this delightful lane, through which she had often strolled in happier days, when a crashing of the branches above interrupted the painful reverie in which she was absorbed:—she turned to the spot, and, oh, blessed sight, her brother Francis, swinging himself from bush to bush, jumped into the lane, and clasped her in his arms.

"Oh, Frank," said the maiden, hiding her face in his bosom, and bursting into tears, "God be praised for this meeting!—you may escape from these ruffians."

Surprised and alarmed at her words, Francis eagerly demanded an explanation of them, which Winnifred, in a voice interrupted at intervals by tears and sobs, hastily gave him.

Frank Burbage heard her story with astonishment, and he swore deeply to be revenged on the villain who had thus invaded his happiness.

"Winnifred," said he, after a short pause, during which he bit his lips and beat the ground with his high-heeled boot, "you are a bold horsewoman—you must ride with all speed to the general at Guilford, and tell him that Francis Burbage is in danger—is lost, if he stir not in his favour. Let me help thee up this bank: my horse is on the other side, and do thou stint not the whip, or we are all lost."

He hurried the trembling girl up the bank, on the summit of which he had left his horse. Winnifred was quickly mounted and on her way to Guilford; while Francis Burbage hastened to meet the brutal captain, who waited with impatience the arrival of his intended victim.

"Noble wench!" exclaimed Francis as he hurried along; "'tis glorious to fight for thee, who would'st perish rather than dishonour thy family: I feel as secure of victory as though my foot were

on mine enemy's throat.—But yonder is the fiend ! how impatiently he walks to and fro."

He spoke truly : as he turned the corner of a high bank overshadowed by furze, Francis Burbage came in sight of his enemy, whose eye glanced down every path that led to the chapel. His vexation was great when he perceived a male figure advancing towards him in a manner which his experienced eye perceived to be hostile. Great, however, as was his vexation, it did not equal his astonishment at seeing in the person of the intruder, his detested enemy, Frank Burbage, who halted not until he had reached the summit of the hill, and entered the burial ground.—Baskerville observed his nearer approach with the grin of a fiend.

"Francis Burbage," said he, not doubting but that his villainy was discovered, and determined to put a bold face upon the matter; "I would have given my roan gelding to have met with thee this morning; but, of a truth, I care not for thy company now."

"Thy familiar hath at length deserted thee, then," replied the enemy, in a cool but determined tone, which concealed the deep revenge he meditated; "he who has the foul fiend for his counsellor, must, sooner or later, look to be juggled."

The captain laughed aloud: "Did you come to preach me a sermon on the mount?" said he—"trust me, I would sooner have a fable from Boccaccio or Aretine; I am in no humour for proverbs, seeing that my handmaiden is on the road to her lord and master."

He said this with a look and a smile that made the cheeks of Frank Burbage grow pale with rage; but Frank wished to regain the breath he had lost by so hastily climbing the steep hill, the fatigue of which would have left him at the mercy of his antagonist had he commenced the combat as soon as they met. He also wished to gain time for his sister, who might not return in time to prevent fatal consequences. Luckily, this was not suspected by Baskerville, who continued to address him in a strain which would have thrown one, who could not boast of much self-possession, entirely off his guard.

"Master Burbage," said he, "prithee leave me; I would have no witness to our dalliance—it is not courteous of thee to linger here."

"The courtesy," replied Francis, "is as well meant as the stroke I dealt thee at Edge Hill; I can read my hand-writ-

ing of that day on thy face, which, but for thy morion, would not look on me with such a brazen stare to-day.—Villain, one of us must fall, I will hold no further parley with thee—draw." He unsheathed his sword, and threw himself into a posture of defence.

"Lugged out, like a man," said Baskerville, "but you must be damnable cunning at your fox if you can penetrate my cuirass; I had twenty bullets on it at Naseby, and you will find it hard to whip your skewer through such metal."

"It is the more fortunate for you," replied Francis, "but it may not save your renegade carcass from my rapier—draw, shameless, remorseless dog!" and he struck the captain a severe blow with the flat of his sword.

This was enough: Baskerville did not fear his antagonist; he was in no hurry to fight a man upon whom he might be revenged without risking his own life; but the blow roused his ire, and his cool contemptuous demeanour gave way to ungovernable rage; he drew, and while the scars on his face became more intensely red with passion, rushed impetuously upon his adversary.

Although the skill of the combatants was about equal, there was some inequality in their means of offence and defence. Baskerville's head and breast was protected by his ball-proof cuirass and a steel head-piece, and his arms were defended against slight wounds by sleeves of thick buff leather; but the weapon he wore was a straight cutting broad-sword; while his adversary was armed with the long narrow bladed rapier of that period, a weapon much easier to use, and better calculated for thrusting. The combat commenced with great fury; their swords clashed on each other with a violence that plainly told the temper of those who directed them; and the noise scared the old owl that lurked in the chapel loft, and now flew wildly out in the sunshine, blinking and bobbing to seek some other retreat;—twice did the weapon of Francis strike the armed breast of his enemy, and the force of the thrust made him stagger, but he yet stood unhurt. He had, however, almost exhausted himself, and after directing several ineffectual thrusts at the throat of his adversary, he was, in his turn, repaid by a resolute stoccado, which fairly, though it did not wound him, sent the profligate captain on his back across one of the graves, while his sword escaped from his grasp in the fall.

"Rise, villain!" cried Frank, and resume your weapon, lest I stab you as you lie."

"The devil reward you for your generosity!" growled Baskerville; "I value it not!" and drawing forth a pistol he fired at the head of his adversary. The shot missed its object, but it passed through the broad brim of Burbage's, and cost the captain his life, for Frank, incensed at his treachery, rushed upon and transfixed him to the earth by a well directed thrust above his breast-plate. Baskerville attempted to rise, but another thrust through his throat sent him again to the ground, and with a bitter curse upon his blood-stained lips, he turned upon his face, struggled for a moment, grasped the turf convulsively with both hands, and uttering a long deep groan, lay dead at the feet of his destroyer.

"Farewell, thou daring and malignant spirit," ejaculated Burbage, as he wiped his rapier on his enemy's sash. "Thy wild life hath run its course; England can well spare a legion such as thee!" He turned from the contemplation of the body to gaze below upon the village, where, unlike the scene of strife and blood above, all was serene and quiet. The stream glittered in the noon-day sun, and the plash of the mill, mingled with the notes of birds, and the distant lowing of cattle, came, mellowed by distance, upon the light breeze. The hills around looked like the tumuli of vast giants, and in the distance lay the town of Guilford, sending up its wreaths of smoke into the calm clear blue sky. He was roused from his reverie by the shouts of the troopers below, who hearing the report of fire-arms hastened out, and beheld two men, one of whom they knew to be their captain, engaged in deadly mortal combat. The shrubs and underwood had covered their approach, and they had surrounded the hill with their cocked carbines ere Burbage had recovered from his surprise. Resistance would have exposed him to instant death; he therefore immediately surrendered himself, trusting to the arrival of his sister to rescue him from the exasperated dragoons, by whom he was now surrounded on all sides. After depriving him of his sword, Francis was dragged below to his own house, where a council was held, at which the serjeant presided.

He was condemned to die, in spite of his assertions that he should get a pardon from the general; and Francis and his brother, their hands tied behind

them, and their eyes blindfolded, were led out to death. It was a moment of dreadful suspense: Francis knew that assistance must soon arrive, that the services he had performed for Fairfax must plead for him, and he hoped to delay the time by a request that he might be permitted to prepare himself by prayer. His request was granted; but the dreadful uncertainty unnerved him; his parched tongue moved without articulating, and his frame trembled like that of an aged man. It was not death alone, suspense unmanned him, and every sound that struck on his ear became each moment more intensely painful. At length a murmur among the dragoons told that his doom was sealed, and he was commanded to kneel. Hope now forsook him; despairing of succour, he resolved to die as became one who had often perilled his life in the field. Francis embraced his brother and resigned himself to one of the dragoons, who placed them by each other. They now heard the cocking of several carbines, and with a prayer to heaven upon their quivering lips awaited the fatal discharge, when suddenly a confused noise of voices and a galloping of horses were heard, and a party of dragoons rode up to the spot at full-speed, and forbade the execution. Winnifred, who rode in the midst of the troopers, leaped from her horse, and flew into the arms of her brothers, to mingle her tears with theirs. The noble-minded girl had performed her errand rightly; she had flown to the general, and fearing the delay which the writing of a letter might occasion, had moved him to send a troop of horse to her brother's rescue. A few words will suffice for the sequel of our tale; the family of Burbage thus rescued from misery and death, were restored to life and happiness, whilst the death of Baskerville was looked upon as the consequence of his wild and profligate conduct, and his body was committed to the grave unregretted and unwept. \*\*\*.

TO —————  
*For the Olio.*

They are bright these sparkling rings,  
With their gems of radiant dyes;  
And each fairy circlet brings  
A world of thoughts and sighs.

Once they were dear to me,  
As the tokens of my power,—  
When my heart was young and free,  
Ere arrived my fated hour.

But one amid them all,  
Has a charm around it yet;  
A spell that can recall  
Dreams I would fain forget.

It is but of simple gold—  
 It has neither pearl nor gem;  
 But it once had a power to hold  
 A heart worth more than them.

A heart that once was mine,  
 Though it has forgot me now;  
 But 'tis idle to repine,  
 And smiles on lip and brow.

They will not sure betray  
 To the world I cannot shun,  
 How my young life fades away,  
 For that still remember'd one.

How true that heart had been,  
 By my own sad fate I know;  
 By the grief that wastes unseen,  
 By the tears that dare not flow.

By the fever in my heart,  
 And the darkness in my brain,  
 (That will never thence depart,)  
 By the fire in every vein.

That makes my cheek seem bright,  
 As in the days that were;  
 Though 'tis but the lava's light—  
 Ashes and death are there.

'Tis said I wrong'd that heart  
 By my wild capricious will;  
 By smiles that were but art,  
 And vows more faithless still.

But do not thou believe  
 The fatal history;  
 Death cannot sure deceive—  
 And it will soon plead for me.

There shall never word of mine,  
 Show what my faith has been;  
 In my young life's dark decline,  
 It may perchance be seen.

Though I shall not linger long,  
 Yet neither tears or sighs  
 Shall speak the love—the wrong—  
 Of the silent sacrifice.

For my fate, too well I know  
 That there is none to grieve;  
 But my lonely grave will show  
 If I could forget—deceive.

And that heart—oh! loved and lost,  
 Wilt thou believe me then?  
 When the dark abyss is cross'd,  
 That I ne'er may pass again.

When my penance hour is past,  
 And my last—last sigh is thine,  
 Wilt thy heart confess, at last,  
 It has wrong'd and broken mine?

E. S. CRAVEN.

### THE FUNERAL PILE.

A SMALL war-party of Chippewas encountered their enemies upon an open plain, where a severe battle was fought. Their leader was a brave and distinguished warrior, but he never acted with greater bravery, or distinguished himself for greater personal prowess, than now. After turning the tide of battle against his enemies, and while shouting for victory, he received an arrow in his breast, and fell dead upon the plain. No warrior thus killed is ever buried; and, according to ancient custom, he was placed in a sitting posture upon the field, his back

supported by a tree, and his face toward the course in which their enemies had fled. His head-dress and equipments were accurately adjusted, as if living, and his bow leaned against his shoulder. In this posture his companions left him. A fate, which appeared so evident to all, proved, however, deceptive in the result. Although deprived of the power of utterance and ability to move, he heard, distinctly, all that had been said by his friends. He heard them lament his death, without the power of contradicting it; and he felt their touch, as they adjusted his posture, without the strength to reciprocate it. His anguish, when he felt himself thus abandoned, was raised to the extreme; and his wish to follow his friends on their return so completely filled his mind, when he saw them, one after another, take leave of the corpse and depart, that, after making a violent exertion, he arose, or seemed to himself to rise, and follow them.—But his form was invisible to them; and this gave new cause for the surprise, disappointment, and rage, which alternately filled his breast. He followed their track, however, with great diligence. Wherever they went, he went; when they walked, he walked; when they ran, he ran; when they encamped, he encamped; when they slept, he slept; when they awoke, he awoke. In short, he mingled in all their labours and toils; but he was excluded from all their sources of refreshment, except that of sleeping, and from the pleasures of participating in their conversation, for all that he said was unattended to.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you do not see me—that you do not hear me—that you do not understand me? will you suffer me to bleed to death, without offering to staunch my wounds? will you permit me to starve in the midst of plenty? have those whom I have so often led to war, so soon forgotten me? is there no one who recollects me, or who will offer me a morsel of food in my distress?" Thus he continued to upbraid his friends, at every stage of the journey, but no one seemed to hear his words; or if they heard his voice, they mistook its sound for the winds of summer, rustling among the green leaves.

At length, the returning war-party reached their village; and their women and children came out, according to custom, to welcome their return, and proclaim their praises. Kumaud-



jeewug! Kumaudjeewug! Kumaudjeewug! They have met, fought, and conquered, was shouted from every mouth, and resounded through the most distant parts of the village. Those who had lost friends, came eagerly to inquire their fate, and to know whether they had died like men. The decrepit father consoled himself for the loss of his son, with the reflection that he had fallen manfully, and the widow had forgot her sorrow amid the praises that were uttered of the bravery of her departed husband. The breasts of the youths glowed with martial ardour as they heard these flattering praises, and children joined in shouts of which they scarcely knew the meaning. But amidst all this uproar and bustle, no one seemed conscious of the presence of the wounded warrior-chief. He heard many inquiries of his own fate—he heard them relate how he had fought, conquered, and fallen with an arrow pierced through his breast, and that his body had been left among the slain.

"It is not true," replied the indignant chief, with a loud voice, "that I was killed and left upon the field. I am here! I live! I move! See me! Touch me! I shall again raise my lance in battle, and sound my drum in the feast." But nobody seemed conscious of his presence, and they mistook his loud voice for the whispering winds. He now walked to his own lodge: he saw his wife within, tearing her hair, and raising her lamentations over his fate; he endeavoured to deceive her, but she also seemed equally insensible of his presence or his voice; she sat in a despairing manner, with her head reclining upon her hands; he asked her to bind up his wounds, but she made no reply; he then placed his mouth close to her ear, and vociferated, "I am hungry, give me some food." The wife thought she heard a buzzing in her ear, and remarked it to one who sat near her. The enraged husband, now summoning all his strength, struck her a blow upon her forehead. She only complained of feeling a shooting pain there, such as is not unfrequent, and raising her hand to her head, remarked, "I feel a slight headach."

Foiled thus in every attempt to make himself known, the warrior-chief began to reflect upon what he had heard in his youth, that the spirit was sometimes permitted to leave the body and wander about. He reflected that possibly his body may have remained up-

on the field of battle, while his spirit only accompanied his returning friends. He determined to return upon their track, although it was four days' journey to the place. He accordingly began his journey immediately. For three days, he pursued his way without meeting any thing uncommon, but on the fourth, towards evening, as he came to the skirts of the battle-field, he saw a fire in the path before him.—He walked to one side to avoid stepping into it, but the fire also had moved its position, and was still before him. He then went in another direction, but the mysterious fire still crossed his path, and seemed to bar his entrance to the scene of conflict. In short, whichever way he took, the fire was still before him: no expedient seemed capable of eluding it. "Thou demon," he exclaimed, at length, "why dost thou bar my approach to the field of battle? Knowest thou not that I am a spirit also, and that I seek again to enter my body? Or dost thou presume that I shall return without effecting my purpose? Know that I have never been defeated by the enemies of my nation, and will not be defeated by thee!" So saying, he made a sudden effort and jumped through the flame. In this exertion, he awoke from his trance, having lain eight days on the field of battle. He found himself sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a tree, and his bow leaning against his shoulder, having all his warlike dress and implements upon his body, the same as they had been left by his friends on the day of battle. He looked up and beheld a large cat, or war eagle, sitting in the tree above his head. He immediately recognized this bird to be the same he had dreamt of in his youth, and whom he had selected as his guardian spirit, or personal moneto. This bird had carefully watched his body, and prevented other ravenous birds from devouring it. He got up and stood some time fixed upon his feet: but he found himself weak and much exhausted. The blood upon his wound had stanchd itself, and he now bound it up. He possessed the knowledge of such roots as were efficacious for its cure. These he carefully sought in the woods. Some of them he pounded between stones, and applied externally; others he chewed and swallowed. In a short time, he found himself so much recovered as to be able to commence his journey; but he suffered greatly from hunger, not being able to see any

large animals. With his bow and arrows, however, he killed small birds during the day, which he roasted before the fire at night. In this way, he sustained himself until he came to a water that separated his wife and friends from him. He then gave that peculiar whoop which indicates the safe return of an absent friend. The signal was instantly known, and a canoe despatched to bring him across. But while this canoe was absent, conjecture was exhausting itself in designating the unknown person who had given this friendly intimation of his approach. All who had been of the war party had returned, except those who were killed on the field. It might be some neighbouring hunter. It might be some deception of their enemies. It was rash to send a canoe without knowing that any of their friends were absent. In the height of this conjecture, the warrior-chief was landed amidst the shouts of his friends and relations, who thronged from every lodge to welcome their faithful leader. When the first wild bursts of wonder and joy had subsided, and some degree of quiet was restored in the village, he related to his people the account of his adventures, which has been given. He then concluded his narration by telling them that it is pleasing to the spirit of a dead person to have a fire built upon his grave for four nights after his interment: that is four days' journey to the land appointed for the residence of the spirit: that in its journey thither, the spirit stood in need of a fire every night, at the place of its encampment: and that if the friends kindled this funeral fire upon the place where the body was deposited, the spirit had the benefit of its light and warmth in its sojourning. If they neglected this rite, the spirit would himself be subjected to the irksome task of building its own fires at night. *Schoolcraft's Travels.*

### DORF JUYSTEIN.

In a little village, situated somewhere about the southern extremity of the range of the Erzeberg mountains, lived Dorf Juystein, the goat-herd. At an early hour of the morning on which our tale commences, he lifted the latch of his little cabin, and yawned sleepily and listlessly as he stretched himself before the door in the grey light of the morning; his slumber of the preceding night had evidently not been very

refreshing. His dress betokened preparation for a journey. He was lightly and loosely arrayed; in his hand he carried a long thick staff, which he struck into the ground whilst he strapped more securely a leathern wallet, containing a little coarse bread and goat-milk cheese, which hung at his back. At the left side of his girdle was the large dagger-knife of the mountaineers, and in the other was stuck what seemed to be a whip made of a single thong of goat-skin fitted to a handle. "A curse," muttered Dorf, as he walked slowly away in the direction of the mountains; "a curse on that infernal *saufgelag*—to make me so foolishly leave my goats out all night; I warrant I shall not find one of them between this and the Waldberg. I must have been drinking confoundedly deep too, for my head aches this morning as if the Grey Men had been playing football with it, as they did with neighbour Jarl's." As he pronounced the name of the Grey Men, a sudden pang of fear took possession for a moment of his muscular frame; for now he remembered that, in the drunkenness of the preceding evening, he had spoken slightly and with affected contempt of these mysterious beings and their strange deeds, and boasted that if ever he succeeded in meeting with one of them, he would let him know the strength of a goat-herd's arm. "Fool, fool that I was!" again soliloquised Dorf; "but they know that I was drunk, and will excuse me." And with this consolatory reflection and lengthened steps he strode on his way. The sun had been blazing for a considerable time above the horizon, when Dorf Juystein found himself approaching a huge brown rock, which lay some ten miles from the Waldberg, the mountain about the base of which he expected to find his strayed goats. He was getting fatigued with his walk, and likewise hungry; so he sat himself down upon a sward of grass, which grew most invitingly at the foot and in the shadow of the rock, and unstrapping his leathern wallet, prepared to make a hearty repast on his frugal cheer. He had not sat long, when he observed an old man turning a corner of the rock, which had before concealed him. He was apparently carrying a pitcher of water, and as he came near, Dorf had an opportunity of viewing his appearance. He was a man, perhaps, about seventy, thin, and tall of stature,

which, with long grey hair and a beard as white as snow, gave him a most venerable appearance. When he approached near enough, Dorf requested permission to drink from his pitcher, stating that he had walked from the village, and having forgotten his bottle at setting out, he had not been able to enjoy his meal comfortably without it. The hermit—for such he appeared to be—without speaking, signified his assent by raising the pitcher that he might drink, which Dorf thankfully did, and to excess. But, alas! he had speedy reason to repent of his rashness. Instead of quenching his thirst, as he had grounds for supposing it would, he had no sooner drank than he felt in his inside a burning heat, accompanied with a sensation of sickness, and a mist before his eyes which made every thing invisible. This lasted but for a moment; and when it cleared away, he saw that the hermit was (to him, at least) gradually changing his appearance. The long white beard and grey hair curled up; and after having arranged itself into a single tuft, like a thin cloud on a mountain top, gradually melted away. All this time the body not wishing to remain inactive, and yet not being willing to follow the example set by the hair, began swelling and puffing out its sides—at the same time drawing in its length, till it assumed very nearly the dimensions and shape of an ordinary beer-barrel; finally, a little comically-shaped hat popped itself down upon the heretofore uncovered head: and he who was but a few moments ago, a tall, lank hermit, now stood before the astonished eyes of Dorf in shape and outward paraphernalia a Dutch merchant of the sixteenth century.

After the change was completed, he did not allow Dorf long time to observe him, but fixing his eyes steadily on him for a moment, he then began to whirl and spin himself round on the grass; and, after performing sundry curious evolutions, he at last whirled himself with a jerk quite over the rock, turning round his head every moment as he was ascending, and grinning horribly on Dorf, and nodding and beckoning him to follow. Dorf, poor fellow, would very willingly have remained where he was; but, alas! he found that the spinning mania was seizing him—the evil eye was on him—so go he must; and away he did go in grand style, whirling round and

round, then heels over head, and imitating, with no little expertness and celerity, the wonderful harlequinades of the little fat merchant.

Over hill and dale, over mountain, rock, and stream, over crag and precipice—on, on, whirled the little fat man, and on, on, whirled Dorf, whom an unaccountable feeling compelled to follow at his heels, although he felt much in the same predicament as the novice on the ice, who cannot stop himself without running more hazard than if he were to keep gliding on, and yet feels certain that fall he must at last. The perpetual spinning round, round, round, was beginning to effect him in much the same way as the pitching of a vessel in a stiff breeze affects the landsman; and, to make the simile still more applicable, he was just preparing to render himself stiffer for his flight, by unburdening his stomach of the bread and cheese he had so shortly before stowed away in it, when, after a journey which, in duration, to his frenzied imagination, seemed akin to the existence of the Wandering Jew, the little man stopped; and Dorf, with feelings nearly allied to those of a criminal reprieved at the place of execution, found himself at liberty to follow his example.

When Dorf had so far recovered from the sickening stupor into which his aerial vagaries had thrown him, as to be able to look around, he perceived that the ground upon which he stood formed part of a small but deep valley, which lay stretched out for about a quarter of a mile before him, and was then abruptly terminated by a range of almost perpendicular mountains, whose tall, dark heads, stretching away into the clouds, effectually excluded the rays of the hitherto oppressive sun, and imparted a degree of still and somewhat strange solemnity to the scene. Immediately behind him, and forming the opposite barrier of the valley, frowned an immense rocky precipice, over the summit of which he had so lately before been performing his magical gyrations.

These features in the appearance of the place were, however, imprinted on Dorf's remembrance more by the mere mechanical action of his visual organs, than by any attention which he paid to the study of them; for there was something in the valley, the observation of which was to him too absorbing to allow him to pay much attention to either rock or mountain. He had, in

fact, scarcely raised his eyes, before he perceived that the little Dutchman and himself were not the only persons in the valley. Near the centre of it a group of five individuals were collected, and engaged apparently in some kind of game; they were all uniformly dressed in grey, their persons were tall and commanding, and their dark hair clustered round the high, pale forehead, which characterised the natives of ancient Germany. He was immediately observed, and welcomed to the circle by a fiendish Ha! ha! ha! which, as it swelled through the vale, echoed from the cliffs, and finally died away on the summits of the mountains, sounded like a death-knell in the ear of the unhappy wight, who instinctively knew he was in the presence of the Grey Men.

After the first burst of contemptuous laughter with which Dorf was received had passed away, they, as if by a common movement, turned round to pursue the game, without deigning to take any farther notice of the individual who had excited their risible faculties to such a degree. The game at which they were engaged bore much resemblance to the Scottish one of quoits, excepting that, instead of flat iron rings, they made use of large round stones, with straight wooden handles projecting from them. These they had thrown for a considerable time in perfect silence, when the little fat merchant, who, without putting himself to the trouble of again changing his appearance, had taken his share in the game, seized one of the stones, and approaching Dorf, while a sort of half-malicious, half-humorous smile played about the corners of his mouth, and lurked in the twinkle of his grey eye, desired him, by signs, to try how far he could throw it. From the first moment of his entering the circle, Dorf had remained in a state of the most agonizing suspense, fearing the more intensely that he knew not what he had to fear. When, however, he saw, by the movements of the little man, that something definite was to be enacted, and from his signs perceived the nature of it, a gleam of hope lightened the darkness of his despair, as he considered that, by an exhibition of unusual strength, he might, perhaps, win the pardon of those beings into whose power he had so unfortunately fallen; and it was with something like a smile of triumph on his features, as he thought of his own extraordinary muscular powers,

that he took the ponderous stone which the little man tendered him, and prepared himself for the throw. Again the eyes of the whole were fixed upon Dorf, and for an instant he quailed beneath their gaze; but instantly rallying, he swung the stone to the stretch of his arm behind him, and as it recoiled, exerting his utmost strength, he threw it—three yards! The heart of Dorf died within him as the unearthly Ha! ha! ha! again rose wildly upon the air, and broke harshly on the reigning stillness of the scene; and he observed, with renewed apprehension, that the little man was preparing for him another trial. On the ground, and at the distance of, perhaps, eighteen or twenty yards from each other, were two stones, which during the game served as marks to throw at. To one of these the little man brought two of the throwing stones, and placing one on each side, he then removed the middle one, and directed Dorf to occupy its place, and endeavour with extended arms to raise the other two. Refusal or resistance his little remaining senses enabled him to perceive would be of no avail against the power of his demoniacal oppressors. So, with an almost despairing energy, he seized the handles of the heavy stones, and with a mighty effort, gradually raised himself till he stood perfectly straight, holding out the two stones at the full extent of his arms. These he was now willing to drop, and tried to open his hands for that purpose; but by some hellish power they were glued to the handles, inseparably united, and all his efforts to loosen his hold were unavailing. He then tried to drop his arms—it was in vain; something held them extended, although at the same time he felt every moment as if the terrible weight of the stones would snap them through. He endeavoured to bend his body to the ground—he might as well have attempted to bend a bar of iron; every muscle of his frame was stiffened into perfect rigidity, and he felt that he had no more power of motion than a statue of stone. He tried to scream, but the power of articulation was denied; he would have groaned under the anguish of the enormous weight which he bore up, but he could not—he was capable of nothing but feeling, and that sense was only exercised by the most agonising pain. While he continued standing with outstretched arms, motionless and statue-like, a victim to the influence of the

dreadful and mystic power which these unearthly beings were thus exercising over him, one of them struck the ground with his foot, and immediately he felt it receding from under him, and he sunk gradually down, down, until his arms reached the level of the earth, and the stones rested upon the surface, when he stopped, and the ground closing in around him, beld him with an iron grasp in its yawning jaws. Again the same terrific sound boomed through the valley, and burst with an astounding fearfulness upon the nearly extinct faculties of Dorf. For a moment he stood the shock; but it was too overwhelming to enable him to continue to bear up against it, and with an inward groan he sunk into a state of insensibility. How long he remained in this state, he was not able to judge—probably not more than a few minutes. When he first languidly opened his eyes, he imagined that he was alone; but raising them, and looking about, he perceived that his tormentors were still there. They were grouped around the other stone in the position in which he had first seen them, and the little man was as usual bearing a conspicuous part in their proceedings. He stood somewhat in advance of the others. He was firmly planted upon his left leg, while his right was thrown out behind him; his body was slightly bent forward, his head eagerly stretched out in the direction of Dorf, and his arm was raised in the act of throwing the stone. God in heaven! at what was he going to throw? Dorf shut his eyes again;—the stone flew whirling from the hand that sent it, and with so true an aim, that it struck with a horrid crash against the head of the devoted victim.

With the shock the spell was broken. Dorf found himself in an instant in utter darkness; the earth that held him so firmly before was gone; he thought he was falling, and he grasped with his hands to save himself. He uttered a piercing cry, and as he did so, he again heard the laughing chorus of the Grey Men. This time, however, it was not so scendish; and, as it continued, gradually changed, until it seemed to Dorf to assume the sound of the pleasant, hilarious laughter of a voice to which in happier hours he had often responded. "You have had a long sleep, neighbour Dorf," shouted a voice close to his ear, which bore a marvellous resemblance to that of his friend Jarl. "Whe—what—what—

where am I!" cried Dorf, as he opened his eyes, and raising himself up, observed his own little hut standing right before him, and bright with the rays of the setting sun—"what brought me here!" "Why, as to where you are," said Jarl—for it was indeed he who was standing beside the little cart in which Dorf lay—"I think I need scarcely tell you that; and as to what brought you here, that is easily explained. You may remember, unless you were so drunk as to forget, that I told you I was going to the hills early this morning, with Kaiser and the *schleife* (cart), and that I would bring home your goats. Very well; when we were coming home, goats and all, we saw you lying asleep at the foot of the rock; and guessing what brought you there, we lifted you gently into the *schleife* and came off, intending to lay you in your own bed, and give you a surprise when you awakened. But when we had got the length of your door, the horse stopped so suddenly, that your head knocked against the top of the *schleife*, and awakened you before the time; and that's all!" And the stout woodsman laughed again till the hills rang.

It was observed that from that day Dorf Juystein never spoke but with reverence of the GREY MEN.

*Fraser's Mag.*

## THE GREEKS.

A NEW candidate for the sovereignty of Greece has just made himself known through the medium of a pamphlet, in which his claims are set forth. He assumes the illustrious name of Comnenus, and calls himself a descendant of the last Emperors of Trebizonde; therefore, he says, it is quite clear, sovereignties being always disposed of according to hereditary rights and the rules of legitimacy, that he is the only rightful heir to the sovereignty of Greece. This gentleman is a native of France, and he holds a commission in the French army. His claims were formerly laid before the Ministers of the three protecting Powers, from whom he only received evasive and unsatisfactory answers. It would be rather a difficult task to make out the rights of a descendant of the Emperors of Trebizonde to the sovereignty of modern Greece; and, probably, it would be still more difficult for Mr. Comnenus to prove that he is a descendant, and the only descendant of that race. I

have known in Turkey scores of Comnenuses, of Cantacurzenes, and of Paleologoses, all of whom stoutly asserted that they were the direct descendants of the Imperial families bearing those names. All of them might claim the Grecian sceptre with probably as much right as the gentleman in question. But what would the present Greeks care about a host of needy adventurers who chose to assume names of royalty defunct for ages past? The Greeks, in fact, want no king at all. Gratitude to the three protecting Powers, who had delivered them from their deadly foes, the Turks, had made them cheerfully submit to the choice fixed on Prince Leopold; but they suffered disappointment by his refusal of the sovereignty, and the length of time in which they were left under the power and at the mercy of the Capo d'Istria party, weakened, and in many instances obliterated, the sentiments with which their protectors had inspired them, so that their former habits and impressions resumed their empire. The Greeks would much rather be left to govern themselves, as they best understand their wants; and if, in doing so, they occasionally cut each other's throats, they alone would be the sufferers. Civilization is making rapid strides among them, and its influence will introduce order, regularity, and good government, in a much surer way in Greece than all that her protectors think they can devise for her advantage. The Greeks would again become, if not a great, at least a very remarkable people, if left alone.

#### THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE care of this important beacon is committed to four men, two of whom take the charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Eddystone for many months, a proper quantity of salt provision is always laid up, as in a ship victualled for a long voyage. In high winds, such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude, from the dashing of the waves, that a man exposed to it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals, the two forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness and stench; listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency, from the least hope of assis-

tance, and without any earthly comfort, but what is administered from their confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion choosing rather to shut himself up with a putrifying carcase, than, by throwing it into the sea, to incur the suspicion of murder. In fine weather, these wretched beings just scramble a little about the edge of the rock, when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves with fishing; which is the only employment they have, except that of trimming their nightly fires. Such total inaction and entire seclusion from all the joys and aids of society, can only be endured by great religious philosophy, which we cannot imagine they feel; or by great stupidity, which in pity we must suppose they possess. Yet, though this wretched community is so small, we are assured it has sometimes been a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of those distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endear that one to him, we were informed the humours of each were so soured, that they preyed both on themselves, and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals, too, were solitary; each, like a brute, growling over his food alone. The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provisions while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible pieces of preferment in Britain; and yet, from a story, which Mr. Smeaton relates, it appears there are stations still more ineligible. A fellow who got a livelihood by making leathern pipes for engines, grew tired of sitting constantly at work, and solicited a light-house man's place, which, as competitors are not numerous, he obtained. As the Eddystone boat was carrying him to take possession of his habitation, one of the boatmen asked him, what could tempt him to give up a profitable business, to be shut up for months together in a pillar? "Why," said the man, "because I did not like confinement!"

#### IMMORTALITY OF THE OTAHEITIANS.

THE following account of the people of Otaheite presents a strong contrast to the assertions of some of the Evan-

gelical magazines, respecting the benefits of missionary preaching. If it may be relied on, it is certainly a gloomy and discouraging picture. We fear that, unlike many accounts which have reached England, respecting the labours of the missionaries, many of which have subsequently been proved to be false—this relation is strictly true. It is a remarkable fact, that our Saxon ancestors were an honest and upright people, until converted to Christianity, when murders, robberies, and every description of impiety were committed by all ranks; honour and good faith were cast to the winds; the Saxon princes perpetrated many frightful crimes, and then entered a monastery, as if to shun the scorn and contempt of even their vicious age. Let it not be supposed that we are attempting to deny or disprove the benefits which might result from the introduction of the Christian religion into any country; but we have always been of opinion, that it is a wild, a preposterous and an impious thing, to endeavour to plant a belief in the mind of an untutored savage, without submitting him to previous instruction. Our Yankee brethren make this a subject of jest and ridicule, but it is really no laughing matter. Who could hear the vulgar mouthings of an illiterate negro, as he descants on a text which he does not rightly understand, without feelings of disgust and abhorrence? The subjoined is the extract alluded to, which is taken from a recent number of the *Manchester Guardian*.

"The following is an extract from a letter very recently received from Elijah Armitage, who went as a missionary from this town about ten years ago. The accuracy of the account may be fully relied on, from his perfect knowledge of the people, and his well-known fidelity. It is dated Eismeo, South Seas, Nov. 10, 1831 :—"With respect to myself, and the work in which I am engaged, I know not how to give you a just description of the character of the people among whom I labour. You have heard a great deal from the Magazines, &c. which I think the individuals who wrote them should be ashamed of, unless they were quite ignorant of matters here. I know not a better comparison of the people than that of a child that has been kept out of the way of temptation for fear of being led astray; but this care and kindness does not change the heart, which is watching for every opportunity to turn out of the

path of virtue, when an opportunity offers. Such is the case here; for, after it was discovered that certain plants, growing in abundance here, would produce spirits, the inhabitants eagerly made them, and drank to excess. In order to prevent serious political and other consequences, a law was made that any person making wine or spirits should be banished, and his goods forfeited. This did not lessen the desire of spirits, but rather increased it. The evil is further increased by most vessels bringing the most poisonous liquors, and taking away the little valuable property, and leaving the people far worse than they were. I assure you there are very few indeed, either in Church or State, but are given up to drunkenness, and make themselves beasts. Thieving is become a growing evil. I do not think that many of the inhabitants have any correct views of moral evil. They will readily confess it to be wrong, but very few of them will abstain from it if they think it can be concealed. With respect to the manufactory, I fear but little good will be done, as the wants of the people are so few, and their indolence so great.—Pride, however, is creeping in very fast, and will bring a number of wants with it; and God is able to overrule even this for good. The preaching of the missionaries does not seem to make impression, or awaken lively feelings, as with you. Persons are in and out of the place of worship just as frequently as they please. The example of wicked Europeans has had a bad effect on their bad hearts; so that it is hard work even to attempt to do them good," &c.

A. M.

#### TEMPERAMENT OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

THE malady to which the English are particularly subject, and the name of which has passed into every European language, the Spleen, arises, I have no doubt, from the double influence of diet and climate. Ask our old friend, Montaigne, how much the continual appearance of a cloudy atmosphere disposes the mind and the imagination to sorrow and low spirits. The desire, the anxiety, to get rid of this heaviness, make the English have recourse to several means, all of which are attended by bad effects. In the first place, they drink a great quantity of tea. This beverage facilitates digestion, it agitates and dissolves the humours; but it ex-

cites perspiration, and, on this account, it contributes to relax the whole nervous system. A still more pernicious plan is the immoderate use of strong wines and ardent spirits. Gin and brandy are the punch of the lower people; and even women of this class are not less addicted to drinking than the men.

Combining all these meteorological and dietetic observations, I think we can understand why the English character is more slow, more deliberate, more restless, more sombre than ours; why the Englishman's actions are more rapid, if movement be required—more steady, unless under excitement; why his gaiety is less natural, more rare, and more convulsive, with less levity and more firmness; why he is more alive to feeling, less communicative, but more to be relied upon. When the Englishman is active, his action is calculated reflection: his moments of folly and gaiety seem to approach intoxication, and, more or less, resemble an attack of fever.

*Mirabeau's Letters.*

#### CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE following account is extracted from one of our daily papers. Were De Foe alive, he would probably give us a novel founded on the adventures of this unfortunate man, whose situation must excite the commiseration of every feeling mind.

"Information has reached Sydney of the existence of a young man named Matthews, who was captured about three years ago, by the natives of an island called Malanta, near the New Hebrides, in the South Seas. It may be recollected that about the time mentioned, the Alfred, whaler, was off that island fishing; and, in a dispute between the natives and the crew, the Captain and several hands were murdered, and a mate (the person now discovered) was carried off a prisoner, and never since heard of. The manner in which this unfortunate young man has at last made himself known was by cutting his name, the particulars of his capture, and his present situation (which he represents as miserable), on a piece of bamboo, and then giving it to the natives to trade with. Not understanding the characters, and supposing the bamboo to be an original piece of tattoo workmanship, they bartered it away amongst other things to one of our colonial whaling captains

(Captain Harwood of the Hashmy) who retains it in his possession. We are informed that a humane attempt will be made to purchase this unhappy fellow from the savages."

Since the above was written, the schooner New Zealander has arrived in Sydney, from Malanta, and other places, and brings up more particulars of the fate of Matthews. Captain Hedges has in his possession a letter, and a carved cocoa-nut, which were brought on board the New Zealander by a native, from their prisoner, the subject of this narrative. The following is a literal copy of the letter:

Sir,—Be kind to the natives, as my life is in their hands. I am alive, after a long illness from the wounds I received. Write to me the particulars if a ship killed any of the natives on the other side of the island. They say our ship killed three men. They keep me close, and will not let me come near the ship. Make him a present of something showy;—his name is Bolowwa. If you will send me a shirt and a pair of trowsers, I will be much obliged to you; I am in a state of nature. A ship may get a good supply on this island, by making friends with them. Give the men something to eat, as it is great friendship with them. Write to me the particulars what ships are cruising off this island. I live on the North Side of the island. Be careful of the natives they are forming a plan to take a ship. Do not come on shore without fire arms. They are cannibals. If I can once get a note from you, I can form a plan to get away.

I am, your humble servant,  
JOHN MATTHEWS.'

#### Table Talk.

FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN, generally denotes not only a kind heart, but a guileless one. A knave always detests children—their innocent looks and open brow, speak daggers to his heart. He sees his own villany reflected from their countenance, as it were from a mirror. Always mark that man or woman who avoids children. The great and good have always been remarkable for their fondness of children. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, was the most generous of monarchs, and the most tender of fathers. Diverging himself one day with riding on a stick with his children, and being surprised in the action by a gentleman, he desired him not to mention it till he was a father.



Henry the Fourth of France, taught his children to call him papa, or father, and not sire (the new fashion introduced by Catherine de Medicis). One day, going on all fours with the Dauphin on his back, an ambassador suddenly entered, "Monsieur Ambassadeur, have you any children?" said Henry, looking up; "Yes, sire," was the reply; "Very well; then I will finish my race round the chamber."

THE late Hon. Henry Erskine, whose talents at the bar and in society were eminent, met his acquaintance, Jemmy Balfour, a barrister, who dealt greatly in hard words, and circumlocutions sentences. Perceiving that his ankle was tied up with a silk handkerchief, the former asked the cause. "Why, my dear sir," answered the wordy lawyer, "I was taking a rural, romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when coming to a gate I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and having grazed the epidermis on my shin, it was attended with a slight extravasation of blood."—"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Mr. Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck."

A CLEAR sky is a novelty in this city (London) which makes one forget every other; and a stranger cannot fail to remark the extraordinary interest excited in all classes on the appearance of a fine day, "What beautiful weather! What a lovely morning!" is heard on all sides.

*Mirabeau's Letters.*

THE HARBOUR OF NEW YORK.—"I have never," says Mrs. Trollope, "seen the bay of Naples, I can therefore make no comparison, but my imagination is incapable of conceiving any thing of the kind more beautiful than the harbour of New York. Various and lovely are the objects which the eye meet on every side, but the naming them would only be to give a list of words, without conveying the faintest idea of the scene. I doubt if ever the pencil of Turner could do it justice, bright and glorious

as it rose upon us. We seemed to enter the harbour of New York upon waves of liquid gold, and as we darted past the green isles which rise from its bosom, like guardian centinels of the fair city, the setting sun stretched his horizontal beams farther and farther at each moment, as if to point out to us some new glory in the landscape.—New York, indeed, appeared to us, even when we saw it by a soberer light, a lovely and a noble city. To us, who had been so long travelling through half-cleared forests, and sojourning among an 'I'm-as-good-as-you' population, it seemed, perhaps, more beautiful, more splendid, and more refined than it might have done, had we arrived there directly from London; but, making every allowance for this, I must still declare that I think New York one of the finest cities I ever saw, and as much superior to every other in the Union (Philadelphia not excepted) as London to Liverpool, or Paris to Rouen. Its advantages of position are, perhaps, unequalled any where. Situated on an island, which I think it will one day cover, it rises, like Venice, from the sea, and like that fairest of cities, in the days of her glory, receives into its lap tribute of all the riches of the earth."

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.—The fall of Wolfe was noble indeed. He received a wound in the head, but covered it from his soldiers with his handkerchief. A second ball struck him in the belly; that too he dissembled. A third hitting him in the breast, he sunk under the anguish, and was carried behind the ranks. Yet, fast as life ebbed out, his whole anxiety centered on the fortune of the day. He begged to be borne nearer to the action; but his sight being dimmed by the approach of death, he entreated to be told what they who supported him saw. He was answered, that the enemy gave ground. He eagerly repeated the question—heard the enemy was totally routed—cried, "I am satisfied!"—and expired.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Tuesday, July 3.

July 3—Dog-days begin, and on the 11th of August they end. These days were named from *Sirius*, the Dog-star, because when the sun had passed this great star, it was thought to have its heat increased. The sun passes every star later in each succeeding year; but, without regard to this, the dog-days are now properly made stationary to the hottest time of the year, as they happened formerly.

### Saturday, July 7.

July 7—Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born; he was murdered in the cathedral, 29th December, 1170.

### Sunday, July 15.

July 15—St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, was born; and died, 888. His relics were afterwards prevented from being removed from the churchyard into the chancel, by forty days' rain; this gave rise to the adage, that 'if rain fall on this day, it will continue forty days.' ○

# The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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No. XXVII.—Vol. IX.

Saturday, June 30, 1853



See page 418.

## Illustrated Article.

### OLD STORIES OF THE RHINE CASTLES.

By Roger Calverley.  
FOR THE OLIO.

#### THE VALE OF THE PHANTOMS.

A STORY OF THE RHEINGAU.

Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,  
Nor giant huge of form and limb,  
Nor heathen haught was there;  
But the crossets, that odours sung aloft,  
Show'd, by their yellow light and soft,  
A band of damsels fair!  
Onward they came like summer wave  
That dances to the shore;  
An hundred voices welcome gave,  
And welcome o'er and o'er.  
Loud laugh'd they all;—the king in vain  
With questions task'd the giddy train,  
Let him entreat, or crave, or call,  
'I was one reply,—loud laugh'd they all.  
BIB W. SCOTT. *Bridal of Triermain.*

BEHIND Lorch there is a wild and melancholy vale, where there are only a few miserable cabins, and whose title corresponds with its desolate appearance;—it is called the Wisperthal, or Vale of Phantoms. It has remained for a long time uninhabited; for most of those who had ventured

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to set foot therein, used to be plagued and tormented in a thousand different ways, and many among them were never seen or heard of more.

A long time ago, three young sparks traversed the environs of the Rhine in search of adventures. They were the sons of three wealthy merchants at Nuremberg. At the inn at Lorch they heard talk of divers extraordinary things that happened in the Wisperthal, and they resolved immediately to make an excursion thither. It was not without difficulty that they succeeded in opening themselves a way through the tangled thickets; and in about an hour they arrived at the foot of an enormous castle, which had almost the air of a mountain moulded into a baronial mansion. Spenser thus describes such a pile:

A stately palace built of squared brick,  
Which cunningly was, without mortar, laid;  
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong or thick,

And golden folie all over them displaid,  
That purest sky with brightness they displaid.

He lifted up were many lofty towers,  
And goodly galleries far overlaid,  
Full of faire windows, and delightful bowres;  
And, on the top, a dial told the timely howres.

At one of the windows appeared the bright faces of three young girls, which seemed to invite our adventurers to come up to them.

"Come, come," said these last, "all this is not so mighty terrible as we imagined. These three fair damsels seem to be dull and lonely; let us go in and endeavour to amuse them."

The grand entrance, a vast gateway, stood invitingly open; our three companions entered, crossed an extensive court, and passed by another portal into a long and sombre corridor, from whence they ascended a stately staircase, which opened upon a vestibule of great extent. The gloom of evening had already deeply veiled the Wisperthal, and what little light remained was still more obscured in these ample apartments, either by the beechwoods that waved before the windows, or by the gorgeous gloom of the painted glass through which the cloudy sunset so feebly found its way, that our heroes were obliged to grope about for another door, which, when they at length opened, the blaze of brilliance that burst upon their eyes almost blinded them. They found themselves in a great gallery, whose walls were lined from the floor to the cornice with prodigious mirrors, a thousand flambeaux of perfumed wax redoubled their lustre without end; while the radiant features and sylphed figures of the three damsels; one of whom was attired in pink, another in azure, and the third in green, were equally multiplied to the eyes of the bewildered young burghers, who, instead of meeting with each his sweetheart, found about a hundred young ladies gaily robed and resplendently jewelled, who, as with one voice, bade them welcome, kissed their hands to them, and then burst into peals of silver-toned laughter at the poor spoonies, who stood gaping and staring, astounded, dazzled, and dismayed; at this unexpected reception. All on a sudden, a door, that stood in a recess of the gallery, flew open, and an old man of a commanding stature, dressed in black, and having a long white beard, entered the saloon. Advancing to the young cits, he said to them.

"Doubtless, you are come to demand my daughters in marriage; I shall not play the niggard with you, for I am not a commercial man, and I will give you with each of them one thousand florins of gold."

Shrieks of laughter burst from the lovely girls, when the old man uttered

these words, and our city sparks knew not what to make of all this.

"Well," at length cried the old man, in a voice of thunder, "let every one choose his lady-love."

The young citizens began sheepishly to shuffle each towards a damsel, and fancying that they were in the act of presenting their hands, found that they touched nothing but the cold surface of the mirror. This seemed to be too much even for the old man's gravity; he fell into convulsions of laughter, and scarcely able to articulate the words, "I see you want my assistance!" he led up a fair girl to each of them.

Disconcerted as our young tradesmen were, their embarrassment and apprehensions quickly gave way to the power of beauty, and their bosoms were inspired with a violent passion for the daughters of the old man.

"I give you leave to embrace your sweethearts," said the sire.

They did not wait to be told twice; but the incense of those ripe lips completed the conquest of their hearts, and the confusion of their senses.

"And now," resumed the old man, "it is necessary that you should furnish me with sufficient proofs of your love for my daughters. Rosafior, the one you see in pink, has lost a starling, which was a prodigious favourite; Celestine, she in the azure robe, has also lost a pet, a fine magpie; while Emiral, the young lady in green, equally unfortunate with her sisters, laments the absence of a great raven, which she cherished with care, and prized most highly."

Again the beautiful features and white bosoms of the three graces of the Wisperthal seemed convulsed with laughter, which they had great difficulty in suppressing.

"These pets," continued the sire, with wonderful gravity, "have probably flown to the adjacent wood; and you will recognise them by the following characteristic marks: the starling knows an enigma; the raven a ballad; and the magpie relates the history of her grandmother the very moment you ask her. Go now, therefore, look for these birds, which are not at all fierce, and easily suffer themselves to be taken."

Our three enamoured burghers did exactly as the old man directed them.—About a quarter of a league from the castle, they found the three birds perched upon the branch of an ancient oak.

"Starling!" cried number one, "read me thy riddle."

The starling immediately perched himself upon his shoulder, and said—

"Tell me—what is that which you have in your face, but which you cannot see in the looking-glass."

"Raven, sing me thy song," exclaimed number two.

The raven immediately cleared his voice, and in croaking tones, sang as follows:

Three black priests a walking went,  
In the country of Cockaigne;  
The little birds plucked and roasted,  
Fell roared them like the rain.

But this abundance, as it seems,  
Availed them not at all;  
For they found the little birds too large,  
And their great mouths too small.

Then back they went to their own country,  
Worn down to skin and bone;  
And they loudly swore the Cockaigne folk,  
Had little brains or nose.

\* For if they had, those savoury birds,  
(\*Twas thus the black priests cried);  
\* Would have been of a more convenient  
size,  
Or else their mouths more wide!

The raven had scarcely finished his ballad, when he came and perched upon the head of number two.

"Magpie, magpie, give us the history of thy grandmother," shouted number three.

The magpie immediately assumed an air of great importance, and narrated as follows.

"Gentlemen, you must know that my grandmother was a magpie; she was in the habit of laying eggs, from whence used to proceed more magpies; and if she had not died one day, she would have been alive still."

The magpie flapped her wings as she uttered these words, and hastened to place herself upon the hand of number three.

The young tradesmen were delighted at having accomplished their expedition so easily, and they hastened to regain the castle. But when they set foot in the gallery, they were astonished to see that the mirrors had entirely disappeared; and still more so, that the three belles of the Wisperthal were not visible in any part of it. Three tables, sumptuously spread, were placed in three different recesses. Three toothless old hags came tottering, and coughing, and spitting, up to our Nuremberg youths, and holding out to them their feeble hands, exclaimed—

"Ah! here are our sweethearts!" and they embraced them so tenderly, that a cold sweat oozed from every pore of their bodies.

The three belles then betook

themselves to grimacing and chattering:—the starling repeated his riddle; the raven sang his song, and the magpie related the history of her grandmother; in short, they managed altogether to make such a hullabaloo, that no one could make out a single word that was said. Each of the three witches then took her lover by the arm, and led him to one of the three tables, entertaining him with talk, hideously amorous, of the many happy days she hoped to pass with him in the castle. The starling, the raven, and the magpie, in the meantime chanted and chattered louder and louder. The luckless Nurembergers, it may be imagined, had not much appetite, but they each accepted a glass of wine, which they had no sooner emptied than they sank into a profound sleep.

The afternoon was far advanced when they awoke. They found themselves crouched upon brambles at the bottom of a savage rock, and it was with no little difficulty that they recovered their feet and extricated themselves. Filled with confusion and chagrin, they struck into the road which was to lead them out of this ill-omened vale; but they heard on all sides voices which seemed to call them; and thought that, in every direction, they saw an old woman's head nodding and grimacing at them.—In the gorge of the vale, they perceived the three birds perched upon an elm. The starling was as usual repeating his riddle; the raven singing his song; and the magpie relating the history of her grandmother.

One of our three youths, having taken courage as soon as he found himself in an open country, and perceived the world about him, demanded of a peasant, who passed near them, if he could not inform them what it was that those confounded birds meant with their histories and their songs!

"Oh, surely," replied the peasant, "I can explain it all to you quite clearly; but gentlemen, you must not take it in evil part. The starling's enigma refers to that expression of folly and conceit in your faces, which you will never discover in the looking-glass, if you look till doomsday. The raven's song means to instruct you in the propriety of taking roasted birds with knife and fork, and not with the mouth; and the magpie relates a history which, one day, your grandchildren, perhaps, will relate of you."

Our precious trio opened their foolish eyes wider than ever at these words,

and swore deeply never more to listen so readily to voices that called them, even when they proceeded from the most beautiful lips.

THE HECLA, LEAVING THE THAMES  
FOR THE NORTH POLE.  
FOR THE OLIO.

See you tall bark that bravely glides along,  
Hail'd by the plaudits of th' assembled throng!  
How proud she breasts the river's modest wave,

- Big with the hopes and fortunes of the brave;  
But half her canvass fluttering in the wind,  
As loth to leave the cultur'd world behind.  
Such are the balwarks that protect our land,  
That call down honour, that enforce command;

That hold us forth, our gallant flag unfurl'd,  
An envied model to the world's ring world!  
Hark to the shouts!—a thousand throats  
outvie,

To cheer the willing exiles as they fly;  
Her crew return the cheer with shouts as loud,  
Yet gaze half pensive on the fading crowd;  
Compare the scenes that fear or fancy frames,  
With all this glittering show, the tranquil  
Thames;

Then reach in thought the wish'd, yet dreaded  
goal,

And fly their country for the stormy Pole! P.

LITERATURE OF THE PRESENT  
DAY, COMPARED WITH THAT  
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

If the literature of the middle ages was principally composed of crude, enormous, indigestible masses, fitted only to monkish appetites, that could gorge iron like ostriches, when iron was cast into the shape of thought, or thought assumed the nature of iron, the literature of the present day is entirely the reverse, and so are all the circumstances connected with it. Then there were few readers and fewer writers—now there are many of both, and among those that really deserve the name of the former, it would be difficult to ascertain the relative proportion of the latter, for most of them in one way or other might be classed with writers.—The vehicles, opportunities, and temptations of publishing are so frequent, so easy, and unexpensive, that a man can scarcely be connected with intelligent society, without being seduced, in some frail moment, to try how his thoughts will look in print; then, for a second or two at least, he feels as the greatest genius in the world feels on the same occasion—"laudem immensa cupido," a longing after immortality, that mounts into a hope—a hope that becomes a conviction of the power of realizing itself, in all the glory of ideal

reality, than which no actual reality ever afterward is half so enchantingly enjoyed.

Hence the literature of our time is commensurate with the universality of education; nor is it less various than universal to meet capacities of all sizes, minds of all acquirements, and tastes of every degree. Books are multiplied on every subject, on which any thing or nothing can be said, from the most abstruse and recondite to the most simple and puerile; and while the passion of book-jobbers is to make the former as familiar as the latter by royal ways to all the sciences, there is an equally perverse rage among genuine authors to make the latter as august and imposing as the former, by disguising common-place topics with the colouring of imagination, and adorning the most insignificant themes with all the pomp of verse. This degradation of the high, and exaltation of the low,—this dislocation, in fact, of every thing, is one of the most striking proofs of the extraordinary diffusion of knowledge, and of its corruption too, if not a symptom of its declension by being so heterogeneously blended, till all shall be neutralized. Indeed, when millions of intellects, of as many different dimensions and as many different degrees of culture, are perpetually at work, and it is almost as easy to speak as to think, and to write as to speak, there must be a proportionate quantity of thought put into circulation. Meanwhile, public taste, pampered with delicacies even to loathing, and stimulated to stupidity with excessive excitement, is at once ravenous and mawkish—gratified with nothing but novelty, nor with novelty itself for more than an hour. To meet this diseased appetite, in prose not less than in verse, a factitious kind of the marvellous has been invented, consisting not in the exhibition of supernatural incidents or heroes, but in such distortion, high colouring, and exaggeration of natural incidents or ordinary personages, by the artifices of style, and the audacity of sentiment employed upon them, as shall produce that sensation of wonder in which half-instructed minds delight. This preposterous effort at display may be traced through every walk of polite literature, and in every channel of publication; nay, it would hardly be venturing too far to say, that every popular author is occasionally a juggler, rope-dancer, or posture-maker, in this way, to propitiate those of his

readers who will be pleased with nothing less than feats of legerdemain in the exercises of the pen.

*Metrop. Mag.*

### ADVANTAGES OF VEGETABLE DIET.

BEING during the early part of my life indefatigable in my dissections in comparative anatomy, to pursue which I sat up at night, while my necessary studies took me to the hospital in the day, I found my health declining; and in conformity with a sort of fashion among some distinguished men at St. Bartholomew's, I determined to live entirely on vegetable food. I remember my friend, Mr. Lawrence, during the habits of protracted study which he was accustomed to follow, did the same, and I thought with advantage to his health. An entire family, comprehending a large number of the finest children I ever saw, observed more strictly a similar vegetable regimen, and I found that others who followed it, were some of the most healthy and intellectual of my acquaintance, among whom were Shelley, Byron, and Lambe, and other mathematicians and scholars, high in the Cambridge tripos, whose energies sprung from no source of nutriment, but the simple *cibo di latte e frutta*, so celebrated by the Italian poet. I determined, from viewing the restoration of broken health in some of my friends, to try the experiment on a complete scale, and I lived during three whole years on the products of the vegetable kingdom, and I was never stronger or more healthy in my life than at this time. It happened towards the close of the period that I am alluding to, that the *extensor indicis* of my left hand was cut by a splintered wound, and the periosteum below it severely injured: indeed so bad was the place, that when I had got out the fragments left in the wound; a surgeon told me I should never have the use of the fore finger again, and probably never that of the hand. I disregarded what was said, knowing of what severe wounds the Indians, particularly the Lascars, recover, who feed on rice and herbs. I went to the sea-side, doctored my own hand, and still further reduced the quantity of my food, eating chiefly of ripe fruits. Suffice it to say that, contrary to all expectation, the wound healed almost by first attention, an adventitious substance being interposed between the divided ends of the tendon.

I mention this piece of chirurgical history, to show what powers of restoration are comprehended in the tranquillizing effect of abstemiousness in the animal machine.

I do not intend by any means, in what I have said above, to recommend to people in general, a diet of vegetables alone: on the contrary, experience has proved that a mixed regimen of animal and vegetable food is best adapted to the human stomach, but in illustrating the nature of the general predisponent causes of disease, it seemed advisable to select some marked cases of the power of abstemious diet to remove them.—*Dr. Foster.*

### SAINT ALBAN'S ABBEY—ANCIENT VERULAM.

*For the Otto.*

IN a recent number we made some remarks on the Abbey of St. Alban's, and we have since thought that a short history of that Edifice might prove interesting to our readers.

The Church, which is the only remaining part of the Abbey, except the Gateway, was built with materials brought from the ruins of ancient Verulam, and which consist, for the most part, of broad, flat, square Roman tiles, about one inch and three-quarters thick, baked to an extraordinary degree of hardness. It was founded, and liberally endowed by Offa, King of Mercia, in the year 791, as a reparation for the treacherous murder of Ethelred, King of the East Saxons, by his wife Queen Drida. It does not, however, appear that Offa was himself in any way privy to the murder, as he immediately caused Drida\* to be confined, and at the expiration of four years thrown into a well and smothered, that being the fate which she had herself executed on Ethelred.

The first stone was laid by Offa himself, with great solemnity, on the spot where the remains of St. Alban were found, the King pronouncing maledictions against all who should disturb it, and eternal blessings on all who should be its benefactors. The Abbey, with its Church, Offices, and other buildings, was completed in about four years, soon after which Offa died. The remains of St. Alban were richly enshrined, and a guard appointed to watch over them night and day, notwithstanding which precaution, in the year 930, the Danes

\* On her coins she is called Cuindreth. See that engraved in Speed's Chronicle.

broke into the Abbey and seized by force a great portion of the relics, and carried them off to their own country, where they deposited them in a costly shrine, hoping to reap a rich harvest by the veneration they would obtain.

During the reign of Edward the Confessor, Elfric, the eleventh Abbot, fearing another visit from the Danes, caused the many costly relics and the remaining bones of the Saint to be concealed in a secret wall, under the altar of Saint Nicholas. There is a curious account extant of the deception practised upon the monks of Ely by this Abbot, who pretended to send to them the bones of Saint Alban, when, in fact, the coffin contained only the remains of a monk. In the year 1077, Lanfranc, Abbot of Caen, obtained the abbacy for his kinsman Paul, who was the fourteenth Abbot from the foundation, and the first after the Norman Conquest. This Abbot, we are told, rebuilt the church, with all the adjacent buildings, excepting the bake-house and the mill, and he obtained from Lanfranc the sum of one thousand marks to assist in defraying the expences; but, on inspection of the building, it will be found that the choir, the tower, steeple, and several other portions are of a much earlier date; indeed the tower contains a vast number of tiles similar to those which now cling so tenaciously to the moss-covered walls of Verulam. The part of the aisle which has fallen in is by no means strongly built; the wall appears to have been composed of rude masses of stone hastily put together, and carelessly cemented; but this is not the case in other parts of the building. To notice all the anecdotes connected with this Abbey would occupy a considerable space; we have therefore only to add, that Richard Boreman, Prior of Norwich, was the forty-first and last Abbot, and that on the 5th of December, 1538, he surrendered it to the king. He had been created Abbot in the previous year, as is supposed with a view to his making a surrender in form.

The Abbey Church of St. Alban's extends from east to west about 540 feet; the transepts from north to south 175 feet. The nave of the church partakes of the style of the thirteenth century. Its painted ceiling-board, the colours of which are still quite bright, was erected in the year 1428, by Wheathampstead, the thirty-third Abbot; it is divided into square compartments, in each of which are painted the letters *S. R. S.* encircled by eight converging arches. The

effect of this roof when viewed from the choir is extremely curious and beautiful. There are many monuments, some of which have been defaced, and others carried away; of the effigies in brass, that of Sir John Grey is the best preserved. There is a most singular echo in the aisle; a tap of the foot on the stone floor is distinctly repeated upwards of a dozen times. The best external view of the building is from the site of the ancient town of Verulam, which is now a ploughed field. Of this interesting spot much has been said and sung: a visit to it will repay the curiosity of the antiquary, though nothing remains but fragments of the masonry walls. Tall shrubs usurp the places where the passions once reared their towered heads, and the whispers of the sentinels are exchanged for the evening songs of the nightingales in the surrounding coppices. We have visited many relics of past ages, but few have interested us more than the Abbey Church of St. Alban's and the ruins of its neighbour town. Spencer in his *Ruins of Time* makes the genius of Verulam thus speak of her fall:—

"I was that city which the garland wore  
Of Briton's pride, delivered unto me  
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;  
Though nought of all but ruins now I be,  
And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see;  
Verlame I was: what boots it what I was?  
Sith now I am but woods and wasteful  
grame!"

A. M.

#### WASHINGTON IRVING'S WRITINGS.

ALL his prose is poetry, for he sees nothing as it is, and cares little for any thing as it stands; he values an object for its power of creating illusion—for the dreamy power it may possess of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past: with him, naked realities are poor forlorn things, shivering in the wind. Until they are clothed with illusions of the memory, and the imagination, they are ashamed to be seen. Washington Irving is the modern *Quixote*, who goes about covering up "things as they are," and wrapping them round warm in the pictured garments of the past. Assuredly the robes which Washington Irving prepares are of a fine texture and a rich pattern. Realities when garbed by him walk in silk attire; harp in hand, joy in the countenance, and all sorts of elegant delight in attendance. Nobody would

suppose such a luxury of a man as he to be the production of a young republic. But every stream has its eddies, and the very intensity of a youthful people's effort to gain comfortable bed and board, disgusted the tender tastes of the stripling bard. He turned from the unfabled banks of the Hudson to the storied realms of Europe, and while his countrymen were chaffering and girdling, he was walking in "vain shadows." America was no country for one of his complexion; he came to Europe both to indulge his imagination and to create a reputation.\* He has well succeeded.

There is no writer who has pleased more generally—though some have caused louder ejaculations of delight. But in the writings of Irving there is that "ensemble" of melodious style, sentimental tenderness, rich association, and perfect placidity of temper, and gentle flow of intelligible thought, which calculates him for the place of a favourite, from the splendid drawing-room, to the humble cottage parlour. The women, especially, love him, and the men grow mellow as they read, sometimes charmed by his "phantasmagoria of mind," sometimes softened by his gentle, yet glowing pictures, of waning glory.

#### CORRESPONDENCE OF COLONEL RICHARD H. HICKORY.

*Greenock.*

MY DEAR UNCLE SAM,

It is very possible that you will have heard, by the newspapers, of our arrival, before this reaches you. We got in two days ago, after a considerable rough passage, and came to anchor at a wharf called the New East Quay, which is a juttie of a circumbendibus form.

This harbour is very notable for American shipping, and a large pump of a custom-house, with pillars somewhat like the Bowery theatre, in New York; but it ain't so handsome, by no means; for the theatre, you well know, is built of white marble, and this custom-house is of coarse sand-stone, which, it must be allowed, is a great difference.

I don't think the officers that came to inspect our baggage, before we got

it on shore, are such well-bred gentlemen as those at New York; but you know we had heard that we should find a difference, and it is so; not that it is particular, although insolence in this country is of an ancient date. Shakspeare, you know, speaks of "the insolence of office" as a common evil in his days, which were before the bush was chopped in Massachusetts.

You told me that I was not likely to find Mr. G. in Greenock; but the letters you procured from him for me have turned out a good spec. One thing about them, however, surprised me, in particular the one addressed to Mr.—, who certainly received me very kindly. The gentleman never called me by my name, and when he introduced me to his friends, it was with a mumble, which led me to conjecture that, as Mr. G. writes a crabbed scrawl, Mr.— had never been able to make out my name, or that it is not the fashion among the British to introduce strangers by name to one another. If it be so, it is an invention of great refinement; for in this country, where party spirit runs so high, serious consequences might ensue, were one person of notorious Tory principles introduced by name to a Whig equally violent; they could not avoid taking notice of one another, which might lead to fatal consequences; and I am confirmed in the justness of this opinion by what I have observed here; for gentlemen with whom I dined one day did not appear to recognise me when I met them next. A cold, distant significance of the head—a dinner acquaintance not implying any obligation to further intimacy—is, however, by no means such a comfortable cordial in a cold morning as biters or cherry-bounce.

I observed here, that the language of the people partakes of the amphibious nature of the place; for, although it is a prime sea-port, the helps are not genteel, and they call their employers skippers—a Dutch term, derived probably from the Hollanders and the fishers of the Netherlands, whom King Charles the Second brought over from Flushing to teach the inhabitants the herring fishery—one of the few patriotic measures of that dissolute king. He established them in a square of the town called the Royal Close, which has long since been demolished; and in the place of the sheds and habitations which he caused to be erected for them, the government have built stacks of warehouses, that now go by the name

\* Washington Irving is now in America, which, though the land of his birth, he had not seen these twenty years. He went in April last.



of the King's Cellars, in the Royal Close.

The town itself is no very splendid shakes. I p'rambulated the principal streets with — and another friend of his; but I saw nothing special. The looks of the male inhabitants are fresher-coloured, and they are not so lathy in body as the citizens of New York. The ladies are not, however, so spry as those of Broadway; very few blacks are to be seen. But the distress that is in this country must be extreme; for my attention was fascinated by many young women without shoes or stockings, and swarms of children in the same pitiable condition,—a clear proof that there is something very 'ronous in the British system. It is not, however, so bad as formerly, I guess; because here there is a big house on a hill which none of the inhabitants can now afford to live single in. The times must have been, indeed, very bad, when such a house had a monopoly of all the good that was then in the town; but it stands as a monument of past times, and its decay is an evidence of the gradual levelling that is going on in this aristocratic country. But though there be 'nt now one family to fill that ostentatious house, there are many houses in the town of a moderation which shows an increasing rationality in the diffusion of wealth.

I have not heard of any boarding-house; but they have a tolerable third-rate hotel, which they call the Tontine. It is better in size than Bunker's in Broadway, but not a moiety in magnitude to the City Hotel; and the American Hotel, Park Place, beats it in comparison all to immortal smash, as a rotten pippin does a sound one.

We live in the Tontine, and cannot quite complain of the victuals; but the gentlemen what 'ttend at table are slowish.

Mr. — and his friend who took chance with me the first day I landed, did not seem inclined to move after dinner; but I heard that it was the custom to so sit composed, before I left America, and accordingly ordered in cigars. I had seen, indeed, symptoms of this practice in houses in New York, chiefly among those who had been over in the Old Country. But I understand it is a general custom; and, though I should not like it to go further, I have been told that many of the highest characters in this place liquorate after dinner, so tedious, that they often become 'toxicated. There is, however, a Temper-

ance Society a-going on, which promises to thrive among the lower order of the citizens, who are not in a circumstance to pay for drink.

Properly speaking, the town of Greenock is but the suburb of the ancient borough of Carsdyke, which it has outgrown and swallowed up, and is now no more than a district of the general village.

In the olden time I was informed that Carsdyke was renowned for a clock-house, which stood in the middle of the street, but was taken down that it might not rival a more ambitious structure of the same kind that was then erecting here, and is known by the name of the Bell Entry. I inquired particularly as to this celebrated relic of antiquity, but could get no satisfactory information; I therefore conclude it was an event which took place before the memory of man. But it is very remarkable that Carsdyke, although a much more ancient place than Greenock, has no church; from which I conclude that it must be an old town—indeed, I would not hesitate to say it is, therefore, of greater antiquity than the Christian religion. This fact is particularly striking, inasmuch as it proves that religion was never popular among the inhabitants.

A short distance to the eastward of Carsdyke, stands the sweet romantic town of Port Glasgow, overhung with precipices, falling waters, in every grade of the picterskew. The town is not quite so large as Greenock collectively with Carsdyke, but it is certainly a far more elegant place; and one thing I can assure you of, is that the steeple does not at all answer to the account given of it in the Ayrshire Legatees; for it is an elegant pile, and is not crooked. I observed it most attentively myself, and must say that Galt surely has been guilty of a malicious calumny, in speaking of it with such disparagement as he has done. It is surely an un'countable thing, that a person of his sound and good sense should have done such a ridiculous prejudice to an unoffending steeple! No doubt there is some reason to think that it ought to have inclined from the perpendicular, being erected on forced ground, in the middle of the harbour; but its upright stability is a proof of the skill with which it was built, as its form is of the exquisite classical taste of the inhabitants.

A very curious story was told me of the magisterial appointments of Port

Glasgow, but I did not very well understand the particulars. It was, however, to the effect, that when one of the bailies (*videlicet judges*) die, the other is called the "surviving magistrate," and acquires in consequence great political jurisdiction; inasmuch, that he can stop the inhabitants from exercising the right of assembling together at public meetings, by his veto communicated through the town-clerk. But what I heard is so abstruse, that perhaps this statement is not quite correct. It is to this cause that the people of Greenock cherish towards them an amiable and indulgent feeling, for it has contributed to make the inhabitants discontented; and it is therefore necessary to treat their little foibles with compassion. But the Greenock people, who are in general sagacious and loyal, as it is called, have refused to be conjunct with them in the privileges to be granted by Lord Grey's Reform-bill.

My impressions of this quarter of the habitable globe will always be very deep and dear. Here I first set my foot on "Father-Land," and the moral physiognomy of the people is of the most extraordinary kind. Never did I witness more talent in the citizens of any place; they have the philosophical gravity of the Indian, the legerity of the French. But I have not yet been in France to test, by ocular demonstration, the repute of that famous people.

In many points I do think the inhabitants of Greenock a peculiar class of mankind. In their 'tertainments they are jocose to a degree; and they have a public library, with a head in it cut of stone, which is said to be an effigy of one James Watt, that our famous Fulton taught the secret of the steam-engine. The Greenockians say, however, that this story is not quite correct; for that a Mr. Bell, who lived on the other side of the river, was the man who extracted the secret from Fulton, and for a very handsome sum of money instructed Watt, who made a fortune in consequence. But I must conclude this letter, as I go this afternoon to Paisley, a town of some note, and the birth-place of several celebrated characters. As my intention is to remain there some days, and to make a spec' in shawls and muslins for our friend James Cooper, I will write you about all its specialities. Remaining, meantime, your loving nephew,

RICHARD H. HICKORY.  
*Fraser's Mag.*

#### PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE. FOR THE OLIO.

'Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,' &c.

HAPPY the man, who far from strife,  
In ease and quiet leads his life;  
Who hears the voice of nature's God,  
And walks the path his fathers trod.

Who free from debt, and every care,  
That 'waite us on our trial here;  
Contented tills the grateful soil,  
That lately own'd his father's toil.

Who sleeps at night secure from harms,  
And free from anxious fear;  
Heedless of battle's wild alarms,  
No clamours meet his ear.

To whom the terrors of the deep,  
Are terrors yet unknown;  
No threat'ning waves disturb his sleep,  
No raging billows moan.

But there he lives, contented still,  
Unenvied and forgot;  
In peace fulfils his Maker's will,  
And glories in his lot.

P.

#### LANDING OF CÆSAR.

DR. HALLEY, in his "Discourse on the Landing of Cæsar," says, "It is certain that the cliffs mentioned were those of Dover, and that from the tide and other circumstances, the Downs was the place where he landed."—From the above writer, we also quote the following conclusive statements, as to the precise day and hour when Cæsar landed in Britain. "Augustus died in the year 767, sixty-eight years after Cæsar's descent; upon the news of his death, there was a mutiny in the Pannonian army, which was quieted by Drusus, by the help of an eclipse of the moon. From this eclipse it is certain that Augustus died in the fourteenth year of Christ; consequently Cæsar's first descent, which was sixty-eight years before, must be in the fifty-fifth year current before the Christian æra; and as the year, so may the day and hour of his landing be fixed. For Cæsar having mentioned the fourth day after his landing, says, "the night after it was full moon;" now the summer being far spent, this full moon must have been in July or August; that in July was in the beginning of the month, and of the two full moons that year in August, that on the first day was at noon; therefore the full moon which Cæsar mentions, must be that which happened on the 30th, a little after midnight. Hence it is plain he landed four days before, on the 26th of August, about five in the afternoon."

## ASCENT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

As we returned from Pompeii we stopped at Resina to talk with Mr. Salvatore Madonna, a man who lives there, and whose business it is to guide people to the top of Mount Vesuvius. He settled with us to be in readiness to start at midnight; so that we might have darkness to see the eruption more clearly, and see the sun rise from the top of the mountain. Some people ascend the mountain just before sunset, and return in the dark. We went back to Resina again at eleven o'clock at night; and after stopping a little while at the house of the guide, we set out. It is customary to ride, on asses or mules; the guides walk, however; and the journey on foot is but a trifle for a strong man. Some travellers sleep at the house of Salvatore; but we avoided doing this, as every thing about his mansion seemed to promise bugs and fleas in still greater abundance than we have had to feel them in Naples. There are a great many asses about Resina, kept, at this season, in constant readiness for visitors. Salvatore, the principal guide, has a certain number in his own stable, but not enough to serve every body; so that there is much competition among the neighbouring donkey-proprietors. When we were about to mount, the clamour, arising from the rivalry between these fellows, beat every thing of the kind that I have ever witnessed. There had been particular steeds saddled for our use, and particular men appointed to guide us. But a whole drove of donkeys, each one belonging to a different man, were brought to the door, in order, if possible, to cut them out. Every fellow was abusing all the rest, and praising the virtues of his own ass, while he beat it to bring it closer to us. Each beast was so shoved about as to be as unfixed as a wave. There was thumping and kicking, and bawling and braying, a storm of noise and confusion, that continued for as much as ten minutes before we could get away.

The ascent towards the top of Vesuvius begins immediately after leaving Resina. I should think that the distance, altogether, must be about six miles. Our asses carried us by such a path as I was quite astonished to look at this morning by daylight; a path of light earth or ashes, full of large abrupt rocks and stones, some fixed and some loose; over and amongst which my donkey picked his way as handily as

a cat. Vesuvius is situate with the Apennines on one side and the sea on the other. There are two other mountains, Somma and Outojano, which are supposed to have been formerly embodied with Vesuvius, the three all forming one mountain. There is one common base for the three mountains, which is about thirty miles in circumference. It is supposed that some of the early eruptions separated the tops of the three mountains from each other. The height of Vesuvius is nothing very great; there are higher mountains within sight of it. For a certain distance our path lay amongst vineyards; and there were various kinds of fruit-trees and crops growing upon the ashes and amongst the huge stones that have been thrown from the crater. Then we came to some scrubby coppice-wood. And finally, after leaving a hermitage, which stands at about three parts of the way up, we came to the foot of the cone, or pyramical top of the mountain, where there is nothing but stones and lava and ashes. Here we had to leave our donkeys, riding any farther being impracticable. We were two hours coming from Resina to where we dismounted. And to walk up the cone, which is said to be a mile (but is not above half as much) took us about twenty minutes. This, however, was twenty minutes of difficult scrambling. The ascent is extremely steep, all consisting, too, of a deep bed of ashes and loose stones. Some persons cannot walk up at all without being assisted by the guides, and others are carried in a sedan chair. Women are generally carried. Our guides brought large torches with them from Resina. These would have been necessary all the way, if the moon had not been shining; but they did not light them till we entered upon this last stage of the journey. While Murat was king of this country, he once tried to take his horse to the top of Vesuvius; but he found it impracticable, the horse could go only about half way up the cone. The point of the mountain is stated to be 3,900 feet above the level of the sea. When we arrived at the top it was still quite dark, so that we could plainly see all the fire that was issuing from the crater. There was but little, comparatively speaking, to be seen last night: nevertheless, that little was something quite new to us, and, at the same time, a beautiful sight. To look down into the crater is like looking into an immense, deep, round pan, leaving out of consideration all little irregularities in

shape. The edge is irregular, some parts of it being much higher than others, and consisting of large masses of loose rock amongst the cinders. The inner sides of the crater are not perpendicular, but shelve inwards considerably. The bottom of it is perfectly flat, being like a little plain of land. After being amongst scenery like that of Naples for some time, it becomes difficult to trust to the eye alone in judging of the dimensions of objects like this. I am told that to walk all the way round the edge of the crater of Vesuvius, you must go three miles and a half; some say four miles. The tour is a very arduous and rugged one, and not to be performed, as our guide told us, in less than from an hour and a half to two hours. Yet, on merely looking across and around the edge, as far as I was able from the spot where we were, I should have supposed the distance to be much less. The depth, from the edge down to the plain, cannot, as it appeared to me, be more than 250 feet, though they say it is more. This, however, is for ever subject to the greatest variation. An account which I read of the state of the mountain in 1836 says, that at one part the depth was in that year 1,300 feet, at another part as much as 2,000 feet. The plain at the bottom of the crater, the bottom of the pan (if I may so call it), may be said to be nearly quite smooth all over; and this is a floor consisting always of the solid lava, just as it subsides and becomes hard at the end of every succeeding great eruption. The floor is sometimes so solid, and it is now, that you may go down and walk upon it with safety. There are cracks in different places: through some of them you may see red-hot fire only a few inches beneath; some of them emit little volumes of smoke, and others steam. To those who have not studied the nature of volcanoes, it is strange to see signs of water where fire has been raging for so many ages; yet here is a continual contention between the two elements. The Neapolitans call the crater "*La cucina del diavolo*" (The devil's kitchen). I asked our guide what he supposed was doing underneath. "No doubt," said he, "it is the devils cooking macaroni." The part where the eruption now takes place is just in the centre of the plain, where there is the appearance of a little Vesuvius; a large conical heap of cinders, at the top of which there is a hole, or small crater, which is now vomiting smoke, ashes, cinders, and small stones.

The cinders, when cold, are black, hard, and heavy, much resembling those which come from melted iron ore. The eruption, however small it may be, is always accompanied by a loud noise within the crater. This noise, as we heard it, was not continuous; it occurred at irregular intervals of a minute, or two or three minutes, and was just like the discharge of fire-arms at a distance. The eruption itself is irregular, like the noise; and I observed, that immediately after each noise fresh matter was thrown up with additional force. The cinders, stones, &c. all rise into the air perfectly red-hot, amidst a glowing flame, and to the height, perhaps, (at this time), of about 70 or 80 feet; and then they fall rolling down round the sides of the growing heap as fiery as when they came out of the crater. It is really a very beautiful sight, worth taking the trouble to climb so far to behold; though, to be sure, the present appearance of Vesuvius can give us no idea of a great eruption. What must it be, when the lava boils up so far as to overflow the edges of the crater, and runs in streams, like rivers of fire, to the bottom of the mountain! The first eruption that has been recorded was that of 79, which destroyed Pompeii, Herculaneum, and another town called Stabia. This eruption has been described by Pliny the younger, whose uncle was stifled by approaching the mountain too nearly. Thirty-six great eruptions are stated to have occurred, from the year 79 up to the present time. During that which occurred in 1631, the column of smoke that rose from the crater was calculated to be thirty miles in height. It is supposed, that if all the matter, the cinders, ashes, stones, lava, &c., thrown from Vesuvius since its first eruption, were all collected together, the heap would be four times the size of the mountain itself. One historian asserts, that the eruption of 472 filled all Europe with ashes, and produced such an alarm at Constantinople (750 miles off), that the then Emperor, Leo, abandoned the city. It is certain that there must have been great eruptions long before the year 79, since those very cities which were buried in that year are mainly composed of volcanic materials. The substances thrown from the crater, or found in it, are of many different kinds: the ores of iron, copper, and silver, are said to be sometimes found. There are various crystallizations; great quantities of sulphur, which you may pick up in the crater in the shape of cinders, quite yellow

in colour. There are many sorts of stone, slate, granite, and limestone, among the number. Some of the ashes, as analysed by chemists, have been ascertained to have gold in their composition.

Warm as the weather now is, we felt the air keen on the top of the mountain; and while waiting for day-break we were glad of the presence of a little boy, who had come with us from the hermitage on the speculation of a selling a bottle of wine, which he knew would be of use to us before we knew it ourselves. This wine was of the kind called "*Lacrymæ Christi*," the reputation of which has arisen from its being the produce of the land of Mount Vesuvius. It is made only from the vines which grow on the side of this mountain. There is a red and a white "*Lacrymæ Christi*:" the latter is by far the best of the two. They are both strong, and both partake of the nature of the soil in one respect; they are remarkably fiery, compared with any other Italian wine that I have tasted. The red is so hot in flavour as to be rather disagreeable.

We stopped until the sun had risen to some height. The morning was as fair, as clear, and as tranquil, as can possibly be. The view was the most glorious imaginable. Not, indeed, imaginable at all. There is no such thing as conceiving it in any way without seeing it; and I would not advise any traveller to avoid going to the top of Vesuvius, if he have an opportunity to get there. We were twelve or thirteen miles from Naples, by the road we had come; yet the city, and the bay, and all around for miles distant, appeared to be so nearly underneath our feet as if we could almost jump down upon them. As we came up the cone, our guides, with their torches lighted, conducted us as much as possible where there were stones, so that the feet might have something to hold by; to ascend through the bare ashes would be hardly practicable. But coming down again, we followed them through a bed of pure ashes, into which we sunk nearly up to our knees, holding back with difficulty. A large body of ashes moved downwards with each step, and one step told for three. A boy, who set off before us, was down at the bottom where our donkeys were standing almost as quickly as a bird could fly.

This expedition cost us but a trifle: we paid about 5s. to the two guides who went with us, and 2s. for each of our donkeys.

*Cobbett's Tour in Italy.*

## A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

THIS spot of our encampment consisted of a small lawn interposed between the river, and a dense, impenetrable forest; which threw its broad shadow far beyond us into the stream. It had been so often used for the same purpose, by those who, in a long period of time, had preceded us in the ascent of this stream, as manifestly to owe its origin to this circumstance. Here we awaited the arrival of our canoe, with some impatience, as it contained our gauze nets;—the only effectual defence against the attacks of the clouds of musquetoes which now assailed us.

Of the numerous little inconveniences, and the peculiar state of irritability, caused by these voracious insects, and their disagreeable buzzing, it would be impossible to convey an adequate conception, to one who has never passed a night in one of these dark and humid forests, surcharged with the ample mass of decomposing vegetation. We have often experienced this petty species of torment, particularly in our attempts to journalize the day's remarks; or when fatigue and hunger have made refreshment and quietude both necessary and grateful. These are trifles to be sure, which may be thought unworthy of notice. But—"it must be remembered, that life consists not of a series of illustrious actions, or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption."\*

The channel of the river being now unobstructed for a distance, we concluded to proceed by water; and embarked a few minutes before four o'clock, A. M. The dew, which at this season of the year gives the night-air a penetrating chillness, fell heavily; and so dense a mist hung over the river, as to intercept the view of objects at a short distance. Trusting to the experience of our steersman, we closed the moveable awning of our canoe; an improvement in this mode of travelling, which obviates the two principal objections that can be urged against it, namely,—the headaches caused by a glowing sun at noon, and the disagreeable effects of the night air.

\* Dr. Johnson.

The gradual dawning of a remarkably fine day, and dispersion of the fog; and the cheerful notes of the robin and gray linnet, soon induced us to raise our side curtains, to enjoy the prospect; and superadded to the recent change in our mode of conveyance, excited sensations of the most pleasurable kind. To increase this feeling, so soon as the light became sufficiently strong to allow the men to take a bolder stroke with their paddles, without the fear of running our frail bark against hidden logs, they commenced one of those animated Canadian boat songs, with which—

'While their voices keep tune, and their oars keep time,'

they are accustomed to cheer their labours:—a species of merry chant,\* which no one can listen to, without feeling the mercury of his spirits rise.

The river has its course through a heavy forest of trees clothed with a profuse foliage, some of which overhang the water, and others, risen from their very tops by strokes of lightning, project their bleached and denuded limbs amid the greenest foliage. When we throw, over a scene like this, the strong and deep lights and shadows of the living landscape, with its most minute objects reflected in the clear mirror of the stream: with here and there, a small log cabin on shore, surrounded with a few cattle; and the whole enlivened by the occasional flight of land birds, or the sudden flapping of a flock of ducks on the water, a pretty correct idea will be formed of a morning's voyage upon this broad and clear stream.

Although there is little diversity, and scarcely a prominent feature which could be so described as to be recognised by the future tourist; yet the eye is constantly employed in discriminating little objects that excite interest, or instituting little comparisons that convey pleasure. And without observing a solitary feature that creates the impression of grandeur, or fully satisfies the requisitions of beauty, there is that natural keeping which it is the aim of painters and poets to acquire; and we feel the full sensation produced by one of the most beautiful of scenes—

'Where order in variety we see,  
And where, though all things differ, all agree.'  
WINNIE FOREST.

\* *Chanson de Voyageur*.—This custom, as we are told by Gov. Clinton, can be regularly traced back to the period of the arrival of the noble Samuel de Champlain in the Canadas, A. D. 1535.—Vide Observations on the Natural History and Internal Resources of the State of New York.

In ascending about twenty miles against a gentle current, we reached the foot of the Flat Rapid. Here we procured horses, and rode to its head, about six or seven miles; whence again embarking, we found no further obstructions: and came to Fort Defiance at an early hour in the afternoon.

In the course of this day we passed a settlement on the left bank of the river, formerly called "Prairie du Masque." This place, containing several buildings and a post-office, we should scarcely deem entitled to a passing remark, were it not to take notice of an instance of that vile taste for foreign and outlandish names, which prevails so extensively throughout our country; to the exclusion of pre-existing French, or aboriginal names, that are in many instances equally sonorous and pleasing to the ear, and always more significant and appropriate. This is particularly reprehensible, in our view of the subject, when the names of celebrated European or Asiatic cities, are bestowed upon a collection of some dozen log cabins dignified with the appellation of *town*.

Of this mal-appropriation, perhaps the hamlet under consideration affords a sufficiently striking example. When the inhabitants thought proper to apply for the appointment of a postmaster, it was deemed a suitable occasion to discard the current name. And from a little similarity of sound, which struck the ear of some luckless name-monger, the lonely, rural, little Prairie du Masque, was changed into the high sounding, eastern title of Damascus; its present appellation, at least, with a portion of the inhabitants.

*Schoolcraft's Travels.*

## THE FUNERAL BY NIGHT.

BY HORACE GUILDFORD.

*For the Olio.*

"What accents slow of wail and woe  
Have made you shrinking raven soar?"

It was one of those solemn November evenings that have so frequently endeared that unpopular month to my feelings—a cloudy twilight which would have been night, except for the ghastly glimmer of a young moon. A wild and soft gale swept over the meadows, and sighing through the huge old willow, was answered by the low hissing from the dissolving ice of the brook through its clattering reeds.

The old church was only discernible by its great belfry window, which cast

a blaze of ruddy light that illuminated the wide sheet of water at its feet with streaming splendour. Loud and high from the broad campanile roared the heavy death-bell, and as I paused to listen every stroke of the knell was answered by a clear echo from the western end of the vale.

The church was lighted up, and the arcades and escutcheons had a very picturesque effect. Candles were borne before the coffin and round the grave, distributing those broad masses of light and shade which the gifted Joanna is so fond of introducing into her dramatic pictures. And indeed the corpse, whose interment took place at this unusual hour, and with these romantic circumstances, was mangled enough to have rivalled the bloody bier of Rezenvelt himself—he had been crushed by the wheels of a stage-coach, and the body had decomposed so rapidly that this unseasonable hour was necessarily selected for his burial. The warm matted vestry, with its blazing fire, formed a cheerful contrast to this melancholy scene, and I sat some time well pleased to listen to the wind booming on the great west window, and the flame bickering up the chimney.

### VAMPIRES.

IN 1732, in the papers of the day, it was given as an article of news from Medreya in Hungary, that certain dead bodies, called vampires, had killed several persons by sucking out all their blood. The commander-in-chief and magistrates of the place were severally examined, and unanimously declared, that about five years before, a certain duke, named Arnold Paul, in his lifetime was heard to say he had been tormented by a vampire, and that for a remedy he had eaten some of the earth of the vampires' graves, and rubbed himself with their blood. That twenty or thirty days after the death of the said Arnold Paul several persons complained they were tormented; and that he had taken away the lives of four persons. To put a stop to such a calamity, the inhabitants having consulted their *hadmagi*, took up his body forty days after he had been found dead, and found it fresh, and free from corruption; and he bled at the nose, mouth, and ears, pure and florid blood; that his shroud and winding-sheet were all over blood; and that his finger and toe nails were fallen off and new ones grown in their

room. By these circumstances they were persuaded he was a vampire, and according to custom drove a stake through his heart, at which he gave a horrid groan. They burnt his body to ashes and threw them into his grave. It was added, that those who have been tormented or killed by vampires become vampires when they die. Upon which account they served several other dead bodies in the same manner.

### The Naturalist.

THE LARCH TREE.—It was a laird of Lee that first introduced the larch into Scotland. General Lockhart, an active and brave officer, in the service of parliament, and afterwards the friend of Cromwell, whose niece he married, was, at the death of that extraordinary man, governor of Dunkirk, which situation he held during the short protectorate of the amiable and unambitious Richard. At the restoration, and when the commissioners of Charles arrived at Dunkirk to take possession of the fortress for Charles, the general was at Paris, and his deputy, holding light the royal mandate, refused admittance to the commissioners, and sent express for his superior. The general approved of what he had done, and held out for a time, but finding that Charles was likely to keep his seat, and conscious of having offended past forgiveness, withdrew privately from Dunkirk, and with his deputy, a faithful and tried servant, retired to Italy, where for years he lived in exile. Returning at length to Scotland, he brought the seeds of the larch, which he raised in the hot-house, thinking our climate too cold for them. They, in this situation, were unthriving plants; but, after the laird's death, the gardener took the tiny trees, and planted them out on a warm sandy bank betwixt the bottom of the garden and a burn, where they grew and flourished; and not many years ago, some few were still to be seen, and perhaps the one lately measured is of the number.

### Table Talk.

DRAMATIC AUTHORSHIP.—Scribe, the French dramatist, has realized by his writings a revenue of 50,000 francs (2,000*l.*, a-year. This capital he has funded. He keeps a handsome establishment, and his expense is very great. Scribe appeared first as an author about

the year 1816, so that he has amassed wealth to the amount of 50,000*l.* in the space of fifteen years; and this, merely counting the money which he has funded; in addition to what he has invested, in either modes, not less probably than 10,000*l.* It is not to Scribe's skill, but to the French law, that the accumulation of this wealth is to be attributed. The dramatic author in France has a share in the profits of every night's representation of his piece in every theatre in France during his life, and his heir for a certain period after. A successful play thus procures an income at once. In England, an author writes a legitimate comedy (*The School for Scandal*, for instance), and the blankets on his death-bed are seized by bailiffs.

**THE KEEP-HIM-DOWN-ISM OF LITERATURE.**—It would astonish many of the innocent, unconscious reading public, if they knew what paltriness of feeling, what jealousies, what a strong disposition to *keep-him-down-ism* pervades the republic of letters. The man who publishes once in the three months despises the man who publishes every month; the man of a month holds light the man of a week. There is an aristocracy of six shillings scowling at a *populus* of half-a-crown; and a *populus* of half-a-crown sneering at the *plebs* of sixpence; even sixpences, we do not doubt, have their own thoughts respecting coppers. There are many most useful and popular kinds of literature, which the quarterly people would sooner die than acknowledge; or, at the utmost, if they do ever allude to such low things, it is with a quizzing-glass and kid-glove fastidiousness, similar to an Exquisite's delicacy on the subject of any odious thing he may have occasion to look at or handle. There is a certain man of three months, who, when he cannot avoid speaking of an author as yet unacknowledged by his equals, gets over the dilemma by giving him a different Christian name from his own, or by misquoting the titles of his books. He seems to think that it would ruin him altogether were he to appear quite *au fait* with the concerns and doings of such a low person.—*Tatt.*

**BOOKSELLERS, NOT COMMON TRADESMEN.**—"Bookseller" signifies one of a race of men who should never, for a moment, be confined with any other class of shopkeepers, or traffickers:—their merchandize is the noblest in the world: the wares to which they invite your attention are not fineries for the back, or luxuries for the belly—the inward man is what they aspire to clothe

and feed, and the food and raiment they offer are tempting things. They have whole shelves loaded with wisdom; and if you want wit, they have drawers full of it at every corner. It is impossible that this noble traffic should not communicate something of its essential nobility to those who are continually engaged in it. Your bookseller, however ignorant he may be in many respects, always smells of the shop; and that which is considered sarcasm when said of any other man, is the highest of compliment when applied to him. What an air of intelligence is breathed upon this man from the surface of the universe in which he moves! It is as impossible for a bookseller to be devoid of taste and knowledge—some flavour, at least—as it is for a collier to have a white skin, or a miller to want one.

**MAKING TREES TO GROW UPSIDE DOWN.**—In the course of ascertaining how far a circulation of sap is carried on in trees, some interesting facts have been determined by Mr. Knight and others with regard to the effect of inverting stems, or, in other words, of planting the superior part of the stem, and thus converting it into a root. If the stem of a plum or cherry tree which is not too thick, be bent, and the top be put under ground, while the roots are gradually detached, in proportion as the former top of the stem becomes firmly fixed in the soil, the branches of the root will shoot forth leaves and flowers, and in due time will produce fruit.

### Varieties.

**CASE AND OPINION.**—Some time since a young gentleman, Mr. C., well known about town, went to consult a legal gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, about carrying off an heiress. "You cannot do it without danger," said the counsellor; "but let her mount a horse, and hold the bridle and whip, do you then get up behind her, and you are run away with by her, in which case you are safe." Next day the counsellor found his daughter had run away in the aforesaid manner with his client!

**ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.**—Garrick's health (1774) had continued sufficiently good to enable him to enjoy the society of his friends at Hampton in the fine weather, and in the Adelphi during the winter. He occasionally visited the House of Commons; and one night, during a strong debate, the standing order was enforced to clear the gallery.



Mr. Garrick kept his place by acclamations of the whole House; and the member for Shropshire, who moved it, underwent the castigation of Burke, who there called Mr. Garrick the great master of elocation, by whose lessons they had all profited. Garrick avenged himself of the tasteless member by some verses, which reminded him of that unlucky animal whose *bray* every hearer of delicacy and refinement instinctively flies.

**A QUEEN CONSORT.**—Bishop Burnet tells us that though affairs had been a little embroiled between the Princess of Orange (afterwards Queen Mary) and the Prince of Orange, her husband, yet she declared in case she should come to the Crown that the Prince should always bear rule. "She was contented to be his wife."

**FORFEITURES.**—James I., passing by a nobleman's seat, and being told of his great possessions, replied with an oath, "That he would make a bonny traitor."

**UNEXPECTED REPLY.**—A French Bishop, to convince a gentleman he was walking with of the stupidity of the peasantry, asked a poor fellow how many gods there were. "Odds fish," my lord, says the man, "I know well enough there is but one, and though there are so many clergy, he is ill enough served by you all."

**FOLLY VERSUS WISDOM.**—An ambassador of Venice, to induce Henry IV. of France to accommodate some differences with the republic, put him in mind how famous the republic had been for the wisdom of her councils. "True," said the King, "you have an hundred wise senators, but if I should send twenty thousand of my blockheads against them, I should not much fear their wisdom."

**AN HONEST MINISTER.**—Before the greatness of Cardinal Ximenes, at the Court of Spain, was so fully established as it afterwards was, seeing a very disadvantageous farm of the silks of Granada, let for ten years, by the advice of Don Manuel, the treasurer, to which the King had consented, and which was

presented at the Council to be sealed, he took the patent, and tore it publicly, saying, "Salto, Don Manuel, were you not my very good friend, the King should cause your head to be struck off. Dare you make grants so prejudicial to the state?" Nor did Philip I. take it ill that his own and his favourite's doings were thus revoked. The fragments of the patent were long kept among the records of Arcala, as a memorial of this Minister's courage and integrity.

**BAD NEWS FOR FRENCH MIDWIVES.**—Among the effects of the alarm of cholera at Paris, it is stated, that during the month of April, the marriages in the twelve arrondissements amount to only a twentieth of the usual average. We may consequently expect (says one of the journals) a very considerable diminution in the number of births at the commencement of the next year.

**SMART RETORT.**—In 1631, when Lord Spencer was talking about what their ancestors did in the House of Lords, Lord Arundel cut him short, saying, "My Lord, when these things you speak of were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep." Spencer instantly replied, "When my ancestors, as you say, were keeping sheep, your ancestors were plotting treason."

**AFRICAN NOTIONS OF THE WHITES.**—White men, how sorry soever their outward appearance may be, are certainly considered not only by Falatahs, but by the native blacks as well, as a superior order of beings, in all respects more excellent than themselves. At Yaoorie we recollect having overheard a conversation between two men, who were quarrelling in the very height of passion. "What!" exclaimed one of them to his fellow, "O thou pitiful son of a black ant! dost thou presume to say that a horse was my father? Look at these Christians! for as they are, I am; and such were my ancestors; answer me not, I say, for I am a white man!" The speaker was a negro, and his skin was the colour of charcoal.

*The Landers' Travels in Africa.*

## Diary and Chronology.

Sunday, 15th July.

*High Water, 33 after 9 morn.*

1789—On this day a great inundation occurred in Scotland, and destroyed property to a very large amount.

This is a memorable year in the history of France. On this day, Mons. Bailley was elected Mayor of Paris; and Lafayette, Commander of the National Guards.

Thursday, 19th July.

*High Water, 2 after 11 morn.*

Upwards of sixty chateaus and abbeyes were burned in Franch Comte, Dauphiny, the Lyons and Marconnois, by the mobs; and, on the 22nd, Mons. Foulon, Counsellor of State, aged 74, and M. Bertrier, the Intendant, were massacred by the populace of Paris, and their heads stuck upon the heads of pikes.

**ERRATA.**—The hurry in which our last number went to press, caused the following typographical blunders to be overlooked: page 402, for "impediments" read impediment; page 405, for "the enemy" read his enemy; page 406, dele "deadly" before the word mortal; and in the same page ad *his* after "Burbage's;" page 413, for "immortality of the Otobetians," read immorality, &c. d at 406, for "Burbage," read Baskerville.



See page 457.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE CHASE OF THE SMUGGLER.

THE crib in which I was confined was as dark as pitch, and, as I soon found, as hot as the black hole in Calcutta. I don't pretend to be braver than my neighbours, but I would pluck any man by the beard who called me coward. In my small way I had in my time faced death in various shapes ; but it had always been above board, with the open heaven overhead, and generally I had a goodly fellowship in danger, and the eyes of others were upon me. No wonder, then, that the sinking of the heart within me, which I now experienced for the first time, was bitter exceedingly, and grievous to be borne. Cooped up in a small suffocating cabin, scarcely eight feet square, and not above four feet high, with the certainty of being murdered, as I conceived, were I to try to force my way on deck ; and the knowledge that all my earthly prospects, all my dreams of promotion, were likely to be blasted, and for ever ruined by my sudden spiriting away, not to

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take into the heavy tale the misery which my poor mother and friends must suffer, when they came to know it, and "Who will tell this to thee, Mary?" rose to my throat, but could get no farther for a cursed bump that was like to throttle me. Why should I blush to own it—when the gipsy, after all, jinked an old rich goutified coffee-planter at the eleventh hour, and married me, and is now the mother of half a dozen little Cringles or so ! However, I made a strong effort to bear my misfortunes like a man, and, folding my arms, I sat down on a chest to abide my fate, whatever that might be, with as much composure as I could command, when half a dozen cockroaches flew flicker flicker against my face.

For the information of those who have never seen this delicious insect, I take leave to mention here, that, when full grown, it is a large dingy brown-coloured beetle, about two inches long, with six legs, and two feelers as long as its body. It has a strong antihysterical flavour, something between rotten cheese and assafoetida, and seldom stirs abroad when the sun is up, but lies concealed in the most obscure and obscene

crevices it can creep into; so that, when it is seen, its wings and body are thickly covered with dust and dirt of various shades, which any culprit who chanced to fall asleep with his mouth open is sure to reap the benefit of, as it has a great propensity to walk into it, partly for the sake of the crumbs adhering to the masticators, and also, apparently, with a scientific desire to inspect, by accurate admeasurement with the aforesaid antennæ, the state and condition of the whole potato trap.

At the same time I felt something gnawing the toe of my boot, which I inferred to be a rat—another agreeable customer for which I had a special abhorrence; but, as for beetles of all kinds, from my boyhood up, they had been an abomination unto me, and a cockroach is the most abominable of all beetles; so between the two I was speedily roused from my state of supine, or rather dogged endurance; and, forgetting the geography of my position, I sprang to my feet, whereby I nearly fractured my skull against the low deck above. I first tried the skylight; it was battened down—then the companion hatch, it was locked—but the ladder leading up to it, being cooler than the noisome vapour bath I had left, I remained standing in it, trying to catch a mouthful of fresh air through the joints of the door. All this while we had been slipping along shore with the land wind abeam of us, at the rate of five or six knots, but so gently and silently, that I could distinctly hear the roar of the surf, as the long smooth swell broke on the beach, which, from the loudness of the noise, could not be above a mile to windward of us. I perceived at the same time that the schooner, although going free, did not keep away as she might have done, so that it was evident he did not intend to beat up, so as to fetch the Crooked Island passage, which would have been his course, had he been bound for the States; but was standing over to the Cuba shore, at that time swarming with pirates.

It was now good daylight, and the *Terral* gradually died away, and left us rolling gunwale under, as we rose and fell on the long seas, with our sails flapping, bulkheads creaking and screaming, and main-boom jig-jigging, as if it would have torn every thing to pieces. I could hear my friend Obed walking the deck, and whistling manfully for the sea breeze, and exclaiming from time to time in his barbarous lingo, "Souffle, souffle, San Antonio." But

the saint had no bowels, and there we lay roasting until near ten o'clock in the forenoon. During all this period, Obed, who was short-sighted, as I learned afterwards, kept desiring his right arm, Paul Brandywine, to keep a bright look-out for the sea-breeze to windward, or rather to the eastward, for there was no wind—because he knew it oftentimes tumbled down right sudden and dangerous at this season about the corner of the island hereabouts; and the pride of the morning often brought a shower with it, fit to level a maize plat smooth as his hand."—"No black clouds to windward yet, Paul!"

Paul could see nothing, and the question was repeated three or four times. "There is a small black cloud about the size of my hand to windward, sir, right in the wake of the sun, just now, but it won't come to any thing; I see no signs of any wind."

"And Elijah said to his servant, Go up now, and look toward the sea, and he went up and looked, and said there is nothing; and he said go again seven times, and it came to pass the seventh time, that he said, behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."

I knew what this foreboded, which, as I thought, was more than friend Obed did; for he shortened no sail, and kept all his kites abroad, for no use as it struck me, unless he wished to wear them out by flapping against the masts. He was indeed a strange mixture of skill and carelessness; but, when fairly stirred up, one of the most daring and expert, and self-possessed seamen I had ever seen, as I very soon had an ugly opportunity of ascertaining.

The cloud on the horizon continued to rise rapidly, spreading over the whole eastern sky, and the morning began to lower very ominously; but there was no sudden squall, the first of the breeze coming down as usual in cat's paws, and freshening gradually; nor did I expect there would be, although I was certain it would soon blow a merry capful of wind, which might take in some of the schooner's small sails, and pretty considerably bother us, unless we could better our offing speedily, for it blew right on shore, which, by the setting in of the sea breeze, was now close under our lee.

At length the sniffer reached us, and the sharp little vessel began to *speak*, as the rushing sound through the water is called; while the wind sang like an Eolian harp through the

taught weather rigging. Presently I heard the word given to take in the two gaff topsails and flying jib, which was scarcely done, when the moaning sound roughened into a roar, and the little vessel began to yerk at the head seas, as if she would have cut through them, in place of rising to them, and to tie over, as if Davy Jones himself had clapperclawed the mast heads, and was in the act of using them as levers to capsize her, while the sails were tugging at her, as if they would have torn the spars out of her, so that I expected every moment, either that she would turn over, keel up, or that the masts would snap short off by the deck.

All this, which I would without the smallest feeling of dread, on the contrary with exhilaration, have faced cheerily on deck in the course of duty, proved at the time, under my circumstances, most alarming and painful to me; a fair strae death out of the maintop, or off the weather-yard arm, would to my imagination have been an easy exit comparatively, but to be choked in this abominable hole, and drowned darkling like a blind puppy—the very thought made me frantic, and I shouted and tumbled about, until I missed my footing and fell backwards down the ladder, from the bottom of which I scuttled away to the lee-side of the cabin, quiet, through absolute despair and exhaustion from the heat and closeness.

I had remarked that from the time the breeze freshened, the everlasting Yankee drawling of the crew, and the endless confabulation of the captain and his mate, had entirely ceased, and nothing was now heard on deck but the angry voice of the raging elements, and at intervals a shrill piercing word or two from Obed, in the altered tone of which I had some difficulty in recognising his pipe, which rose clear and distinct above the roar of the sea and wind, and was always answered by a prompt, sharp, “aye, aye, sir,” from the men. There was no circumlocution, nor calculating, nor guessing now, but all hands seemed to be doing their duty energetically and well. “Come, the vagabonds are sailors after all, we shan’t be swamped this turn,” and I resumed my place on the companion ladder, with more ease of mind, and a vast deal more composure, than when I was pitched from it when the squall came on. In a moment after, I could hear the captain sing out, loud even above the howling of the wind and rushing of the water,

“There it comes at last—put your helm hard aport—down with it, Paul, down with it, man—luff, and shake the wind out of her sails, or over we goe, clean and for ever.” Every thing was jammed, nothing could be let go, nor was there an axe at hand to make short work with the sheets and haulyards; and for a second or two I thought it was all over, the water rushing half way up her decks, and bubbling into the companion, through the crevices; but at length the lively little craft came gaily to the wind, shaking her plumage like a wild duck; the sails were got in, all to the foresail, which was set with the bonnet off, and then she lay-to like a sea-gull, without shipping a drop of water. In the comparative stillness I could now distinctly hear every word that was said on deck.

“Pretty near it; rather close shaving that same, captain,” quoth Paul, with a congratulatory chuckle; “but I say, sir, what is that wreath of smoke rising from Annotta Bay over the headland?”

“Why, how should I know, Paul? Negroes burning brush, I guess.”

“The smoke from brushwood never rose and flew over the bluff with that swirl, I calculate; it is a gun or I mistake.”

And he stepped to the companion for the purpose, as I conceived, of taking out the spy-glass, which usually hangs there in brackets fitted to hold it; he undid the hatch, and pushed it back, when I popped my head out, to the no small dismay of the mate; but Obed was up to me, and while with one hand he seized the glass, he ran the sliding top sharp up against my neck, till he pinned me into a kind of pillory, to my great annoyance; so I had to beg to be released, and once more slunk back into my hole. There was a long pause; at length, Paul, to whom the skipper had handed the spy-glass, spoke.

“A schooner, sir, is rounding the point.”

As I afterwards learned, the Negroes who had witnessed my capture, especially the old man who had taken me for his infernal majesty, had raised the alarm, so soon as they could venture down to the overseer’s house, which was on the snug-gingling boat shoving off, and Mr. Fyall immediately dispatched an express to the Lieutenant commanding the Gleam, then lying in Annotta Bay, about ten miles distant, when she instantly slipped and shoved out.

"Well, I can't help it if there be," rejoined the captain.

Another pause.

"Why, I don't like her, sir; she looks like a man-of-war—and that must have been the smoke of the gun she fired on weighing."

"Eh!" sharply answered Obed, "if it be, it will be a hanging matter if we are caught with this young splice on board; he may belong to her for what I know. Look again, Paul."

A long, long look.

"A man-of-war schooner, sure enough, sir; I can see her ensign and pennant, now that she is clear of the land."

"Oh Lord, oh Lord," cried Obed, in great perplexity, "what shall we do?"

"Why, pull foot, captain," promptly replied Paul; "the breeze has lulled, and in light winds she will have no chance with the tidy little Wave."

I could now perceive that the smugglers made all sail, and I heard the frequent swish-swish of the water, as they threw bucketsful on the sails, to thicken them and make them hold more wind, while we edged away, keeping as close to the wind, however, as we could, without stopping her way.

"Starboard," quoth Obed—"rap full, Jem—let her walk through it, my boy—there, main and fore-sail, flat as boards; why, she will stand the main-gaff-topsail—yet—set it, Paul, set it;" and his heart warmed as he gained confidence in the qualifications of his vessel. "Come, weather me, now, see how she trips it along—poo, I was an ass to quail, wasn't I, Paul?" No chance, now, thought I, as I descended once more; "I may as well go and be suffocated at once." I knocked my foot against something, in stepping off the ladder, which, on putting down my hand, I found to be a tinder-box, with steel and flint. I had formerly ascertained there was a candle in the cabin, on the small table, stuck into a bottle; so I immediately struck a light, and as I knew that meekness and solicitation, having been tried in vain, would not serve me, I determined to go on the other tack, and to see how far an assumption of coolness and self-possession, or, it might be, a dash of bravado, whether true or feigned, might not at least ensure me some consideration and better treatment from the lawless gang into whose hands I had fallen.

So I set to and ransacked the lockers, where, amongst a vast variety of miscellaneous matters, I was not long

in finding a bottle of very tolerable rum, some salt junk, some biscuit, and a *goglet* or porous earthen jar of water, with some capital cigars. By this time I was like to faint with the heat and smell; so I filled a tumbler with good half and half, and swigged it off. The effect was speedy, I thought I could eat a bit; so I attacked the salt junk and made a hearty meal, after which I replenished my tumbler, lighted a cigar, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and, with a sort of desperate glee, struck up at the top of my pipe, "Ye Mariners of England." My joviality was soon noticed on deck.

"Eh, what be that?" quoth Obed, "that be none of our ditties, I guess? who is singing below there?"

"We be all on deck, sir," responded Paul.

"It can't be the spy, eh?—sure enough it must be he, and no one else; the heat and choke must have made him mad."

"We shall soon see," said Paul, as he removed the skylight, and looked down into the cabin.

Obed looked over his shoulder, peering at me with his little short-sighted pig's eyes, into which, in my pot valiancy, I immediately chucked half a tumbler of very strong grog, and under cover of it attempted to bolt through the scuttle, and thereby gain the deck; but Paul, with his shoulder of mutton flat, gave me a very unceremonious rebuff, and down I dropped again.

"You makes yourself at home, I sees, and be hanged to you," said Obed, laying the emphasis on the last word, pronouncing it "yoo—oo" in two syllables.

"I do, indeed, and be damned to you—oo," I replied; "and why should I not? the visit was not volunteered, you know; so come down, you long-legged Yankee smuggling scoundrel, or I'll blow your bloody buccaneering craft out of the water like the peel of an onion. You see I have got the magazine scuttle up, and *there* are the barrels of powder, and here is the candle, so"—

Obed laughed like the beginning of the bray of the jackass before he swings off into his "heehaw, heehaw"—"Smash my eyes, man, but them barrels be full of pimento, all but that one with the red mark, and that be crackers fresh and sharp from the Brandy-wine mills."

"Well, well, gunpowder, or pimen-

to, I'll set fire to it if you don't be civil."

"Why, I *will* be civil; you are a curious chap, a brave slip, to carry it so, with no friend near; so, civil I will be."

He unlocked the companion hatch and came down to the cabin, doubling his long limbs up like foot rules, to suit the low roof.

"Free and easy, my man," continued the captain, as he entered. "Well, I forgive you—we are quits now—and if we were not beyond the Island Craft, I would put you ashore, but I can't stand back now."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Simply, because one of your men of war schooners an't more than hull down astern of me at this moment; she is working up in shore, and has not chased me as yet; indeed she may save herself the trouble, for ne'er a schooner in your blasted service has any chance with the tidy little Wave."

I was by no means so sure of this.

"Well, Master Obediah, it may turn up as you say, and in a light wind, I know you will either sail or sweep away from any one of them; but, to be on the square with you, if it comes on to blow, that same hooker, which I take to be his Britannic Majesty's schooner, *Gleam*, will, from his greater beam, and superior length, outcarry and forereach on you, aye, and weather on you too, hand over hand; so this is my compact—if he nails you, you will require a friend at Court, and I will stand that friend; if you escape—and I will not interfere either by advice or otherwise, either to get you taken or to get you clear—will you promise to put me on board the first English merchant vessel we fall in with, or, at the longest, to land me at St. Jago de Cuba, and I will promise you, on my honour, notwithstanding all that has been said or done, that I will never hereafter inform against you, or in any way get you into trouble, if I can help it. Is it done? Will you give me your hand upon it?"

Obed did not hesitate a moment; he clenched my hand and squeezed it, till the blood nearly spouted from my finger-ends; one might conceive of Norwegian bears greeting each other after this fashion, but I trust no Christian will ever, in time coming, subject my digits to a similar species of torture.

"Agreed, my boy, I have promised, and you may depend on me; smuggler though I be, and somewhat worse on occasion mayhap, I never breaks my word."

There was an earnestness about the poor fellow, in which I thought there could be no deception, and from that moment we were on what I may call a very friendly footing for a prisoner and his jailor.

"Well, now, I believe you, so let us have a glass of grog, and"—

Here the mate sung out, "Captain, come on deck, if you please; quickly, sir, quickly."

By this time it had begun to breeze up again, and as the wind rose, I could see the spirits of the crew *fell*, as if conscious they had no chance if it freshened. When we went on deck, Paul was still peering through the telescope.

"The schooner has tacked, sir." A dead silence; then giving the glass a swing, and driving the joints into each other, with such vehemence as if he would have broken them in pieces, he exclaimed, "She is after us, so sure as I ben't a niger."

"No! is she though?" eagerly enquired the captain, as he at length seized the spy-glass, twisting and turning it about and about, as he tried to hit his own very peculiar focus. At length he took a long, long, breathless look, while the eyes of the whole crew, some fifteen hands or so, were rivetted upon him with the most intense anxiety.

"What a gaff top sail she has got—my eye!—and a ringtail with more clothes in it than our square sail—and the breeze comes down stronger and stronger!"

All this while I looked out equally excited, but with a very different interest. "Come, this will do," thought I; "she is after us; and if old Dick Gasket brings that fiery sea-breeze he has now, along with him, we shall puzzle the smuggler, for all his long start."

"There's a gun, sir," cried Paul, trembling from head to foot.

"Sure enough," said the skipper, "and it must be a signal. And there go three flags at the fore. She must, I'll bet a hundred dollars, have taken our tidy little Wave for the Admiral's tender that was lying in Morant Bay."

"Blarney," thought I; "tidy as your little Wave is, she won't deceive old Dick—he is not the man to take a herring for a horse; she *must* be making signals to some man-of-war in sight."

"A strange sail right-a-head," sung out three men from forward all at once.

"Did'n't I say so!"—I had only *thought* so. "Come, Master Obediah, it thickens now, you're in for it," said I.

To be concluded in our next.

## THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

FOR THE OLIO.

" Illi rebor et ex triplex  
 Circa pectus erat qui fragilem tracti  
 Commisit pelago ratem  
 Primus. "—Hon.

THOU that first led the way to endless gain,  
 And steer'd thy fragile bark athwart the main,—

THE unknown main, that never man before  
 Could cheer his shrinking soul to venture o'er,  
 Till from her seat proud ignorance was hurl'd,  
 And science rear'd her banner o'er the world;  
 Till thou essay'd, the glorious work began,  
 The first great effort of adventurous man.

But what could move thee, darling child of  
 dust,

In that dark treacherous element to trust?  
 Nay, what could urge thee o'er that dread ex-  
 pance.

To tempt high Heav'n, and dare a deed of  
 chance?

Could even glory make such terrors please?  
 (Woe glory oft has prompted deeds like these);

'Twas not at least the meaner love of gold,  
 For what is wealth when life itself is sold!

'Twas science!—yes, pure science urg'd thee  
 on,

And stamp'd the fortunes of her favour'd son;  
 Whilst Heav'n in love to man this good de-  
 creed,

And smil'd propitious on the noble deed! ♀

## SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

IN the year 1891, (says a correspond-  
 ent of the *United Service Journal*), I  
 was a midshipman in his majesty's ship  
*Vigo*, guardship at St. Helena, bearing  
 the flag of Rear-Admiral Lambert, and  
 commanded by Capt. Thomas Brown,  
 during the latter period of Napoleon's  
 exile. I had charge of an excellent  
 establishment on shore, called the stock-  
 yard, for keeping a supply of fat cattle  
 for the squadron, after the arrival of the  
 animals from the Cape, lank and lean.  
 My party of men always slept on board,  
 landing the next morning at day-light.

It was in the early part of May, a  
 month rendered remarkable by the death  
 of the great chieftain, which took place  
 on the 5th day, that we were pulling in  
 as usual in the launch, with several  
 working-parties on board, but observing  
 that the surf was too violent for the  
 large boat, filled with men, to attempt a  
 landing, we tried to accomplish it by a  
 few at a time in the jollyboat. A small  
 number, including myself, got on shore  
 in this manner. Shortly after, I was  
 engaged in conversation with one of the  
 officers of the Hon. Company's ship  
*Ganges*, surrounded by native women,  
 some children, and *Lascars*, when I felt  
 myself forcibly pulled by the arm, and  
 heard a person exclaim—"Look at the

horizon, run, save yourself, we shall be  
 all lost.'

I did look, and the sight I shall never  
 cease to remember, it was so frightfully  
 grand. On the horizon, from the north-  
 west, appeared an immense undulation,  
 or swell resembling a bank of water  
 rolling majestically in, directly in the  
 wind's eye. Whether it was my anxiety  
 for the boats, or that astonishment had  
 paralyzed me, I cannot tell, but I felt  
 rivetted to the spot, and before I could  
 attempt to save myself as others did by  
 climbing the rocks, I was whirled along  
 with the rapidity of lightning in the  
 midst of this dark wave. Almost in an  
 instant I experienced a violent shock,  
 which stunned me for a few moments;  
 on recovering the perfect use of my  
 senses, I found myself in the armourer's  
 cave, with the forge lying across my  
 thigh. To this circumstance I must  
 draw attention, as, by its weight keep-  
 ing me from going into the sea as the  
 water receded, and from being dashed  
 against the rocks, to it I owe my pre-  
 servation. Near me were lying two  
*Lascars*, one was split up the middle,  
 and the other's skull was beat to pieces  
 —both were dead. Fearing a return of  
 the surf, as the sea usually rolls in  
 quickly, twice, and then comes with re-  
 doubled violence, I made the best use  
 of my lungs; the carpenter fortunately  
 heard my cries and rescued me. My  
 clothes were torn to shreds, my ears,  
 eyes, and nose filled with ashes and  
 blood; but with the exception of a few  
 contusions, and lacerated hands, I was  
 otherwise unhurt. One woman was  
 drowned, and several men and children  
 were picked up by the boats. The first  
 swell that I have mentioned was the  
 prelude to a gigantic surf, which lasted  
 three days.

This phenomenon (as nothing like  
 it had ever taken place in the memory  
 of the oldest inhabitants) was attributed  
 to an earthquake. We had only tele-  
 graphic communication with the ship  
 while it lasted. The fortifications were  
 much injured in front of James Town;  
 huge rocks were torn up and tossed into  
 our little bathing-place to the left of the  
 landing; the guard-house was abandon-  
 ed, the sea reaching the upper windows;  
 the ships rode with sails aback to keep  
 them astern of their anchors; and, while  
 it lasted, to see the mass of water burst  
 upon the cliffs, as if to shake the island  
 from its foundation, was the grandest  
 sight I ever beheld.

CANNOCK MOOR.  
BY HERACD COLTON.  
*For the Olio.*

Here a huge heather-moor dilates the eye,  
Where royal woods in shadowy majesty  
Womb'd the wild monster and the woodland  
    sprite,  
And pale shades shudder'd at the Druid's  
    rhe.  
Long did those forests furnish from their fall  
The high-carved ceiling of the feudal hall;  
Their crackling logs on Christmas stormy  
    night,  
Long cast from mighty hearths a festal light;  
And their proud trunks, their leafy honours  
    o'er,  
Launched a triumphant navy from the shore.

Now on those glades where once the entan-  
gled ray  
Scarcely dared to glimmer, sweeps the shadeless  
    day;  
But tassel'd heath-flowers 'neath the shep-  
herd's tread,  
Lay their fine tapestry purple white and red;  
And golden gorsebuds proud in guarded  
    bloom,  
Repay the sun's fierce kisses in perfume.

THE AUTHOR OF "LACON."

THE recent death of this eccentric man inclines us to believe that the following sketch of his peculiar habits will be perused with interest by the readers of the "OLIO."

"Some years have elapsed since chance first threw me in the way of the Rev. C. C. Colton, now so well known to the public by his various writings, but more especially by his admirable series of apothegms, entitled 'Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words.' For my introduction to this very talented but eccentric personage, I was indebted to the politeness of my worthy friend John Stewart, formerly secretary to the Nabob of Arcot, but better known to the generality of my readers by his cognomen of 'Walking Stewart;' a man no less remarkable for the originality of his character, than the individual whose name I have prefixed to the present paper. It was the custom of my travelled acquaintance to give musical *soirees*, at his apartments in Cockspur-street, twice a week, viz., on the evenings of Tuesday and Sunday. His concerts were formed, in the first instance, chiefly of amateurs; but finding their attendance very little to be depended upon, Mr. Stewart determined to secure his visitors against disappointment, by

hiring musical professors expressly for the occasion. These entertainments, to which no passport beyond the introduction of a friend was considered necessary, provided that friend was one of the intimate acquaintances of the worthy traveller, continued without intermission, on every appointed night throughout the season, nay, sometimes throughout the entire year; and although the company on such occasions was frequently of a singularly mixed character, there wanted neither beauty, talent, nor fashion, to add to the attractions of the hour. At one of these *soirees*, Mr. Stewart introduced to me a military looking gentleman, of somewhat peculiar physiognomy, whom he described as 'Mr. C. C. Colton, the author of a singularly clever *brochure*, as yet unpublished.' My old friend had no very remarkable respect for the dignity of Mr. Colton's office, and consequently left the word *Reverend* entirely out of the introduction. Mr. C.'s *tout-ensemble* was at once striking and peculiar. There was an indefinable something in the general character of his features, which, without being remarkably prepossessing, fixed the attention of a stranger in no ordinary degree. His keen grey eye was occasionally overshadowed by a scowl, or inflection of the brow, indicative rather of an habitual intensity of reflection than of any cynical severity of disposition. His nose was aquiline, or (to speak more correctly, if less elegantly) hooked; his cheek bones were high and protruding; and his forehead by no means remarkable, either for its expansiveness or phrenological beauty of development. There was a singular variability of expression about his mouth, and his chin was precisely what Lavater would have called an intellectual chin. Perhaps the shrewdness of his glance was indicative rather of extraordinary cunning than of high mental intelligence. His usual costume was a frock-coat, sometimes richly braided, and a black velvet stock; in short, his general appearance was quite military; so much so, that he was often asked if he was not in the army.—I am half inclined to believe that he courted this kind of misconception, as his reply was invariably the same:—'No, Sir, but I am an officer of the church militant.' Had not this pun been destined for immortality, he must inevitably have worn it out many years ago; for scarcely a day passed that he did not put it in requisition.



"The eloquence of Mr. Colton's conversation inspired me with a strong desire to cultivate his further acquaintance; and my curiosity was considerably increased by the perusal of one of the proof sheets of the sketch he was then preparing for publication, which he happened to have at that time in his pocket, and which appeared to me to contain evidence of very exalted poetical talent.

"Mr. Colton seemed a good deal flattered by the admiration I expressed of the specimen of his poetical talents with which he had been pleased to favour me; and as our route home lay in the same direction, it was proposed that we should take our leave of Mr. Stewart's party together. Before we separated, Mr. C. gave me a pressing invitation to breakfast with him the ensuing morning; and, to obviate the possibility of any mistake as to his "whereabouts," put a card into my hand, on which the name of the street, and number of the house, were explicitly described

"At the appointed time I repaired to the scene of action, with my appetite considerably improved by a good half-hour's exposure to the cold air of a spring morning. But what was my surprise, when I found that the house referred to in Mr. Colton's memorandum was a marine-store shop, of the most filthy and poverty-stricken description. By a marine-store shop (a cant phrase, I believe, for a depository for stolen goods), I mean a place where old iron, rags, glass bottles, and such like commodities, are bought, sold, and exchanged. To add to my embarrassment, this miserable hovel appeared to contain no possible accommodation for lodgers; as, with the exception of a very small window over the shop, two or three panes of which were stuffed with the staple commodity of the landlord's trade, I could discover no indication of any apartment beyond the immediate precincts of the place of business. Had I set out on a voyage of discovery to the characteristic hiding-place of a blind beggar, for the purpose of administering to his necessities, I might have had some expectation of meeting with the object of my search; but my eccentric acquaintance had informed me that he was not only a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, (£300. per annum,) but also the possessor of several valuable livings (I forget if the vicarship of Kew and Petersham was at that time among the

number :) and I felt that it was impossible that a person moving in such a sphere of life could harbour in so abominable a kennel. After inquiring fruitlessly at almost every other house in the street (I forget its name, but it is directly opposite to that end of Lower Grosvenor-place which opens into Pimlico), I concluded there must have been some mistake on the part of Mr. Colton in transcribing the number; and accordingly returned home, determined never more to undertake any similar expedition, without having first fortified my inward man by a good breakfast.

"The next time I chanced to meet my new friend, he reproached me with some asperity with having broken my appointment; and on my declaring that the only place I could discover which answered to the description given upon his card was a pestilent hovel, into which I should scarcely have ventured to penetrate without some strong preservative against infection, he burst into a loud guffaw, exclaiming, "Why, man, that's my castle, I live there! I despise appearances. The nuisances which seem to have laid so strong a hold on your imagination, did not prevent me from writing the poem you profess to admire so much, within the sphere of their influence. Nay, I am writing—but come, and I will shew you what I am writing; and if you are curious in wines, I can give you a glass of the noblest hock you ever tasted.' Somewhat anxious to atone for my involuntary incivility, I took an early opportunity of paying my respects to him. The most exaggerated description of the garrets of the poets of fifty years ago, would not libel Mr. Colton's apartment. The long accumulation of dirt upon such panes of the window as were entire, and the opaque substances which kept out the wind from those which were not, abridged in no small degree the modicum of light which might otherwise have been vouchsafed to his labours. The room did not exactly answer to Goldsmith's description—

A chair-lumbered closet, just twelve feet by nine,

for this simple reason: it contained only two chairs, one apparently the property of the poet, easy and cushioned, and differing essentially in character from the rest of the furniture; and the other a miserable, rush-bottomed affair, so awfully afflicted with the rickets as to keep its unhappy occupant in a state of the most painful anxiety for the nether

parts of his person, during the whole period of his probation upon it. Damocles could not have been more apprehensive of the fall of the fatal sword upon his head, than I was of the concussion of my head's antipodes with the floor beneath it. The deal table at which Mr. Colton was seated, (wrapped in a tattered baize dressing gown), had evidently caught the contagion; for, notwithstanding the supplementary support with which some bungling practitioner had furnished it, it could scarcely be said to have a leg to stand upon. Then there was, in truth,

The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;

and,

The sanded floor, that grinds beneath the tread,

The humidwall, with paltry pictures spread.

We can scarcely add, also,—

The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire—

for, to be candid, the smoke in which the room was immersed, afforded an indication of that of which it might otherwise have been difficult to have ascertained the existence.

"Upon the aforesaid table stood a broken wine-glass, half filled with ink, with a steel pen (which had seen some service), laid transversely upon its edge. Immediately beside the poet lay a bundle of dirty and dog-eared manuscripts, the characters of which it would have required the ingenuity of a second *Oedipus* to have deciphered. At his right hand lay Burdon's 'Materials for Thinking,' a work of which I have frequently heard him express himself in terms of exalted commendation, and from which he appears to have derived the hints of several of the best apothegms in his 'Lacon.' On the wall, over against the table, was a three-cornered piece of looking-glass, starred and cracked in every direction; and on the floor of that part of the room in which he was sitting, was spread the tattered remnant of a piece of drugget, the original colour of which it would have been an extremely difficult matter to have ascertained.

"Nothing daunted by the wretchedness of the scene before me, I poised myself as well as I could on the crazy chair, and entered into conversation with him on the current topics of the day; on all of which, notwithstanding the seclusion in which he lived, he seemed to possess the best information. In short, it was scarcely possible to name a subject on which he could not

dilate with extraordinary fluency and effect. He appeared to have an intimate knowledge of chemistry, and to be, in theory at least, a very excellent mechanic; and these various kinds of knowledge are often displayed in a very considerable degree, in his endeavours to illustrate some of the favourite maxims in his "Lacon." One trait in Mr. Colton's character, which it was impossible not to discover on a very slight acquaintance with him, was his extraordinary egotism—his almost unparalleled vanity. Having alluded casually to a satire entitled 'Hypocrisy,' which was published for him by Messrs. Taylor and Hessay, in 1810, he declared his conviction that Mr. Gifford's sole motive for refusing to review the work in the 'Quarterly,' originated in the circumstance of his having written an inferior poem of the same class himself: for the merits of the 'Baviad' and 'Mocviad' had always, in Mr. C.'s estimation, been grossly over-rated. His 'Hypocrisy,' however, never sold, until a curious and somewhat unwarrantable expedient was resorted to, a few years after the period to which I now refer, to force it upon the public notice.

TO A THROSTLE,  
*Singing in the Palace Lime tree, in  
November, 1837.*  
FOR THE OLIO.

What! the dead trunk and dreary air,  
Have these a charm for thee,  
Companions of the golden sky,  
Prince of the emerald tree?

Thou idol bird! whom balmy gales  
And painted garden love,  
Is this thy constancy to sing,  
Amidst a mourning grove?

Art turn'd philosopher, that all  
Th' appendages of light  
And beauty thou'rt content to lose,  
And sing in any plight?

Hath music such a shrine in thee,  
That bursting with excess  
Of song, thou did'st the brilliant lay  
Ring thro' a wilderness?

Thy mates are silent: doth conceit  
Thy swelling bosom fire,  
To antedate the timid spring,  
And be thyself its quire?

Or, while the ivy's ancient leaf  
Glow'd o'er thy leopard vest,  
All the wild spirit of thy song  
Mute in thy mournful breast.

Did the red robin's slippant note  
Thine emulation raise,  
And lure from thy reluctant throat  
The strange—the lovely lays?

Whate'er it be—sing on, sing on,  
For all enrapt the while;  
See Winter's self a tiptoe come,  
Surprised into a smile.

HORACE GUILFORD.

# CURIOUS SPEECH OF HUBERT, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

FOR THE OLIO.

# THE TWO GHOSTS, OR HOSPI- TALITY REWARDED.

ENGLAND had formerly, bold and unflinching ecclesiastics, men who valued the happiness of their flocks more than the smiles of princes; she had also a fair sprinkling of the servile and the base, and of these, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Richard the First, furnishes a fair specimen. Upon the death of Richard, Prince John, who had done every thing to overthrow the government of his brother, and who, as is well known, had prolonged his captivity in Austria, was crowned king of England, when the archbishop delivered the following singular speech:—

“No person can have a right to the crown of this kingdom, unless, after humbly invoking God's Holy Spirit, he be first unanimously elected for his extraordinary virtues, and then solemnly anointed and consecrated. In this we imitate what was practised with regard to Saul and David, whom God was pleased to set over his people, though neither of them was the son of a king, nor royally descended. The former was chosen for his valour, the latter for his humility and piety; it being God's will that such as were to be clothed with sovereign power, should be distinguished in an eminent manner by his virtues. If, therefore, any one of the family of the late king outshines the rest in noble qualities, we ought to make no scruple to submit ourselves to his authority. I say this in behalf of the noble Duke John, here present, brother to our illustrious King Richard, who died without issue. This prince being *endowed with many virtues*, particularly consummate wisdom, and undaunted courage, we therefore, on account of both his birth and *merit*, elect him for our Sovereign Lord, after having humbly invoked the Holy Spirit.” How different was the conduct of this prelate, to that of Walsingham, at a later period of our history, who at the place of execution, had the humanity and the courage to interpose between the patriot Wallace, and his sanguinary rival Edward, and heedless of the displeasure of that cruel monarch, administered the sacrament to the heroic sufferer. Talk of the insolence of Beckett, indeed! Can it appear in a worse light than the conduct of him, who placed a crown on the head of one of the worst kings that ever swayed a sceptre?

A. M.

MANY years ago, (such is the import of the Indian word *Kewasa*,) there lived near the borders of lake Superior, a noted hunter, who had a wife and one child. His lodge stood in a remote part of the forest, several days journey from any other person. He spent his days in the noble amusement of hunting, and his evenings in relating to his wife the incidents that had befallen him in the chase. As game was then very abundant, he seldom failed to bring home in the evening an ample store of meats, to last them until the succeeding evening; and while they were seated at the fire of his cleanly-swept lodge, partaking of the fruits of his daily labour, he entertained his wife in conversation, or in occasionally relating those tales, or enforcing those precepts, which every good Indian esteems necessary for the instruction of his wife and his children. Thus far removed from all sources of disquiet, surrounded with all that they deemed necessary to their comfort, and happy in the society of each other, their lives passed away in cheerful solitude and sweet contentment. The breast of the hunter had never felt the compunctions of remorse, for he was a just man in all his dealings. He had never violated the laws of his tribe, by encroaching upon the hunting grounds of his neighbours, by taking that which did not of right belong to him, or by any act whatever calculated to displease the village chiefs, or offend the Great Spirit. His chief ambition was to support his family, with a sufficiency of food and clothing by his own unaided exertions, and to share their happiness around his cheerful evening fire. As yet the white man had not taught them that blankets and clothes were necessary to their comfort, or that guns could be used in killing game. Skins answered the purpose of the former, and the bow and arrow well supplied the place of the latter. They had no occasion to cut down large trees then, any more than at the present period, and axes of stone answered all the moderate and simple purposes of the Indian life. Iron and gunpowder, with all their multiplied concomitants, had not yet found their way into these remote and peaceful forests, nor had the white man poured his wrathful phials

of liquid fire\* upon the Indian nations.

So peaceably glided away the life of the Chippewa hunter, happy in his ignorance, but still happier in his simplicity, and his full reliance upon the superintending care of an overruling Great Spirit.

One evening during the winter season, it chanced that he remained out later than usual, and his wife sat lonesome in the tent, and began to be agitated with fears that some fatal accident had befallen him. Darkness had already veiled the face of nature. She listened attentively to catch the sound of coming footsteps, but nothing could be heard but the wind mournfully whistling around the sides of their slender lodge. Time passed away in this state of suspense, every moment augmenting her fears, and adding to her disappointment. Suddenly she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, upon the frozen surface of creaking snow. Not doubting it must be he whom she expected, she quickly unfastened the loop, which held by an inner fastening the skin-door of the lodge, and throwing it open, beheld two strange females standing in front. Courtesy left her no room for deliberation. She bade them enter and warm themselves, knowing from the distance to the nearest neighbours, that they must have walked a considerable distance. When they had entered she invited them to remain. But she soon observed that they were total strangers in that part of the country, and the more closely she scrutinized their manners, their dress, and their studied deportment, the stronger was her conviction that they were persons of no ordinary character. No efforts could induce them to come near the fire; they took their seats in a remote part of the lodge, and drew their garments about their persons in such a manner, as almost completely to hide their faces.— They seemed shy and taciturn, and when a glimpse could be had of their faces, they were pale, even to a deathly hue; their eyes were vivid but sunken; their cheek bones quite prominent, and their whole persons, as far as could be judged, slender and emaciated. Seeing that her guests avoided conversation, as well as observation, she forbore to question them, and sat in silence until her husband entered. He had been

led farther than usual in the pursuit of game, but returned with the carcass of a large and fat deer. The moment he entered the lodge, the mysterious females exclaimed, "Behold! what a fine and fat animal!" and they immediately ran and pulled off pieces of the whitest fat, which they ate with avidity. As this is esteemed the choicest part of the animal, such conduct appeared very strange to the hunter; but supposing they had been a long time without food, he forbore to accuse them of rudeness, and his wife, taking example from the husband, was equally guarded in her language. On the following evening the same scene was repeated. He brought home the best portions of the game he had killed, and while in the act of laying it down before his wife, according to custom, the two females came up eagerly, and tore off large pieces of fat, which they ate with greediness, as on the preceding evening.— Such behaviour was calculated to raise displeasure on the brow of the hunter, but still the deference due to strange guests, induced him to pass it over in silence. Observing their partiality for this part of the animal, he resolved the next day to anticipate their wants, by cutting off and tying up a portion of the fat for each. This he placed upon the top of his burden, and as soon as he entered the lodge, he gave each her portion. Still the guests appeared dissatisfied, and took more from the carcass lying before the wife. Many persons would have repressed this forwardness, either by some look, word, or action; but this man, being a just and prudent man, slow to provocation, and patient under petty afflictions, did neither. He was perhaps the more disposed to this quiet spirit of forbearance, by an opinion that his guests were persons of distinguished rank, who chose thus to visit him in disguise, and also by reflecting that the best luck had attended him in hunting, since the arrival of the mysterious strangers beneath his roof.

In all other respects, the deportment of the females was unexceptionable, although marked with some peculiarities. They were quiet, modest, and discreet. They maintained a cautious silence through the day, neither uttering a word, nor moving from the lodge. At night they would get up, and taking those implements which were then used in breaking and preparing wood, repair to the forest. Here they would busy themselves in seeking dry limbs

\* A literal translation of the Chippewa word for ardent spirits.

and fragments of trees blown down by tempests. When a sufficient quantity had been gathered to last until the succeeding night, they carried it home upon their shoulders; then, carefully putting every thing in its proper place within the lodge, they resumed their seats, and their studied silence. They were careful to return from their nocturnal labours before the dawning of day, and were never known to stay out beyond that hour. In this manner, they repaid, in some measure, the kindness of the hunter, and relieved his wife from one of her most laborious duties.

Thus nearly the whole winter passed away, every day leading to some new development of character, which served to endear the parties to each other.—The visitors began to assume a more hale and healthful aspect. Their faces daily lost something of that deathly hue which had at first marked them, and they visibly improved in strength, and threw off some of that cold reserve and forbidding austerity, which had kept the hunter so long in ignorance of their true character. One evening, the hunter returned very late, after having spent the day in toilsome exertion, and laying the product of his hunt at his wife's feet, the silent females began to tear off the fat in such an unceremonious manner, that the wife could no longer control her feelings, and suffered the thought to pass hastily in her mind, "This conduct is certainly most extraordinary! How can I bear with it any longer!" She did not, however, give utterance to her feelings. But an immediate change was seen in the females. They became unusually reserved, and showed evident signs of being uneasy in their situation. The good hunter immediately perceived this change, and, fearful that they had taken offence, so soon as they had retired to rest, demanded of his wife whether any harsh expression had escaped her lips during the day. She replied that she had uttered nothing to give the least offence. He now tried to compose himself to sleep, but he felt restive and uneasy, for he could plainly hear the sighs and half-smothered lamentations of the two females. Every moment added to his convictions that their guests had taken deep offence, and, as he could not banish this idea from his mind, he arose on his couch, and addressed the sobbing inmates.

"Tell me, ye women, what is it that causes you pain of mind, and makes

you utter these unceasing sighs! Has my helpmate given you any cause of offence during the day, while I was absent in the chase? My fears persuade me, that in some unguarded moment, she has forgotten what is due to the rights of hospitality, and used expressions ill-befitting the mysterious character which you seem to sustain. Tell me, ye strangers from a strange country—ye women, who appear to be not of this world, what is it that causes you pain of mind, and makes you utter these unceasing sighs?"

They replied that no unkind expression had ever been used towards them since their residence in his hospitable lodge; that they had received all the affectionate attention which they could reasonably expect. "It is not for ourselves," they continued, "it is not for ourselves that we weep. We are weeping for the fate of mankind. We are weeping for the fate of mortals, whom death awaits at every stage of their existence. Proud mortals! whom disease attacks in youth and in age.—Vain men! whom hunger pinches, cold benumbs, and poverty emaciates. Weak beings! who are born in tears, who are nurtured in tears, who die in tears, and whose whole course is marked upon the thirsty sands of life in a broad line of tears. It is for these we weep.

"You have spoken truly, brother; we are not of this world. We are spirits from the land of the dead, sent upon the earth to try the sincerity of the living. It is not for the dead, but for the living that we mourn. By no means was it necessary that your wife should have expressed her thoughts towards us. We knew them before they were expressed. We saw that, for once, displeasure had arisen in her heart. It is enough! our mission is ended. We came but to try you, and we knew, before we came, that you were a kind husband, an affectionate father, and a temperate man. Still, you have the weaknesses of a mortal, and your wife is found wanting in our eyes. But it is not alone for you that we weep. It is for the fate of mankind.

"Often—very often, has the widower exclaimed, 'O death, how cruel, how relentless art thou, to take away my beloved friend, in the spring of her youth, in the pride of her strength, and in the bloom of her beauty. If thou wilt permit her once more to return to my abode my gratitude shall never cease. I will raise up my voice continually

to thank the Master of Life for so excellent a boon. I will devote my time to study how I can best promote her happiness, while she is permitted to remain; and our lives shall roll away like a pleasant stream through a flowery valley.' Thus also has the father prayed for his son, the mother for her daughter, the wife for her husband, the sister for her brother, the lover for his mistress, the friend for his bosom companion, until the sounds of mourning, and the cries of the living have pierced the very recesses of the dead. Among those who have called for their departed friends, have been many who were unkind to them while living. These have not failed to promise the most endearing conduct should their relatives be allowed to return.

"The Great Spirit has, at length, consented to make a trial of their sincerity, by sending us upon the earth at a season of coldness and general scarcity. He has done this to see how we should be received, coming as strangers, no one knowing from whither.—For it was necessary that this severity of proof should be exacted. Three moons were allotted us to make the trial, and if, during that time, no irksomeness had been evinced, no angry passions excited at the place where we should take up our abode, all those in the land of spirits, whom their relatives had desired to return, would have been restored. We had already passed more than half the time assigned to us. Had your wife maintained those feelings of unmixed generosity and kindness which heretofore marked her conduct, the ransom would have been complete. As soon as the leaves had begun to bud our mission would have been successfully terminated. But it is now too late. Our trial is finished; and we are called to the pleasant fields whence we came. It is not for those who remain there, but for you that are left upon earth, that we grieve.

"Brother—It is proper that one man should die to make room for another, who is born in his place. Otherwise the world would be filling to overflowing. It is just that the goods, gathered by one, should be left to be divided amongst others; for in the land of spirits there is no want. There, there is neither sorrow nor hunger, death nor pain. Pleasant fields spread before the eye, filled with game, and with birds of handsome shapes. Every stream has good fish in it, and every hill is crowned with groves of fruit-trees,

sweet and pleasant to the taste. All kinds of games have been invented to amuse, and instruments to play upon. It is not here, brother, but *there*, that men begin truly to live. It is not for those that rejoice through those pleasant groves, but for you that are left behind, that we weep.

"Brother—Take our thanks for your hospitable treatment. Regret not our departure. Fear not evil. Thy luck shall still be good in the chase; and a bright sky prevail over thy lodge.—Mourn not for us, for no corn will spring up from tears; but join our lamentations for the fate of mankind."

The spirits ceased; but the hunter had no power over his voice to reply. As they continued their address he saw a light gradually beaming from their faces, and a blue vapour filled the whole lodge with an unnatural light. As soon as the females ceased, darkness gradually prevailed. He listened, but the sobs of the spirits had ceased. He heard the door of his tent open and shut; but he never saw more of his mysterious visitors. But he found the success which they had promised him. He became a celebrated hunter, and never wanted for any thing necessary to his ease. He became the father of many children, all of whom grew up to manhood: and health, peace, and long life, were the rewards of his hospitality.

### Table Talk.

MARRIAGE.—The more married men you have (says Voltaire), the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful columns of your criminal calendars; you will there find a hundred youths executed for one father of a family. Marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children.

HISTORY OF A SKULL.—A recent number of a Berwick paper says:—"We have now lying before us a human skull, which local tradition affirms to be the skull of one of the sons of Sir Alexander Seaton, deputy-governor of Berwick, who were hanged by Edward the Third on the south bank of the river, still called Hanging-dyke-neuk, which fronts the castle. We have never seen any good reason for denying the commission of this piece of atrocious perfidy. Be this as it may, the ingenuity of all the historians in the world will not convince the inhabitants of this part of

the country that it is not a fact; and the history of the skull is curious. The late Joyce James, an aged brickmaker, who died several years ago, at the advanced age of nearly a hundred, remembered a cairn on Hanging-dykenek, which was taken down more than a century ago, that was known as Seaton's cairn, and when displaced, underneath were found two skulls. Afterwards they were purchased by the late Admiral Stow's father, and remained in his possession nearly fifty years. They were then deposited in the old Tweed-mouth workhouse: and each skull had two holes perforated through it, as if with a gimlet or some such instrument. For many years there has been no trace of them, till lately one of them was found in a garret of the said workhouse, which is now a dwelling-house, and in the repairs of the house it had been built into the wall. An aged fisherman who has completed his fourscore years and ten, described the skulls as he saw them when a youth, with the two small holes in the centre, and on its being produced before him he readily recognized it as one of the two he had seen more than seventy years ago.—The skull is at least a curiosity."

**UNEXPECTED RENCONTRE.**—The Emperor Alexander was accustomed to travel with the utmost rapidity. On a certain occasion his majesty, fatigued by having remained a long time in his carriage, alighted, and, unaccompanied by any of his suite, pursued his way on foot through a village that lay before him. The Autocrat of all the Russias was attired in his usual travelling costume, a military great-coat without any particular mark of distinction. Desirous of obtaining some information respecting the road he was pursuing, he accosted a military looking personage, who stood smoking a cigar at the door of a house. To each of the emperor's questions the stranger replied in the most uncourteous manner; and by way of terminating the ungracious parley—"Allow me to ask," said Alexander, "what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Perhaps, sir, you may be a lieutenant?"—"Higher, if you please."—"Captain?"—"Another step."—"Major?"—"Go on, go on."—"Lieut. Colonel, I presume?"—"You have hit it at last, though not without effort." These words were pronounced in a tone of arrogance; and the several answers in the preceding dialogue, were accompanied by a cloud of smoke puffed full in the emperor's face. "Now comes

my turn, good Mr. Traveller," said the officer; "Pray, what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Well, then, at the first glance, I should say Captain?"—"Higher, if you please."—"Lieut.-Colonel?"—"Pray go on."—"Colonel?"—"A little higher, if you please." (The officer upon this threw away the stump of his cigar.) "Major-General?"—"Another step, if you please." (The officer now stood immovable at 'attention.' "Your excellence is then Lieut.-General?"—"You are not quite up to the mark."—"In that case I have the honour to address myself to his Serene Highness the Field-Marshal?"—"Do me the favour, Lieut.-Colonel, to make another effort."—"Ah, sire!" cried the officer with emotion, "will your Majesty deign to pardon me? But could I imagine that the Emperor ——"—"I am not offended; and to prove it, if you have a favour to ask I will grant it with pleasure."

**SPANISH LOYALTY.**—A brother of the Cende de Santa Cruz, an archdeacon of Cordova, had no sooner heard the betrayal of the Spanish galleys and treasure to the enemy, than he hastened to the baptismal register of the city, and tore out the leaf which contained his brother's name, indignantly exclaiming, "May no record of so vile a wretch remain amongst men!" At the court of Philip a country priest obtained an audience of the queen, and offered her one hundred and twenty pistoles from a small village with only the same number of houses. "My flock," he added, "are ashamed at not being able to send a larger sum; but they entreat your majesty to believe that in the same purse are one hundred and twenty hearts faithful even to death."

*Lord Mahon's Hist. of the War in Spain.*

**CHOUANS.**—The distinction between the "Chouans" and the "Vendéans," two parties so often mentioned in the history of republican France, is not very generally understood. Under the salt tax laws of the old Government there was much smuggling and a great contraband trade in that article. The salt smugglers used to go about in parties at night, when they made use of a noise imitating the scream of the chouette, or little owl, as a signal to each other to escape the revenue officers if the party was not strong, or to assemble if they felt themselves in sufficient force for resistance. The signal was afterwards used for political purposes in the first revolution, and hence the republi-

cans used to give the name of chouettes as an appellation of contempt; which, by a transition familiar to the French language, afterwards changed to chouans. The Chouans were the refuse of the Vendéans, who united with troops of marauders. Unlike the Vendéans, who could not bear nocturnal fighting, the Chouans made all their attacks by night. They never deserved the name of soldiers; they were smugglers transformed into banditti.

**TRIBOULET.**—Of this King's Fool, it is related by M. du Radier, in his 'Recreations Historiques,' that a nobleman of distinction having threatened to cause him to be whipped to death for mentioning him with too much freedom, Triboulet complained grievously of the menace to Francis I. "Do not be afraid," was the answer, "for, should any one presume to kill you, I will have the murderer hanged up in a quarter of an hour after."—"Ah!" cried Triboulet, "I wish your Majesty would order him to be hanged up a quarter of an hour *before*." The King's fools are supposed to have been supplied from Troyes, in Champagne, as in the records of that town there is a letter preserved from Charles V. of France, signifying to the Magistrates the death of his fool, and ordering them to send him another, according to ancient custom. Du Radier gives an inscription on a monument extant in 1766, of which the following is a translation:—"Here lies Thevenin de St. Legier, Fool to our Sovereign Lord the King, who died on the 11th July, in the year of grace 1374. Pray for his soul."

**MORBID SENSIBILITY.**—"I am convinced," says Dr. James Johnson, "that the great majority of those complaints which are considered purely mental, such as irritability and irascibility of temper, gloomy melancholy, timidity and irresolution, despondency, &c. might be greatly remedied, if not entirely removed, by a proper system of temperance, and a very little medicine. On this account, medical men often have it in their power to confer an immense boon of happiness on many valuable members of society, whose lives are rendered wretched by morbid sensitiveness of the mind, having its unsuspected source in morbid sensibility of the stomach, bowels, or the nervous system. From numerous facts, indeed, which have come within my own observation, I am convinced that many strange antipathies, disgusts, caprices of temper, and eccentricities, which are

considered solely as obliquities of the intellect, have their source in corporeal disorder. By a temporary gastric derangement many an enterprize of "vast pith and moment" has had its "current turned awry," and "lost the name of action." The philosopher and the metaphysician, who know but little of these reciprocities of mind and matter, have drawn many a false conclusion from, and erected many a baseless hypothesis on, the actions of men. Many a happy and lucky thought has sprung from an empty stomach! Many an important undertaking has been ruined by a bit of undigested pickle—many a well-laid scheme has failed in execution from a drop of green bile—many a terrible and merciless edict has gone forth in consequence of an irritated gastric nerve!"

**THE AURORA BOREALIS.**—The first appearance of the Aurora Borealis in our hemisphere greatly alarmed the citizens of Bristol, who superstitiously imagined that it foreboded some approaching national calamity. A manuscript, preserved among the records of that city, informs us, that "on the 17th October, 1564, there were seen in the sky beams as red as fire out of a furnace, and after that there followed a plague which lasted a whole year, and carried off upwards of two thousand persons."

E. M. A.

**FLIGHT OF CHARLES THE SECOND AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.**

—Charles, in his progress towards Bristol, was pursued by a party of the enemy to the new ferry over the Severn. He rode through Shire Newton, and crossed the Severn at Chiswell pit, on the Gloucestershire side. The boat had scarcely returned before a body of the republicans, amounting to sixty men, followed him to the Black Rock, and threatening them with instant death if they refused, compelled the ferrymen to take them across. The boatmen were royalists, and left them on a reef called English Stones, which is separated from the Gloucestershire side by a lake, fordable at low water; but the tide, which had just turned, flowed in with great rapidity, and they were all drowned in attempting to cross. Cromwell, when informed of this disaster, abolished the ferry, and it was not renewed until the year 1748. The renewal occasioned a law-suit between the family of St. Pierre and the guardians of the Duke of Beaufort. In the course of the suit, documents were produced which tended to confirm this anecdote.

E. M. A.



LORD GEORGE DIGBY bore a conspicuous part in the transactions of the reign of Charles the Second, and was remarkable for his talents and inconsistencies. "His life," says *Walpole*, "was one contradiction. He ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> against popery, and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the court and a sacrifice for it; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great talents he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the test act though a Roman Catholic; and addicted himself to the study of astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy."

E. M. A.

ENGLISH POETRY — From Cowper may be deduced the commencement of the third great era of modern English literature, since it was in no small measure to the inspiration of his task, that our countrymen are indebted, if not for the existence, yet certainly for the character of the new school of poetry, established first at Bristol, and afterwards transferred to the Lakes, as scenery more congenial and undisturbed for the exercises of contemplative genius. Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth started almost contemporaneously in the same path to fame—a new one, indeed, untrodden and entangled with thorns, or obstructed with stones, yet in many parts fertile and diversified; blooming with all the beauty, and breathing with all the fragrance of the richest and most cultivated enclosures of the Muses. The minds and the feelings, the passions and prejudices of men of all ranks and attainments, from the highest to the lowest, were at that time roused and interested by the fair and promising, the terrific and stupendous events of the French revolution; and the excitement of this portentous phenomena in the state of Europe prepared this nation especially

(from the freedom with which all questions might be discussed) for that peculiar cast of subjects and of style, both in verse and prose, for which the present period is distinguished from every former one.

### Varieties.

CURIOUS MEMENTO.—The *Monthly Magazine* gives two original autograph letters; the first a very remarkable one from Marat, which gives rise to some curious reflections and deductions; the other is from Beaumarchais, the author of *Figaro* and the *Barber of Seville*, in which the following singular passage occurs. He is relating a conversation with the Duke de Lauragais, celebrated for eccentricities and profligacy:—"But now the only treasure that remains to me is this," said the duke, pointing to a ring on his finger, 'a treasure which no earthly power shall prevail on me to part with. It enables me to bear up with all my misfortunes—it is my sole consolation—this, sir, is my wife—my beloved wife!' I thought of the refuge for lunatics, and my countenance probably expressed my feelings. 'No, sir, I am not mad; this ring, or rather part of it, was once a beautiful and amiable woman; she rendered me, during her life-time, the happiest of mortals, and when her soul winged its flight to the celestial regions, I was determined that so much beauty and loveliness should not become the prey of vile reptiles. I applied to Vanderberg, the chemist, who, having placed the remains in a sheet of asbestos, it was committed to the flames, and reduced, by violent heat, to a small quantity of powder, which, afterwards, by some chemical preparation, was converted into a blue vitrified substance; here it is, sir, set in a gold ring—the very quintessence of my adorable partner!' At this moment some person was announced; I took my hat, and wished Lauragais a good morning."

### Diary and Chronology.

Tuesday, 17th July.

July 17—Captain J. Slater, master of the Rotterdam steam-boat, and a London merchant, was killed as the vessel was returning with a party from an experimental voyage up the Nore. He sat down by the opening, and was about to lean his head on his arm, when he fell amongst the works, and before the machinery could be stopped, was crushed to death.

Thursday, 19th July.

1821—King George IV. crowned.

Friday, 20th July.

St. Margaret, a virgin martyr of Antioch, suffered death about the year 275.

Wednesday, 26th July.

On this day St. James the apostle, usually called the great, or elder, the patron saint of Spain, suffered martyrdom about the year 44.



See page 452.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

For the Ohio.

"THUS again that beauteous figure flits before me; am I then in love with a being to whom I have never spoken even a passing word, whose name I know not, or whether she be worthy of being treasured for an instant in my imagination? but then a form so lovely, a face so fair, and eyes that sparkle with a lustre such as woman's never did before. I can scarce believe it is one of earth's creatures; however be it what it may, should we again meet I will boldly declare my passion. She may disdain it, laugh at me, call me presumptuous—well, well, call me as she will, I shall have spoken to her."

The quickly passing figure of an elegant being had drawn forth the above soliloquy from Albert Meenen, a young Hungarian by birth, and nearly related to some of the first families in Presburg. He had often in his ramblings met the object who had gained

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such strong hold upon his affections, and fancied she did not altogether gaze upon him with indifference;—but who was she? nobody knew; the spies he had employed to watch her had always been baffled, and there appeared a mystery hanging around her that was quite beyond his power to unravel. Could she be a stranger staying a short time in Presburg? He caused enquiries to be made at every hotel in the town, whether high or low, but there was no one at all answering the description had been staying there.

Uncertain whither to go, he one afternoon dashed his horse through the magnificent suburbs of Presburg, and found himself in a short time galloping across the wide and open plain; he was completely wrapped up in his meditations, allowing the animal to go where and as he would, until the creature suddenly shying, nearly threw him from his saddle; this made him look up to see what had occasioned it. A few paces before him, stood the fair incognita he had so diligently and ineffectually sought; her gaze seemed

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fixed upon him. Albert was now some leagues from Presburg; the wide plain seemed unenhanced except by themselves, it was far out of the beaten track, this he saw at a glance, how then came she there! Her long and flowing dress of the purest white, and slight veil thrown partially over her beautiful tresses, were not such as the proud Hungarian dames were in the habit of wearing; he threw himself off his horse, and approaching towards her, said—

"Maiden, I have sought thee everywhere, and until this moment, never have I been so blessed as to have it in my power to express the feelings of my heart."

"You say you sought me; yes, as such as you do seek far and wide, midst the haunts of men; think you it was there I passed, otherwise than as a flitting shadow? had you sought me here in the wide extended plains, in solitude and quiet, you would have found me, where only I could listen to you."

"Oh, maiden! be you what you may, hear me while I say I love thee, as man never loved before. It is not a passion of earth, but more approaching the nature of itself, pure as the air which plays around us; I will worship thee, will leave all to follow thee, do but listen to me."

"Your love is like that of all earth's creatures, fickle and changing as the wind; amongst yourselves you win affections and then cast off the softer of your kind, to linger on for years in heart-broken anguish, or fall the prey of misplaced fondness. With us it is not so; the rolling course of time still finds us the same, and we know not the sorrows of blighted affection."

"Oh do not cast me from you, fair being, for the faults of others; I swear by all I hold most sacred, by thyself, that lengthened years will find no change; ever shall I be the same, the fondest, most devoted."

"You promise bravely; but I have been warned against the promises of men, and bid to seek those amongst my own kind with whom to plight my faith; had I not seen you I might have done so, but now it is too late; I have ventured much for thee, more than thou canst ever know; should I be deceived, then farewell all—"

"Nay, maiden, speak not thus, but as for the best."

"Dare you venture to meet me here, just as the evening star is shining forth, alone?"

"For your sake, I would face the arch fiend himself."

"You promise me?"

"I do."

"Till then, farewell!" and waving her hand towards him, her form gradually became indistinct, until not a trace remained to shew that a moment since she had been there."

Albert found his horse at some little distance from him quietly grazing, the animal allowed itself to be taken without difficulty, and was soon on the road towards Presburg. At the suburbs, they met the throng returning from the Promenade, and as Albert rode slowly on, many a fair hand was waved to him from a carriage window, and many a dashing Hungarian officer, as he proudly curveted by, made a friendly salutation; but all passed unheeded, he was counting the hours, the minutes, nay, the very seconds, until he should again behold his fair spirit.

"Are you turned exchange broker, and counting the bales of merchandize, duly consigned?" said a gentleman on horseback, riding up to him.

"Alas, no!" sighed Albert, scarce knowing what he was saying.

"Alas, no! mercy on us, what a sigh! how much would many a fair maiden give for such an one from you, Albert!"

"Did I sigh, Storwald?"

"Why, something very like I must confess."

"I was thinking of my poor aunt, who lies buried in the church we are passing, you know she used to be very fond of me."

"Why, she has been dead these three years, and often as I have ridden by the church with you, I never heard you sigh for the poor old lady before; but it won't do, that was not a sigh for an aunt; it was too deep, too heartfelt; I'll wager all I'm worth, it's for the sweet daughter of the Countess Eitlingen, that you walked with so much at the court fete."

"Storwald, I pledge you my honour you are mistaken;" but he had spurred on his horse, and was out of hearing.

"This is very provoking, it will be bruited about everywhere, that I am smitten with the countess's daughter, and there are people foolish enough to believe it."

Albert gave his horse to the servant, and retired to his own room, there to await in patience, until it was time to seek the plains; he attired himself in a light hunting dress, and armed only with a small sword, which he carried

more for ornament than protection, sought the appointed rendezvous. As he reached the spot the growing gloom was increasing to darkness; all around was still as death, not even the distant sound of the evening chimes was borne towards him; he looked up, and saw the evening star shining brightly, but no where through the gloom could he trace the figure of her he sought."

"Maiden, I am here alone to seek thee." As he spoke these words, he perceived an indistinct form, which, as it approached towards him, he saw was that of the spirit maiden; he flew to clasp her in his arms, but she motioned him back with an air of offended dignity.

"Creature of earth, listen to me, and I will say why I have wished thee to meet me here. In my wanderings I have seen thee often—have loved thee—nay, more, would be thy bride;—will you forsake the creatures of thy kind to dwell with me and mine? thou shalt have all thy fancy or imagination can paint—all thy most unbounded wishes can suggest, as conducing to thy happiness. I ask in return only thine affections, pure and unalloyed."

"Oh! fair being! for thee alone I will forsake all,—the most I could have wished would be to dwell with thee; I want not other aids for perfect happiness; believe me, sweet creature, for I speak with all sincerity."

"But one thing more: with us, whenever our faith is lighted, if by word, deed, or action, we sully those vows of faith, but for an instant, then must we for ever part. It is our law, we must obey—wilt thou bear it in thy remembrance?"

"Dearest maiden, for ever."

"There then is my hand, look up towards the evening star, and swear that thou art mine—mine for ever—and wholly mine."

"I swear!"

As soon as he had uttered these words, he perceived a dense mist gathering around them; his hand remained clasping that of his bride, but she spoke not; the mist was too thick to allow him to see her features, and he feared to question lest it should imply a want of faith.

In a few seconds a breeze came sweeping by, and quickly dispersed the mist. Albert looked up, and perceived before him a palace more magnificent than even his fancy could have imagined; lights streamed from every window of all hues and shades; whilst from out the doors burst troops of beings,

some making the air resound with most melodious music, and others singing sweet welcome to Eva the bride, and the creature of earth; on every side were bands of spirit beings seeking amusement in a thousand various ways, but joining their voices in the loud chorus of welcome; all seemed in search of pleasure and happiness, when and as they would; and the loud laugh, which, at intervals, burst forth with such hearty good will, was repeated by the echo until it died faintly away, or mingled with the music's sounds.

"This is now our home; think you it will cause you to regret the dwellings of mankind?"

"It is indeed beautiful," replied Albert; "imagination could not paint such; to pass my days here, and with thee, my charming bride, will be happiness such as we could not feel on earth."

"Each seeks for pleasure as the fancy prompts; our laws are so simple that we scarce know of their existence, they are only for the general good, one individual cannot oppress another, nor have we the vain ranks and shadows of authority like you on earth; we live always in one continued round of enjoyments, and the cares of old age and decrepitude are unknown—but let us onward."

They joined the pomp which had come out to meet them, and entered together the palace; the interior of which was of corresponding magnificence with all around; one saloon was lighted with lamps, sending forth a soft blue shade, which gave the appearance of a beautiful clear moonlight night, whilst another throwing forth rays of chastened red, seemed to imitate the fiery aspect of the setting sun. The festivities were long continued, and often and loudly did the walls resound with the praises of the bride, each voice joining in the full chorus, whilst some sweet singer gently breathed forth the melody.

Time passed away unheeded; each day saw the recurrence of the joyous scene, but unlike the pleasures of earth, they never palled. Albert felt a gaiety—an elasticity of spirits, such as he had never known on earth. It seemed one continued summer season, the dull and dreary winter was unknown; day after day he wandered forth with the fair Eva, who would point out to him the various beauties of their fairy world.

"Look at that sweeping dale, and yon blue mountain rising so majestically—is there not a softened boldness which harmonizes with all around?"

"It is indeed a lovely scene, where on earth could we seek for such!"

"Look again at this vast plain so richly studded with forest beauties, and the shining river working its irregular way through the midst, and breaking out at intervals in smaller streams."

"'Tis beautiful!"

"And the temple which crowns the summit of yon rising ground, and overlooks the whole;—it is a lonely spot, whose quiet is only broken by the bird's sweet warblings; I used to love it once, and past many an hour alone, when I could not join the merry throng and share their mirth—but of late the path thither has been untrodden, let us towards it now."

"Ay, and we will sit there and bring to mind the by-gone time when first we met;" saying which, they turned and sought its path.

Albert was one day sitting alone in an arbour, formed by the overhanging boughs of the willow, his gaze was fixed upon the vast expanse of the calm unruffled lake before him, whilst his thoughts wandered unheeded. A light bark had pushed off from the side of the lake, and seemed to fly along the waters, its only tenant being a fair spirit, who was evidently making towards the arbour in which Albert was reclining; as she approached, he perceived it was one whom he had frequently before remarked, not alone for her exceeding beauty, but because often when suddenly turning, he had found her looking intently upon him, and as their eyes met, a slight blush mantled o'er her cheeks, and she would turn away with an air of confusion; she drew up the bark to the side of the arbour, which she entered.

"Why, creature of earth, have you sought this solitary spot!—I had thought your kind had only loved to be in quiet and seclusion when the heart was sad, to pour out its griefs unheeded—you should be happy."

"So fair being am I."

"So, too, is the gentle Eva."

"Indeed I hope so, but there are times when sadness seems to weigh upon her; a sudden thought flashes on her mind, that in an instant dispels the smiles that have been playing on her countenance,—often have I asked her to tell me the reason, but never has she done so."

The fair spirit turned to look towards the lake, for her cheeks were suffused with a crimson hue, which she strove to conceal.

"'Tis well you should not know."

"I will not add to her sadness by further questioning."

"Tell me, creature of earth, whether amongst your kind men love but once."

Albert looked up; the eyes of the fair creature were fixed upon him, and he slowly replied—"Once only, with the true fervour of love, the second time it is but"—

"There is then a second time—have you loved more than once?"

"But once."

"Then you may love again," and she drew towards him, "think you there are none save Eva, who have seen and loved you? have you looked with indifference on all besides? there is one who, from the moment you first entered our spirit land, has never ceased to feel for you, as for one—"

"I must not listen further," said Albert, "let me beseech you to consider—"

"I have considered, and for your sake will risk all! Oh do not cast me from you—say you will not hate me;" and she sank upon her knees before him. "I will pray for you to the evening star whom we all worship—I will watch over you—but oh, do not, do not hate me."

Albert gently raised her from the ground; his arm had encircled her waist, and her head fell upon his breast; he looked an instant at her lovely face, and in token that he felt not hatred, imprinted on her lips a chaste and gentle kiss;—a boat at that moment passed before the arbour, and to his horror he perceived it contained the gentle Eva—he flew towards her.

"Eva, hear me, I have not wronged thee; but listen to me for one short instant, Eva! Eva!"

She faded from his sight, and he saw a thick mist was gathering around him, which every moment became more dense; in a short time it died away, and he perceived he was again in the plains of Hungary—it was in the open glare of broad day.

"Eva!" he faintly sighed, "I have not deserved this—never have my thoughts an instant wronged thee;" he looked up, and saw standing a few paces before him the figure of her he called upon; her arms were folded across her breast, and her countenance seemed worn by grief; whilst burning

tears were fast chasing each other down her cheeks.

"Albert, fare thee well—for ever, fare thee well—it is our law, I must obey."

He flew towards her to clasp her in his arms, but they encircled only the thin air—she was gone for ever. His feelings overpowered him, and he sank swooning to the earth, where he lay until the cool air of the evening restored him—dejectedly he sought the road to Presburg.

Many were the enquiries as to where his months of absence had been passed, but he always maintained the strictest silence when questioned concerning it; refusing to give any account of himself during the time he had been away. It was apparent, however, to all, that he had become an altered man; the charms and pleasures of life he carefully avoided, preferring always to wander forth alone. Often was he pressed by his friends to enter into an alliance with some of the noble Hungarian families, who were desirous of the connection; it was in vain, for to the last hour of his existence, the dearest object of his heart was Eva, his Spirit Bride.

J. M. B.

#### THE JOINT-GRASS. FOR THE OLIO.

Lo! where the sluggish stream its spell-bound tide  
Winds 'neath the gloomy alder, where the rush  
Moans to the evening gale its banishment:  
From festal halls and arras-painted bower;  
And the tall iris, like a sabre, cuts  
The whistling air;—the chisel'd joint-grass waves  
Bounteous, in barrenness of beauty, quaint  
Mid Nature's wildness.

Pillar of the swamp!  
Watch-tow'r of will o' wisp, whose beacon sits  
Above thy spires coruscant—tell me, now,  
What fairy monarch o'er his consort dead  
Bailit ye, like Edward's crosses, most superb  
Memorials? Or what victor Oberon,  
From conquered kings of Fairyland,  
In haughty triumph plundering, hath fixed  
their crowns  
Tier above tier, the regal garbure,  
In thy perennial verdure. Much we hear  
Of him f' th' Vatican, who, as paramount  
In sovereignty, bears on his tansured brow  
The triple diadem;—inferior far  
To thee, whose green stem rises garlanded  
With aisefold wreaths, and every wreath a  
crown. HORACE GUILFORD.

In a paper read at a late meeting in the College of Physicians, it was gravely affirmed that the inhabitants of St. Kilda, one of the Hebrides, one and all catch cold whenever a stranger lands upon the island!

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"A pale Roman nose," observes Horace Walpole, "a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which every one at once knows the pictures of Queen Elizabeth." A few instances of her taste and habits may prove entertaining; and the indications of her personal vanity and extravagance will not be thought to derogate from the policy and ability of her government.

Paul Hentzner, a German traveller in England, thus describes her majesty passing to chapel, at the royal palace of Greenwich:—"Next came the queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic, her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black, (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels: the ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white."

Her wardrobe consisted of "more than two thousand gowns, with all things answerable." She was very fond of perfumed necklaces, bracelets, and gloves. In the fifteenth year of her reign, "Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, presented her with a pair of perfumed gloves, trimmed with four tufts of rose-coloured silk, in which she took such pleasure, that she was always painted with those gloves on her hands; and their scent was so exquisite, that it was ever after called the Earl of Oxford's perfume." At new year's day, 1569, she was presented by Sir Francis Drake with "a fanne of feathers, white and redd, the handle of golde, inamuled

with a halfe moone of mother of perles; within that a halfe moone garnished with sparks of dysmonds, and a few seede perles on the one side, having her majestie's picture within it; and on the back side a device with a crowe over it."

Hentzner, in describing the splendid furniture of Queen Elizabeth's palace, says, "At Windsor, her majesty has two bathing rooms, ceiled and wainscoted with glass;" at Hampton Court, "her closet in the chapel is most splendid, quite transparent, having its window of crystal. We were led into two chambers, called the presence, or chambers of audience, which shone with tapestry of gold and silver, and silk of different colours. Here is, besides, a small chapel richly hung with tapestry, where the queen performs her devotions. In her bed-chamber, the bed was covered with very costly coverlids of silk: in one chamber were several excessively rich tapestries, which are hung up when the queen gives audience to foreign ambassadors; there were numbers of cushions ornamented with gold and silver, many counterpanes and coverlids of beds lined with ermine; in short, all the walls of the palace shine with gold and silver. Here is, besides, a certain cabinet, called Paradise, where besides that every thing glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels, as to dazzle ones eyes, there is a musical instrument made all of glass, except the strings."

Harrington, in his "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," praises her for her courteous attention to the comforts of the followers and servants of her court:—"The stately palaces, goodly and many chambers, fayr gallerys, large gardens, sweet walkes, that princes with magnificent cost do make (the twentyeth parte of which they use not themselves), all shew that they desire the ease, content, and pleasure of theyr followers as well as themselves." He afterwards praises her for having caused to be substituted "easie quilted and lymed forms and stools for the lords and ladys to sit on," for the former "hard plank forms and wainscot stools," which he specifically describes as having been very inconvenient.

Her majesty was very partial to and excelled in dancing, which was one of the exercises she most delighted in in her old age, as contributing to the impression of activity and juvenility she wished to produce, especially on strangers. When Sir Roger Aston was in the habit of bringing letters to her from

James I. of Scotland, "he did never come to deliver any, but he was placed in the lobby, the hangings being lifted up, where he might see the queene dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end, than he should tell his master by her youthful disposition, how likely he was to come to the possession of the crown he so much thirsted after."

The worst part of her character, in which she too faithfully copied her father, Henry VIII., was in giving her self up to angry and vindictive passions, to which was added a restless and impetuous jealousy.

By these combined causes fell her favourite Essex and her own relation, the unfortunate Mary. In less dangerous cases it was exercised in boxing her courtiers' ears. Harrington would not adventure her highness's *choller* lest she should *coller* him also: "and she used to belabour her ladies of honour "in such wise, as to make these fair maids often cry and bewail in piteous sort." That she had, however, some redeeming qualities, not only in public but private life, is known to all who are acquainted with the history of their country; and that she was a patroness of learning and religion.

#### A CHAPTER ON PORTRAITS.

LORD BACON has been particularly severe in divers passages in his works upon those unfortunate individuals whose souls have not been set in the most comely and beautiful frames. He contends, that there is a consent between the body and the mind; and that nature where she errs in the one, generally ventures in the other,—"ubi peccat in uno, per clitatur in altero." He admits, however, that "whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn;"—and therefore he says shortly afterwards,—"It is not to be marvelled, if sometimes deformed men prove excellent characters." Now this doctrine, if it rest upon any principle at all, must rest upon the principle, that the carcase, which is the mere dress of the soul, is the best part of the man; and is about as absurd as the vulgar notion, that a well-made coat is the principal ingredient in the formation of a gentleman. The supporters of it ought to recollect, that the finest pearls are oftentimes inclosed in the most rugged shells, and that the

best wines are generally extracted from the most unsavoury-looking grapes. It is a remark, too, as old as the days of Ovid, that a vile cask frequently contains excellent liquor—

"Vile vasa carius nobile nectâr habet,"—

and it will be a remark, when the days of Ovid are ten times as remote as they are at present, that the fruits which are fairest to the eye are not always the most exquisite and delicious to the taste. Information, and talent, and judgment, and virtue, have taken up their abodes as often in a deformed as in a comely fabric.—Æscop was crooked, and Epictatus was lame. Socrates was the very image of Silenus, excepting that he had weaker eyes, and infirmer legs. Diogenes, though preferred by Laïs to Aristippus, was a mere dog in countenance as well as in manners. Seneca, though the author of many well-poised antitheses, and of many neatly turned sentences, was in person "lean and harsh and ugly to behold." "Horace," says old Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "was a little, blear-eyed, contemptible fellow; and yet, who so sententious and wise!" Agesilas, who had evidently formed in his mind that plan for the conquest of Asia which Alexander of Macedon afterwards executed, was of an exterior singularly unpossessing. He was of low stature, and, like Tyrtæus, had one leg shorter than the other; and his *tout ensemble*, according to one of his biographers, was so very despicable, that he never failed in raising contempt in those who were unacquainted with his moral and intellectual excellencies. Philæmen, whose comprehensive policy ruled, animated, and sustained the Asian league, and whose heroic struggles against the colossal power of Rome cast a ray of glory over the expiring independence of his country, bequeathed to his posterity a *bon-mot* on his utter want of personal grace and comeliness. Having arrived without attendants at an inn where he was unknown, but where his company was expected, he was aided by the hostess to help her slaves draw water and make a fire against his own anticipated arrival.—With good nature which is not likely to find any imitators, he acceded to her request, and was found by his train busy employed in the performance of it. On being asked what he was doing, he replied that he was paying the penalty of his ugliness; and thus returned pointblank all the sarcasms

which malignity might otherwise have cast upon it.—Nasæus, the general of Justinian, and Tamerlane, the conqueror of Bajazet, were both lame and ill-favoured; and yet their brave and heroic disposition—I use the words of Bacon, "thought to make their natural wants part of their honour, in that it should be said that an enfeebled or a lame man did such great matters" as they had the good fortune to achieve. Deguesclin, one of the most gallant antagonists of our heroic Black Prince, was, according to all accounts that we hear of him, frightfully plain. He had a monstrous head, small ferret-like eyes, large shoulders, and a thick clumsy figure. "I am very ugly," said he one day to a friend, "I shall never be beloved by women, but I will be feared by the enemies of my king." Notwithstanding this avowed want on his part of personal accomplishments, one of the richest heiresses of France became enamoured of him; she saw his visage in his achievements, and, like the gentle Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had past;" whilst he, as in duty bound, "loved her, that she did pity them." He signalized his wedding day in a manner worthy of himself and of his bride; for he was not only victorious in a tournament which he had proclaimed in honour of it, but in a more serious engagement with an English detachment, which sought to surprise him in the midst of its festivities.—Cromwell, who, as a statesman and a warrior, will bear comparison with the noblest names both in ancient and in modern story, is described by South, in one of his Court Sermons, as a bankrupt beggarly-looking fellow in a thread-bare cloak and a greasy hat; and his nose, which was remarkably red and shining, formed the subject of never-ending jokes to the "gentle dullness" of his cavalier contemporaries. Cleaveland, in his character of a London diurnal, said, "that Cromwell must be a bird of prey, from his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a young eagle whether it be lawfully begotten; but all," added he, "is not gold that glitters." Turenne concealed a great and daring soul under a rude, vulgar, and unpromising exterior, as did also his contemporary, the celebrated Marshal Luxembourg. Our William the Third, called him on one occasion a crooked-backed fellow. Luxembourg, when informed of this sarcasm, made a retort of singular severity:—"How can the



Prince of Orange know that I am so? I have often seen his back; but, thank God, he has never yet seen mine."

### THE CHASE OF THE SMUGGLER.

Continued from page 437.

OBEDIAH was not in the least shaken; as the matter grew serious, he seemed to brace up to meet it. He had been flurried at the first, but he was collected and cool as a cucumber now, when he saw every thing depending on his seamanship and judgment. Not so Paul, who seemed to have made up his mind that they must be taken.

"Jezebel Brandywine you are but a widowed old lady I calculate. I shall never see the broad, smooth Chesapeake again, — no more peach brandy for Paul;" and folding his arms, he set himself doggedly down on the low tafferel.

Little did I think at the time how fearfully the poor fellow's foreboding was so soon to be fulfilled.

"There again," said I, "a second puff to windward." This was another signal gun I knew; and I went forward to where the captain was reconnoitring the sail a-head through the glass. "Let me see," said I, "and I will be honest with you, and tell you if I know her."

He handed me the glass at once, and the instant I saw the top of her courses above the water, I was sure, from the red cross in her foresail, that she was the Firebrand, the very corvette to which I was appointed. She was so well to windward, that I considered it next to impossible that we should weather her, but Obediah seemed determined to try it. After seeing his little vessel snug under main-sail, foresail, and jib, which was as much as she could stagger under, and every thing right and tight, and all clear to make more sail should the breeze lull, he ordered the men below, and took the helm himself. What queer animals sailors are! We were rising the corvette fast; and on going aft again from the bows, where I had been looking at her, I sent my eye down the hatchway into the men's birth, and there were the whole crew at breakfast, laughing and joking, and enjoying themselves, as heartily, apparently, nay, I verily believe in reality, as if they had been in a yacht on a cruise of pleasure, in place of having one enemy nearly within gun-shot astern, and another trying to cut them off a-head.

At this moment the schooner in chase luffed up in the wind, and I noticed the foot of the fore-sail lift. "You'll have it now, friend Obed; there's at you for earnest." While I spoke, a column of thick white smoke spouted over the bows of the Gleam, about twenty yards to windward, and then blew back again amongst the sails and rigging, as if a gauze veil had for an instant been thrown over the little vessel, rolling off down the wind to leeward, in whirling eddies; growing thinner and thinner, until it disappeared altogether. "I heard the report this time, and the shot fell close alongside of us.

"A good mark with that apple," coolly observed the captain; "the long Tom must be a tearer to pitch its mouthful of iron this length."

Another succeeded; and if I had been still pinned up in the companion, there would have been no log now, for it went crash through it into the hold. "Go it, my boys," shouted I; "a few more as well aimed, and heigh for the Firebrand's gun-room!"

At the mention of the Firebrand I thought Obed started, but he soon recovered himself, and looking at me with all the apparent composure of the world, he smiled as he said, "Not so fast, Lieutenant; you and I have not drunk our last glass of swizzle yet I guess. If I can but weather that clip a-head, I don't fear the schooner."

The corvette had by this time answered the signal from the Gleam, and had hauled his wind, so that I did not conceive it possible that the Wave could scrape clear, without coming under his broadside. "You won't get it, Obed, surely!"

"Answer me this, and I'll tell you," rejoined he. "Does that corvette carry long 18's or 32-pound carronades?"

"She carries 32-pound carronades."

"Then you'll not sling your pot in her gun-room this cruise."

All this time the little Wave was carrying to it gallantly, her jibboom bending like whalebone, and her long slender topmasts whipping about like a couple of fishing-rods, as she dashed at it, sending the spray flashing over her mast heads at every pitch; notwithstanding her weatherly qualities, the heavy cross sea, as she drove into it, headed her off bodily, and she could not prevent the Gleam from creeping up on her weather quarter, where she peppered away from her long-pounder, throwing the shot over and over us. To tack, therefore, would have been

to run into the lion's mouth, and to bear up was equally hopeless, as the corvette, going free, would have chased her under water; the only chance remaining was to stand on, and trust to the breeze taking off, and try to weather the ship, now about three miles distant on our lee-bow, braced sharp up on the opposite tack, and quite aware of our game.

As the corvette and the Wave neared each other, he threw a shot at us from the boat gun on his topgallant fore-castle, as if to ascertain beyond all doubt the extent of our insanity, and whether we were serious in our attempt to weather him and escape.

*Obed held right on his course, like grim Death.* Another bullet whistled over our mast-heads, and, with the aid of the glass, I could see by the twinkling of feet, and here and there a busy peering face through the ports, that the crew were at quarters fore and aft, while fourteen marines or so were all ready rigged on the poop, and the nettings were bristling through the whole length of the ship, with fifty or sixty small-arm men.

All this I took care to communicate to Obediah. "I say, my good friend, I see little to laugh at in all this. If you do go to windward of him at all, which I greatly doubt, you will have to cross his fore-foot within pistol-shot at the farthest, and then you will have to rasp along his whole broadside of great and small, and they are right well prepared and ready for you, *that* I can tell you; the skipper of that ship has had some hedication, I guess, in the war on your coast, for he seems up to your tricks, and I don't doubt but he will tip you the stem, if need be, with as little compunction as I would kill a cock-roach, devil confound the whole breed! There, —I see his marines and small-arm men handling their firelocks, as thick as sparrows under the lee of a hedge in a snow-storm, and the people are training the bull-dogs fore and aft. Why, this is downright, stark staring lunacy, Obed; we shall be smashed like an egg-shell, and all hands of us whipped off to Davy from your cursed fool-hardiness."

I had made several pauses in my address, expecting an answer, but Obed was mute as a stone. At length I took the glass from my eye, and turned round to look at him, startled by his silence.

I might have heard of such things, but I had never before seen the working of the spirit so forcibly and fearfully de-

monstrated by the aspect of the outward man. With the exception of myself, he was the only man on deck, as before mentioned, and by this time he was squatted down on it, with his long legs and thighs thrust down into the cabin, through the open skylight. The little vessel happened to carry a weather helm, so that his long sinewy arms, with their large veins and leaders strained to cracking, covered but a small way below the elbow by his jacket, were stretched as far as they could clutch the tiller to windward, and his enormous head, supported on his very short trunk, that seemed to be countersunk into the deck, gave him a most extraordinary appearance. But this was not all; his complexion, usually sallow and sun-burnt, was now ghastly and blue, like that of the corpse of a drowned man; the muscles of the neck, and the flesh of the cheeks and chin were rigid and fixed, and shrunk into one half of their usual compass; the lips were so compressed that they had entirely disappeared, and all that marked his mouth, was a black line; the nostrils were distended, and thin and transparent, while the forehead was shrivelled into the most minute and immovable wrinkles, as if done with a crimping instrument, while over his eyes, or rather his eye, for he kept one closed as if it had been hermetically sealed, he had lashed with half-a-dozen turns of spun-yarn a wooden socket, like the but-end of an opera glass, fitted with some sort of magnifier, through which he peered out a-head most intensely, stooping down, and stretching his long bare neck to its utmost reach, that he might see under the foot of the foresail.

I had scarcely time to observe all this, when a round shot came through the head of the mainsail, grazing the mast, and the very next instant a bushel of grape, from one of the bow guns, a 32lb. carronade, was crashed in on us a-midships. I flung down the glass, and dived through the companion into the cabin—I am not ashamed to own it; and any man who would undervalue my courage in consequence, can never, taking into consideration the peculiarities of my situation, have known the appalling sound, or infernal effect of a discharge of grape. Round shot in broadsides is a joke to it; musketry is a joke to it; but only conjure up in your imagination, a shower of iron bullets, of the size of well grown plums, to the number of from sixty to one hundred and twenty, taking effect

within a circle, not above ten feet in diameter, and that all this time there was neither honour nor glory in the case, for I was a miserable captive, and I fancy I may save myself the trouble of farther enlargement. I found that the crew had by this time started and taken up the planks of the cabin floor, and had stowed themselves well down into the run, so as to be as much out of harm's way as they could manage, but there was neither fear nor flinching amongst them; and although totally devoid of all gallanerie, on the contrary, they had taken all the precautions men could do in their situation, to keep out of harm's way, or at least to lessen the danger, there they sat, silent, and cool, and determined. I shall never undervalue an American as an enemy again, thought I.—I lay down on the side of the little vessel, now nearly level as she lay over, alongside of Paul Brandywine, in a position that commanded a view of Obed's face, through the small scuttle. Ten minutes might have elapsed—a tearing crash—and a rattle on the deck overhead, as if a shower of stones had been thrown from aloft on it.

"That's through the mainmast, I expect," quoth Paul.

I looked from him to the Captain; a black thick stream of blood was trickling down behind his ear. Paul had noticed it also.

"You are hurt by one of them splinters, I see; give me the helm now, Captain;" and, crushed down as the poor fellow appeared to be under some fearful and mysterious consciousness of impending danger, he, nevertheless, addressed himself to take his Captain's place.

"Hold your blasted tongue!"—was the polite rejoinder.

"I say, Captain,"—shouted your humble servant, "you may as well eat peace with a pitchfork, as try to weather him. You are hooked, man, flounder as you will. Old Nick can't shake you clear—so I won't stand this any longer," and making a spring, I jammed myself through the skylight, until I sat on the deck, looking aft, and confronting him, and there we were stuck up like the two kings of Brentford, or a couple of *smiling cherries* on one stalk. I have often laughed over the figure we must have cut, but at the time there was that going on, that would have made Comus himself look grave, I had at length fairly aroused the sleeping devil within him.—"Look out there, Lieu-

tenant,—look out there,"—and he pointed with his sinister claw down to leeward. I did so—*whew!*—what a sight for poor Master Thomas Cringle! "You are hooked for an outside place, Master Tommy"—thought I to myself—for *there* was the corvette in very truth—she had just tacked, and was close aboard of us on our lee quarter, within musket-shot at the farthest, bowling along upon a wind, with the green, hissing multitudinous sea surging along her sides, and washing up in foam, like snow flakes, through the mid-ship ports, far aft on the quarter deck, to the glorification of Jack, who never minds a wet jacket, so long as he witnesses the discomfiture of his ally, Peter Pipeclay. The press of canvass she was carrying laid her over, until her copper sheathing, clear as glass, and glancing like gold, was seen high above the water, throughout her whole length, above which rose her glossy jet black bends, surmounted by a milk-white streak, broken at regular intervals into eleven goodly ports, from which the British cannon, ugly customers at the best, were grinning, tompion out, open-mouthed at us; and above all, the clean, well-stowed white hammocks filled the nettings; from taffereel to cathead—oh! that I had been in one of them, snug on the berth deck! Aloft, a cloud of white sail swelled to the breeze, till the cloth seemed inclined to say good-by to the bolt ropes, bending the masts like willow-wands, (as if the devil, determined to beat Paganini himself, was preparing fiddlesticks to play a spring with, on the cracking and straining weather shrouds and backstays,) and tearing her sharp wedge-like bows out of the bowels of the long swell, until the cutwater, and ten yards of the keel next to it, were hove clean out of the sea, into which she would descend again with a roaring plunge, burying every thing up to the haunches, and driving the brine into mist, over the fore-top, like vapour from a waterfall, through which, as she rose again, the bright red copper on her bows flashed back the sun beams in momentary rainbows. We were so near, that I could with the naked eye distinctly see the faces of the men.—There were at least 150 determined fellows at quarters, and clustered, with muskets in their hands, wherever they could be posted to most advantage.

There they were in groups about the ports, (I could even see the captains of the guns, examining the locks,) in their clean white frocks and trowsers, the

officers of the ship, and the marines, clearly distinguishable by their blue or red jackets. *I could discern the very sparkle of the spaniards.*

High overhead the red cross, that for a thousand years "has braved the battle and the breeze," blew out strong from the Peaks, like a sheet of flickering white flame, or a thing instinct with life, struggling to tear away the ensign baulkards, and to escape high into the clouds; while, from the main-royal-mast-head, the long white pennant streamed upwards into the azure heavens, like a ray of silver light. Oh! it was a sight "most beautiful to see," as the old song hath it,—but I confess I would have preferred that pleasure from t'other side of the hedge.

There was no hailing nor trumpeting, although, as we crossed on opposite tacks when we first weathered her, just before she hove in stays, I had heard a shrill voice sing out, "Take good aim; men—Fire;" but now each cannon in thunder shot forth its glance of flame, without a word being uttered, as she kept away to bring them to bear in succession, while the long feathery cloud of whirling white smoke, that shrouded her sides from stem to stern, was sparkling brilliantly throughout with crackling musketry, for all the world like fire-flies in a bank of night fog from the hills, until the breeze blew it back again through the rigging, and once more unveiled the lovely craft in all her pride and glory. "You see all that?" said Obed.—"To be sure I do, and I feel something too," for a sharp rasping jar was repeated in rapid succession three or four times, as so many shot struck our hull, and made the splinters glance about merrily; and the musket-balls were mottling our top sides and spars, plumping into the timber, *whit! whit!* as thick as ever you saw schoolboys plastering a church door with clay-pellets. There was a heavy groan, and a stir amongst the seamen in the run. "And, pray, do you see and hear all that yourself, Master Obed? The iron has clenched some of your chaps down there.—Stay a bit, you shall have a better dose presently, you obstinate old——"

He waved his hand, and interrupted me with great energy—"I *dare* not give in, I cannot give in; all I have in the world swims in the little hooker, and strike I will not so long as two planks stick together."

"Then," quoth I, "you are simply

a damned, cold-blooded, calculating scoundrel—brave I will never call you." I saw he was now stung to the quick.

"Lieutenant, smuggler as I am, don't goad me to what worse I may have been; there are some deeds done in my time, which, at a moment like this, I don't much like to think upon. I am a desperate man, Master Cringle; don't, for your own sake, as well as mine, try me too far."

"Well, but"——persisted I. He would hear nothing.

"Enough said, sir, enough said; there was not an homester trader nor a happier man in all the Union, until your infernal pillaging and burning squadron in the Chesapeake captured and ruined me; but I paid it off on the prize-master, although we were driven on the rocks after all. I paid it off, and, God help me, I have never thriven since, enemy although he was. I see the poor fellow's face yet, as I"—He checked himself suddenly as if aware that he might say more than could be conveniently retracted. "But I *dare* not be taken; let that satisfy you, Master Cringle, so go below—below with you, sir"—I saw he had succeeded in lashing himself into a fury—"or, by the Almighty God, who hears me, I shall be tempted to do another deed, the remembrance of which will haunt me till my dying day."

All this passed in no time, as we say, much quicker than one can read it; and I now saw that the corvette had heaved up, sharp to the wind again, on the same tack that we were on; so I slipped down like an eel, and once more stretched myself beside Paul, on the leeside of the cabin. We soon found that she was after us in earnest, by the renewal of the cannonade, and the breezing up of the small arms again. Two round shot now tore right through the deck, just beneath the larboard coamings of the main hatchway; the little vessel's deck, as she lay ever, being altogether exposed to the enemy's fire, they made her whole frame tremble again, smashing every thing in their way to shivers, and going right out through her bottom on the opposite side, within a dozen streaks of her keel, while the rattling of the clustered grape-shot every now and then made us start, the musketry all the while peppering away like a hail shower. Still the skipper, who I expected every moment to see puffed away from the tiller like smoke, held upon deck as if he had

been bullet-proof, and seemed to escape the hellish tornado of missiles of all sorts and sizes by a miracle. "He is in league with the old one, Paul," said I; "howsoever, you must be nabbed, for you see the ship is fore-reaching on you, and you can't go on t'other tack, surely, with these pretty eylet holes between wind and water on the weather side there! Your captain is mad—why will you; then, and all these poor fellows, go down, because he dare not surrender, for some good deed of his own, eh?"

The roar of the cannon and noise of the musketry made it necessary for me to raise my voice here, which the small tscuttle, like Dionysius's ear, conveyed unexpectedly to my friend, the captain, on deck.

"Hand me up my pistols, Paul."

It had struck me before, and I was now certain, that from the time he had become so intensely excited as he was now, that he spoke with a pure English accent, without the smallest dash of Yankeeism. "So, so: I see—no wonder you won't strike, you renegade," cried I.

"You have tampered with my crew, sir, and abused me," he announced, in a stern, slow tone, much more alarming than his former fierceness, "so take that, to quiet you;" and deuce take me if he did not, the moment he received the pistols from his mate, fire slap at me, the ball piercing the large muscle of my neck on the right side, missing the artery by the merest accident. Thinking I was done for, I covered my face with my hands, and commended myself to God, with all the resignation that could be expected from a poor young fellow in my grievous circumstances, expecting to be cut off in the *prima vera* of his days, and to part for ever from—. Poo, that there line is not my forte. However, finding the hæmorrhage by no means great, and that the wound was in fact slight, I took the captain's rather strong hint to be still, and lay quiet, until a 32 lb. shot struck us bang on the quarter. The subdued force with which it came, showed that that we were widening our distance, for it did not drive through and through with a crash, but lodged in a timber; nevertheless it started one of the planks across which Paul and I lay, and pitched us both with extreme violence bodily into the run amongst the men, three of them lying amongst the ballast, which was covered with blood, two badly wounded, and one dead. I came off

with some slight bruises; however not so the poor mate. He had been nearest the end or *but* that was started, which thereby struck him so forcibly, that it fractured his spine, and dashed him amongst his shipmates, shrieking piercingly in his great agony, and clutching whatever he could grasp with his hands, and tearing whatever he could reach with his teeth, while his limbs below his waist were dead and paralysed.—"Oh, Christ! water, water," he cried, "water, for the love of God, water!" The crew did all they could; but his torments increased—the blood began to flow from his mouth—his hands became clay-cold and pulseless—his features sharp, blue, and death-like—his respiration difficult—the choking death-rattle succeeded, and in ten minutes he was dead.

This was the last shot that told—every report became more and more faint, and the musketry soon ceased altogether.

The breeze had taken off, and the Wave, resuming her superiority in light winds, *had escaped*.

*Blackwood's Mag.*

#### PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LORD BYRON.

"GENOA, April 1, 1823. Saw Lord Byron for the first time," says the Countess Blessington. "The impression of the first few minutes disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him. I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air; and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead high and noble; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; the nose is large and well shaped, but from being a little too thick, it looks better in profile than in front face; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lips of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full, and finely cut. In speaking he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; his chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of the face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so, that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly

pale, but not the paleness of ill health as its character is that of fairness, the fairness of a dark-haired person, and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown and curls naturally; he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker."—Has her ladyship ever observed the portraits of Bacon, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, and a score of others celebrated for their genius and talents? We are inclined to ask this question, because we are surprised at a woman of her ladyship's information looking for high intellect and lofty bearing in a fellow of six feet three inches.—Nature is occasionally capricious, and sometimes presents us with strange anomalies; there have been men of great intellect and great proportions, but the instances are somewhat rare.

A. M.

#### GINGERBREAD. FOR THE OLIO.

How often, indeed how constantly, in this ill-judging world, do we see fictitious merit emblazoned high on the pillar of fame, exposed to the gaze of every beholder, held up to the imitation of society as the *summum bonum*, embrowned and enmarbled in every city and town, village and hamlet, whilst the more beneficial yet less obtrusive endeavours lie unheeded and unthought of, while we are actually enjoying the benefit of them. The warrior, who rises to fame upon the blood of his fellow-creatures, the cries of orphans and widows, and the violation of every sacred tie, has his praises sung in the streets, his actions commemorated in public buildings, and his "glorious achievements" made the atonement, like charity, for his multitude of sins. The statesman, brought up in the logic and sophistry of the schools, whose greatest merit is, lawyer-like, the perversion of truth—who can make the best of a bad "budget"—who can discover the best method of keeping an oppressed and starved people from comfort and plenty—who will take especial care that no produce of the earth, air, sea, or firmament, shall remain untaxed, has his effigy carved, and his speeches quoted, to the great benefit of the sculptors and boroughmongers. The philosopher, painter, architect, &c. &c. have similar meed of praise, whilst the humble author of an invention which has allayed more grief, and diffused more satisfaction throughout the junior part of the

community than the lucubrations of all the philosophers who ever breathed, has not even a page in history or a line on a tombstone, to certify the delighted partakers of his invention, to whom they are indebted for so great a luxury. Need we inform our readers that the great and glorious production of human genius to which we allude, is "Gingerbread?" We think we see the eyes of our numerous friends sparkle as they read the word; we think we perceive their minds hurried back to that elysiac period, when the little troubles of infantine life met a speedy grave in the bosom of this delightful composition.

We do not mean to say that no other edible possesses the sedative qualities of gingerbread; there are many remedies which may be resorted to in its absence, but we do assert that gingerbread is pre-eminent, that while others clog and satiate, this appears to be perennial; it is like a recurrence to old port, after a satiety to indigenous wines; and as a man enjoys the return to his own country after a ramble in foreign climes, so after an indulgence in other sweetmeats, do children return with increased zest to a perusal of their great prototype. And it is not in the mere matter of taste that gingerbread excels, although its superiority in that particular is self-evident; as a wholesome and cheap sweetmeat it is unequalled, and its very appearance has something pre-possessing in it, the beautiful, attractive brown, with the fine polish on its surface, the closeness of its texture, the enchanting layers of candied lemon peel, enough to allure Diogenes from his tub. Nevertheless gingerbread has had its corruptions and adulterations, as well as the mere necessities of life, and although we must designate the last century as the peculiar age of gingerbread, yet there were not wanting base panders to please the eye at the expense of the taste. In this age it was that the gilt tinsel of fashion first obscured the intrinsic virtue of the sweetmeat, the natural consequence was, that gingerbread got into a disrepute which we are afraid it will never recover, and mischiefs were imputed to the substance itself, which were in fact attributable only to its gaudy exterior. The extent also, of its fame occasioned a great number of spurious imitations by ignorant and vulgar people, whose pernicious fabrications comprised all the filthy combinations incident to the booths of a country fair. But still gold is no less gold because it is deteriorated

by alloy; the dross is separable from the pure metal, and we sincerely hope still that the time may again come when the true gingerbread shall resume its station in the train of luxuries. Nor has this ancient regalement been confined solely to the purposes for which it would seem to be intended. Public events, public men, national victories, and the commanders who achieved them, have all been commemorated in this evanescent material, so that, could a complete series of the gingerbreads of the reign of George the Third be obtainable, it would form as complete a history of the notable events of that period, as does a series of Roman coins of the emperors in whose time they were struck. At the period of the rebellion in forty-five, after the executions at Tyburn, a magnificent series of designs were produced, to the great delight of children, great and small; various were the developements of opinions among the children, which shewed themselves in the selection of particular designs, but above all others the most to be desired were the "farthing Lord Lovats," because he being a man of more than ordinary dimensions, a superabundant quantity of material was necessary to the formation of his *vera effigies*, and we have heard old women boldly assert two "farthing Lord Lovats" to be equal to three farthings' worth of any other device.

We remember, when we were young, that a naval captain of the old school, whose visits to our father's table were very frequent, used to bring us gingerbread of a peculiarly fine flavour, in a receptacle not usually appropriated to that purpose—his *tobacco-box*, which was of particular capacity. This circumstance, which did not at that early period strike us particularly, has upon more mature reflection given rise to a discovery which will, we hope, prove of service to future gingerbread-makers. And we can assure those to whom tobacco has become a necessary article of consumption, that they will find gingerbread a very pleasing condiment, as there appears to be a natural consanguinity and harmony between them, not to be equalled.

In conclusion, we beseech those who are not blown about by every wind of fashion, not to suffer this beneficial composition, the primary invention of which is lost in the earliest periods of Egyptian history (having been in great repute with the Ptolemies), to revive the production of gingerbread in all its

purky, that posterity may still have one species of cookery untainted by the airy nothingness of French politeness. We also propose that a committee be immediately formed for the purpose of inquiring into the origin and improvements of the art of gingerbread making, with a statement of the properties of the ingredients, the various adulterations to which it has been subject, &c. &c., and that a subscription be entered into to erect a colossal pillar in the honour of the unknown founder, in a conspicuous part of the metropolis. A. M.

### BREVITIES.

A MAN of genius, by too much dividing his attention, becomes diamond-dust instead of remaining a diamond.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the pertest fellows are generally the most barren.

Verse is to poetry, what music is to dancing.

Governments are generally about many years behind the intellect of their time. In legislation, they are like parents quarrelling what kind of frock the boy shall wear, who, in the meantime, grows up to manhood, and won't wear any frock at all.

There is one special reason why we should endeavour to make children as happy as possible, which is, that their early youth forms a pleasant or unpleasant back-ground to all their after-life, and is consequently of more importance to them than any other equal portion of time.

To say that principles of exclusion, applied to particular classes, are a necessary part of a free constitution, at all times and under all circumstances, is equivalent to maintaining that the bandage which supports a man's wounded arm, is a part of his nature. The bandage may have been wisely applied originally, but it is always a fair question whether it may not be safely removed; and the removal is not giving the arm a privilege, but restoring one.

*Mon. Mag.*

### The Naturalist.

THE SWORD FISH.—The strength of fish in their proper element will scarcely be believed by those who have not had an opportunity of witnessing it. The power of the sword fish is perhaps comparatively greater than that of any

of the slimy tribe. A few years since, during the passage of the *Sarah Wood*, West Indianman from Jamaica, her crew felt a smart shock, as though the ship had struck on a rock, and a leak was in consequence expected. No such accident however occurred, and on the arrival of the vessel in the West India docks her cargo was discharged, and it was found that she had been struck by a sword-fish near the keel. The force with which the fish had struck may be imagined from the fact that its weapon had penetrated through the copper sheathing, and entered three inches into a hogshead of sugar lying at the bottom of the vessel.

**FISHING ON THE LAKE OF SCODRA.**—The manner of fishing in this lake is thus described in *Malle Brun*. At particular seasons of the year, the lake is visited by vast flocks of a description of crow, which is regarded as sacred. The inhabitants place their nets in the rivers and lakes; the Greek priests and the Turkish Imams come and give their benediction, while the crows remain on the adjacent trees, attentive spectators of the scene. A quantity of corn, previously blessed by the priests, is thrown into the water, and, of course, immediately attracts the fish to the spot; instantly the crows dart down upon them with loud cries, and the fish, terrified at the noise, rush into the nets in great numbers, and become the prey of the fishermen. The crows and the priests receiving a portion of the spoils in return for their assistance.

### Table Talk.

**APPROPRIATE MUSIC.**—There is a set of music bells in the steeple of Saint John's Church, Perth, which plays one of a series of lively Scottish airs every time the clock strikes. It so happened, one Sunday, at twelve o'clock, just as the minister below happened to use, with peculiar emphasis, the striking scripture metaphor, "Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts," that the music bells, much after the manner of an orchestra on the discharge of a toast at a public dinner, struck up the appropriate air, "Corn rigs are bonnie," to the infinite gratification, and no less amusement, of the audience.

**WIVES AND HUSBANDS.**—That the prettiest English women marry the ugliest men must have been observed by every one. Who will not speak to the truth of this assertion from experience

in his own circle of acquaintances!—The women, in consequence, do not often become jealous of their husband's person; and the husbands, in return, are flattered with the compliment of possessing a handsome wife. There are few instances on record of young women, at least, such as possess mere common sense, falling in love with handsome men. Ladies' men, generally, are tolerably well looking—but alas! they seldom get married. Young women, to their honour be it spoken, prefer such countenances as boast no ornament but intelligence. It is, however, the reverse with women of advancing life. They would prefer handsome men, though with slender fortunes, because, as they think, it would be proof-positive that their own beauty had not begun to wane. A. M.

**KEYS.**—The invention of keys is attributed to the Lacedemonians. They were first made of wood, and the earliest form was that of crook introduced into a hole, to raise a latch or remove a bolt. Such ancient keys as exist are mostly of bronze, and of various shapes; the most remarkable are those which have the shaft terminated on one side by the works, and on the other by a ring. These have been supposed by some to be the keys presented by husbands to their wives, and which were resigned upon divorce or separation. Among the Anglo Saxons, a servant was keeper of the keys. The key of the private scrinium was sometimes suspended from the girdle; that of places where treasure was buried, from the neck. Tradesmen formerly wore bunches of them at their girdles. Hearne says the figure of the key of the west door of the church was put down in the register, and, in monkish times, a superstitious reverence was associated with them. C. A.

**MODERN LITERATURE.**—The era of our modern literature, extending from Elizabeth to the close of the Protectorate, was that of nature and romance combined; it might be compared to an illimitable region of mountains, rocks, forests, and rivers—the fairy land of heroic adventure, in which giants, enchanters, and genii, as well as knights-errant, and wandering damsels, guarded by lions, or assailed by fiery flying dragons, were the native and heterogeneous population, where every building was a castle or a palace, an Arcadian cottage, or a hermitage in the wilderness. That from Dryden to Cowper, bore a nearer resemblance to a



nobleman's domain, surrounding his family mansion, where all was taste and elegance and splendour within; painting, sculpture, and literature forming its proudest embellishments; while without, the eye ranged with voluptuous freedom over the paradise of the park, woods, waters, lawns, temples, statues, obelisks, and points of perspective so cunningly contrived as to startle the beholder with unexpected delight; nature and art having changed characters; and each, in masquerade of the other, playing at hide and seek amidst the self-involving labyrinths of landscape gardening.

**BREAKING ON THE WHEEL.**—Some have supposed that this dreadful punishment was first used in the reign of Francis the First, but it was known as early as the time of the sanguinary Queen Trédegonde, and horrible to relate, applied to the sex. This cruel woman had several ladies of high rank broken on the wheel, having accused them of magic. c.

**THE MINES OF POROSI.**—The discovery of these mines was purely accidental. In the year 1545, a Peruvian, being in pursuit of a lama up the steep of the acclivity, to save himself from falling, caught hold of a shrub, which, giving way, brought up with its roots a mass of solid silver. c.

**HAYTIAN MOURNING.**—The people of Hayti prescribe the various terms of mourning thus: for a husband one year and six weeks; for a wife six months; three weeks for an uncle or aunt; and a fortnight for a cousin.—What a pity that ~~some~~ such rule has not been laid down in England. A. M.

**THE DRAMA UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.**—During the Protectorate,

when stage-plays were prohibited in public, there were, besides the entertainments set on foot by Sir W. Davenant, occasional representations of plays at the houses of the nobility.—The receipts from these performances, which were clandestine, or, at least, connived at by the ruling powers, were appropriated to the relief of the unemployed players who performed upon these occasions. c.

**NELL GWYN.**—"October 4, 1678.—Following his Majesty this morning," say, Evelyn, "through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing room within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed. But that which engaged my curiosity, was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation." c.

### Varieties.

**NOTION OF HONOUR.**—M. de Vauban once sent a common soldier to examine the outposts of the enemy. The man cheerfully obeyed the order, and though exposed to a sharp fire, remained until he received a ball in his body. He returned to make his report with a calm air and aspect, although the blood was streaming from his wound. Vauban praised his courage and offered him money, which the soldier refused. "No, general," said he, "it would spoil the credit of the action." c.

## Diary and Chronology.

### Saturday, 28th July.

*High Water, 7m p. 3.*

1702—On this day, eight hundred persons perished in the Royal George, which was upset while undergoing repairs at Spithead.

### Sunday, 29th July.

*High Water, 46m p. 3.*

1770—The city of Port au Prince was this year entirely destroyed by an earthquake, and upwards of 500 persons were buried in the ruins.

### Monday, 30th July.

1779—The American fleet was totally destroyed off Penobscot, in New England.

About the same time a great eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place.

1776—On the 30th of July a total eclipse of the moon occurred and was visible to the whole of the inhabitants of Europe.

In this year, "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and "Smith's Wealth of Nations," first made their appearance. Any statement on the merits of these two great works, would be superfluous.

### Tuesday, 31st July.

*High Water, 4m p. 3.*

1775—On this day, Captain Cook returned in the Endeavour from his second voyage of discovery.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent  $\Phi$  will see that we have availed ourselves of a portion of his favours; gallantry forbids our making use of *all* of them. There have been false fair chess store the flood, or history belies them; but we hope he will soon have occasion to alter his opinion.



See page 467.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE PRIEST'S HORSE.

*Profectus nihil hoc, cunctas licet usque sagellas,  
Et tibi purpureo de grege currit equus,  
Martial. Lib. xiv. Epig. 55.*

It is not many weeks since I dined with a Roman Catholic family in the neighbourhood of Dublin. I had been but a few minutes in the dining-room, when I found that the centre of attraction, "the observed of all observers," was a very old gentleman, whose dress, appearance, and demeanour, at once betrayed him to me as one of the old Catholic Clergymen of Ireland. *Father*, or, as he was most generally termed, *Doctor* Reilly, seemed to be in age not less than seventy years; and the abstraction of his manner, before dinner, as to every thing passing around him, would induce the belief that he had already attained his second childhood. His face was that of pure, rich, bright scarlet, which can neither be imparted to the countenance by the consumption of an extra-quantity of whisky punch, nor its still more

vulgar and stupifying predecessor, port-wine. No, it was a tint "more exquisite still," which claret, that sober, sedate, cool and delicious liquid, can alone communicate to "the human face divine." The dress of the clergyman was evidently as antiquated as his complexion. The head was surmounted by a little, close, brown wig, divided by a single curl, and which appeared to be pasted to the perieranium on which it was fixed. Around his neck was a neat, black silk stock, over which a milk-white muslin band was turned. His black coat was cut in the manner of the primitive quakers; his dark silk waistcoat had large flaps which nearly covered the whole of his "nether garment," and that was fastened at the knees by large silver clasps, while thick silk stockings embraced his plump little legs; and then, his square-toed shoes were nearly concealed from the view by the enormous silver buckles placed upon them. I was assured by several, that the little old gentleman, whom I had not heard give utterance to a single word, was one of the most

pleasant men I could meet with ; and that *after* dinner, he would amuse me extremely. I could perceive no outward mark of genius about the Reverend Doctor ; he took no notice of the conversation that was going on around him ; and the only demonstration of intelligence I could discover in him, was the somewhat hasty glance he occasionally turned to the door, (as each new visitor was announced), as if he expected that the welcome news of "Dinner on the table" was about being proclaimed to him. To me he appeared like the canon in Gil Blas, as one disposed to partake of the good things that might be laid before him at the festive board, but neither inclined nor capacitated to increase their pleasures by any contribution of wit or fancy.

Dinner, that grand epoch in the history of the day, was at last announced ; ladies, even in an Irish assembly, were forgotten, and twenty hands were stretched out to the Doctor to conduct him to the dining-room. At dinner, I heard nothing of the Doctor until the first flask of Champagne was uncorked ; and then there broke upon the ear a mellow, little voice, in which the *polished brogue* of the Irish gentleman, softened down by the peculiarity of a French accent, could be distinguished. The voice, I was told, belonged to the Doctor, who was just then asking Mrs. —, our hostess, to take wine with him. At each remove the voice became stronger ; and by the time that the dessert was on the table, the tones of the Doctor's voice were full, loud, and strong, and it was soon permitted to sweep, uncontrolled, over the entire range of the society. The puny punsters became dumb, the small talkers were silent ; and no man, "nor woman either," presumed to open their mouths except to laugh at his Reverence's anecdotes, or to imbibe the good things which my worthy friend L—— had set before them.

I have heard story-tellers, in my time, but never felt the pleasure in listening to them, that I did in attending to the anecdotes of the Reverend Doctor Reilly. The manner, the look, and the tone, added, I know, considerably to the effect ; but such are the gifts of a good story-teller, and they can neither be transferred to paper, nor communicated by an oral retailer. One great charm, too, for me, in all these stories, was, that the narrator was, in some way or another, concerned in them. There was, to be sure, egotism in this ; but

then, it was an egotism that gave a verisimilitude to every thing he told, and you believed that he was not mentioning any thing which he did not know to be a fact, however strange, extraordinary, or improbable it might seem to be. Amongst the other stories told by Doctor Reilly was the following, which I have endeavoured to report verbatim et literatim, as I heard it. —

"Never, my children, never borrow a priest's horse—it's an unlucky thing to do, for many reasons. First, if the priest's horse is a good one, he does not like to lend it. Next, if it is a bad one, and the priest says he will lend it, the moment you ask for it, you may happen to break your neck, or your leg, or may-be your nose, and thereby spoil your beauty. And, lastly, a priest's horse has so many friends, that if you are in a hurry, it will be shorter for you to walk than to wait for the horse to pay its visits. It is now more than fifty years since I gave the very counsel, that I am now administering to you, to Kit M'Gowran, one of my parishioners ; but he thought, as may-be many of you think, that the priest was a fool, but he found the difference in a short time, as may-be most of you will before you die.

"As well as I recollect, it was in the year 1789, that I was parish priest of Leixlip, and at that time Kit M'Gowran was, of a farmer lad, one of my wealthiest parishioners. He had land on an old lease, and might have been a grand juror now, if he had minded the potatoes growing ; but instead of that, Kit was always up in Dublin, playing rackets and balls, and drinking as much whisky in a week, as would float a canal boat through a lock. For two or three years, Kit was but little seen in the parish, though I must say to his credit, he always sent me my *dues* regularly, so that you perceive he was not a reprobate entirely. I was sorry to hear the neighbours talking bad of him, and was thinking of looking after him some time or another, when I would have nothing else to do ; when one day, Kit came into my house dressed out in the pink of the fashion of that time. He was then what they called, I believe, a macaroni, and was the same sort of animal, that is now termed a dandy. He had a little hat, that would not go on a good ploughman's fist ; his hair was *strutting* down his back and over his shoulders ; the buttons on his coat were the size of saucepans, and the skirts of the coat hung down behind to the small of his leg ; he had two watches, one on

each side of his stomach, a waistcoat that did not cover his breast, and light-leather small-clothes that came down below the calf, and were fastened there with bunches of ribbons, that were each as big as cauliflowers. Kit I saw was in great spirits, and had evidently some mad project in his head; but that, you know, was none of my business, if he did not choose to tell me of it. I had not, however, to ask him; for he mentioned at once what brought him to his parish priest. Poor Kit laboured under a great defect, for he stuttered so dreadfully, that you should know him for seven years before you could understand a word he said to you. He had a tongue that was exactly like a one-nibbed pen,—which will splutter and splash, and tease, and vex you, and do every thing but express the sentiments of your mind.

“Kit told me, in his own way, that he was going to be married the next day to a Miss Nelly Brangan, a rich huckster’s daughter in Dublin, who was bringing him a large fortune, and that he had accordingly, as in duty bound, come to me for his *‘sar-tiff-cat’*; and as a propitiation to me for the bad life he had led, he gave me a golden guinea, and a very neat miniature of the same coin. I could not refuse my certificate to such a worthy parishioner; and after wishing him long life and happiness, and plenty of boys and girls, I thought Kit would be after bidding me good morning. Kit, I found, had still something upon his mind. I asked him if I could oblige him farther. ‘Why, Father Reilly,’ says Kit, ‘that is a mighty purty little black horse of yours.’ ‘It is indeed, child,’ I answered; ‘but it is very apt to go astray; for it left me for a week, and only returned to me last night.’ ‘Ah! then, Father Reilly,’ says he, ‘it would be mighty respectable to see me riding up to-morrow morning to Miss Nelly Brangan’s shop-door with such an elegant black horse under me. May-be you’d lend me a loan of it?’ ‘Indeed, child, I will,’ I replied, ‘but I would not advise you to take it; for my horse has a way of its own and I have many friends between this and Dublin, that may-be it would sooner see than go to your wedding.’ ‘Oh! as to that,’ answered Kit, ‘if it was the devil himself, begging your Reverence’s pardon, I’d make him trot;—so lend me the horse and I’ll send it back to you to-morrow evening.’—‘Take it then, Kit,’ said I; ‘but I warn you that it is an uneasy beast.’

“It was not until eight o’clock the

next morning that Kit M’Gowran came for the horse, and, in addition to his dress the day before, he had a pair of spurs on him that would do for a fighting cock, they were so long and so sharp; and a whip that was like a fishing-rod.

“‘Well, Kit,’ says I, ‘when are you to be married?’

“‘Atten, your Reverence,’ answered Kit, ‘at ten to the minute.’

“‘Then, Kit, my boy,’ said I, ‘you should have been here at six to be in time, since you intend to ride the black horse.’

“‘Oh! bother,’ said Kit; ‘sure I am only six miles from town, and it’s hard if I don’t ride that in an hour,—so that in fact I’ll be before my time, and that wont be genteel; for may-be I’d catch Nelly Brangan with her hair in papers; and she wont look lovely that way, I know, whatever charms there may be in the *butter-cool* of gold guineas that the darling is going to give me.’

“‘Well, mount at once,’ I observed, ‘though I would advise you, if you are in a hurry—to walk.’

“I had hardly said the word, when Kit jumped into the saddle, and gave his horse a whip and a spur—and off it cantered, as if it were in as great a hurry to be married as Kit himself. I followed them as fast as I could to the top of the hill, and there was Kit cutting the figure of six like any cavalry officer with his whip, and now and again plunging his heels into the horse’s sides, and it kicking the stones before and behind it, and *tattling* over the road like lightning. In half a minute they were both out of my sight, and I thought that if any one could get to Dublin with the horse in an hour, Kit M’Gowran was the man to do it.

“For two miles of the road Kit went on gallantly. He was laughing and joking, and thinking to himself that I was only humbugging him in what I said about the horse, when in the very middle of a hard gallop, it stopped as if it had been shot, and up went Kit M’Gowran in the air, his long whip firmly fixed in his hand, and his long coat flying like a kite’s tail after him, and the words, ‘Who had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,’ in his mouth; and he had not time to cease saying them when he was landed head over heels in a meadow, seven or eight yards from the centre of the road! Kit was completely puzzled by the fall, he could not tell how he got there, or what caused it, or why he should be there at

all, instead of being on the horse's back, until he looked about him, and saw the creature taking a fine comfortable drink at a little well by the side of the road, where I always stopped to refresh it. Kit after scratching his head, and his elbows, and the back — of his coat; and indeed they required it—for they were a little warmer than when he set out—went over to the horse, mounted it, and rode off again on his journey; but I give you my word he did not gallop so fast nor use the whip so much as he had before the horse took a sup of the well water.

"The horse rode on as peaceable as a judge, and as if it were a poor priest, and not a rollocking young layman that was on its back; it went on so for about three quarters of a mile further, but when it got that distance Kit began to wonder at the way it was edging over to the right side of the road. Kit pulled to the left, but the horse still held on to the right; and while they were arguing this point with one another, the day-coach from Dublin kept driving up to them. The guard sounded his horn, as much as to say, 'Kit McGowan, don't be taking up the entire road with yourself and your horse.' Kit knew very well what the guard meant, and he gave a desperate drag to his own (the left) side of the road; but the horse insisted upon the right, and the coach driving up in the same line, the leaders knocked up against my horse, and sent it and Kit into the ditch together to settle there any little difference of opinion that might be between them! How long Kit lay in the ditch he could not rightly tell; but when he got out of it, he went to look after the horse, and about five yards nearer to Dublin than where the accident had happened, he found the little darling taking a feed of oats, which it always got from one of my parishioners, when I travelled that road; and now that he is dead and gone, poor man! (Tim Divine was his name,) I must say I never got any thing else from him. Kit waited patiently till the horse had eaten its fill, and he then looked at one of his watches, and it told him that it was ten o'clock, and he then looked at the other, and it as plainly shewed him that it was nine to the minute. Kit knew how his watches went, and he accordingly guessed that the truth lay between them; so that he found he had but half an hour to go a distance of four miles at least, to where he was to be married.

"Kit determined if he was to brea

his neck in the attempt, that he would be in Dublin to the minute he had promised, so that the instant he was on the horse's back again, he began cutting, and whipping, and spurring the beauty as hard and fast as his hands and legs would go—his legs particularly were working as fast as the arms of a wind-mill on a stormy day. The horse was not at first disposed to resent any indignity that was offered to it, particularly after the good feed and the good drink that it had got, so that it trotted on pretty quickly for half a mile or so; but Kit still continuing to whip and spur it, it first let on to him by one or two kicks, that it was displeased; but Kit not taking the hint, it *staggered* entirely. Kit lashed more furiously than he had done before—the horse curvetted about the road—it reared—it pranced—it kicked—it went in a circle round the same point fifty times. Kit leathered away with his long whip upon its ears, and nose, and the horse backed and backed, until it at last left Kit back at Tim Divine's door, from which he had started about an hour before! Tim was astonished to see the animal so soon coming back to him for another feed; but having been informed by Kit of the way he had misbehaved towards it, Tim became the interpreter for the poor dumb creature, and told the rider that the best manner of *managing* it was to let it go as it liked.

"Poor Kit resigned himself to his fate; that he should be late at his own wedding, he saw was inevitable; he was now too much tired to walk, and with a sigh he flung the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraged it to proceed again towards Dublin. It set off a second time from Divine's door; but ceased to gallop, to canter, or to trot—on it went at a most discreet pace, and as sober and as melancholy as if it had felt sorry for disappointing him, or that it was travelling with myself to a friend's funeral.

"Kit could at last hear the town bells striking one o'clock—he was at Island-bridge, and within view of Dublin—he could see Patrick's steeple pointing up into the sky, and looking as stiff and conceited as if it were rejoiced at the annoyance of a Papist, while the arches of "Bloody-bridge" seemed to be laughing to their full extent at the impudence of such a young fellow riding into Dublin upon no less a horse than the favourite pony of the parish priest of Leixlip! So at least, Kit was thinking, when the creature remembered that I

always stopped a day or two with Mrs. Robinson, a kind, good-body of a widow woman, that lived at the end of the bridge. In there it plunged; to the narrow little hole of a stable, never thinking of my friend Kit on its back, and in entering the door, he was swept clean of its back, and left stretched upon a dunghill, with his nose, face, and hands all scratched, by the new-dashed wall against which he had been driven! He cursed, but that he found did not cure his hands; he swore, but that he perceived did not improve his appearance; so that he soon desisted from such modes of venting his passion; and after washing his hands, putting a few plaisters on his face, rubbing the dirt off his small-clothes, and coaxing the little horse out of the small stable, he again mounted, and rode off for Dublin,—a far uglier, and less consequential personage, than when he had cantered up the hill of Leixlip that morning.

“Kit was now in Barrack-street—he was, at two o’clock, just four hours after the stated time in the city! ‘Now,’ thought Kit to himself, ‘my troubles are at length all over, and I have only to make the best apology I can for my unaccountable absence to my darling Mrs. M’Gowran, that is to be my little bride—the wealthy Miss Nelly Brangan *that was*.’ Such were Kit thoughts, when he heard two men talking behind him—

“‘Paddy, isn’t that the horse we were bid to be on the look-out for?’

“‘By dad, Dennis, if it isn’t, it’s very like it;—and do you see the fellow that’s riding it? He is mighty like the chap that was hung for horse-stealing at the last assizes.’

“‘So like, Paddy, that if it is isn’t him, I’d take my oath it’s one of the same gang. The horse, you know, is missing these five days; and do you see the patches on the robber’s face—that’s to disguise himself. A decent dressed man wouldn’t be in a fight, like one of us, Paddy, when we get a sup in our head.’

“‘That’s true for you, Dennis; and see, it has lob-ears, wall-eyes, bald-face, and a docked tail;—it’s the very horse. By my sowkins, we’ll seize him,—he’s a robber.’

“‘To be sure we will, Paddy,—he’s a robber, and an unchristian robber too, to steal from a priest! Knock him down, Paddy!’

“‘That I will, and welcome, Dennis!’

“Kit was in the act of turning round

to see a robber seized, when he felt his arms grappled by two stout freeze-coated countrymen, who both exclaimed in the same moment—‘Where did you get the horse, you robber?’

“Poor stuttering Kit stammered out, ‘I—I—I—g—g—got it—it—it—’

“‘Where, you sacrilegious thief!’

“‘In L—I—I—Leixlip,’ said Kit, after many minutes, and twisting his tongue like a ha’p’orth of tobacco, in his mouth, to make himself understood.

“‘Oh! the villain,’ said Paddy, ‘he has confessed it.’

“‘Yes he has, the scoundrel,’ exclaimed Dennis; ‘and do you see the confusion of the fellow—he can’t speak, he is so frightened at the thought of being hanged. Drag him off the horse, and take him to the police office.’

“In a minute Kit was torn from the horse. A crowd collected around him, who were immediately informed by Paddy and Dennis, that they had seized a robber, who had ‘stolen a priest’s horse, and was going to sell him in Dublin.’ Poor Kit was instantly assailed by the mob—his two watches dragged out of his fobs—his new coat torn to pieces—his little hat kicked to nothing—and his pantaloons covered with mud. Several times he attempted to say that he had got a loan of the horse; but the people were in too great a rage to attend to his stuttering, and he was dragged into the police office. Paddy and Dennis preferred a charge of horse-stealing against him; and he was such a dirty-looking blackguard, that the police officers at once handcuffed him, advised him to plead guilty, and removed him into the black hole, where he passed the night!

“But this did not end the misfortunes of unlucky Kit M’Gowran; for Miss Nelly Brangan, after inviting all her friends to a wedding dinner, and a large evening party, was determined that they should not be disappointed. She waited patiently for Kit until the dinner was dressed, and then—bestowed her hand and fortune upon one of her neighbours, a Mr. James Devoy, who was to be bridesman to Kit; but who, in his absence, resolved to discharge those duties for which Kit had been particularly engaged.

“This, my young friends, I hope will be a warning to you. Never borrow a priest’s horse, lest you should lose by the loan, a wife, a fortune, your liberty, two watches, and a new coat.”

*Tatt’s Edin. Mag*

THE FOXGLOVE.  
FOR THE OLIO.

Magnifico of flowers ! thy dusky bells,  
Like a Chinese pagoda—tier on tier,  
Swing their refulgent pendants to the sun  
In gorgeous ostentation. Never glowed  
The loom of gobelins richer,—nor trust  
In the starred field of Ardrea, where two  
kings  
Made splendour rivalry, saw statelier tints  
Than robe thy petals—Tyrian—with the die  
Of Damasc rose-flowers blended, and strown  
on  
With sun sparks, and with dappled whiteness  
like  
The palmy hart.

Yet not alone to bask  
In summer suns—not only to be fill'd  
With th' airs of golden June, and daintily  
Be toss'd o'er matted verdure of dim lanes,  
Are thou thus paragon'd ?—'tis also thine  
From thy red espolas to pour the dew  
Medicinal that sprinkling the tows'd couch,  
Bids fever quench her ineffectual fires ;  
And the great star whom ancient lore made  
Lord  
Of light and life, gives thee, in one rich boon,  
The pomp of colours, and the balm of health.  
HORACE GUILFORD.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A  
RASCAL.

"His name is never heard."

LATE one evening, a packet of letters just arrived by the English mail, was handed to Mynheer Von Kapell, a merchant of Hamburgh. His head clerk awaited, as usual, for any orders which might arise from their contents : and was not a little surprised to observe the brow of his wealthy employer suddenly clouded ; again and again he perused the letter he held, at last audibly giving vent to his feelings—

"Donder and blitzen !" he burst forth, "but this *is* a shock, who would have thought it ! The house of Bennett and Ford to be shaken thus !—What is to be done ?"

"Bennett and Ford failed !" cried the astonished clerk.

"Failed ! ten thousand devils ! not so bad as that ; but they are in deep distress, and have suffered a heavy loss ; but read, good Yansen ! and let me have your advice."

The clerk read as follows :

"London, August 21st.

"Most respected friend,—Yours of the 5th inst. came safe to hand, and will meet prompt attention. We have to inform you, with deep regret, that the son of the trustworthy cashier of this long-established house has absconded, taking with him bills accepted by our firm to a large amount, as per margin ; and a considerable sum in cash. We

have been able to trace the misguided young man to a ship bound for Holland, and we think it probable he may visit Hamburgh (where our name is so well known, and, we trust, so highly respected), for the purpose of converting these bills into cash. He is a tall, handsome youth, about five feet eleven inches, with dark hair and eyes, speaks French and German well, and was dressed in deep mourning, in consequence of the recent death of his mother. If you should be able to find him, we have to request you will use your utmost endeavours to regain possession of the bills named in the margin ; but, as we have a high respect for the father of the unfortunate young man, we will further thank you to procure for him a passage on board the first vessel sailing for Batavia, paying the expense of his voyage, and giving him the sum of two hundred louis d'or, which you will place to our account current, on condition that he does not attempt to revisit England till he receives permission so to do.

"We are, most respected friend,

"Your obedient servants,

"BENNETT, FORD & Co."

"Mynheer Von Kapell."

"My life on't," said Yansen, "tis the very lad I saw this day, walking up and down in front of the Exchange, who appeared half out of his wits ; looking anxiously for some particular object, yet shunning general observation : his person answers the description."

"That's fortunate," said the merchant, "you must devote the morrow to searching for him ; bring him to me if possible, and I'll do my utmost to serve my excellent friends, Bennett and Ford of London."

Early next morning, Yansen went to the Exchange, and kept an anxious watch for many hours in vain ; he was returning hopeless, when he saw the identical youth coming out of the door of a Jew money-changer ; he brushed hastily past him, exclaiming, "The unconscionable scoundrel ! seventy per cent. for bills on the best house in England !"

Yansen approached him. "Young gentleman," said he, in a very mild tone, "you appear to have met with some disappointment from that griping wretch Levi. If you have any business to transact, my house is close by ; I shall be happy to treat with you."

"Willingly," replied the youth, "the

sooner the better. I must leave Ham-  
burgh at day-break."

The clerk led him to the house of the merchant, and entered it by a small side-door, desiring the young man to be seated whilst he gave some directions. In a few minutes he re-appeared, bringing Von Kapell with him. The worthy Ham-  
burgher having no talent for a roundabout way of doing business, said bluntly. "So, Mynheer! we are well met; it will be useless to attempt disguise with me; look at this!" and he put into his hand the letter he had the night before received.

Overwhelmed with consternation, the young man fell at his feet.

"Oh heaven!" he cried, "I am lost for ever,—my father, my indulgent, my honourable father, is heart-broken and disgraced by my villany. My mother!" Here he became nearly inaudible, and hid his face in his hands. "You," he continued, "are spared all participation in the agony your wretched son is suffering."

"Boy, boy!" said the merchant, raising him, and quite melted at this show of penitence, "listen to me! are the bills safe! if so, you may still hope."

"They are," eagerly exclaimed the youth; "how fortunate that I did not listen to the offers of that rapacious Jew. Here, Sir, take them, I implore you," pulling from his breast a large pocket-book; "they are untouched Spare, but my life, and I will yet atone. Oh! spare me from a shameful death."

There was a pause, broken at last by Yansen's saying significantly to his employer, "as per margin."

The merchant turned to the unhappy young man. "Take heart," said he. "'Wenn die noth ist am grossten die hulfe ist am nachsten.\*' There's an old German proverb for you. Sit down and hear what I have to say. I think myself not a little fortunate in so soon being able to fulfil the wishes of my English correspondents; your natural alarm did not suffer you to finish their letter; you will perceive how generously they mean to act; their house's credit saved, they intend not to punish you. Read, read; and, Yansen, order some eatables, and a bottle or two of my old Heidelberg hock, trouble always makes me thirsty—three glasses, my good Yansen."

Again the young Englishman hid his face, and sighed convulsively, "I do

not deserve this lenity. My excellent father! this is a tribute to your virtue."

Von Kapell left his guest's reflections undisturbed, till a servant entered, who placed refreshments on a well polished oak table; when she retired they resumed.

"And now, what the devil tempted you to play the—runaway!" swallowing the term he had intended to use. "Was it for the wenches, or the dicing table?"

"Spare me, most kind and worthy sir, I intreat you! To my father I will make full confession of all my faults; but he must be the first to know the origin of my crimes."

"Well, well, take another glass of wine; you shall stay in my house till we can find a passage for you. It was but last night my good ship the *Christine* sailed for Batavia and —"

"Under favour," interrupted Yansen, "she has not yet left the harbour; the wind blew too fresh for her to venture on crossing the sand-banks at night, and it is now only shifting round a point or two."

"You are lucky, youngster," quickly added the merchant, "the *Christine* has noble accommodations; you shall aboard this evening. Put these in the chest, good Yansen," handing him the bills, "and count me out the two hundred louis d'or the boy is to have. Come, man! finish your meal, for I see," said he, regarding a vane on the gable of an opposite house, "you have no time to lose."

The meal was finished—the money given—the worthy merchant adding as much good advice as the brief space would permit. The Briton was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, promised amendment, and returned the warm clasp of Von Kapell, unable to speak for his tears. Yansen accompanied him on board, gave the owner's most particular charge to the skipper, to pay his passenger every attention on the voyage. The vessel cleared the harbour—was in a few hours out of sight—and the next morning, Mynheer Von Kapell wrote to London a full account of the transaction, returning the bills he had so fortunately recovered.

In less than a fortnight the following letter reached the good old German:—

"Sir,—We have to inform you, that we never lost the bills sent in your last favour, every one of which is fabricated, and our acceptance forged. Our cashier has no son, nor has he lost a wife. We are sincerely grieved that your

\* When things are at the worst they must mend.



friendly feeling towards our house should have led you to listen to so palpable a cheat.

"We remain, with great respect,

"Yours,

"BENNET, FORD, & Co."

"P. S.—If you should ever hear again of the person who you have, at your own expense, sent to Batavia, we shall be glad to know."

What can be said of the good old German's feelings, but that they may "be more easily conceived than described!"

*Monthly Mag.*

#### ARCHERY SONG. FOR THE OLIO.

Bright Phoebus, thou patron of poets below,  
Assist me of archers to sing;  
For you we esteem as the god of the bow,  
As well as the god of the string.

The fashion of shooting 'twas you who began,  
When you shot forth your beams from the skies;

The shy urchin cupid first follow'd the plan,  
And the goddesses shot with their eyes.

Diana, who slaughtered the brutes with her darts,

Shot only one lover or so;  
For Venus excelled her in shooting at hearts,  
And had always more string to her bow.

On beautiful Iris, Apollo bestowed  
A bow of most wonderful hue;  
It soon grew her hobby-horse, and as she rode  
On it, like an arrow she flew.

To earth came the art of the archers at last,  
And was follow'd with eager pursuit;  
But the sons of Apollo all others surpass'd,  
With such very long bows do they shoot.

Ulysses, the hero of Greece, long ago,  
In courage and strength did excel;  
So he left in his house an inflexible bow,  
And a far more inflexible belief.

The Parthians were bowmen of old, and their pride

Lay in shooting and scampering too;  
But Britons thought better the sport to divide,  
So they shot and their enemies flew.

Then a health to the brave British bowman be crown'd,

And their courage ne'er sit in the dark;  
May their strings be all good, and their bows  
be all sound,

And their arrows fly true to the mark.

SAGITTARIUS.

#### DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS.

We had repeatedly been told, by those who knew the land, that the second summer was the great trial to the health of Europeans settled in America; but we had now reached the middle of our second August, and with the exception of the fever one of my sons had suffered from the summer after our arrival, we had all enjoyed perfect health;

but I was now doomed to feel the truth of the above prediction, for before the end of August, I fell low before the monster that is for ever stalking through that land of lakes and rivers, breathing fever and death around. It was nine weeks before I left my room, and when I did, I looked more fit to walk into the Potter's Field, (as they call the English burying-ground) than any where else.

Long after my general health was pretty well restored, I suffered from the effect of the fever in my limbs, and lay in bed reading several weeks after I had been pronounced convalescent. Several American novels were brought me. Mr. Flint's Francis Berrian is excellent; a little wild and romantic, but containing scenes of first-rate interest and pathos. Hope Leslie, and Redwood, by Miss Sedgewick, an American lady, have both great merit; and I now first read the whole of Mr. Cooper's novels. By the time these American studies were completed, I never closed my eyes without seeing myriads of bloody scalps floating round me; long slender figures of Red Indians crept through my dreams with noiseless tread; panthers glared; forests blazed; and whichever way I fled, a light foot, a keen eye, and a long rifle were sure to be on my trail. An additional ounce of calomel hardly sufficed to neutralize the effect of these raw-head and bloody-bones adventures. I was advised to plunge immediately into a course of fashionable novels. It was a great relief to me; but as my head was by no means very clear, I sometimes jumbled strangely together the civilized rogues and assassins of Mr. Bulwer, and the wild men, women, and children slayers of Mr. Cooper; and, truly, between them, I passed my dreams in very bad company.

Still I could not stand, nor even sit upright. What was I to read next? A happy thought struck me. I determined upon beginning with Waverley, and reading through (not for the first time certainly) the whole series. And what a world did I enter upon! The wholesome vigour of every page seemed to communicate itself to my nerves; I ceased to be languid and fretful, and though still a cripple, I certainly enjoyed myself most completely, as long as my treat lasted; but this was a shorter time than any one would believe, who has not found how such volumes melt, before the constant reading of a long idle day. When it was over, however, I had the pleasure of finding that I

could walk half a dozen yards at a time, and take short airings in an open carriage; and better still, could sleep quietly.

*Mrs Trollope.*

A TRANSLATION OF  
CHATEAUBRIAND'S LAST POEM.

The coffin sinks—the spotless roses' pride  
Which on its lid a weeping father laid;  
Earth, thou didst bear them, and thou now  
dost hide

The flower and the maid.

Ah, give them never to this world again—  
This world of moaning and of misery,  
power!

The winds would spoil, the burning sun pro-  
fane,

The maiden and the flower.

Thou sleep'st, Eliza, and thou fear'st no more  
The withering influence of the noontide hour;  
The dewy morning of thy youth is o'er  
In maiden and in flower.

Thy sire, Eliza, o'er thy ashes leans,  
His aged brow with pallor overspread:  
Time spares the rugged oak, and near it  
gleams

The flower and the maid.

POLISH JEWS.

THE Jews occupy an important place among the population of Poland, not merely on account of their number, but from their engrossing so much of the wealth of the kingdom. A census of them has never perhaps been correctly made, as they have always avoided a capitation as much as possible, either from a superstitious notion that it is contrary to their law to number the people, as evinced in the punishment of David for that act, or more probably from an unwillingness to come under the immediate surveillance of government. The superior degree of toleration almost invariably extended to the Jews in Poland, has made their acquisition of wealth proportionably greater than it was once in other countries in Europe, when their lower and commercial classes were at the same stage of civilization. The wealth of the Jews makes them the objects of envy to the trading Poles, who have not yet succeeded in superseding them, and driving them out of the market, and consequently this feeling of hostility has prompted laws and interdictions against that sect, which somewhat entrenched on the boasted principle of toleration. Repeated statutes were passed to prevent their dealing in horses, keeping inns, or holding farms, and in the reign of Sigismund Augustus, death was made the penalty for disregard of this injunction. The liberal reforms of late years have removed these invidious restric-

tions, the privileges of citizens have been thrown open to them, and they have even been encouraged to apply themselves to agriculture. Their utility as agents has rendered them essential to the land proprietors, few contracts are made without their intervention, and few sales are effected without a deduction for Jewish brokerage. Most of the inns either belong to or are tenanted by this sect: the Jewish inkeepers are the most advantageous tenants to the landlord, therefore the nobles protect them in preference to Christians. They are the only interpreters for the traveller who has no knowledge of the language, and it is to them that he must apply to supply his wants.

The distinction of the Jewish dress is not yet entirely abolished in Poland; the long black robe, the beard and slippers, are still to be met with, though the modern costume of Europe is being gradually adopted.

The Polish Jews have been accused of betraying their country to the Russians by acting as their spies in 1812, and there is no doubt that the charge could be substantiated in too many cases, but it is unfair to extend it to the whole sect. The Poles themselves do justice to their conduct in the former wars of independence; when a whole regiment was formed solely of Jews under the command of Colonel Berek Tasielowicz, who distinguished themselves by great bravery until they were nearly all extirpated. It must also be mentioned that the young Jews of Warsaw have imitated this example in the present revolution.

The Polish Jews have also in some instances been eminent in learning and science; Abraham Stern is known as the author of some ingenious mechanical inventions, for which he has been admitted a member of the Royal Society of Warsaw.

A LADY'S MAN.

THE Squire of Dames is commonly a pert, pragmatical coxcomb, of from twenty to thirty years of age, who is not wholly unacquainted with fashionable society, but who has scarcely seen enough of it to acquire the polish of a perfect gentleman. In size he is rather diminutive, never exceeding the height of five feet five. If he has a smooth chin, light hair, and blue eyes, he is the more likely to be a genuine specimen; although we confess we have occasionally met with animals of

this genus with beards as black and mustachios as luxuriant, as those of the celebrated Baron Geramb. Your true Squire of Dames generally carries a Werter-like expression of mock-sublimity in his countenance, which now and then assumes an appearance of the most ludicrous self-importance. He dresses in the pink of the fashion, taking care to be particularly curious in his pantaloons and hose. He wears a profusion of rings and seals; which latter are suspended to his watch by a small gold chain of exquisite texture and workmanship. Immediately upon entering a room, he stalks up to the lady of the house; and having paid his compliments to her, pleads the privilege of his order to seat himself by her side. He then begins, in an extremely confidential tone of voice, to unburthen his memory of all the small scandal he has managed to collect since his last visit. Having made his impression upon *Madame*, he glides away to another part of the room, and gathering a cluster of female favourites about him, proceeds to reply to their interrogatories with laudable patience and imperturbable good-humour. "Have you brought me the bread seals you promised me, Mr. Lack-a-day? Where are the autographs you were to have sent me weeks ago? Do, there's a *good* creature to get me the 'Key to Almack's.' "I am dying to obtain it!"

"Have you been to Kew Gardens, for the anemone specimen you so kindly volunteered to procure for *Celestina*? She cannot finish her botanical drawing without it." These queries, all propounded in rapid succession, are all as speedily and satisfactorily answered, and the Squire of Dames turns a glance of pity on the poor male outcasts who are biting their nails in the distance.

#### AMERICAN NOTIONS OF ENGLAND.

I WILL give the minutes of a conversation which I once set down after one of their visits, as a specimen of their tone and manner of speaking and thinking. My visitor was a milkman.

"Well now, so you be from the old country? Ay—you'll see sights here, I guess."

"I hope I shall see many."

"That's a fact. I expect your little place of an island don't grow such dreadful fine corn as you sees here!"

"It grows no corn\* at all, sir."

\* Corn always means Indian corn, or maize.

"Possible! no wonder, then, that we reads such awful stories in the papers of your poor people being starved to death."

"We have wheat, however."

"Ay, for your rich folks, but I calculate the poor seldom gets a belly full."

"You have certainly much greater abundance here."

"I expect so. Why, they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your King George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't he?"

"I do not remember hearing of such a transaction."

"I guess they be pretty close about it. Your papers ben't like curn, I reckon? Now we says and prints just what we likes."

"You spend a good deal of time in reading the newspapers?"

"And I'd like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should free-men spend their time, but looking after their government, and watching that them fellers as we gives offices to, does their duty, and gives themselves no airs?"

"But I sometimes think, sir, that your fences might be in more thorough repair, and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics."

"The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country! Why, what's the smoothness of a road, put against the freedom of a free-born American! And what does a broken zig-zag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send up to Congress, speaks handsome and straight, as we chooses they should?"

"It is from a sense of duty, then, that you all go to the liquor store to read the papers?"

"To be sure it is, and he'd be no true born American as didn't. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor, but I do say that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not look after the affairs of his country."

Mrs. Trollope.

#### THE GREEK BARBER.

Who has not longed to become a pilgrim in the beautiful land of Greece, to inhale the perfume of her orange groves, and to pay his adoration at her classic and immortal shrines? Who has not longed to behold the beautiful Parthenon, the fabled Scamander, and

the glorious Thermopylae,—the grave of heroes! Few comparatively of our British voyagers have journeyed so far; they have explored every part of Italy and France; but Greece—classic Greece, has no charms for them; to be sure, the roads and the inns are indifferently bad, and they would find it inconvenient to get their tea. I love the country, and have some claim on the gratitude of its sons; for I have fought side by side with them against their barbarian spoilers, and have participated in their victories and defeat. Well may the tory Turks love to linger there,—their Prophet has not promised them a brighter resting place.

Thoughts of this nature were passing in my mind, as I reclined on a bank of soft turf, in the neighbourhood of Damala, canopied by the graceful and spreading branches of the lemon tree, smoking the fragrant weed of the Levant, and from time to time looking from the pages of the Arabian Nights, to the expanse before me, when I was roused by the notes of a bugle from our encampment. I started to my feet, and went to the parade. The route had at last arrived, and I found that we were to embark the same evening for Mitochi, a small farm in the neighbourhood of a heap of ruins, ancient and modern, marking the site of the famed Megara. Not wishing to participate in the bustle preparatory to an embarkation, and having no duty to perform, I crossed the ferry to Poros. Now the conveniences for the indulgences of the toilet, situated as I then was, were exceedingly limited; and seeing the depot of an artist, vulgarly recognised as a barber, abundantly stocked with clean towels, and keen-looking razors, I entered, and intimated my wish to have my hair cut, and the performance of other little operations in this line, to the effect that I might be made *comfortable*. I seated myself complacently upon the bench which was extended round the room, and folded my legs under me with as much grace as the little practice I had had in that position enabled me. Seeing that I was a Frank—Franks generally pay better than natives—the master of the shop approached me with an air of considerable deference. He was a good-natured-looking Greek, particularly neat and trim in his attire. He wore his crimson Phesi jauntily on one side, discovering a great portion of his very clean-shorn temple. His eyebrows were reduced to a beautifully fine curved line, his

moustaches, though very large and thick, were balanced to a hair,—in fact, it might be said of him, that he carried the best recommendation to his customer in his face.

From his waist hung a broad leathern strap, and his girdle was garnished with several razors of very peculiar construction, very narrow in the blade, and firmly fixed in straight wooden handles. He addressed me with an “Oriste Effendi, ‘Ti theles,”—“Command me, Sir!—what is your wish?” I signified my intentions—“Efihese,” said he, “speedily;” and with his left hand, stretching the strap that hung from his middle, he smoothed it down with his right, and ended by giving it two or three smart slaps, that sounded like the sharp crack of a rifle. The art of making this noise is as peculiar to the barbers of the East, as cracking a whip is to a French postilion. Having strapped a razor, he removed my cap, and I then thought it high time to enter a remonstrance, saying—that I did not wish to have my head shaved, but simply my hair cut. “I understood you so,” said he, “and am going to do it.”—“But,” interrupted I, “surely not with a razor,—have you not got a—” imitating the action of a pair of scissors with my fingers. “Do not be afraid,” said he; and a smile of contempt passed over his features as he, without further parley, applied his razor to my devoted head, and scraped therefrom a quantity of hair. “There,” said he, “if you are not content, I will send to my uncle Theodore, the tailor, for his shears.”—I was obliged to submit, though in the full expectation of being scalped at every stroke of his accursed tool. When he pronounced the operation ended, I was not a little surprised to find my hair very decently cut, and myself unhurt.

He then proceeded to place under my chin a pewter basin, with a large rim cut out to fit the neck; and having washed my chin and cheeks with his fingers, and rubbed them with a piece of hard soap, he removed the basin, and putting his foot on the bench on which I sat, he laid my head gently upon his knee. He went on to shave me, not as our barbers do by drawing the razor towards himself, but by pushing it from him outwards, pinching the skin up into ridges, and taking only at a stroke just the crown of each ridge, making it not only a tedious, but to me an excruciating operation, although, on the other hand, a very perfect one, for

the face will remain smooth and beardless for a day or two. They seem to cut about eight-and-forty hours' growth beneath the skin. This ended, he put some question to me; to which I, having no idea of the consequences, but supposing some matter of course, nodded an assent. He then tucked several towels down my neck and back, and gave me another pewter basin, of the same construction as the first, but much larger. I had before observed a wooden bracket, like an old-fashioned gallows, projecting from the wall, over my head, though without suspecting its use. Upon this he suspended a pewter pail, having a stop-cock in the bottom. He then produced a large wooden bowl, containing a quantity of soap, and, with a piece of raw silk, made a lather sufficient to have washed the whole population of the island. I saw him deposit this on the bench by his side, and bare his arms to the elbow. I witnessed all this preparation with some little anxiety, and even apprehension; but encumbered as I was by my position, and his infernal paraphernalia, he had me completely in his power; and as to remonstrance, he took an effectual method of cutting short any solecisms I might have committed against the dignity of Greek, by turning the stop-cock of the bucket above me, and with the speed of thought down came a torrent of scalding water! I tried to scream; the power of utterance was gone. I would have thrown the basin at him, but then my whole body must have been parboiled: I had nothing left but to endure. At last the deluge ceased. Now, thought I,—now, thou perfidious barber (though thou wert even the progenitor of Sir Edward himself!)—now will I be revenged of thee: I will dip thee in thy own copper, and hang thee up to dry like a lathered napkin, as a warning to all thy detestable craft how they exercise their atrocities upon confiding Franks. But, alas! I opened my eyes, glistening with the fire of fury, but to be quenched with tears of torture. Oh, the lather! the lather! In an instant I was smothered—eyes, nose, ears, and mouth—with the very sublimated essence of soap-suds! The souls of the great-grand-fathers of all barbers, throughout all generations, must have concentrated their devilish wickedness in this individual. He insinuated the accursed compound into my eyes, he blew it up my nostrils, he crammed it into my mouth, and thrust it into my ears.—Soap-suds and hot water! soap-

suds and hot water!! soap-suds and hot water!!! three times over.—I can no more; 'tis like Alonso's dagger,—

'It rouses horrid images, away with it!'

At last he took from a dome-topped towel-horse, that stood in the centre of the room over a basin of burning charcoal, a hot napkin, which he folded, turban-like, upon my head, while, with another, he dried my sodden countenance as well as he could: I was completely subdued—my spirit was broken—he might have tweaked me by the nose, and I should scarce have known it; but yet I wondered why these latter kindnesses were vouchsafed me. Alas! it was only to prolong my existence till I had endured, to their full extent, the enormities the monster yet meditated against me. He took my hand in one of his, and placing the other upon my shoulder, suddenly extended my arm, making every joint crack. The other arm——. But I hasten over this part of my narrative; the remembrance is too painful to dwell upon. He took possession of my head, and causing it to perform a *roulade*, after the fashion of our harlequins, he gave it such a dexterous twist on one side, producing a report that sounded to my hearing (almost the only faculty I had left) like the crack of doom! I thought the whole vertebral column was dislocated. He then placed me upright, my back against the wall, retreated some three or four paces, and, raising his hands, rushed with outspread palms against my chest, with such force as to cause the involuntary ejaculation of ha! as loud as an Irish paviour. The measure of his iniquity now being full, he called for a tchibouque and a cup of coffee, and presenting them to me in the most obsequious manner, this most insidious perpetrator of all these atrocities had the impudence to wish me a good health and many ages. Mechanically I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee, meanwhile all the soul I had left was occupied in devising vengeance. Vituperation? No! Should I, as the metaphysical Hamlet hath it,—

'Like a-hem—unpack my heart with words?'

No, no. I had just hit upon an idea,—

'Vengeance from her dark covert stalked abroad,

With all her snakes erect upon her crest,'

and just as she had "fired me with her charms," in walked one who was

'Native there, and so the manner born.'

I saw him seat himself and bare his

head; I saw the fatal bucket suspended over him by a Neophyte barber, with bare arms. Now, thought I,—

'When Grek meets Grek, then comes the tug of war.'

This individual underwent exactly the same series of operations as I had done, seeming even to court the playful cruelties of the wanton barber, by affording him every opportunity for their performance. I then became convinced of the necessity of doing as they do at Rome, and suffered my ire to cool. I signified my desire to pay, and was immediately approached by a mischievous-looking young urchin, bearing in one hand a circular mirror, set in a frame of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl, and in the other a bottle of perfumed water, with which he sprinkled my face and garments. After allowing me what he considered a sufficient time to contemplate the improvement his master had wrought in my appearance, he presented to me the back of the mirror, upon which I counted out twenty paras (two-pence), and further presented him with some five or six for himself. Whereupon he seized my hand, and inflicted upon it a violent kiss. I was then bowed out by the barber with a profusion of thanks for my *liberality*, and arrived at Damala just in time to find the route changed for Methana.

Such is the force of habit, that, after a time, my chiefest luxury in Greece was a thorough head-washing; barring, however, the joint-cracking, against which I always continued to protest with the most exemplary indignation, though always much to the amazement of the Greek barber. *Monthly Mag.*

#### THE MINSTER. FOR THE OLIO.

Colled in huge branchwork, where the grim arcade  
Shakes its black boughs, and sheds unlovely shade  
Around the princely Mercian's sainted pile,  
That stands so broad in darkness; save the file  
Of sculptured windows crimson with the light  
Of lamps, which mark within the vesper rite,  
November's eve hath gloom'd the starless sky,  
And the night-rust begins its plaintive cry;  
While the drear dirge that meditation loves,  
Winds thro' the leafless ancestry of groves.

The huge west front, where wonder sees  
By day  
Art's sculptured triumphs in sublime array;  
Where flowery wreathes o'erhang the lofty shrine,  
And accepted monarchs lead their stately line;  
Now lifts its dark mass to the lightless west,  
Save where (a jewel on a giant's breast)

The lamps illumine the mighty window's frame,  
Arch, mullion, transeme picturing the flame.

Hark! while the storm-flood revels from without,  
Within the choral Hallelujahs shout!  
Rolls thro' the aisles th' enormous organ's boom,  
And diapasons rock the Gothic dome.

Ah, thus when storms the Christian's path assail,  
And deep clouds close on life's dejected vale,  
Hope in our hearts thy painted lamp illumine,  
Faith guide our footsteps thro' the uncertain gloom:  
And love, calm inmate of the peaceful breast,  
Sing thy new songs to Him who gives us rest.  
HORACE GUILFORD.

#### Fine Arts.

##### NEW VIEWS AT THE DIORAMA.

This admirable public exhibition was re-opened, on Monday last, with two entirely new views—one of Paris, from Montmartre, by M. Daguerre, and the other of the Campo-Santo of Pisa, by M. Bouton. The former is not better than many other pictures we have seen here; the latter, probably, the very best ever exhibited: it is equal, at least, if not superior, to the celebrated view of Canterbury Cathedral, which has hitherto been generally considered as the highest triumph of the dioramic art. We certainly never saw architectural perspective in greater perfection. The optical illusion is so complete, that it requires an effort of reflection to convince ourselves that we are not in the midst of the actual Campo-Santo. We extract the following description of the scene to which M. Bouton has done so much justice, from *J. P. Cobbett's Tour in Italy*:—

"The grandeur that now remains at Pisa, though it lies in a smallish compass, is still enough to make her highly interesting. There is a duomo or cathedral, a baptistry, a campanile or belfry, and a burying-place called the Campo-Santo, or holy-ground. These stand just within the wall of the city; they are all four very near each other; and you see them to great advantage, for there are no other buildings in the way on any side. They are all built of one material, one sort of marble; and one would suppose, on a general view, that they were all of the same age, and made, as it were, to go together. They were not, however, all planned by the same architect, nor erected at one time. The building of these edifices occurred at different dates, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The cathedral, and the baptistry which stands close by it, are two of the finest build-

ings I have ever seen. There are many fine pictures, and pieces of statuary, in the inside. But the bronze doors are the objects most worthy of admiration, and these it is impossible not to admire exceedingly. We cannot help wondering, too, to see how little injury has been suffered by such old buildings, either from time or ill-will. The bell-fry has the name of Leaning Tower, from its having a considerable inclination to one side. It is in the form of a round tower, is nearly 200 feet high; and its leaning, or departure from the perpendicular line, is full as much as four English yards. Some people, particularly the Pisans, attribute the producing of this curiosity to design in the artist, and would have you believe that it is a miraculously successful prank in architecture; but soberer judges are of opinion that a sinking at the foundation has been the cause. The Campo-Santo is a most beautiful and most curious thing. It is a large rectangular building. The interior space is, like any other burying-ground, open to the air. All that of it, indeed, which is under roof, consists in a wide and elegant arcade, which goes, on the inside of the Campo, all the way round the wall. The inner side of the roof is supported by columns, and the outer side rests on the wall. All the inside of the wall is covered with paintings, in fresco, the greater part of which are relating to subjects from Scriptural history. Dante's *Inferno* is one of the things here handled by the painter; and truly infernal he has made it. Beside the paintings, there are statues in marble, monuments, and tombs. The tomb of *Algarotti* is here. It is said that the earth contained in the area of the Campo-Santo was actually brought all the way from the Holy Land. This circumstance it is which renders the place so curious. We are told that the earth was brought here by Archbishop *Lanfranchi*, when he returned from the wars in the Holy Land, which was before the building now called Campo-Santo was commenced. This occurred upwards of six hundred years ago. And hence it was that the spot obtained the name of Holy Ground. Some of the fresco paintings here were made more than four hundred years ago. Some parts of them are, it is true, considerably damaged; and restorations have been made of late years. But, what a sign of the climate is this, that most of these paintings, paintings against a plaster wall and exposed to the air, are still so

nearly perfect. It is a wonder, indeed, that they have not all been entirely effaced for ages past."

#### MR. LOUGH'S GALLERY.

WE take blame to ourselves for not having paid an earlier visit to the exhibition of this artist's works in sculpture. Mr. Lough is the same gentleman who a few years since was labouring in his profession, in one of the narrow streets of the Strand, now banished by the "vast improvements" in the neighbourhood of Exeter Change. This artist's fame has rapidly increased since that period, and what he has now brought forward for the eye of his brother-artists and the man of taste, bears good evidence of his industry. The place he has chosen for his exhibition is a spacious gallery in Great Portland Street. Although we recognised among the various groups several of our old favourites, exhibited some time since at the Egyptian Hall, we were not less pleased on a second view. The latest performances are, "*Orpheus*," "*The Expulsion*," and "*Satan*." The former is a beautiful work, and, as the catalogue informs us, is to be executed in marble for Sir Matthew White Ridley. The other two subjects are, of course, from Milton's sublime poem, and the republican poet himself might, we think, view them and approve.

Those who have never inspected the works of this talented artist, may now have an opportunity of viewing nearly the whole of them. We cordially wish Mr. Lough the success to which his genius entitles him, and recommend a visit to his gallery to every lover of this, the most difficult, and grandest branch of the fine arts.

#### Cable Talk.

MODERN ITALIAN POETRY.—Italy abounds in poets; in poetasters at least. The people here are as much prone to poetry, as the people in Sussex are to pudding. There is a too great facility for versification and rhyme in their language, which, by everlastingly inviting them to string words together with a jingle, has perhaps given the Italians credit for even more imagination than they have. They fall into rhyme upon occasions that make it perfectly absurd. I have met with a captain in the Italian army who has been writing about rural economy. He has a little treatise on what he calls *la*

*panisfactione del gran Turco*, that is, the way of making bread of Indian corn; which he read to me with much gravity. The captain's flour is hardly well in the tub, when he breaks forth with half a dozen rhymes in praise of the food that is to be made of it; then he kneads the dough in sober prose; but has another stanza before the batch goes into the oven! The productions of the imitators of Petrarch, the sonnetteers, are remarkable for their want of meaning: nothing can be quite so insipid as an Italian sonnet.—No one is long in Rome without perceiving the truth of the old Italian saying—"The Tuscan language in a Roman's mouth." The common people have a disagreeable patois of their own, which they pronounce with an ugly sing-song nasal twang. It is not here as in Tuscany, where the language of all classes is equally pure in grammar and equally insignificant in sound. Here the many speak ill, and the few correctly. But, the language of the few makes amends for that of the many. It is delightful to hear the well-bred Romans talk; they pronounce every syllable so distinctly and with so much fullness of sound. At Rome the "bastard Latin" really bears some resemblance to the genuine language of the ancients. The voices of the Romans are often strong and harsh: this is particularly observable in the women, many of whom speak with a kind of croak that is very disagreeable. Some of them give a roughness to their language that would seem almost impossible for this language to have in any mouth. But, hear a Roman lady who has a voice like that of an English woman talk her own language, and then you hear Italian in perfection. So much does the smoothness, the harmony of a language, depend on the voice in which it is uttered. I have been told that the voices of the German women make their language musical; and I can almost believe this, after knowing how much discord may be imparted to the Italian.

**A FRENCH GIANT.**—A family of silk-weavers, living in the quarter St. Jacques, of Paris, consisting of a father, mother, and child, all of whom enjoy uninterrupted and vigorous health; the former two, ever since their marriage, have continued to live, upon four pounds of coarse wheaten bread, and one pound of beef daily, these substances being so distributed that one-fourth of each is eaten by the mother, one-fourth by the child, and two-fourths by the father;

in addition to these substances, they take nothing during the day but a little coffee, not remarkably strong, in the morning; and when business is remarkably flourishing, once upon a time, by way of holiday feasting, a few vegetables, such as haricot bean, cabbage, or potato. The husband is from Caen, forty-five years of age, nine feet ten inches (English measure) in height, and very robust and fat; the wife is from Lyons, thirty-four years of age, about five feet (English measure) in height, and very strong and muscular; the child is also strong, and healthy, and nine years of age. The parents have been married eighteen years, the whole of which period they have dwelt in the same part of Paris.

### Varieties.

**NOLLEKENS**, the celebrated sculptor, died immensely rich. "His singular and parsimonious habits," said his biographer, "were most observable in his domestic life. Coals were articles of great consideration with Mr. Nollekens; and these he so rigidly economised, that they were always sent early, before his men came to work, in order that he might have leisure time for counting the sacks, and disposing of the large coals in what was originally designed by the builder of his house for a wine-cellar, so that he might lock them up for parlour use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway, and their candles wasted. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens used a flat candlestick when there was any thing to be done; and I have been assured, that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted them a "whole year!" Insensible as Nollekens generally was when looking at works of ancient art, in no instance, except when speaking of Flaxman, did he depreciate the production of modern artists; on the contrary, he has frequently said, when he has been solicited to model a bust, "Go to Chantrey—he's the man for a bust; he'll make a good busto for you; I always recommend him." He has been known to give an artist, who could not afford to purchase it, a lump of stone, to enable him to execute an order, though at the same time he has thrown himself into a violent passion with the cat, for biting the feather off an



old pen with which he had for many years oiled the hinges of his gates when they creaked.

**ANECDOTE OF THE PLAGUE.**—A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review relates the following anecdote of the plague:—"In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young, and then the old, of a whole family, dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door, with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered; and, amid

a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more."

**SHEPHERDS IN CUMBERLAND.**—The cottages in some parts of Cumberland are often widely scattered, and a great number of the people are engaged as shepherds, herdsmen, &c. Frequently have I witnessed in these and other mountainous districts, a delightful illustration of the good Shepherd, wherein it is said, "the sheep know his voice." When the sun is about to set, a shepherd's boy advances along the foot of a chain of mountains, and giving a signal by a peculiar call or whistle, the flocks, which were scattered like spots of snow over those stupendous heights, begin to move simultaneously, and collecting as they pour down the steep descent, approach him in order, without leaving behind one solitary straggler.—*Wilderpin's Early Discipline.*

**FEROACITY OF CATS AT TRISTAN D'ACUNA.**—When the first settlers arrived here, they brought with them several cats; some of which unfortunately escaped into the bushes, and have increased so rapidly, that they have become quite a nuisance. Poultry had run wild, and the climate was so congenial that they multiplied prodigiously, and were to be found in all parts of the island in abundance; but since the cats have been introduced the poor fowls disappear rapidly. Indeed these wild cats come so near the settlement as to attack and carry off the domestic poultry. I was out a few mornings ago, when the dogs caught one upon the beach. The nature and appearance of the animal seem quite changed; all the characteristics of the domestic cat were gone; it was fierce, bold, and strong; and stood battle some time against four good dogs, before it was killed.

## Diary and Chronology.

Wednesday, 1st August.

Lammas day; i. e. Lamb Mass, or, according to some "Loaf Mass," it being a day of oblation. The term "Latter Lammas," is used to signify a time that never comes.

Monday, 6th August.

Transfiguration; in memory of the transfiguration of our Lord's appearance on Mount Tabor.

Tuesday, 7th August.

Name of Jesus. Dedicated to this by our reformers, instead of *Altra*, or Donatus, of the Roman calendar.

Friday, 10th August.

St. Lawrence of Spain. This saint suffered martyrdom about the year 258.

Sunday, 12th August.

1762—King George IV. born.

Wednesday, 15th August.

Assumption of the Virgin Mary. Festival of the Greek and Romish churches, in honour of the ascension of the Virgin into heaven.

# The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXXI—Vol. IX.

Saturday, July 28, 1892



See page 486.

## Illustrated Article.

### THE ACE OF CLUBS.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

AT English fairs, business and merriment are kept rather distinct. The buying and selling of sheep, oxen, and horses, commonly occur before the gingerbread-booths, the toy-booths, and the dancing-booths—(such as the dancing in the latter is found to be)—are visited, and take place upon some spot detached from the crowded encampments of pleasure and finery. At Irish fairs, however, important sales, half-penny adventures in gambling, love-making, dancing—("the right sort of a fair")—and perhaps some harmless fighting, used, in our time, to go hand in hand from the opening of the blessed day. Hence, our Irish fair was a less orderly but more rousing scene than one in this inveterately decorous island. While the mind of a serious spectator is filled with the important circumstance of groups of "strong farmers" bargaining about the transfer of fifty or a hundred great horned beasts, his

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livelier or lighter sensibilities might be appealed to by the oratory of the proprietress of a show of fragile nick-nacks, alarmed lest some of those animals should overthrow and shatter at a touch her whole stock in trade: or a rich-cheeked country girl, laughing loudly, and struggling "just for decency," half caused by her half-proffered lips, the uncouth smack which startles our observer, and which is the payment for her swain's "treat" to a grass-green ribbon, or a pair of scarlet garters; or the rub-a-dub of a set of "jiggers," with their cries of ecstasy, strikes upon his ear from some adjacent public-house; or perhaps two "factions," who have been at war—as they would themselves say—"ever since their grandfather's time," emit fiercer shouts, as, huddled amongst cattle of all descriptions, and striking the animals as often as their own heads, they fight their twentieth pitched battle for some cause of dispute which neither can explain.

About forty years ago, when the reader had most to do with such an assemblage, an accompanying feature, now almost worn out by the progress of gen-

tility, was observable. While elderly farmers plodded to the important rendezvous strictly in the spirit of men of business, their sons, or perhaps some youthful landholders of four or five hundred acres, pushed in from the country on nearly whole-blood horses, arrayed in the Sunday suit, which, at each weekly mass, made them the stars of their district chapels, purely or chiefly to ride up and down through the throngs of men, women, and beasts, vouching their attractions in the face of half the assembled county, and also in the faces of rural "darkers," of the other sex, who, perched on pillions behind their fathers, and flaming in all colours, came pretty nearly in the same policy, to the great general mart for the day.

A group of such gallant amateurs, standing still because they have been blocked up by surrounding droves of cattle, is presented to the reader, at the fair, holden about forty years ago, to which we direct our attention. The young men were all known to each other; and they talked or laughed cheerily, and seemed fully enjoying their day's adventures.

"But stop, boys," said one, "here comes Martin Brophy, and if he sees us so merry he'll swear we're laughing at himself."

"And then put a quarrel on us all," said another.

"Then ye won't spake to him, boys?" asked a third.

"What is the use, Jack? Ever since things went so conthrary against him, you can't look but he thinks it a slight, so that there's no managing with Martin; and I, for one, will just let him go quietly by on his poor broken-doon half-blood."

"Besides, Tom, though an auld head can't be put on young shoulders, (a truth we all stand up for,) Martin *does* the *vengeance*\* entirely, in regard of his behaviour to little Catty Morissy."

"Yes, and the priest *caoling* him† for it, at last mass, Sunday-se'nnit (week,)" added a pious person of the party; "but here he is! See, boys!" speaking loudly, and pointing his whip to a drove of cows and oxen, while the eyes of his companions followed him—"them browns is the clanest cattle in the fair, to my mind."

Martin Brophy passed them with eyes studiously averted in the opposite direction, as if he had determined to an-

ticipate their alight; and yet his erect carriage, his knitted brow, and his protruded lips, destroyed the ease which should have given to the act its best expression, and suggested, instead, a bitter and haughty consciousness of the presence of his former companions in the carouse, and in the sporting-field.

They continued their observations by turns.

"There he goes—the proudest and the poorest grandee in Leinster."

"Look at the hat!—the poor hair will be growing through it with the next crop."

"But the auld green!"—(Martin's coat)—"it aught to bring him new ones by that time, for it's long ago it ran to seed between his shoulders."

"And what brings him to the fair, boys?"

"To sell auld Nora:" (Martin's skeleton steed.)

"Yes—to the tannera."

"Or to cut a dash on her back-bone."

"Ay—before Dora Marum; only she's not here; I stopt at the house, to-day morning, to know if she'd be at the fair with auld cranky Dan, the father of her; but, no, purty Dora couldn't come."

"Then Martin won't take the light out of her eyes, entirely, this blessed day."

"Hoot, tut, man-a-live; in jest or earnest, that's all gone by; Dan gave him the cauld shawldher, long ago."

They separated to resume the exhibition of their handsome steeds and admirable persons through the fair. We follow the individual of whom they have been speaking.

He was a man as young as any of them; better featured than any, notwithstanding that premature sufferings and the conflict of strong passions had thinned and swarthed his cheek; nay, his air, and the character of those features gave him nearer claims than any to a gentleman-like appearance, although, as they had truly remarked, his attire was shabby.

He had not overheard a word of the jeers spoken at his expense, but his sensitive mind imagined such a dialogue between his former friends, and imagined it to an extent even beyond the reality; and the petty ferment consequently called up in his bosom, worked his features and temper more violently than greater misfortunes had that day done.

They scoffingly wondered why he ap-

\* Went too far.

† Rebuking him.

peared at the fair. Martin Brophy could not, himself, have satisfied their idle and cruel curiosity. He could only have stated, were he so inclined, that upon the approach of bailiffs to his house, early in the morning, to seize his furniture—the last of his earthly goods—he had run to the stable, saddled old Nora, jumped on her back, and while his mother's low wailings filled his ears, pushed the feeble beast out of sight and hearing of a scene which maddened his heart, but which he could not help; and that then, waywardly yielding to an unaccountable impulse, he had hurried into the thick of another scene, the most unlikely of any he might select, to assuage his angry feelings.

"And this," he muttered, "this is the end of slashing Mick Brophy's devil-may-care days; of his hunting days, and his dancing days, and his cock-fighting days: ay, and of his good-fellow nights, with their songs, and their brave cursing and swearing, and screeching and tattering. O father! you left us too soon for Mick's good. Luck out of your grave and see him now. Not worth a lady halfpenny stock-lock and barrel; not a dacent tack to his back; the auld mother crying at home to the bare walls in the empty house; Dora Marum lost; and these very *housts*\* that you left me a head-and-shoulders over—and that I made my aquals only to let them make me what I am at last come to—these very scheming, cringing, *palavering*† hounds—Oh!"—yielding to the bitterness of his immediate position—"by the light o' the world! I'd almost stop thinking of every thing else that oncé pleased me, only for as much good fortune as would again put me where I was—above them; and then, with my foot on their necks, instead of the hand to their hands, as it used to be!"

His reverie was interrupted by the quick approach of two bodies of screaming rioters. As they capered past him, he drew, even from their noise and outrage, a renewed cause for embittered regret. "Ay! Dullard's faction and Campion's faction!" repeating their war-cries and now soliloquizing rather aloud—"But who shouts Brophy's faction to-day! though I remember the day when if any tenant or follower of his shouted that name, a hundred good *alpeens* would jump at the sound."—"An' there's one, at laste, to shout it

yet, Masther Martin," said a low, thick-necked, red-headed lad at his side—"whoo!" jumping among a pacific crowd—"whoo for Masther Brophy! who'll look crooked at him?—will you? or you?"

Martin was much surprised at this unrecognized friend so Quixotically challenging the whole world on his account; but as the hero, after prancing here and there, and peering up hostility into many faces, only earned for his stunted, burly, unwarlike figure, and for the cause it abetted, contemptuous sneers or loud laughter, on the part of the athletic fellows around him, poor Brophy's wonder changed into increased mortification.

A little old man, dressed in the common peasant garb of the district; namely, coat, vest, breeches and hose, all grey, with a two buckled flaxen wig, and a foxy felt hat, staggered up the street, holding a stick, and every now and then stopping and trying to balance himself in order to make a solemn drunken soliloquy; and upon these occasions he feebly flourished his stick, and seemed to come to the conclusion that he was aggrieved and valiant.

"Or you!" continued Martin's knight, as the old fellow met his eye; "mind this, Masther Martin"—speaking under his breath, while he passed Brophy—"a friendlier blow was never struck for your good"—and darting on, down tumbled the man of soliloquies, and with a dozen pursuers at his heels, Martin one of them, away scampered the aggressor. For notwithstanding the lad's whisper, Martin could not think that the little old man had anything to do with him, nor with his assaulter. There was in the blow a matter-of-fact kind of character; its very sound on the other's skull might suggest an act without a motive, an effect without a cause.

None of the indignant pursuers succeeded in apprehending the red-haired champion; and Martin returned to console with the inconsiderable victim, sacrificed so much against his will, to his feudal importance.

The sire had arisen and gone on. Partly by inquiries, partly by a gory and devious tract, Martin traced him out of the fair, and then out of the town. Spurring his sorry nag, he overtook him upon the road towards his own sad home. The sufferer still staggered, but now more from weakness than inebriety.

"Tell me that young rascal's name, daddy."

\* Faltry fellows.

† Sympathetic.

"Throth, an' I don't know the poor boy's name."

"Come back into the town, then; he will surely be caught, and you must be ready to take the law of him."

"Why then," in a very kind and simple tone, "I believe we can't do that, either, *a-vick*," (my son); "I owe the poor boy no ill-will, an' sure I won't go for to put him in raal throuble, jest for a little matther of a *clipe*," (blow,) "of a stick, that I'm sure, afore my Maker, there was no harum in; an' I'll engage he's a good, honest, poor slob for all that."

"Then let me help you a bit of the road, daddy:" Martin alighted, and throwing Nora's bridle over one arm, caused his tottering companion to lean on the other.

After walking along slowly for some time—"The blessing be in your path for ever, *a-vick*; sure here's my poor cabin," said the old man, stopping at the closed door of a very inferior habitation even of the kind he named.

"This?" questioned Martin Brophy—"why, this, I remember, used to be Musha Merry's—and stop" looking attentively into his face—"Yes, now—I remember you too—you are ould Musha Merry, our great fairy-man."

"Hush, hush, *a-pet*—manners to *them*—manin' you no offence, but the best o' good, contrhary-wise: poor Musha Merry I am—their friend, an' the friend o' the good Christhms, whenever *they* let me."

"Oho!" ejaculated Martin, assuming a sneer, but from the effects of his early education, not fully feeling it however—"and didn't you send a body to me, the other day, to tell me not to let the heart be cast down entirely, for all that's come and gone, yet?"

"Of a thruth, an' so I did, *a-vick*; jist out o' the pity is on my soul for your only throubles, an' the kind-of-a-sort-of a knowledge I have that there's loock in store for you, let the priest scauld you an' curse you, off o' the althar, as often as he likes, please his reverence."

"With help from the fairies!" laughed Martin.

"O, hush, now again, *a-vick*, an' call them no names, but lave them to themselves, my honey Masther Martin; an' no, in throth no; but wid help from them, sure they haven't the power to give the riches, like others, much as they can do in every thing else."

"Then with help from the Barry-mount gang?"

"Avoch, nien, nien, entirely; dav you think, Masther Martin Brophy, my pet, I'd go for to give you the advice to take part wid them rampancees o' the arth?—Nien, nien;—and yet,"—speaking more expressively—"there's a way, so there is—but hush, again!" the door of his cabin opened, and a group of men and women appeared at it, scraping their feet or dropping curtsies to him. "See, here's some o' the poor neighbours waitin' for me to give 'em the good o' the trifle o' knowledge that's come to me, somehow or someway—a good day to ye, neighbours, bonies; come in, Masther Martin, *a-vick*, an' jest tie your bridle to the hasp, and rest yourself on the chair a bit, and when I domy endayvours for the poor Christhms, sure then you an' I can go on wid our own little *shamachus*—(gossiping.)"

Doing as he was exhorted, Martin Brophy followed Musha Merry into his cabin. More people than had appeared at the door were tarrying for him under its roof, the greater number women, who sat on the mud floor, with their backs to the mud wall. Martin was aware that, as patients crowd the waiting-rooms of a popular town or city physician, these persons had come to get charms from Musha Merry, for evils inflicted upon themselves, or upon their families, or upon their cows, horses or crops.

Occupying "the chair," so described, because it was the only one in the house, Martin looked on attentively, and with more deference towards the wise man's gifts, than his language might have expressed at the door: for unconsciously he agreed in the general homage now paid, in his presence, to the wizard-doctor, if, indeed, he had ever really felt disposed to withhold his share of it.

Musha Merry first retired behind a wicker partition, or screen, which ran half way across the waste apartment, at its upper end, expressing modestly, an intention to charm his own broken head, before he engaged in the service of any other afflicted person: and after having been invisible for a short time, he reappeared, every previous mark of violence effaced from his cheek and temple, or hidden under a more ample wig, while his crabbed old features simpered all over with their usual insinuating good nature and his glossy grey eyes were almost shut up in the pucker of wrinkles, which the bland expression induced round them.

A pale, melancholy over-watched

woman, arose, curtsying, and calling him "sir," and stated the first case that claimed his professional attention. "The good people" had sent a great "faver" (fever) to her only son, and the doctor gave the boy up, and the priest gave him up, and what was she to do?—Musha Merry made very light of the matter, and of the skill of his learned brethren, the doctor and the priest, and speaking smooth words of comfort and assurance, gave her a little phial filled with some coloured liquid, murmured at her ear directions for administering it, received his fee, and the sorrowful woman slept lightly over the threshold.

A half-starved catlier next represented, in a whining, miserable voice, how his one cow had been "overlooked." The fairy-man handed him a little bag to tie under her left ham, and smilingly pocketed sixpence more.

A second woful mother, holding an emaciated, silent, starving infant upon her arms, more from her squatting position at the wall, and her words were—"Avoch, Mither Musha Merry, sir, sure this poor crature of a baby isn't wid me at all, but gone off wid them"—meaning, and plainly understood to mean, notwithstanding the seeming puzzle of two identities, that the child which, a few months before, she had brought into the world, had been kidnapped by the fairies, and the certainly preternatural looking babe she held out for inspection, left in its stead.

Another poor peasant applied to have "the fairy-worm pult out of his tooth, because it wouldn't let him sleep night or day, wid the stin' it war givin' him;" and Musha Merry procured a cow's horn, burnt a reed in it, put the pointed end into the patient's gaping mouth, whispered at the other end, then shook it over the palm of his hand till a little red worm fell out; and the man departed with a happy grin on his features, declaring that his tooth-ache was perfectly cured.

Many more curious complaints received fit attention from the fairy-doctor. At length Martin Brophy and he were left alone. Then old Musha Merry bolted the crazy door of his desolate cabin, and rubbing his hands softly, and simpering in his most affectionate style, approached the young man, and seated himself upon a large stone at his feet.

"And so this is *not* the way I'm to win the good luck that is in store for me?" said Martin.

The wizard slightly glancing towards

the upper end of the cabin, softly said, "It is not."

"And yet there *is* a way you tell me," resumed Martin Brophy, after a break in the conversation, during which his companion kept his eyes fixed on the floor, now very serious.

"There *is*," slowly answered Musha Merry: and he did not offer to go on, nor yet raise his head. Deep silence ensued, except that Martin could distinctly hear every wheezing respiration of the old man at his feet. The pause and his situation began to grow disagreeable to Martin Brophy, he could not tell why. As his eye glanced round, a washy gleam of December sunshine which, entering through a small aperture in the broken thatch roof, crept over the rough floor, as unaccountably made him almost start. In fact, the young farmer *was* superstitious, and the dreary and peculiar loneliness and silence of the fairy-man's abode, together with the mysterious hint as to "the way" in which he was to retrieve his fortune, and the suspended explanation of that hint, fully called up this weak sentiment.

Still Musha Merry did not go on, and Martin resumed in a low voice: "Well, and what *is* that way?"

His counsellor now looked up into his face, every feature at rest, and his shadowy grey eyes widely opened;—the change of expression was, indeed, so remarkable, that Martin Brophy returned, in a kind of fascination; the glossy and vague glare with which he found himself regarded.

"You're afeard o' the priest, so you are, tho' he done his best on you already, or I'd tell you," said Musha Merry.

"Curse the priest!" cried Martin Brophy, in a mixed feeling of impatience at the wizard's hesitation, and anger at, as he believed, the unmerited disgrace which his clergyman had stamped on him.

"That 'll do for a beginnin'" muttered the old man; "an' now I'll *show* you the way, afore I tell it to you;" he arose from the stone; "you have'nt much o' the goold or the silver in your pockets, Masther Martin, a-vich?"

"Not a cross to keep the devil out o' them—and my mother is at home without her dinner."

"Ochone!—an' sure that's a hard case—but a friend is near at hand, Masther Martin; never mind me, for a start now, only observe this."

He drew a dingy card from his

bosom, and, holding it out for his companion's inspection, Martin saw that it was the Ace of Clubs: and then Musha Merry hobbled to the upper end of the waste apartment, and hid himself behind the wicker partition.

"I'm kneelin' down, a *vick-me-chree*," (son of my heart,) he said from his concealment. Martin's bosom beat quick. In short time the old man's voice sounded again.

"An' now it's time for you to put your hand in your hat that's close by your side."

Martin did so, and his moving fingers caused to jingle in the hat some pieces of coin. He snatched it up, looked into it, and saw three guineas. His bosom's quick throbbing was arrested by a spasm, and as Musha Merry again advanced, smiling in a congratulating and affectionate manner, he saw that his young friend was deadly pale.

"You knelt down, you say, to send me these?" questioned Martin Brophy.

"Troth, ay, on the poor two knees, a-vich."

"Did you pray?"

"Och, an' sure I did, from the bottom o' my heart."

"Tell me ——" Martin slowly stood up, and glanced stealthily round the cabin as he whispered—"Tell me—did you pray—to God?"

Musha Merry bent his head close to Martin Brophy's face, and also answered in a whisper—"No."

Martin sprang to the door, and began hastily to unbolt it, having put up, however, almost unconsciously, the three guineas.

"An' you won't wait to larn *the way*, yourself?" asked the old man, as he crossed the unhallowed threshold.

Martin muttered an incoherent dissent.

"Well, a-vich; when it's most plasin' to you, to get the bapes o' goold, instead o' them three beggarly guineas, sure you know who to come to, to larn you;—or, if you like, I'll be in the little glin o' Coile at the flint light, to-morrow mornin';—it's a good place for talkin' of id."

Without uttering a word, Martin mounted old Nora, and rode off.

"Come out here to me, now, Maurice, you poor creature," continued Musha Merry, again carefully bolting his cabin door.

A man about forty strode from behind the wicker screen. Before he appeared there had been a rustling, as if of straw, and from his rubbing his eyes, and

also from the fact of bits of straws being stuck through his tangled black hair, and to different parts of his attire, it would seem that this concealed inmate of the cabin was asleep, or dozing, previous to Musha Merry's call. His person and limbs were athletic and coarse, his brow scowling; and he held a large pistol in his hand.

"By dad, Maurice, my poor boy, I b'lieve we are nigh hand to our anoug little revenge on the Brophys at last, though it cost the simple auld father o' you almost thirty long years to bring it about," resumed Musha Merry, rubbing his hands, and smiling on his son.

"Will he 'list wid us, father?" growled Maurice.

"I didn't ax him, an' I won't ax him, a-while, yet, a-vich; because, for all his troubles an' re'nation, the good bringin'-up he got from his mother, does becomin' into his head, an' the priest-talk, an' the masses, an' them things; an' if we bid him be a bould Barry-mount-boy, at once, 'twould frighten him, may be, an' he'd draw back from us entirely, not to talk o' the chance o' tellin' the neighbours some of our secrets."

"Then I don't know what you spake of."

"Wait, a-vich. Sure I made him b'lieve that the Ace o' Clubs, wid help from the card's mather, sent him three guineas auto' the brave booty that came to your share last night; an' I'm a big fool in my ould days, Maurice, if he rests night or day till he spakes to the card himself; an' as soon as he does, though he'll be as far from the bapes o' goold as ever he was, little o' that *rhassumark*," (nonsense), "about the priests, and the prayers, and the mass-songs, 'ill stay wid Martin Brophy; and then we'll have our own time to 'list him, Maurice, a-vich, jist by promisin' the riches in another way."

"The priest was lookin' for him to-day mornin', father; an' if he comes across him now, he'll take Martin out o' your hands."

"We'll do our endayvour to keep the both broken friends, Maurice; Nance Dempsey must throw herself in the poor boy's way to-night; an', afore day-light, the priest 'ill be tauld where to find them together; Nance is a duck-o'-the-world, in regard of a decoy-duck."

Meantime, Martin Brophy rode homeward. The winter evening fell rapidly. He came in sight of the front of his house; no usual lights glimmered

through its windows. He turned into the back-yard, put up Nora, groomed her carefully, gave her a bunch of musty hay, crossed to the kitchen-door, raised the latch, and heard the low lament of his mother before he saw her, seated on a low stool at the hearth, and confronted by a very old woman, her nurse; the embers of some twigs, gathered by the latter from the neighbouring hedges, flickering between them.

With a shrill scream, his only living parent sprang up to throw herself round his neck; she had entertained fearful thoughts as to the cause of his absence.

"Come into the little parlour, Martin, my son," she said; then changing her voice, "Avoch! an' sure I forgot. I left it myself to sit down here, on this stool, borrowed at a neighbour's cabin, because it broke my heart to look at the four bare walls, that often saw us and ours comfortable and happy between 'em. An' I'm afeared you're dhry and hungry, Martin, my son."

"Cush," said Martin, throwing a guinea to the old woman — "hurry down to the village, and get us something to ate and to dhrink."

The feeble creature, with cries of wonder and joy, tottered off on her errand. His mother, also surprised, inquired how he had procured the guinea. He hesitated. She looked alarmed, and hoped he had not — And she stopt, and with streaming eyes gazed on him.

"Mother, mother," he said hastily, "don't be afeared—I neither killed nor robbed for it."

Cush returned with food and spirits. She had also providently thought of the fire, and a pile of turf now blazed on the hearth. Martin and his mother ate their meal off their knees; the bailiffs had not left them a table. It was scarce over when horsemen rode up to the front of the house, hallooing heartily. The old nurse went to the hall-door to "discoorse them;" Martin stepped after her to listen. He soon ascertained that the visitors were two of the "squireens," who had insulted him that day at the fair; and who now, elated with liquor, turned off the main road to taunt him farther by asking a bed at his desolate house. When, in consequence of Cush's representations, that there was "no one in id," they galloped off, still hallooing. "I'll match ye yet," said Martin, grinding his teeth, "I'll match ye yet, if I burned for it."

"Mother," he resumed abruptly, in some time after, while he liberally

helped himself to the whiskey, "tell me some of your choice ould stories about ghosts, and fairies, and Ould Nick."

"Christ save us, Martin Brophy!" crossing herself.

"Yes, mother; you know you had plenty of 'em for me when I didn't ask for 'em—and never mind the night it is—the blacker to us, the more we want something to put it out of our heads"—he drank another deep draught—"Come, mother, I remember a capital story of yours that I'll thank you to tell me once again—about ould Squire Jarvis, and a friend of his."

After many demurs, the mother began her tale. It was an old one; or rather a local version of one, common to every country in Christendom. Squire Jarvis was a very bad man, and led a very wicked life, and became very poor in his old age. Every body forsook him, and he lived in a lone house, a great way off the road, where he did nothing from morning to night but eat and drink, and sleep, and commit sin, and scold the few servants who remained to share his fortune. One Sunday evening, after dinner, and after a good deal of wine too, he got into such a passion with his own man, and so abused and swore at him, that the domestic declared that he would quit his service as soon as he paid him his wages. Now Squire Jarvis could pay him no wages at all, and this made him downright furious; he turned the man out of the room, and fell asleep in his arm-chair by the fire, still cursing and swearing, and just as he said—"I'd sell myself, body and sawl, for one barrel-bag-full of goold."

About twelve o'clock he awoke, when every thing was still in the house, and looking across the fire, there was a dark-complexioned gentleman, decently dressed in black, sitting in the chair opposite to his, and attentively watching him—but the tale need not be continued; Squire Jarvis got the "barrel-bag-full of goold" on the usual terms.

"And sure you're not such a fool, mother, as to b'lieve such a thing can happen!" demanded Martin Brophy.

His mother, mingling pious and frightened ejaculations with her answer, had no doubt but it could. Nor had Martin himself much doubt when he asked the question. He only wanted confirmation from his mother's anticipated assurances; for he misconceived the mode by which Musha Merry proposed to endow him with wealth.

The distressed parent, wearied with



grief and watching, began to nod. Martin arose to make up some kind of a couch for her. Cush, again provident, had ordered straw; upon part of it, in the corner of the kitchen, next to the fire, he left his mother and her old nurse to stretch themselves; the rest he took into his own chamber. And here he flung it from him, locked himself in, and holding his rushlight in his hand, stared wildly and fiercely around.

"Would he, without Musha Merry's knowledge, make *the call*?" At the home thought, his forehead grew moist and cold, his scalp froze, his limbs shook. A glance at his desperate position, aided by the effects of the spirits, controlled his horror. "He would!"—and, as the preface to his call, he furiously, though unconsciously, stamped upon the floor, the whole house vibrated to the shock, and something slightly clattered against the wall of the chamber. He looked up. It was an old wooden crucifix hanging by a thread from a nail—the only article which the bailiffs had hesitated to drag away. He rivetted his eye upon the symbol of his redemption and his hope; he trembled again, but it was with new fears; he dashed down his rushlight, trod on it—plunged on his knees into his straw; and, amid choking sobs, Martin Brophy half muttered a prayer—but it was a prayer to God.

(*To be continued.*)

#### THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

Why does my mother steal away  
To hide her struggling tears,  
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd  
The secret of her fears:  
My father gazes on my face  
With yearning, earnest eye:—  
And yet, there's none among them all,  
To tell me I must die!

My little sisters press around  
My sleepless couch, and bring  
With eager hands, their garden gift,  
The first sweet buds of Spring!  
I wish they'd lay me where those flowers  
Might lure them to my bed,  
When other Springs and Summers bloom  
And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,  
Glist'ring, and gay, and fair,  
As if it knew my hand too weak  
To shade me from its glare!  
How soon 'twill fall unheeded on  
This death-dew'd glansy eye!  
Why do they fear to tell me so?  
I know that I must die!

The summer winds breathe softly through  
My lone, still, dreary room,  
A lonelier and a stiller one  
Awaits me in the tomb!

But no soft breeze will whisper there,  
No mother hold my head!  
It is a fearful thing to be  
A dweller with the dead!

Eve after eve, the sun prolongs  
His hour of parting light,  
And seems to make my farewell hours  
Too fair, too heavenly bright!  
I know the loveliness of earth,  
I love the evening sky,  
And yet I should not marmar, if  
They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads  
When parting with me now.  
The nurse that tended me a babe,  
Now soothes my aching brow.  
Ah! why are those sweet cradle-hours  
Of joy and fondling fled?  
Not e'en my parents' kisses now  
Could keep me from the dead!

Our pastor kneels beside me oft,  
And talks to me of Heaven;  
But with a holier vision still,  
My soul in dreams hath striven:  
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd  
My faltering steps on high;  
I've heard a voice that, trumpet-tongued,  
Bade me prepare to die!

They whisper!—Hark!—what stifling sobs  
Burst from my mother's breast;  
They should not grieve that one so young  
Is hastening home to rest!  
My father bends with warning voice,  
Oh! that his words were said!  
If I should tremble now, he'd weep  
When I am with the dead!

He clasps me in his struggling arms,  
He strives to speak—in vain!  
Ah! whence this bitter anguish?—God  
Be with me in my pain!  
Sisters, draw nearer!—Mother, raise  
My head;—One kiss!—Reply—  
I see ye not,—I feel ye not,—  
Say! is not *this* to die?

*New Monthly.*

#### NOTHING BUT RAGS!

BEFORE the time of Confucius, there flourished in the Celestial Empire, a certain merchant, named Xi-fo. He had a son, Psu-fi, of comely mien, and of a disposition that recommended itself unto all hearts. Even fathers envied the happiness of Xi-fo, possessing such a son; and bachelors, when they beheld him, lifted up their hands, and prayed that when they were married, their wives might bring them such an heir as Psu-fi. He was, indeed, a mirror of truth, and a pearl of loveliness.

It happened that Xi-fo became bound for one whom he had known from the days of his childhood: but the heart of him he held his friend was filled with untruth, and his smiles were the blandishments of the deceitful. In few words, Xi-fo trusted and was deceived: he lost his riches: but, as the wise have held, he lost what is dearer than

wealth—confidence in his fellow-men. Unhappy Xi-fo! he was forced to leave the house of his fathers, and with his only son, the pious Psu-fi, became an outcast and a beggar. Psu-fi, to support his parent, hardened the soft hand of ease with daily labour: he worked as a porter in the city, and returned every night to his father, with the scanty wages of his toil. One day, spent with weariness, Psu-fi had cast his load upon the earth, and seated himself beside it, he gave vent in tears to the bitterness of his heart. He was interrupted in his grief by the appearance of an old and ugly woman. Her face was wrinkled, she was bent double, and her limbs shook with palsy. She asked the cause of Psu-fi's grief; and, though at first the young man started with fear at the intruder, yet, when further urged, there was a kindness in the old woman's voice that opened Psu-fi's heart, and it straightway poured forth its sorrows.

"Cheer up, Psu-fi," cried the old woman, when she had learned the history of his grief. "Cheer thee, beautiful youth; thou shalt again be rich, thou shalt cease from labour, and the grey hairs of Xi-fo shall be lifted from the dust. This I promise thee." Psu-fi smiled a sickly smile, and the old woman continued, "Look here, my son. Here is a little box: it contains a spirit that shall work for thee night and day, that shall make thee fine houses, gardens, build pagodas, train thee horses, clothe thee with the richest attire, and, indeed, make thy whole life one long walk through a garden of never-fading roses. This will the labouring spirit do for thee."

"Impossible, mother," cried Psu-fi, though his ears rang as with a strain of rich music, "Impossible."

"All this will the spirit do for thee."

"And how shall I reward it?—What shall I do for it? for all this labour, this life of ease and joy, what shall I give the spirit?"

"RAGS!"

"Mother—truly I am sick at heart, pass on, and do not mock me."

"Psu-fi, I do not mock. Take the box, and listen to my speech. The spirit will work for thee, so thou dost give it *nothing but rags*: one strip each morn will suffice. The spirit will labour and do all thy wishes; but heed my words, thou must pay its works *in rags*." The old woman placed the box in the hands of Psu-fi, and before he could wink, she was gone.

In a short time, Psu-fi put to trial the skill of the spirit. He was overjoyed; the old woman had uttered truth. Xi-fo was again rich, and died in the house of his fathers. For many years did Psu-fi reap the labours of the spirit. But the heart of Psu-fi was gentle, and it often smote him that for such costly gifts all he returned to the spirit was *rags*. "At least," would ruminant Psu-fi, "the creature should have some share of the treasures that it brings me." At length, Psu-fi determined that with the next moon, instead of a strip of rag, he would present the spirit with a beautiful cloth of woven gold. He did so, and from that hour the spirit fled and ceased to serve him.

On his death-bed Psu-fi related to his son, Fo-fo, how disobedience to the orders of the old woman had lost him the labours of the spirit. "I charge thee," said Psu-fi, "should the spirit be given to thee, return it for its labours *nothing but rags*."

Psu-fi died, and Fo-fo, thrown upon the world, became a beggar. Then the old woman appeared again, and intrusted to Fo-fo the spirit which had served his father. Fo-fo received the gift, with a determination to return for all kinds of good *nothing but rags*.

Fo-fo became the richest mandarin in China. He never suffered the spirit to be idle. It built bridges, temples, streets, cut rivers, dug mines, travelled for luxuries to all corners of the earth, was a slave, a sweating slave; whilst Fo-fo, gorged with wealth, remembered his father's injunctions, and gave to the spirit, to the toiling wretched servant of his will—*nothing but rags*.

Has not the Chinese mandarin left many descendants? *Athenaeum.*

#### THE HOME OF HAPPIER DAYS.

Yes, bright the velvet lawn appears,  
And fair the blooming bowers,  
Yet blame me not—I view with tears  
This scene of light and flowers;  
Strangers possess my native halls,  
And tread my wonted ways;  
Alas! no look, no voice recalls  
The home of happier days.  
The gay guitar is still in tune,  
The greenhouse plants are rare;  
Glad faces throng the wide saloons,  
But none I love are there.  
Oh! give me Friendship's cherish'd tone,  
Give me Affection's gaze;  
Else my sad heart can never own  
The home of happier days. *Metrop.*

# THE POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

*Set forth under the similitude of a  
Dream.*

As I walked through the wilderness of the world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, but whether of thieves or of wild beasts I cannot tell—I think, however, it was not of wild beasts; and so I laid me down to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold, I saw a man clothed in rags standing in a certain place, with a book in his hand, and a great burden on his back. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein, and as he read he frowned and trembled; and not being any longer able to contain himself, he broke out with most furious indignation, saying—“This is too bad!”

Now I looked in my dream, and behold! the book which was in his hand was called “The Extraordinary Black Book!” Moreover, I observed that the burden which was upon his back did sit there most uneasily; and he hitched from side to side, and upwards, and downwards, but all to no purpose, for it galled and fretted him most marvelously. And when I looked more attentively thereupon, I perceived that the burden consisted of a great multitude of living animals, such as locusts, leeches, rats, vipers, and such like vermin; and that all these animals were sucking the blood out of the poor man's veins and eating the flesh off his bones, so that he was compelled to take not only nourishment enough for his own support, but also for the support of all these animals that adhered to him. Now the book that was in his hand contained a description of the animals that were fastened upon his back, and a statement of the quantity of blood and flesh that each of them drew away from his body.

As I looked, therefore, to see how the afflicted man would deport himself under this grievous burden, I observed, that being greatly distressed in his mind, he cried out, saying—“What shall I do to get rid of these vermin?” I saw, also, that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go—and it was no easy matter to run with such a tremendous load upon his back. I looked therefore, and saw a man named Reformer coming to him, who asked, “Wherefore dost thou lament?” He

answered, “Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that all the weariness and weakness, and pain that I feel, arises from the ungodly crew of vermin that stick to my back, devouring the flesh from off my bones, and drawing the blood from out my veins. And this book most clearly shows me that I shall never get rid of my burden so long as I dwell in the city in which I was born, and which is called the city of Corruption.”

Then Reformer said unto him, “Dost thou not see a bright light at a great distance yonder?”

“Verily I do,” replied the man; “and wilt thou have the goodness to explain to me what that light means?”

“That light,” said Reformer, “is the glory of the city of Reform; and if thou wilt diligently bend thy steps thither, turning aside neither to the right hand nor to the left, thou wilt find, when thou hast arrived within the walls of that city, that thy burden will fall from thy back, and that these lazy vermin that now draw the life blood from thy veins, and the flesh from thy bones, will forthwith become, at least some of them, servants ministering to thy necessities and contributing to thy well-being.”

“Alas!” said the man, “I greatly fear that it will never be in my power to travel so long a distance with this great burden on my back. I have often had dreams and visions of that glorious city, but I never have hoped to reach it; and whenever I have set my face that way, I have found that these vermin have always tagged me back again, till I have been quite tired with their pulling and tearing, and I have been fain to set myself down again quietly in my native city of Corruption.”

Then Reformer answered him, saying, “Thou wilt never reach the city of Reform, so long as thou sittest down quietly in the city of Corruption.”

Now the man knew this perfectly well, and, therefore, as his burden pressed him sore, and he would fain be rid of it as soon as he possibly could, he took the advice of Reformer, and grasping firmly in his hand a tough oaken staff, called the staff of Perseverance, he proceeded towards the city of Reform. Then, when his old neighbours and companions in the city of Corruption saw that he was fully bent on a pilgrimage towards the city of Reform, they came out after him to call him back, and they bade him dwell quietly in the city in which his fathers had dwelt before him with so much satisfaction and

content. Some of his neighbours mocked at him and jeered him, calling him by all manner of evil names, and threatening him with unspeakable calamities if he should persist in following the pernicious advice of Reformer. Nevertheless he heeded them not, but went on his way, brandishing his oaken staff of Perseverance, as much as to say that if any one threw in his way any let or hindrance, they should feel the weight of the said staff upon their heads or shoulders.

I looked again in my dream, and saw that when the general band of the scoffers had turned back, there came running out of the city two men, who overtook Pilgrim and accosted him. The name of the one was Trimmer, and the name of the other was Bully. Then Pilgrim greeted them and said, "Good neighbours, what is your will, I pray?—are ye disposed to journey with me to the city of Reform?"

Bully said, "No, we will not journey with thee; for thou art going after a phantom of thine own evil imagination, which will lead thee onward to destruction."

"Nay, but, my good neighbour Bully," replied Pilgrim with much meekness, "seest thou not yon bright and glorious light? That is the light of the glory of the city of Reform; and when I shall arrive in that city, the burden which is now upon my back will fall off, and I shall keep a little blood in my veins and a little flesh on my bones; and I shall no more be under the necessity of nourishing out of my very vitals this pestiferous mass of vermin that now stick upon my back and shoulders."

Then Bully said, "Bah! Who told thee so?" And Pilgrim replied, "A man that is called Reformer told me."

"Ay," said Bully, "I know Reformer of old; he is a deceitful man, and the truth is not in him. As for the book that is in thine hand, it is a book full of lies from beginning to end; and it hath been put into thine hands merely to make thee discontented with thy happy lot in the sweet city of Corruption, from whence thou art now so madly attempting to flee."

So saying, Bully made a snatch at the book, and would fain have wrested it out of the hands of Pilgrim; but Pilgrim withstood him, and said, "Thou shalt not take from me the book—it is a true book, and I feel by my own experience the truth of it; for it describes to me most accurately the causes and consequences of this burden which is

on my back, and which I can only get rid of in the glorious city of Reform."

Thereupon Bully set up a loud laugh, and said, "A glorious city indeed! Let me tell thee that that which thou callest a glorious city is a mere bog or quagmire, and that the light which thou seest is but a will-o'-wisp or Jack-o'-th'-lantern, whereby thou wilt be led into miry places and into all manner of annoyances and misfortunes; and instead of getting rid of thy burden thou wilt increase it a hundred fold; and instead of those pious slugs and elegant vipers that now suck the blood so gracefully from thy veins, and eat the flesh so heartily from off thy bones, thou wilt be eaten alive by gaunt, grim wolves, which are so abundant throughout that wilderness which thou callest the city of Reform."

Then Trimmer, who had stood by twiddling his thumbs and looking first at Pilgrim and then at Bully, answered and said, "Verily, Pilgrim, this is worth thy serious attention; for if thou shouldst find thyself in a howling wilderness or a treacherous bog instead of a glorious city, thou wilt be out of the frying-pan into the fire."

Now Pilgrim began to be impatient, and he grasped his oaken staff more vigorously and brandished it earnestly, whereat Bully and Trimmer started back as if afraid. Thereupon Pilgrim said, "Don't be alarmed; but I tell you what—I have been tormented in the frying-pan long enough, and I am resolved to leap out of it at all events—it is better to perish in the fire than to be tortured in the frying-pan."

Having spoken thus, he set forward again on his journey; and Bully and Trimmer continued to walk by his side and to hold converse with him, the one endeavouring to cause him to turn back to the city of Corruption, and the other seeking to persuade him only to go half way to the city of Reform.

"My good friend Trimmer," said Pilgrim, "let me whisper a word in thine ear, for I see no hope whatever of Bully. Thou advisest me to go but half way to the city of Reform, saying that there is a pleasant abode between the two cities, where I may get rid of my burden by degrees. Now suffer me to inform thee that there is no place on the face of the earth, save in the city of Reform, where this burden will not grow again, therefore I am fully resolved on proceeding at all events. And let me persuade thee to go with me; for in the city of Reform thou wilt

find all manner of amenities and pleasantries—the air is wholesome—the food is nutritious, and the commerce is free and active—so that all the necessities and comforts of life are provided for thee, if thou wilt but exercise a little diligence. There thou wilt enjoy the fruit of thine own labour, and not be compelled to nourish with thy flesh and blood such a grievous mass of vermin as we now carry on our backs.”

As Bully was a rude, ill-mannered fellow, he made no scruple of listening to what was passing between Pilgrim and Trimmer; then he rudely broke in upon them and said, “Pilgrim, thou speakest falsely and foolishly. You will never get rid of your burdens at the city of Reform, and if ye did it would do you no good; nay, rather, I will convince you that ye would suffer great harm by getting rid of what ye are pleased to call your burdens. These are not burdens; they are an ornament to your bodies and a health to your bones. Know ye not that all the vigour and health of your body depends upon an active circulation of the blood? and these agreeable and polite companions, whom ye call vermin, are the means of promoting that circulation.”

“Thou speakest plausibly,” said Pilgrim, “but I do not believe thee. Accompany me, I beseech thee, to the city of Reform, and then thou shalt see that my health is not impaired by losing this burden.”

Then Bully scoffed at Pilgrim, and said, “Thou art an obstinate fellow, and I will have nothing to do with thee.” And Bully would fain have obstructed Pilgrim forcibly, but was afraid of the great oaken staff, the staff of Perseverance, which Pilgrim grasped vigorously in his hand. Then turning to Trimmer, Bully said, “Come, neighbour Trimmer, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these crazy-headed coxcombs, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than the seven virgins themselves.”

Then said Trimmer, “Don’t revile; if what Pilgrim says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with our neighbour.”

“What! more fools still!” replied Bully. “Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise!”

So saying, Bully turned back a little way, and stood watching how it would

fare with Pilgrim and Trimmer. And they went on their way right merrily, singing joyful songs, and talking over all the great things that they should enjoy when they should arrive in the city of Reform. Now I saw in my dream, that as they were thus pleasantly engaged, they drew nigh unto a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with dirt; and Pilgrim, because of the burden that was upon his back, began to sink in the mire. Then said Trimmer, “Ah! neighbour Pilgrim, where are you now?” —“Truly,” said Pilgrim, “I do not know.”

At this Trimmer began to be offended, and angrily said to his companion, “Is this the happiness you have told me of all this while?—is this a specimen of the road that leads to the glorious city of Reform? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey’s end? May I but once get out of this mess, and you may possess your fine city of Reform all alone for me—I’ll have none of it.”

At this instant Bully came running up to the edge of the bog, and as he saw them kicking and struggling about like two flies in a treacle pot, he fell a laughing at them right heartily—and his laugh was as loud as the bray of a donkey; and he said, “Aha! I told you so—I guessed what you would come to! That’s right, kick away, my hearties—flounder about, my pretty ones! Oh, what a precious pair of ninnies! This is your glorious city of Reform!”

“Nay,” replied Pilgrim, “this is not the glorious city, but yonder is the glorious city; and, by all that is good, I will make the best of my way towards it!” So saying, he grasped the oaken staff of Perseverance, wherewith he was enabled to find how deep the bog was, and by means of which he could flounder his way through it. Then he said to his companion, “Come, neighbour, take hold of this staff, and we shall soon get over this difficulty and get upon firm ground again.”

But Trimmer, who did not half like the laughter of Bully, and feared that by going on with Pilgrim he should get into more difficulties, scrambled towards that side of the slough which was nearest to the city of Corruption, and by the assistance of Bully got out as

well as he could; while Pilgrim by the help of his oaken staff, wherewith he could fathom the depths of the bog, managed to get out on that side which was nearest to the city of Reform.

Now, as Pilgrim was walking solitarily by himself, he espied one afar off, crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way to each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Clip-the-bill, and he dwelt in a town called Truckleborough, not far from the city of Corruption. This man then meeting with Pilgrim, and having some knowledge of him (for Pilgrim's setting forth from the city of Corruption was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the talk in some other places)—Mr. Clip-the-bill having some guess of him, began to enter into talk with him, saying "How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?"

"I am going, sir," said Pilgrim, "to the city of Reform, that I may get rid of this burden."

"Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?" said Mr. Clip-the-bill.

"A man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person: his name, as I remember, is Reformer."

"Beshrew him for his counsel!" said Mr. Clip-the-bill; "there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee, and that thou shalt find if thou wilt be ruled by his counsel. Thou hast met with something, as I perceive, already. I see the dirt of the slough of despond is upon thee; but that slough is the beginning of sorrows that do attend those that go on in that way. Hear me, I am wiser than thou; thou art likely to meet on the way which thou goest, botheration, trickery, rattery, juggling, speechifying, pamphleteering, canting, blarney, humbug, and nobody knows what."

"Why, sir," replied Pilgrim, "this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned: nay, methinks I care not what I meet with in my way, if so be I can also meet with deliverance from my burden."

"But why," said Mr. Clip-the-bill, "wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it—especially since I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest, without the dangers thou wilt in this way run thyself into?"

"Pray, sir," replied Pilgrim, "open this secret unto me."

"Why, in yonder village," said Mr. Clip-the-bill, "dwells a gentleman, whose name is Catchflat, and he has a peculiarly dexterous manner of relieving Pilgrims of burdens such as that which thou carriest, and if thou wilt dwell in that village, thou wilt have all manner of accommodations and comforts far exceeding those which thou couldst have in the city of Reform."

So Pilgrim was mightily pleased at the thought that he might obtain the object of his journey without undergoing all the labour and toil of a long and dangerous journey to the city of Reform; and he began to turn aside with Mr. Clip-the-bill to the village where the ingenious Mr. Catchflat resided. Just at this moment up came Reformer himself, and looked frowningly and sternly at Mr. Clip-the-bill, who at his presence seemed quite flabbergasted, and ready, as we say, to sink into the earth.

"How now, Mr. Clip-the-bill," said Reformer, "art thou attempting to seduce my friend Pilgrim to turn aside from the right path, and to take up his abode at the village where thy friend Catchflat dwells?"

Thereupon Mr. Clip-the-bill had nothing to say for himself, and looking marvellously foolish, he nibbled the nail of his right thumb and hitched up his breeches with his left hand, and sneaked away towards Truckleborough. Then said Reformer to Pilgrim, "What a goose thou wast to listen to the talk of Mr. Clip-the-bill; he would have led thee into the village where Mr. Catchflat resides, and thou wouldst have been as ill-conditioned there as if thou hadst remained in the city of Corruption, and as far as ever from the city of Reform."

I saw, then, in my dream, that when Pilgrim had got nigh unto the city of Reform so as to distinguish its pinnales, its towers, its palaces, and its temples, that he met with some that brought him an evil report of the land to which he was going. Amongst them was one Mr. Croak, who was a man right fair to behold and most plausible in speech, and as he came nigh unto Pilgrim he put on a right melancholy face, and turned up his eyes like unto a duck in a thunder-storm, the which when Pilgrim saw he greeted him, and said, "How now, neighbour, whence comest thou, and what aileth thee?"

"I am come," said Mr. Croak, "from the city of Reform, where I have seen such melancholy and hideous sights that

my heart faileth me for fear, and I am going back again as fast as my legs can carry me."

"Now, I pray thee," said Pilgrim, "that thou wouldest tell me what thou hast seen in the city of Reform so hideous and melancholy as to disturb thy self-possession; for I have been assured that the city of Reform is fair to look upon, and pleasant to dwell in!"

"Then," said Mr. Croak, "thou hast been grievously misled and evilly informed; for in the city of Reform there is nought but what is odious, abominable, mischievous, and detestable. There is nothing in that city so beautiful and desirable as that which thou hast left behind thee in the city of Corruption. There are no pot-wallopers——"

"No pot-wallopers!" exclaimed Pilgrim; "then peradventure they live upon roast meat?"

"Nay, not upon roast meat," replied Mr. Croak, "for there is no trade in the city whereby the people may obtain meat to roast."

"No trade, sayest thou?" answered Pilgrim; "surely Reformer did say, that in the matter of merchandise there was great abundance of opportunity for all diligent men to traffic. May I be so bold as to ask, therefore, in what line of business thou didst keep shop?"

"In the most flourishing of all trades," replied Mr. Croak; "I set up a shop for the sale of boroughs, but there were none to be bought, and consequently none to be sold; so that having no business in the city of Reform, I am driven of necessity to go back into the city of Corruption."

"Go back," then said Pilgrim, "and much good may it do thee! for if all thy lamentation cometh but to this, that thou canst not keep a borough-shop in the city of Reform, I am marvellously glad thereof, seeing that it is in the borough-shops which so mightily abound in the city of Corruption, that these vermin are bred which now compose the burden which is upon my back."

Now I saw in my dream, as Pilgrim drew nigh unto the city and approached the gates thereof, that he saw divers wild beasts that were set, as it were, to keep and to guard it; and these wild beasts set up a loud roaring as Pilgrim came nearer to the city. At some little distance they looked like lions, but as Pilgrim came closer to them they looked much more like unto donkeys. And as Pilgrim came lifting up and brandishing his oaken staff of Perseverance these strange animals grew mighty fu-

rious, and blared and bleated just like so many new-born calves; and they obstructed his path so, that by reason of their ungainly caperings and clumey friskings they suffered him not to pass unto the gates of the city; but presently the king of the city came forth to see what ailed the beasts, and he waxed wrath at the interruption which they occasioned, and taking out of his pocket a little whip he lashed their hides right heartily, and sent them howling to their kennels, so that free passage was left for Pilgrim to approach and enter the city of Reform. But at the noise which those beasts made I was awakened from my dream.

*New Mon. Mag.*

### EGYPTIAN CONJURORS.

An honest Neapolitan trader who happened to be for some months on the coast of Africa, about Tunis, and in Egypt, became all at once anxious to know something of the proceedings of a buxom wife he had left behind him at the town of the Torre del Greco, not far from the city of Naples, and was persuaded one night to consult the magicians.

An innocent boy was procured, as usual, who, when the charm began to work, said he saw a woman in a blue jacket that had a great deal of gold lace upon it, in a bright yellow robe of very ample dimensions, with a necklace of coral round her neck, immense ear-rings to her ears, and a long silver thing, shaped like an arrow, thrust through her hair which was much bundled on the top of her head. In short he described, most accurately the gala dress of the Neapolitan's *cara sposa*, and afterwards her features to the very turn of her nose. She was then kneeling by the side of a box, in which was seated a man in black, fast asleep. The Neapolitan knew this must be the confessional.

When told to look again, the scene was changed to a very large and curious house, such as the *seer* had never seen, all crowded with people, and dazzling to the eye from an immensity of gilding and wax-lights. This the Neapolitan knew must mean the theatre of San Carlo, the paradise of his countrymen, but he never could fancy his wife should be there in his absence. She was, though, for presently the boy said, "And there I see the woman in the blue jacket, with a man in a red coat whispering into her ear." "The de-

vil!" muttered the Neapolitan to himself.

"Look again! and tell me what you see now," said the magician.

"I can hardly see at all," replied the boy, looking into the palm of his hand very closely, "it is so dark; but now I see a long street, and a large building with iron gratings, and more than a dozen skulls stuck at one corner of it, and a little farther on I see a large wide gate, and beyond it a long road; and now I see the woman in the blue, and the man in the red jacket, turning down the second street to the left of the road, and now there is an old woman opening \* \* \* \*"

"I will hear no more!" bawled the Neapolitan, who had heard but too correctly described the approach to the "stews" of Naples: and he struck the boy's hand with such violence against his face that it flattened his nose.

The charm was thus dissolved; but the correctness of the magician's revelation was tolerably well corroborated, when some time after the Neapolitan suddenly appeared at his home at the Torre del Greco, and learned that his wife had disappeared with a corporal of the guards.

M. —, a Perote, one who knew "the difference between alum and barley-sugar," — (a Turkish saying, much in use), — if ever man did, a good catholic, a conscientious person, a dragoman, and as such necessarily attached to truth, and never telling a lie, save in the way of business, was himself the hero, or the witness rather of the following story. He was sent one morning from the European palace of —, at Pera, on business in Constantinople. He was in a great hurry, but as he reached the Meytiskellesi, or wharf of the dead, and was about stepping into his caik to be rowed across the harbour of the Golden Horn, either a nail in one of the rough planks of the wooden quay caught his slipper, or a post on it his robe, I forget which—but the dragoman turned round, and saw standing close by him, a tall and very notorious African magician, who had long been practising at the capital, and was known to every body as one of the lions of the place. To do a civil thing, and perhaps to keep well in this world with one who had intercourse with the spirits of the next, the dragoman naturally supposing he was waiting there on the water's edge only to cross over from the suburb to the city, very politely invited him to take a passage in his caik. The tall African made no verbal

reply, but smiled, and waved his hand to decline the high honour.

The dragoman then concluding, that instead of waiting to cross over himself, he was expecting the arrival of some one from the opposite side of the Golden Horn, stepped into his caik, which instantly glided from the quay and shot across the port. The boats at Constantinople are all very light and sharp, and go with astonishing speed even when propelled with one pair of oars; but people of high consideration, like dragomans, generally have two pair to their caiks, and at this time M— being in a very great hurry, told his two rowers to pull as fast as they could.

When about half way on his short aquatic journey, M— turned his head and looked back, and then he saw at the end of the quay, just where he had left him, the tall African standing starch and motionless, like a granite statue before an Egyptian temple.

The dragoman's boat continued to cleave the waves; it neared the opposite shore—no caik had passed him on his way—when lo! as his own came in concussion with the wooden piles of the Divan-kapi-iskellesi, and he rose from his seat to step on shore, he saw the identical African wizard standing there before him, and gazing calmly over to the opposite quay where he had just left him, and whence it was impossible he could have proceeded by mortal agency!

The dragoman rubbed his eyes as well as he might; but there was the Maugrabee, with his large leaden eye gazing across the Golden Horn, and fixed on the wharf of the dead, just as he had been left behind there gazing at the Divan-kapi-iskellesi. M— felt a sort of flesh-shivering at this undeniable proof of the wizard's power; he remained for better than a minute in the position he was, when the tall African first struck his eye spell-bound as it were, with one foot on the edge of the boat, and the other on the edge of the quay; but recovering himself, he drew up his hinder leg, and then crossing himself like a good catholic, and *salaaming* his acquaintance, like a polite Turk, he stepped along the quay, touching the necromancer as he passed him, and thus completely assuring himself it was no deception of vision. Mr. — thinking more about this wonderful occurrence than the business of the — nation he was going upon, went his way; and



having discharged his duty, hurried back to Pera, where he told this story, where it was universally believed from the veracity and character and dignity of the narrator, and where the narrator himself is still living. Very possibly, while I am writing he is telling his encounter with the wizard, for he tells it to every stranger. *Metro.*

### New Music.

"*I saw her at the Fancy Fair.*" *A Ballad. The Poetry by E. Smith, Esq. The Music by John Barnett. Goulding and D'Almaine.*

THIS is a very beautiful little ballad, composed for, and to be sung by Mr. Templeton, at that scene of enchantment, Vauxhall. Of the music, we need only say, that it is in the usual pleasing, flowing style of the popular composer. We defy Mr. John Barnett to compose anything that is not pleasing. The poetry, which is in the style of the celebrated J. H. Bayley, is flowery and expressive. Let the author continue to pay his devotions to the Muses, and we doubt not he will soon become a favourite.

"*The Heart that never sigh'd for Love.*" *A Ballad. The Music by J. M. Jolley, Esq. The Poetry by A. Somerville.*

THE poetry of this little ballad is the composition of the soldier Somerville. The music is pretty, and remarkably well adapted to the words. We believe that the ballad is not yet published, but we have heard it sung in a very feeling manner by Mr. Fraser, at several concerts, and advise our friends to obtain copies as soon as it is made public.

### New Books.

AMONG the number of works intended for the use of the "tender juvenile," none has pleased us better than a neat little brochure, entitled "An Outline of General Knowledge, or School Essentials." Our great lexicographer has said much in praise of such books, which not only answer the purpose for which they are intended, but also furnish the adult with a compendium of general knowledge.

### Table Talk.

PASQUINADE OF THE ROMANS.—The Romans were much disappointed a short time since by the death of the late Pope Leo XII., which prevented their

having any *caravans*. It would appear that he was not at all popular; and whatever the people might think of him, he could not have mortified them in any way so much as by dying just at the time he did. Accordingly, he was no sooner dead, than the Romans assailed him in their own peculiar way; that is, with a *pasquinade*, of which the following is the substance: "In three ways hast thou offended us, O holy father: in accepting the papacy—in living so long—and in dying at carnival time, in order to be lamented."

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI.—"The death of Poniatowski," an original picture by Vernet, from which many copper-plate and lithographic prints have been executed, was sold at an auction in the public streets of Warsaw, for about a hundred Polish florins. It travelled back to Paris, for no Pole dared venture to bid for it even by proxy, for the infallible spies would have discovered a patriot under any mask. Yet the people cherish an almost romantic reverence for the hero. I scarcely ever entered an apartment either in Warsaw or any other part of Poland in which I did not see Poniatowski's portrait; though beside it invariably hung the picture of the Grand-Duke Constantine Cezarewitsch, as if it were a police licence for permission to exhibit the other.

LITERATURE OF POLAND.—With regard to the liberty of the press, it is almost unnecessary to observe that no such thing exists in Poland, and literature is at the lowest possible ebb. The poet Miczkiewicz, however, in spite of the narrow boundaries within which he is circumscribed, rises like a proud cedar in the desert, whose summit the sun lights before his rays descend to the plain. Poetic talent like the taste for philosophy and science is checked in the bud. Under Novozhilov's administration, the bookselling trade was confined chiefly to school books and French novels, which the bookseller Gluckenberg circulated very extensively. A book and music-seller named Brozina was the principal dealer in German books; but no new publication of any importance was ever permitted to pass the ordeal of the censor. As to foreign journals, they were strictly prohibited in Poland as they are in Russia.

POOR RATES.—About the latter end of the reign of Charles the Second, the poor rates in England had amounted to £665,262. In the year 1751, the poor rates for one year exceeded £2,000,000.

## THE LADIES OF ITALY.

FOR THE OLIO.

THE ladies of Italy are not, generally, so handsome as the women amongst the common people, which may be attributed to the manner in which they are brought up, and particularly to the little exercise and air enjoyed by them. The sun of Italy, so far from destroying the complexion, seems to add lustre to its beauty; at all events, it gives the glow of health to those who are from necessity exposed to its rays; whilst the ladies, who seldom leave the house before the evening, unless it be to go to church, are, for the most part, pallid, and have not the bright countenances of the country women. But the same style of beauty prevails throughout the south of Italy; the finely-formed features, and the same large black or blue eyes, with their long silken fringes, seem equally bestowed on the princess and the female peasant.

It is to be regretted that, in this land of loveliness and of the arts, where the climate is such as to admit of the most beautiful and fanciful fashion in dress, and where we see the commonest even amongst the labouring women going to church with their fine heads of hair dressed in the Grecian way, and merely a veil falling over the shoulders, and preserving, from a motive of pride, in every other particular, the ancient costume of their native village or district, that their mistresses should encumber themselves with French bonnets, stiff stays, rolls of hair on each side of the face, and pyramids of it on the top of their well shaped heads, and demean themselves by imitating that little wriggling walk, the performance of which no one but a French woman is properly capable of. They certainly do, whenever they appear in their carriages in the Corso, or walking there in the evening, display considerable airiness and tastefulness in their dress; but they appear like foreigners visiting the place, while their inferiors have a grandeur about them that would seem to denote the true descendants of the ancient Romans.

The condition of the Italian women, as regards the matter of decorum, appears to English people as full of inconsistency. The mammas, who show much of the liberal in their own conduct, watch that of their daughters very narrowly. The contract of mar-

riage is much more relaxing than restrictive in its consequences. As soon as the young women are married, they go wherever, and do whatever, they please. But, before that, they stay continually at home; or, when they do go out, they are not allowed to do so without being accompanied by some experienced and trustworthy person of their own sex. You seldom see an unmarried lady walking alone in the street. Lovers, when they have not access to the habitations of their mistresses, are very openly clandestine; the lady appears at the window, and her suitor in the street, and the courtship is carried on through the iron window-bars. P.C.

## FRADLEY HALL.

For the Olio.

THERE is a long, straight, turfey lane, leading across the wide flat moor of Fradley,—a bare, though no longer barren, space,—fanned by the purest airs that ever gave freshness to the cheek or vigour to the limb; and at its termination rises the straggling but bowery village that gives it a name. Far seen over the wide inclosure, it exhibits a beautiful contrast with its orchards, gardens, and cottages, to the bleak and treeless heath, which has assumed all the formalities of cultivation without any of its ornaments.

Conspicuous amid the lovely confusion of huge trees and multiform cottages, the old MANOR HOUSE of Fradley forms a prominent feature in this oasis: you may know it by its pilastered chimnies; you may know it by its white slender gables, projecting from the more modern part of the mansion, in the proportion of turrets; but chiefly you may know it by its everlasting pillars of dusky pines, whose huge red trunks stand, in summer sunlight or winter storm, the guardians of its ancient halls, and whose faithful, though sombre, verdure waves over its lichened roofs as fresh and lusty, amid the stript and howling orchard, as in the gay and flaunting blossom season. I was delighted with the whole scene, as it exhibited itself to me on a bright MAY evening. The slanting sun sparkled on the blossoming orchards, and while it left the gaudy parterres in deeper shade, flashed upon the quivering windows of the tall farm-house, and found its way through the labyrinth of lilac,

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and laburnum, to the lowly lattice of the nestled cottage, where its broken light plays in sparkles that seem glad wooers of the trembling new-born leaves that intercepted yet admitted them. A hundred cottages, of a hundred shapes, in a hundred directions, yet each with its fond and cherished cestas of shadowy trees, were brightening in the broad yellow light. Here and there a soft emerald croft, hooded with ancient hedge and tree, formed a sweet relief to the glowing red or glistening white of which these humble abodes were the heralds.

The old hall alone stood in melancholy pomp; its gates broken down, and of the carved vases that crested the portal pillars one only left; the windows were nearly all bricked up, and the moat choked with rubbish that had bred a verdure bright as the poplars and planes that waved over it, displayed its scanty stream with sullen shyness to the beam which fell, but flashed not, on its weltering water. Yet it had evidently once been a mansion of consequence; and while I looked around on the picturesque array of huts, with their low deep eaves, their horn-beam hedges and their honeysuckle and jasmine mantlings, I could not but be struck with the impartial justice of Providence. When this desolate mansion was in its pitch of pride, they were no more than they are now—humble and poor huts: what then?—the high and admired mansion is dilapidated and dishonoured; but they are still what they were then—nested in trees, stored with sunny bee-hives, and painted with gaudy gardens. And now, while the lofty gables and sculptured chimnies look lurid and abashed in the lustre that floats round them, the lowly cheerful cottage smiles beneath its influence:—the only difference it shews being the growth of its lilac and laburnum screen, which the baffled sun finds every summer evening present a thicker impediment to his advances on the burnished lattices.

HORACE GUILFORD.

#### GREAT PLAGUE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE triumphs of Swiss valour were soon saddened by the breaking out of that great plague, which visited with its ravages the greater part of Europe and Asia, and of which the most vivid delineation ever written, (except that of

a similar pest by Thucydides,) has been preserved in the Decameron of Boccaccio. Whole towns were depopulated. Estates were left without claimants or occupiers. Priests, physicians, grave-diggers, could not be found in adequate numbers; and the consecrated earth of the church-yards no longer sufficed for the reception of its destined tenants. In the order of Franciscans alone, 120,430 monks are said to have perished. This plague had been preceded by tremendous earthquakes, which laid in ruins towns, castles, and villages. Dearth and famine, clouds of locusts, and even an innocent comet, had been long before regarded as forerunners of the pestilence; and when it came it was viewed as an unequivocal sign of the wrath of God. At the outset, the Jews became, as usual, objects of umbrage, as having occasioned this calamity by poisoning the wells. A persecution was commenced against them, and numberless innocent persons were consigned, by heated fanaticism, to a dreadful death by fire, and their children were baptized over the corpses of their parents, according to the religion of their murderers. These atrocities were in all probability perpetrated by many, in order to possess themselves of the wealth acquired by the Jews in traffic, to take revenge for their usurious extortions, or, finally, to pay their debts in the most expeditious and easy manner. When it was found that the plague was nowise diminishing by sacrificing the Jews, but, on the contrary, seemed to acquire additional virulence, it was inferred that God, in his righteous wrath, intended nothing less than to extirpate the whole sinful race of man. Many now endeavoured by self-chastisement to avert the divine vengeance from themselves. Fraternities of hundreds and thousands collected under the name of Flagellants, strolled through the land in strange garbs, scourged themselves in the public streets, in penance for the sins of the world, and read a letter which was said to have fallen from heaven, admonishing all to repentance and amendment. They were joined, of course, by a crowd of idle vagabonds, who, under the mask of extraordinary sanctity and humble penitence, indulged in every species of disorder and debauchery. At last the affair assumed so grave an aspect, that the Pope and many secular princes declared themselves against the flagellants, and speedily put an end to their extra-

gances. Various ways were still, however, resorted to by various tempers to snatch the full enjoyment of that life which they were so soon to lose, at the expense of every possible violation of the laws of morality.—Only a few lived on in a quiet and orderly manner, in reliance on the saving help of God, without running into any excess of anxiety or indulgence.—After this desolating scourge had raged during four years, its violence seemed at length to be exhausted.

*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

## THE ACE OF CLUBS.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

(Concluded from p. 493.)

In about an hour, a wailing, soft voice sounded from under his window. He arose; looked out, and saw a girl sitting on the ground, and rocking to and fro, and clapping her hands. He opened the window and spoke to her. She said she had missed her father and her brothers at the fair; had strayed so far in quest of them; and now did not know what to do for the night; but the public-houses were open in the village, only she had no money. Martin went out to her through the window, and accompanied her to the village. The least respectable of the public-houses gave them entertainment and lodging for payment before-hand. Martin, but too well acquainted from former experience with the ways of the house, spent his second guinea before he fell asleep, and ere he awoke in the morning, Nance Dempsey had gone off with the other.

With remorse for recent sin, added to his frenzy of the previous night, he hurried out of the house. It was yet scarce day-break, though not an early hour. As he issued from the door, a horseman, standing still, confronted him, as if watching the egress of some person. At a glance he knew his rigid parish-priest.

"And I find you coming out from this house, after all, Martin Brophy?" he said; "you have been warned from the altar; take heed you do not expose yourself to be cursed from the altar."

"Curse away!" answered Martin, bounding across the road into the fields, the worst species of desperation now blackening in his bosom, namely, that of lost character, and conscious guilt.

Without thinking of an interview

with Musha Merry, he gained the little glen of Coile, where, in happier and better days, Dora Marum and he had often sat together. In summer it was a beautiful close scene; a fairy dell, blocked up at one end, by a face of shrubbed rock, adown which trickled a silver line of water, and almost embowered at either side by beech and ash trees, that dropped their foliage to the very surface of the mossy sod under foot. Now, upon a howling winter's morning, and while twilight yet brooded over it, the place bore, on the contrary, a drear and fierce character. The thread of shining water had become a red and foamy torrent, which tore through the middle of the little valley; the naked trees groaned and clattered their tangled branches in the gust, chousing its sullen roar; and the piping of the wind among them sometimes filled Martin's ear, like human or superhuman voices. Immediately under the fall of water, there was a deep and boiling basin, and self-destruction, by a plunge into this, was now Martin's impulse. Despairing, and even depraved as his heart had become, he rejected, since his change of feeling the previous night, prolonged and successful life by virtue of a cold-blooded covenant with the enemy of man. He glanced around to note if he was alone. A figure was just disappearing out of the dell—he thought his champion at the fair; and now he identified his red-haired friend with Keeraun Dermphry, Dora's foster-brother. Another figure, that of a female, stood watching him. He ran towards her; it was Dora Marum—he fell with a cry at her feet.

Dora called on him to "Stand up like a man!"

"You do not care for me now, Dora; and for that reason, little do I care for myself."

"Stand up, Martin Brophy!"—the tall, finely-formed, brown-complexioned girl spoke with energy and her brown cheek reddened, and her black eye grew expressive. "I do care for you, yet; though, indeed, you care so little for yourself; and though you have given me no cause to tell you so." He arose; "stand up, in earnest, Martin;—mind your life, and your fortune must mend with it, and then my father will no longer hinder me from showing how much I care for you."

"And not till then, Dora? not till I grow rich?" cried Martin, in total despair of his chance of succeeding according to this advice.

"No, Martin Brophy, not till then," answered old Daniel Marum, gaining his daughter's side. "Come home, Dora; if it's plain language I spake to you, Martin, my boy; grow as rich as will make you Dora's match, and then take her, with my blessin'!" he and Dora went away.

"Grow rich! haw! shouted Martin, furiously. Old Musha Merry tottered before him, and repeated his offer to "larn him the way haw." Martin angrily desired him to begone, adding, that "the horned duoul might have him, body and soul—and should, soon—but not at a price." His counsellor smilingly assured him that he greatly mistook; that no such hard terms were expected as the bribe for hastening superabundance of riches. Martin eagerly pressed him to explain. He did so; and although there certainly was a material difference in the bargain proposed from that entered into by old Squire Jarvis, still Martin Brophy listened in unfeigned horror.

"An' see, here it's for you," added Musha Merry, handing his begrimed card — "the auld one that stood your friend afore, — so you'll have loock vid it, *a-vick*." Martin took the card, and slowly and silently walked out of the little dell.

"There, now," muttered Musha Merry to himself, as he laboriously crawled up the side of the retreat, in a different direction. "An' only use id as I bid you, Martin Brophy, my boy, an' if we don't list you in the bauld Barry mount throop, *naudoeklikh*;" (never mind;) "an' in a little while afther that, please God, you'll be snug in the stone-jug (gaol) in their fine taun beyunt, an' in a fair way to go under the skibbeah's (Jack Ketch's) hands, in regard o' bein' found aut, somehow, for one o' them terrible robbers that frightens the whole caunthry; ay, just the way it happened to poor Mechaul, the one brother o' me, about thirty years ago, by manes of a father you had, rest his sowl, the first time our brave boys took head together, and opened the fun wid a call at Dick Brophy's house, afther sun-set; and may-be it's not a nate fit for *that* to help your father's son to jest the same loock yaur father helped poor Mechaul to; ah, an jest on the same ould account; ha, bud stop, isn't that Keraun Dernphy's red head watchin' me agin?"

It was Sunday morning. Half an hour after Martin Brophy left the glen,

he was seen hovering about the door of the little country chapel, by the crowds who went in to early mass. They wondered that they did not see him at the entrance to the galleries, whither, consistently with his former rank, it had been his habit to repair. Indeed, they also wondered at his appearance near the house of prayer, under any circumstances, for lately he had been absent from all religious observances. But they concluded that he came to humble himself to the "call" of his priest, issued the previous Sunday. Arrived in "the body of the chapel," where the crowds knelt or stood without seats of any kind, many looked round for Martin, but none saw him.

He was in the chapel, notwithstanding. Avoiding and baffling observation, he had stolen through the throng to a spot under the rude pulpit, where inside the sweep of its stairs, was a small space, left comparatively unthronged, and where, without his knowledge of the fact, women who proposed to communicate after the ceremony of the morning, were in the habit of kneeling, with their faces enveloped in the hoods of their dark-blue cloaks, and turned to the wall, so that they might compose themselves to approach the railings of the sanctuary. And here also, turning his face to the wall, Martin *knelt* to prepare his mind, and wait his time for his devotional act.

At a certain period of the mass, the priest elevates the consecrated bread and wine, which Roman Catholics believe to be the Real Presence; and Martin Brophy, acting upon Musha Merry's instructions, intended, when this usual ceremonial should occur, to turn his back on the altar, hold up before his eyes, in the hollow of his hand, the Ace of Clubs which his tutor had given him, and bow to it thrice, and worship it thrice, "in the devil's name:" the only concession, he was assured, required by the great father of riches to give him power over mountains of gold.

In a paroxysm of desperation he had so far taken his measures. But after he had knelt down, and that mass had begun, the sullen lethargy of Martin's heart became fearfully broken up. The act of apostasy he resolved to commit was, in its form, of no ordinary character; and, further, Martin Brophy believed in the Redeemer, of whose atonement for the sins of the world the sacrament was a memento; nay still

according to his creed, a perpetuation. And this Redeemer, and this sacrament, he came to forswear on his knees, for the worship of the king of hell; — the thought swelled his bosom with tremendous horror.

The pious women and girls around him murmured their aspirations of repentance for their sins, and of joy at the prospect of partaking of that very sacrament. His heart chilled and collapsed over its own hidden intent. Still he dragged the intent closer to him, and did not waver. Mass went on — every stage of its progress familiar to his ear — every response of the surpliced boys who served at the steps of the altar — he had often served there himself — and a vivid picture started before his mind, of his mother folding up his newly-washed surplice, and giving it him to button under his boyish jacket, that he might hasten off to attend his favourite priest at early prayers. The time drew near when the bread and wine were to be consecrated. Martin, shuffling on his knees, fully turned his back upon the altar, and, shaking in every limb, and teeming with cold moisture, adjusted the card in the palm of his hand. The little bell, rung by one of the boys, which gave notice of the approach of "the Elevation," tingled in his ears, and pierced into his brain. The hosannah hymn burst from the village choir, and echoed over him and around him, first loudly and shrilly, then louder and confused, then wildly and faintly, until, as almost madness mastered him, its swell seemed to break out into scream and laughter. Again, however, he was darkly aware of the second notice of the little bell, and then with staring eyes and ghastly features, he raised the card close to his face. His arm was dragged down. He uttered a loud cry, and gazed under the head of the woman's cloak who had thus interfered between him and his terrible apostacy. The eyes of Dora Marum met his. She had learned of his dread purpose from Keraun Dernphy, who contrived to listen to Martin's conversation with Musha Merry in the glen, and who, indeed, had been long aware of the old robber's thirst for revenge against her unfortunate lover.

After his scream, Martin fell senseless, though in strong convulsions. For weeks afterwards he was a raving madman. When his senses returned to him, he found himself in the priest's house, watched by his mother and Dora Marum; they were softly whispering over his bed. Martin Brophy did not

leave that house till, in an humbled, contrite, and chastened spirit, he had worthily propitiated Heaven's forgiveness, through the medium of the sacrament he had so recently proposed, along with that Heaven, to forswear. Restored to health in mind, in heart, and in body, he seriously set himself to follow the advice given to him by Dora in the Glen of Coile; and from very small beginnings, with perhaps some compassionate allowances for his griefs and sufferings, became, in a few years, "a match," in old Dan Marum's eye, for his only daughter, just about the time that Musha Merry left this world to seek his unavenged brother in a better or a worse, and by the same mode of exit vouchsafed to that worthy brother.

*Metrop.*

### Table Talk.

**GOLD-WASHING.**—According to the investigations of a German naturalist, the river Eider, which traverses part of the dominions of Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, and Waldeck, contains as much gold as any of the rivers of Brazil. A company, on a large scale, is now forming, to benefit by this discovery.

**COMET.**—In the month of October this year, a comet of six and a half years' duration will make its re-appearance. It has been ascertained by the most distinguished astronomers in France, that it will, when nearest the earth, be at the distance of sixteen millions of leagues. The comet of 1811, when nearest the earth, was one hundred and forty-four millions of miles distant; it will therefore be sixty-six millions of miles nearer the earth than the one which appeared in 1811.

**ANCHORS.**—The cost of anchors for the public service is immense: to supply the navy once only, requires a sum above 500,000*l*. Each first-rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of metal is wasted in the forging; and the cost of such an anchor is 400*l*.

**MOSQUITOS.**—Nice abounds with *moschitos*. These tantalizing insects give great pain and make sad havoc with delicate complexions. Damask cheeks and lily white hands are not a little indignant at the effects produced upon them by a north wind; but how much more galling to the same beauties to be spotted all over with red *moschito*-

bites. The mosquito does not, it is true, commence its annoying operations till after the very warmest weather of the summer, but having once taken wing nothing will stop its flight but a real frost; so that it is almost fairly winter before this malignant little enemy of animal repose can be said to be *à terre* combat.

P.C.

**THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS.**—There are now eleven Republics upon the American continent, and at the head of every one of them is a "military chieftain." The following, we believe, is a correct list of the presiding officers;—

United States . . .	General Jackson.
Mexico . . .	General Bustamante.
Guatemala . . .	General Morazan.
New Grenada . . .	General Obando.
Venezuela . . .	General Paéz.
Ecuador . . .	General Flores.
Peru . . .	General Gamarra.
Chili . . .	General Prieto.
Bolivia . . .	General Santa Cruz.
Buenos Ayres . . .	General Rosas.
Hayti . . .	General Boyer.

**ROSARY.**—The Duke of Devonshire has in his possession the rosary worn by Henry VIII. Upon the four sides of each bead are four circles, within which are carved groups; each taken from a different chapter in the Bible. Nothing can surpass the exquisite beauty of the workmanship of this relic of other days. Every figure is perfect, in consequence of the extreme minuteness of their size; and the whole is from the design of that great master, Holbein, who has painted Henry in these identical beads. The rosary is ingeniously

preserved from injury, while it is exhibited to full view, being suspended within a glass bell.

### Varieties.

**WISE EDICT.**—In the year 1769, the King of Portugal issued an edict, forbidding widows of more than fifty years of age from marrying, because women of that age generally espouse young men of no property, who dissipate their fortunes to the prejudice of children and other relatives.

A.M.

**AVARICE OF GREAT MEN.**—The avarice and meanness of Lord Bacon are too well known; but it is not so well known as that of John Churchill, the famous Duke of Marlborough. This great general was detected in many mean and dishonourable acts, among which his being in receipt of an annual stipend of 6,000*l.* from Sir Solomon Medina, a Jew, concerned in the contract for furnishing the army with bread, is the most disgraceful.

A.M.

**THE SMILE.**—A man of uncommonly grotesque countenance boasts of having received his infant heir's first smile,—a friend observes that it was not wonderful the child should only smile, where no one else could look without laughter.

W.

**TREMENDOUS THUNDER STORM.**—An old newspaper informs us, that in the year 1770, a thunder storm occurred in Cornwall, which threw down the steeple of St. Stephen's chapel, and that the lightning melted the watches of several of the congregation in their beds!

### Diary and Chronology.

#### Monday, 30th August.

1740—On this day a frightful tempest laid waste the environs of Geneva. Such was the devastation, that the vines were not restored to their original state until three years afterwards. The Cantons of Berne and Fribourg suffered dreadfully, and the country was covered with hailstones to the depth of two feet.

#### Tuesday, 21st August.

1762—Died the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague. She was daughter of the first Duke of Kingston, and assisted to introduce inocula-

tion for the small-pox into England. On her writings and her splendid talents, any comments would be superfluous.

1772—The Sen of Rome, after long procrastination, totally suppressed the order of Jesuits, and a Bull was accordingly issued for that purpose.

#### Friday, 24th August.

1788—Cardinal Brienne, first minister of France, retired from office with a revenue and pensions, amounting to eight hundred thousand livres a year.

END OF VOL. IX.

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